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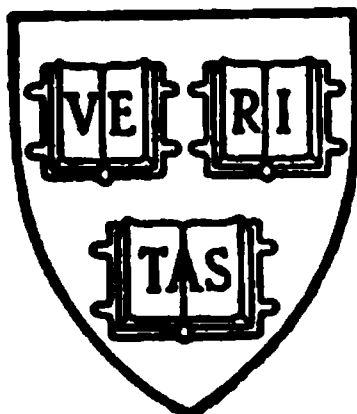
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LEABHAR-SGEOL GAIDHEALACH.

AN TREAS LEABHAR.

(AIREAMH 25 GU 36.)

“Mar ghath soluis do m’ anam fein
Tha sgeula na h-aimsir a dh’ fhalbh.”—OISEAN.

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CLAR-INNSIDH.

(CONTENTS OF VOL. III.)

	TAOBH
Aimsirean na Bliadhna— <i>Argathalian</i> ,	55
Alasdair Mac Cholla— <i>Teachdaire</i>	
<i>Gaidhealach</i> ,	369
Alasdair Sgiobalta— <i>Ead. le Mac-</i>	
<i>Mharcuis</i> ,	110
Alnascar— <i>Ead. le Mac-Mharcuis</i> ,	184
America, Mar a fhuaradh a mach—	
<i>P. Mac-Griogair</i> ,	361
Bas a' Mharaiche— <i>J. W.</i> ,	185
Beinn Vesuvius— <i>Leabhar nan Cnoc</i> ,	249
Blar na Stairsnich— <i>Ead. le Iain</i>	
<i>Iain-'ic-Uilleim</i> ,	266
Bliadhna Thearlaich, Sgeul air—	
<i>Sgiathanach</i> ,	279
Briathran Cairdeil— <i>S.</i> ,	212
Bron Mathar— <i>Ead. le Mac-Mharcuis</i> ,	298
Caiptein Ruadh Ghlinn Liobhann—	
<i>Cuairteir nan Gleann</i> ,	307
Ceannaiche Glic, An,— <i>Sgiathanach</i> ,	342
Coinneamh Chaidreach,	88
Comhairlean do Mhathairichibh—	
<i>Sgiathanach</i> ,	277
Comhairlean Mhic-Caillein, &c.—	
<i>Ead. le Abrach</i> ,	40
Comhraidhnean,— <i>Alasdair Ruadh, &c.</i>	
13, 49, 78, 112, 136, 168, 207, 233,	273, 302, 325
Comunn ur Gaidhealach,	312
Cosamhlachdan— <i>Ead. le Mac-</i>	
<i>Mharcuis</i> ,	21
Criónntachd— <i>S.</i> ,	187
Cumha Rao— <i>Mairi Nic-Ealair</i> ,	122
Curraicean-oidhche, Na,— <i>Ead. le</i>	
<i>Mac-Mharcuis</i> ,	364
Dearmad na Gaidhlig— <i>Gilleasb.</i>	
<i>Mac-Iain</i> ,	143
Dr. Livingstone— <i>Mac-Mharcuis</i> ,	86
Du'irteach, An,— <i>D. M'K.</i> ,	197
Earrach, An t,— <i>S.</i> ,	187
Eilean, An t,— <i>Ead. le Mac-Mharcuis</i> ,	215
Facal d' ar Luchd-leughaidh,	377
Gaidheal agus am Ministear, An— <i>J. W.</i>	372
Gobhainn Sanndach, An,— <i>Ead. le</i>	
<i>Sìocran-Cam</i> ,	243
Iain Dughallaeh, Pictou— <i>D. B. B.</i> ,	175
Iain Williams, agus an duine dubh,	
— <i>J. W.</i> ,	313

	TAOBH
Imrich nan Eun— <i>Teachdaire Gaidh-</i>	
<i>ealach</i> ,	20
Iomlanachd— <i>S.</i> ,	215
Lachlunn Mac Thearlaich Oig—	
<i>Sgiathanach</i> ,	120, 145
Larach Ninebheh— <i>S.</i> ,	44, 84
Litrichean o Fhionnladh Piobaire—	
<i>Teachdaire Gaidhealach</i> ,	117, 156
Long mhor nan Eilthireach— <i>Dr.</i>	
<i>Mac-Leoid</i> ,	293
Luchd-cluich nan Cairtean, &c.—	
<i>J. W.</i> ,	187
Mac na Bantraich— <i>Sgiathanach</i> ,	246
Maighstir agus an Gille, Am,— <i>Bho</i>	
<i>I. F. Caimbeul</i> ,	180
Mairi a' Ghlinne— <i>Dr. Mac-Leoid</i> ,	
229,	261
Morair Cholasa— <i>D. M'K.</i> ,	106, 148
Naidheachdan,	58
Orcheard, An t,— <i>Sgiathanach</i> ,	4
Osdair agus an Seoladair, An t,—	337
Raonull Mac Ailean Oig— <i>Abrach</i> ,	72
Ridire Ghrianaig— <i>Bho I. F. Cambeul</i> ,	
338,	357
Saobh-chrabhadh nan Innsibh—	
<i>Sgiathanach</i> ,	201
Sealladh o Mhullach Beinne— <i>Leabhar</i>	
<i>nan Cnoc</i> ,	152
Seann Sgeul Gaidhealach— <i>Teachd-</i>	
<i>aire Ur</i> ,	182
Sean Sgoil— <i>D. M'K.</i> ,	332
Seumas Garie, An t - Ollamh,—	
<i>Sgiathanach</i> ,	282
Searmoin Ghaidhlig— <i>A.M.</i> ,	158
Sgeulachdan Bhraid-Albann— <i>D.C.</i> ,	
8, 48,	75
Silis Nic-Coinnich— <i>Ead. le Muileach</i> ,	
1, 37, 69, 101, 133,	165
Sir Uilleam agus a' Ghaidhlig,	10
Sop as Gach Seid, 7, 13, 22, 47, 56,	
91, 104, 116, 121, 123, 124, 135,	
148, 154, 176, 200, 203, 216, 273,	
281, 282, 313, 336, 363,	375
Spiorad na h-Aoise— <i>Dr. Mac-Leoid</i> ,	
203,	238
Theodorus, Buachaille Ormai—	
<i>T.</i> ,	178

BARDACHD.			TAOBH	BARDACHD.			TAOBH
Ainm Iosa, Laoidh,	-	-	337	Failte an Eilein Sgiathanaich— <i>N.</i>			
An Oige, Laoidh,	-	-	377	<i>M'L.</i> ,	-	-	83
Bàs Peathar— <i>Ead. le Mac-Mharcuis</i> ,			241	Fogradh nan Gaidheal— <i>F. Donull-</i>			
Blar Shunadail— <i>U. Mac-Dhunleibhe</i> ,				<i>ach</i> ,	-	-	11
	6, 42, 77,		104	Grian m' anma, Laoidh— <i>Ead. le</i>			
Breacan Mairi Uisdein— <i>I. Macill-</i>				<i>Tobar-Chatain</i> ,	-	-	9
<i>eathain</i> ,	-	-	372	Homer— <i>Ead. le Eobhan Mac-Lach-</i>			
Brosnachadh Bhruce— <i>Ead. le A.M.</i> ,			186	<i>ainn</i> , 173, 213, 245, 271, 299, 330,			373
Caoidh Chrimine— <i>Dan an Deirg</i> ,			248	Iain Gilpin— <i>Ead. le Dr. Mac-</i>			
Caismeachd Chloinn Chamroin—				<i>Leoid</i> ,	-	-	269
<i>Ead. le Mac-Neachdainn</i> ,	-	-	377	Laoidh— <i>Ead. le Mac-Mharcuis</i> ,			10
C. Salm (L.M.)— <i>J. W.</i> ,	-	-	158	Leomag— <i>An t-Urr. E. Macillea-</i>			
Cruachan Beann— <i>P. Mac-an-t-Saoir</i> ,			337	<i>thain</i> ,	-	-	177, 218
Cumha Dhaibhidh air son Shauil				Maighdean Ghouri,	-	-	124
agus Ionatain — <i>Ead. le Mac-</i>				Oran a' Gheamhraidh— <i>Mac Mhaigh-</i>			
<i>Mharcuis</i> ,	-	-	124	<i>stir Alasdair</i> ,	-	-	308
Cumha Rao— <i>Ead. le Mairi Nic-</i>				Oran an Iasgair,	-	-	360
<i>Ealair</i> ,	-	-	122	Orain, le 'm fuinn, 19, 57, 92, 122, 155,			
Duanag— <i>Mac-Oidhche</i> ,	-	-	311		181, 217, 278, 314, 346, 376,		
Duanag Leannanachd— <i>D. Mac-</i>				Shobhrach Mhuileach, An t,—			
<i>Mhuirich</i> ,	-	-	110	<i>Muileach</i> ,	-	-	12
Duan Oisein do 'n Ghrein,	-	-	119	Tarsnachan (Acrostic)— <i>Mairi Nic-</i>			
Eas Ridhe, Co-chomunn ri,— <i>A.</i>				<i>Ealair</i> ,	-	-	364
<i>Camaron</i> ,	-	-	305				

INDEX

TO THE ENGLISH DEPARTMENT OF VOL. III.

	PAGE		PAGE
Argyle and Bute Celebrities, - - -	27	Iona Ruins, - - -	193
Argyle, The House of, - - -	318	Kintyre Man in New Zealand, Death of, - - -	349
Beltane Eve, - - -	353	Lairds of Argyle, The, - - -	253
Black Watch at Coomassie, The, - - -	66	M'Donald's Gaelic Poems, Review, - - -	322
Captain Patrick Ross, - - -	381	M'Kay's (Dr. C.) New Work on Gaelic, - - -	196
Celtic Chair, The, 96, 97, 255, - - -	350	Massacre of Glencoe— <i>Rev. Geo. Gilfillan</i> , - - -	286
Celtic Music, - - -	127	News of the Highlands and Islands, 31, 64, 67, 100, 130, 164, 195, 196, 285, 292, 323, 354, - - -	382
Cluny MacPherson of 1745, - - -	347	Oban Soiree, - - -	30
Correspondents, To, - - -	100	Registrar-General and the Gaelic Language, The, - - -	161
Duthil, Antiquarian Discoveries at, - - -	290	Second Sight, - - -	351
Fairy's Palace, The, - - -	379	Sean Dana, Review, - - -	65
Gael in the Far West, The, - - -	28	Sutherlandshire Association, - - -	163
Gaelic in Schools, - 29, 225, 256, - - -	66	To our Readers, - - -	384
Gaelic Class in F.C. College, Glasgow, - - -	95	Treasure-trove, - - -	222
Gaelic Lecture, - - -	95	Varieties, - 29, 132, 192, 352, 355, - - -	
Gaelic Philology— <i>Rev. A. Cameron</i> , 23, 59, 93, 159, 220, 283, - - -	315		
Herring Harvest, The, - - -	260		
Highland Airs and Melodies, Review, - - -	227		
Highland and Welsh Gatherings, - - -	228		
Highland Funeral, The, - - -	190		
Highland Families in Canada, - - -	63		
Highland Kilts on Lowland Legs, - - -	125		
Highland Language and Literature— <i>Prof. Blackie</i> , - - -	251, 258		
Highlands, The Condition of, - - -	188		
Inverness Gaelic Society, - - -	194		

POETRY.

Boat Song, Highland, - - -	291
Farewell to Rothiemurchus— <i>Aylmer</i> , - - -	65
Home in the Highlands— <i>Professor Blackie</i> , - - -	31
Ree Waterfall, The,— <i>A. Cameron</i> , - - -	305
Rome and Caledonia— <i>W. Murray</i> , - - -	193

AN GAIDHEAL.

*"Mar ghath soluis do m' anam fein
Tha sgeula na h-aimsir a dh' fhalbh."*—OISEAN.

III. LEABH.] DARA MIOS AN EARRAICH, 1874. [25 AIR.

SILIS NIC-COINNICH.

SEANN SGEUL GAIDHEALACH.

*(Bho Bheurla Sheumais Hogg,
Ciobair Ettrick.)*

I.

O linn cogadh *Mhontrose* dh' eirich cinn-fheadhna agus ceannas-cinnidh na Gaidhealtachd gu ire ni 'b' airde ann am meas agus ann an luach na 'bhuineadh dhoibh riamh roimh an am ud. Bha cumhachd agus treubhantas nam fineachan air an cur gu dearbhadh anns a' chogadh ud, agus mar sin, bha uachdaran air a mheas a reir lionmhorachd a chuid iochdaran, a bha 'g a aid-eachadh mar an ceann-fine, agus a dh' eireadh air 'iarrtas gu cogadh ann an aobhar sam bith a roghnaicheadh esan air an son. Mar sin, bha fabhar agus deagh-ghean chumhachdan na rioghachd do gach uachdaran, a reir aireamh a luchd-leanmhuinn.

B' ann 's an am ud a thachair an gnothuch eagalach is bun do m' sgeul, ann an daimh ri aon de theaghlaichean urramach na Gaidhealtachd. ach a thuit gu mor o chionn ioma bliadhna, o'n inbhe aird anns an robh iad aon uair, agus uime sin, air sgath na tha de 'n gineil fhathast beo anns an taobh tuath, is eiginn dhomh ann

an tomhas, an ainmeannan agus an aiteachan-comhnuidh 'athar-rachadh.

Tha Caisteal - Gharnaid, aite-comhnuidh a' chinn-fheadhna chumhachdaich air am bheil mi gu bhi 'deanamh iomraidh, 'n a sheasamh air inbhir fhiadhaich far am bheil dithis de aibhnich-ean ainmeil na Gaidhealtachd a' coinneachadh a cheile, agus fo dhubhar nam beann arda, creagach a tha 'g eirigh gu cas air a chulthaobh, ris an aird-an-iar. Tha 'aghaidh a' sealltainn ris an aird-an-ear, os cionn na h-aibhne ud, a tha 'giulan uisgeachan fall-ain, fionnar nan allt agus nam fuaran gu cladach aon de na caoil-mhara sheimh, neobhruailleach sin anns an tric am faigh ànrach a' chuain acarsaid thearuinte. Bha aillidheachd agus duaichnidheachd mheasgaichte nan cluaintean agus nam bruthaichean creagach mu 'n cuairt a' chaisteil, 'n an samhladh riochdail air an linn stoirmeil anns an do thogadh e. Aig iochdar na faiche mu choinneamh dorus-bcoil a' chaisteil, bha drochaid-mhaide thairis air da stalla a bha mu fhichead aitheamh air airde, agus eatorra bha eas cumhann, scorrach troimh an robh uisgeachan na h-aibhne air an grad thionndadh

gu leum-uisge cho aillidh agus cho fiadhaich 's a chithear air fad 's air farsuingeachd nan garbh-chrìoch, tuath no 'n-iar. Bha an drochaid air a deanamh de shailthean daraich, agus ged a bha i gle ainleathan, lom, gun taobhan no casan air taobh seach taobh dhi, cha robh rathad eile a dh-ionnsaidh a' chaisteil ach i, do mharcaichean no do choisichean.

Fo riaghladh buaireasach aintighearnail nan rìghrean Stiubhardach, chaill Caisteal Gharnaid tomhas nach bu bheag de 'n ghloir, de 'n cumhachd, agus de 'n mhoralachd air son an robh e aithnichte agus iomraiteach roimhe an am ud. B' i crìoch shonruichte ealain-riaghlaidh nan Stiubhardach a bhi 'bristeadh cumhachd agus ughdaras nam fineachan, nan ard-uaislean, nan ceann-feadhna agus nan ridirean le bhi 'g am brosnachadh gu falachd agus naimhdeas an aghaidh a cheile, leis an robh iad ann an tomhas mor air an lagachadh agus air an isleachadh 'n am measg fein. Chlaon agus chrìon tìodal ainmeil, aosda teaghlach Chaisteil Gharnaid, ach bha fhathast fuigheal de am moralachd a lathair ann am pearsa a' chinn-fheadhna a bha beo aig an am so, ach fo thìodal ur-eadhoin, Morair Eidirdeil. B' esan 'n a aonar an t-aon mheanglan a bha lathair de theaghlach ainmeil a shinnsearachd; mar sin bha mor-chumhachd 'n a sheilbh, oir bha e 'n a cheann air fine a bha fhathast ro lionmhor, uaibhreach borb, ainmeineach. Ach na 'm basaicheadh e gun sliochd, thuit eadh an oighreachd agus an

ceannas-cinnidh, a reir coltais, air neach a bha, thar gach duine, 'n a chuspair fuath dha fein agus d' a iochdarain; duine leis an robh e air a chreachadh ann an tomhas mor de 'n onoir agus de 'n t-saòibhreas air an robh e aon uair ann an seilbh; agus duine, ged a bha e ann an dluth dhaimh dha, a bha aig an dearbh an ud, a' cleachdadh gach innleachd a bha 'n a chomas gu a thilgeadh a mach as 'aite, agus gu 'thoirt gu bochdainn.

Anns an t-suidheachadh dheuchainneach ud, phos Eidirdeil air comhairle maithean a luchd-leanmhuinn, Silis, aileagan Chlann-Choinnich. Bha iad le cheile ro og; bha ise aillidh, caoimhneil, deagh-bheusach agus so-lubadh; b' i annsachd a companaich i, anns an t-seadh a b' airde, agus cuspair uigh agus deagh-ghean an iomlain de a luchd leanmhuinn. Ach mo chreach! chaidh bliadhna an deigh bliadhna thairis, gun a chàraid og ud a bhi air am beannachadh leis an toradh sin a bha ion-mhiannaichte os cionn gach beannachd eile—eadhoin, oighre og air son oighreachd Ghlinne-Garnaid agus air son Moraireachd Eidirdeil. Ciod a ghabhadh deanamh? Bha an fhine gu h-iomlan, fo bhuaireas agus ann an imcheist; bha coinneamh an deigh coinneimh aig maithean a' chinnidh mu 'n chuis, agus b' e an codhunadh aonsgeulach gus an d' thainig iad aig a' cheann mu dheireadh, gur h-e a b' fhearr gu 'm basaicheadh eadhoin deichnear de na baintigh-earnan a b' uaisle a bha beo de 'n fhine, na gu 'n tuiteadh an t-iomlan de 'n fhine, maille ris gach onoir a bhuineadh dhoibh, ann

an lamhan Nagarr, a bha 'n a chuspair fuath agus diomb dhoibh uile.

Mu thuaiream seachd bliadhna an deigh do Shilis tighinn gu bhi 'n a mnaoi, ach cho neo-choltach ri tighinn gu bhi 'n a mathair's a bha i riamh; thainig buidheann de mhaithean a chinnidh air teachdaireachd gu Morair Eidirdeil, le seann laoch calma, Tighearna Charnaich air anceann, am fear a b' fhaighe ann an inbhe agus ann an cumhachd do 'n cheann-fheadhna e fein. Dh'innis iad dha gu 'n d' thainig iad a nis gu codhunadh suidhichte gu 'm feumadh e gun tuilleadh dàil no seamsain dealachadh ris a' bhaintighearna, beo no marbh mar bu roghnaiche leis. Bhrist e mach ann am feirg, agus, ars' esan, "Na biodh a dhanachd aig an fhear is fearr 'n ur measg a leithid 'ainmeachadh gu brath an deigh so." Gun eagal, gun athadh, fhreagair seann laoch Charnaich. "Ciod is fiach thusa as ar n-aogaisne? Runaich sinn uile gur fearr gu 'm basaicheadh, cha 'n i a mhain, ban-mhorair Eidirdeil, ach gach baintighearna eile a tha beo d' ar fine, na gu 'n tigeadh an fhine gu bhi 'n an traillean fo an-riaghladh agus fo chumhachd Nagairr." Chunnaic am Morair nach robh dol a null no nall dha ach strìochdadh dhoibh. Thuirt e gu 'm bu chàs cruaidh e gun teagamh sam bith, ach ma runaich Ard-riaghlair na cruitheachd gu 'm b' esan an t-oighre deireannach de 'n stoc aosda, fhiughail o'n do ghineadh, a sheilbhicheadh oighreachd agus onoir a shinnsear, nach gabhadh an t-ordugh atharrachadh; agus

na 'n tugadh iadsan gu buil an gnìomh uamhasach a runaich iad gu 'm faodadh iad a bhi cinnteach gu 'n tugadh iad mallachd an Uile-chumhachdaich a nuas orra fein agus air an fhine gu leir. Chuir e 'n an cuimhne nach robh e fein agus a' bhaintighearna ach fathast ro og, nach d' thainig iad eadhoin gu an làn fhàs no gu treine an neart, agus mar sin nach robh e idir mi-choltach gu 'm faodadhise bhifathast 'n a mathair teaghlaich lionmhoir; ach coma co dhiu, gu 'm b' ise thar na h-uile cuspair eile anns an t-saoghal, ailleagan agus annsachd a chridhe, agus gu 'm bu luaithe a dhealaicheadh e ris gach ni a bhuinneadh dha, eadhoin ri 'oighreachd agus ri 'chinneadh na rithese.

Chrath Carnach a cheann liath, agus le gruaim bhagaraich air a ghnuis, thuirt e ri Eidirdeil gu 'n robh a chainnt ro amaideach, agus 'n a freagradh cruaidh-chridheach do iarrras an fhine d' am bu cheann-fheadhna e, agus nach b' e a chomain e. "Aidichidh sinn," arsa Carnach, "gu 'm bheil a' bhaintighearna fhathast ann an ceitein a h-oige, agus air sgath a h-oige, ged tha ar foighidinn air a cur thuige gu ro mhor, bheir sinn fathast dail thri bliadhna dhi, agus aig ceann na h-uine sin, ma bhios i gun sliochd, gabh m' fhocalsa air gu 'm feum thu a cur uait le dealachadh laghail, no ma-dh'fhaidte air dhoigh is miosa, agus bean eile a phosadh; agus sin air sgath nam miltean a tha an crochadh riut mar an athair, an cul-taice agus an dochas saoghalta; oir ma thig gu brath an latha sin anns am bi

Gleann-Garnaid gun oighre dligh-each, bithidh laithean Chlann-Choinnich mar chinneadh, air an aireamh am measg nan nithibh a chaidh seachad.

Smuainich Morair Eidirdeil 'n a inntinn tein, gur h-ioma car a dh' fhaodadh tighinn air an t-saoghal an taobh a stigh de thri bliadhna, agus an dochas ri maitheas an Fhreasdail, dh' aontaich e ris na cumhachan a chuir Carnach agus na maithean eile ri 'uchd, ni a thug faothachadh agus fuasgladh dha aig an am ud, agus mar sin, dhealaich e fein agus a chairdean, saodmhor, toilichte, taobh air thaobh. Thainig na tri bliadhna gu crich,—an deicheamh o' n a phosadh iad, ach mo thruaighe! bha Morair Eidirdeil agus a cheile uasal fhathast gun oighre, gun bhan - oighre, agus gun choslas caochlaidh. Bha Silis cho cuirteil, cho aillidh, cho flathail, cho sunndach agus cho iullagach 's a bha i riamh, gun smuain, gun umhail, gun amharus mu na comhairlean dorcha, droch-mheineach a bha air an deilbh d' a taobh. Ach mo chreach! bha a binn air a seulachadh leas an iomlan de 'n fhine, firionn agus boirionn, ard agus iosal, oir bha an aimheal agus am mi-fhoighidinn air tighinn gu ire bhuair-easaich do-chiosaichte, agus bha gach teanga 'g a casaid gu bàs. Runaich aireamh de sheann mhnathan-uaisle cur as dhi le puinnsean; chaidh te dhiu air aoidheachd do 'n Chaisteal le puinnsean millteach air a giulan, a' runachadh cothrom a ghabhail air a fhrithealadh air dhoigh eigin, ach cha bu luaithe chunn-aic i aghaidh aoibheil, neo-chion-

tach na ban-mhoraire, na bhuail a coguis oirre, agus thilg i am puinnsean anns an teine. An deigh sin dh' fheuch iad druidh-eachd, ach dh' fhailnich an geasan cho math ris gach oidhirp eile; agus cha robh a nis leigheas air a' chuis ach gu 'n cuirte teachdair-eachd adh-ionnsaidh a' Mhoraire, agus air an dearbh latha air an d' thainig na tri bliadhna gu crich, rainig na maithean ceudna Cais-teal Gharnaid, le seann Tighearna Charnaich aon uair eile air an ceann.

MUILEACH.

(*Ri leantuinn.*)

—o—

AN T-OR-CHEARD.

Bha or-cheard ann am baile araidh ann an Sasunn, agus chuir e suas buth anns an robh e 'cumail gach obair-oir a bha freagarrach airson gach ard agus iosal, agus mar an ceudna clachan-luachmhor agus seudan de gach gne. Bha e 'n a dhuine coir, ionraic, agus measail am beachd gach neach a chuir eolas air. Air dha a bhi curamach agus glic, dh' fhas e 'n a dhuine saibhir, agus bha an saoghal a' soirbheachadh leis gu maith. Cha do phos e riamh, agus air dha a bhi gun teaghlach, agus pailteas aige, maille ri cridhe fialaidh, truacanta, bha e ainmeil air son a mhaitheis do na bochdaibh, agus air son a bhi 'roinn a mhaoin a ghiulan air aghaidh gach gnìomh seirceil. Mu dheireadh thainig briseadh air a shlainte, agus runaich e dol a dh-ionnsaidh tobair araidh a bha ainmeil air son a bhuadhan gus a' ghne euslaint a bha airsan a leigheas. Bha 'n tobar astar mor o' n bhaile anns an robh an duine coir so 'fuireach. Rinn e deas gu falbh; dh' fhag e a bhuth air curam luchd-ceirde dileas a bha 'g obair aige, agus dh' fhalbh e air muin

eich. Thug e leis bocsa lan de na seudan a bu luachmhoire a bha 'n a bhuth, a b' fhiach na miltean punnd airgid; agus thuarasdalaich e gille tapaidh a thachair air, chum am bocsa a ghiulan. A thuille air na seudan, thug e leis moran airgid, gun fhios nach cuireadh e feum air mu 'm pilleadh e dachaidh.

An deigh a bhi laithean air falbh, agus dol troimh ioma baile agus machair bha iad a' faotuinn gu gasda air an aghaidh, agus bha 'n t-slighe a' deadh-chordadh ris an or-cheard. Air la araidh, bha 'n rathad-mor air air an robh iad ag imeachd 'g an treorachadh thairis air aitean monadail, aonaranach, far an robh lochan agus garbhlaichean fiadhaich. Dh' inndrinn an droch-spiorad ann an cridhe a' ghille a bha 'giulan a' bhocsa agus aig ionad uaigneach araidh, ri taobh loch dorch, thairis air an robh beanntan arda, mar dhubh neul a' tilgeadh am faileas, ghrad runaich e a mhaighstir a mhortadh, agus e fein a thoirt as le a mhaoin. Aig a' cheart am thainig a mhaighstir as an diollaid, a bheachdachadh air gach sealladh mu'n cuairt, agus a thoirt cothrom do'n each greim 'itheadh ri taobh an rathaid. Ghabh an seirbhiseach cruaidh-chridheach fath air a mhaighstir, agus bhuail e sgian mhor a bha 'n a fhochar troimh chridhe an duine choir. Bha e marbh ann am priobadh na sula — ghrad thug am mortair an t-airgiod dheth—lion e pocaidean a chota-mhoir le clachan —thilg e 'n corp 's an loch—rinn e greim air a' bhocsa agus air an each, agus ann an tri mionaidean ghabh e an t-slighe.

Chaidh an duine truagh so dh' ionnsuidh aite iomallach de'n tir, far an do thoisich e air malairt, agus far nach robh fios aig neach sam bith mu aon ni a thachair. An toiseach bho e a' reiceadh obair-chruadhach, agus nithean air bheag

luach, chum nach gabhadh neach air bith amhuras m' a thimchioll. Mar so bha e 'dol air aghaidh bliadhn' an deigh bliadhna, a' chuid 's a' chuid, gus ma dheireadh an d' eirich e gu ard inbhe 'n a cheird. Cha do smaoinich neach air bith nach robh a shoirbheachadh a' sruthadh o'n dich-ioll a bha e 'gnathachadh 'n a cheird fein, an uair a bha esan le mor sheoltachd a' giulan air aghaidh le bathar luachmhor an duine sin a mhort e. Bha e curamach, measail, agus creideasach. Phos e nighean duin'-uasail, agus roghnaicheadh e an toiseach gu bhi 'n a uachdaran, agus an sin gu bhi 'n a ard-uachdaran 's a' bhaile 's an robh e a' tamh. Choimhlion e a dhreuchd air sheol a choisinn mor chliu dha o gach ard agus iosal. An da chuid, mar uachdaran agus mar bhreitheamh bha e measail ann an suilibh nan uile, agus bhuanaich e mar so re aireamh bhliadhnachan.

Air latha araidh bha e 'n a aite fein 's a' chuir maille ri breitheamhnaeile a' bhaile, agus thugadh a lathair duine gu bhi air fheuchainn air son a mhaighstir fein a mhortadh. Chaidh na fianuisean a tharruing agus a cheasnachadh. Labhair na fir - lagha gu deas-bhriathrach air gach taobh. Chaidh an luchd-deuchainn air leth car tamuill bbig, agus thug iad a mach am binn, gu 'n robh am priosanach *ciontach*. Dh' fhan na h-uile 'n an tosd gus an cluinneadh iad binn a' bhais air a toirt a mach leis an ard - bhreitheamh. Chaidh mionaid an deigh mionaid seachad; ach cha do ghluais am breitheamh. Bha suilean nan uile 'bha 'lathair a nis suidhichte air, agus chunnaic iad mor iomaguinninn air. Bha e 'g atharrachadh dhreach, agus a reir coslais anabarrach neo-shocrach! Mu dheireadh dh' fhadh e 'aite-suidhe fein—chaidh e sìos o bheinc nam breitheamhna,

agus a chum mor-ioghnadh nan uile, sheas e ri taobh an duine thruaigh a bha gu bhi air a dhiteadh. Labhair e am fianuis na cuirte, agus thubhairt e ann am briathraibh soilleir agus soil-eimte:—"A bhreitheamha, agus a luchd-eisdeachd gu leir. Tha sibh a' faicinn mu choinneamh ur sul, duine bochd, truagh, ciontach, a ta 'g a thoirt fein suas mar neach a ta toillteannach air peanas a bhais a a reir lagha Dhe agus dhaoine. Tha sibh a' faicinn creutair ni's truaighe agus ni's ciontaiche gu mor na'n duine so a fhuair a nis toillteannach air bas! Is mise an duine! Is mise an creutair aingidh a mhort mo dheadh mhaighstir, agus a cheil an gnìomh eagalach re dheich bliadhna fichead! Cha 'n 'eil inn-leachd agam fantuinn ni's faide air mo chlaoidh le h-agartas cogais, agus feumaidh ceartas a bhi air a dheanamh do'm thaobh anns an doigh a's follaisiche, a reir mo theillteannais. Cha 'n 'eil sith ann domh gus an deanar sin. Is e m' iarrtas-sa ceartas fhlaithheanais a bhi deanta, agus gu 'n robh Dia na gloire trocaireach ri m' anam."

Cha 'n 'eil e comasach ioghnadh a phobuill a chur an ceill an uair a chual iad an aidmheil a rinn esan a bha 'n a bhreitheamh co measail beagan mhionaidean roimhe sin. Dh' innis e gach ni gu mion mar a mharbh e an t-or-cheard; agus air 'aideachadh agus air 'iarrtas fein thug na breitheamhna a mach binn a chrochaidh maille ris a' chiontach eile. Chuireadh gu bas iad aig an aon am, agus chaidh iad le cheile stigh do shiorruidheachd ag aideachadh toillteannas am binne fein, agus a reir coslais a' creidsinn 's an Ti sin aig a bheil slainte do cheann-feadhna nam peacach a ni aithreachas.

SGIATHANACH.

BLAR SHUNADAIL.

(Air leantuinn.)

DUGHALLACH.—'Tha mise 's an àm 'n a sheirbheis;
'S cùis shearbh a thoirt deth na dh' iarr thu.
Cha 'n 'eil fear an diugh beò
Is fearr eòlas air na mise, na 'bu trice
Sheas r'a ghuallainn le teine 's tuadh
An crìochan Eirinn.
Dh' fhuadaicheadh m' athair 'n a dhuin' òg
A dùthaich Mhic-Aoidh
An taobh tuath na h-Alba, do Lochlann.
Bha mo mhàthair a's coignear eile
Leis 's a' bhirlinn. Cha robh mi ach trì miosan.
An uair a ràinig iad tìr nam borb gnù:
Thogadh mi gus a so 'n am measg.
An uair a chruinnich Rùrach 'fheachd
A dhol do dh-Eirinn,
Rinn e ceannard-ceud dhiom 'n a chabhlach;
Fhuair mi rithist làn cheannas an fheachd mhara.
Cha robh mi 'n cath na déisinn sin thall;
'S e 'n cabhlach mo chùram.
Fhuair mi òrdugh an de an caladh so 'fhaireadh;
An uair a chuidich mi na bràth'rean,
'S theirinn ribhse, aon a's uile,—
Teichibh, a's innsibh do na Gàidheil
Gu 'm bheil Rùrach a' tighinn, le feachd lionmhor
Air tìr 's air fairge, 'ghlacadh Chinntire,
Gnìomh a bhios facl' an seanachas.
Seasaibh mar bhur n-athraichean treun;
Tha làtha nan creuchd am fagus!'
AILEIN.—'A cheannaird, an leig thu mise gu Dun-cholg
Fo dhubhar na h-oidhche 's an innis thu dhomh
C' àite 'm faigh mi cònlach no connadh
A thogas an lasair chaoireach,
M' an sgaoil sinn na sìuil a theicheadh thairis?'
DUGHALLACH.—'Gheibh thu na dh' iarr thu,
Sopan fodair a's fraoich
Cho math 's a shéid gaoth gu sradan dearg;
Cuir fras diubh ri earball Rùraich!
Coinnich mis' aig a' chreagan bhreac so shuas,
'S gheibh thu na chual' thu 's mo chomh-nadh:
A laoiach bi 'd làn armachd,
'S gun fios co 'tha 'sealg 's an oidhche
Le òrdugh Rùraich.
A dhaoine 'uaisle, biodh a' bhirlinn ullamh;
Cha bhi fàth fuirich ann an déigh sud.'
—Choinnich Ailein 'fhear-rùn
Aig Carn Mhic-Dhùghaill,

Mar a their an seanachas ;
 Ghluais an dithis gu Dun-cholg
 'S an dorcha 's gun leus air speur ;
 Thàinig iad gu fosgladh cumhann,
 Aig bonn bruthaich an uaigneas sàmhach.

DUGHALLACH.—‘So an t-àite; tha chuis
 mar d' iarrtas ;

Tha 'n ceann so d'an tìr de dharach
 tioram,

'S gun uisge dlùth ach aon tobar beag
 An cùl na h-aitreibh.

Faigheadh an teine aon uair greim,
 'S cha d' thàinig thar fairg' a' Lochlann
 Na chaisgeas e : loisgear gu gual
 Cnamhan na fàrdaich, 's na th' innte.'

AILEIN.—‘Ceangail an snàthain casta
 so ri m' chluais,

'S tarruing e a thoirt sanais dhomh
 Ma thig an luchd-fair' ort 's thu 'd aonar;
 'S olc cùis aoin am measg àirimh.'

Ràinig Ailein an dorus daraich,
 'S, mar a thuirt a charaid ris, fhuaire e ;

Chuir e chual ris a' chòmhla ;
 Bha sop lasrach o 'n làimh gun mhearachd
 Am priobadh na sùl' ris na gasan tioram ;
 Thill e mach gun dùil ri coinneachadh
 Ri fichead fear de mhuinntir Rùraich

An lagan uaigneach,
 Nach cuala 's nach faca Ailein, ach, a' faire
 Mar òrdugh cogaidh—

Còmhail gharbh do 'n dithis threun
 D'am b' eiginn còmhrag, no 'n glacadh beò
 Gu bàs gun iochd.

Chunnaic iad airm nam borb a' deàrrsadh
 Ri leus na h-oidhche.

DUGHALLACH.—‘Ciod e nis, a Mhic
 Thorr-loisg ;

Thoir an t-òrdugh,
 Tha mise le deòin aig do sheirbheis.'

AILEIN.—‘Mo sgiath làidir ! tha thu 'n
 so ;

An ainm Rìgh Coinneach 's nan Gàidheal
 Bitheamaid anna !'

Sheas an dithis fo sgùrr na caraige,
 'S an fhichead fear garrg' g am bualadh,—

Nàmhaid a' tuiteam leis gach buille,
 'S an dà churaidh gun leòn,

Gus an do thuit na fiadh-dhaoine
 Gun chomas torrachd no buille.

Laidh iad uile 's an lagan uaine,
 'S toirm nan tonn, le monmhor,

A' seinn coronaich fhuaire,
 'S am fuil a' traoghadh.

Ràinig na gaisgich am bràth' rean,
 'S a' bhirliinn 'n a h-uidheam ;

Ghabh iad an uidhe troimh 'n linne
 dhomhain.

Gu còrsa na h-Alba, a's gaoth a's fairge
 'G an luasgadh—tonnan fuaimneach

Nach ciuinich treise 'n duine—

'S faoin na 's urrainn e 's a' ghnìomh ud.
 An uair a shoillsich a' mhadainn,

Sheinn Ailein, 's e air ràmh-guaille,
 An duan beag so air fuaim clàrsaich :—

‘Tha 'n linne so buan,
 'S fhad' a chithear thu shuas,
 A thalaimh ghleannaich
 Nan ruadh-bhoc siùbhlach.
 Ged tha Manainn fo chis,
 'S a laoich air tuiteam 's an strith,
 Tha thus' a's do Rìgh gun mhùthadh.
 'N uair thig na Lochlannaich gharg,
 Gun bhaigh ri beò no ri marbh,
 Théid biodag chlaiseach 'n an sealbhan,
 's i rùisgte !

'S bidh *Rìgh nan arm** so ri m' thaobh,
 An làimh nan curaidh nach aom,
 'S ged 'thig buillean gach taobh cha
 lùb e,

Ged achluinnear nuallartaich shearbh—
 Nam borb a' tighinn le colg,
 Bheir suinn nam boinneidean gorm
 dhaibh dùbhlann !

Ach cliù mo ranntachd a' chual
 Shopan deàrrsach nam buadh
 Air an leitir a bhuain an Dùgh'lach !
 A laoich làidir gun cheilg,
 Beatha bhuan dhuit gun mheirg ;
 Dh' fhàg thu 'n sud an ton-ruadh
 air Rùraich !'

Dh' òrduich m' athair, Rìgh Mhanainn
 duinn

Teachd a's innseadh gun dàil
 Gu 'm bheil an nàmhaid fuileach ud an
 òrdugh,

'S m' an laidh grian dà sheachdain,
 Bidh e le 'fheachd air an tràigh so.

SUNADAL.—‘S mòr do sgeul a mhic
 Rìgh Mhanainn ;

Cha 'n fhada bhuainn là na deuchainn.
 Bidh faobh' ri feusaig 's sleagh ri cneas !

Oh! thu cinn-fheadhn' a' cheàrn so ;
 Gheibh sinn an comhairle,

M' an ruith crois-tàra feadh nan gleann
 A chruinneachadh nan clann gu cath,—

Laoich nach stad le ag no eagal ;
 Cha chùis-an-teagamh an gnìomhsan !

(*Ri leantuinn.*)

Is i saothair chruaidh an luach a dh'
 iarrar air son soirbheis, agus cha cheann-
 aichear i le luach sam bith eile.

Tha fireantachd mar chloich-chinn na
 h-oisinn ann an giulan an duine ; agus
 mur bi i air a steideachadh gu daingean
 ann an laithibh na h-oige bithidh gaoid a
 chaidh anns a' chaith-beatha.

Tha aineolas a' cur sreine ri teangadh
 nan daoine glice, ach a' cur gluasad gun
 sgar air teangadh nan amadan.

SEANN SGEULACHDAN MU
BHRAID-ALBANN.

I.—DONNACHADH DUBH A' CHURRAIC.

A reir gach fiosrachaidh a tha againn o eachdraidh, bha Donnachadh Dubh, aon de mhorairean Bhraid-Albann, 'n a dhuine garg, cruaidh-chridheach, gun suim sam bith mu bheatha a cho-chreutairean. Ghairmeadh dheth *Donnachadh Dubh a' churraic*, agus a reir coslais, bha e co dubh 'n a nadur 's a bha e 'n a phearsa. Mheudaich e an oighreachd gu mor le iomadh car agus cleas. B' esan a leag steidh caisteal Bhealaich aig ceann an ear Loch-Tatha.

Bha, anns na laithean sin, fear-fearainn ann an Gleann-Liobhann ris an canadh Donnachadh Dubh gu magail, *am Bodach liath*. A chum greim 'fhaotainn air oighreachd bhig an duine so, runaich Donnachadh cur as da, agus shonraich e an gnìomh oillteill so 'earbsa ri tighearn eile a bha an Gleann-Liobhann d' am b' ainm Donnachadh Ruadh. Chaidh fios air Donnachadh Ruadh gu Caisteal Bhealaich, agus air dha tighinn, chuir am morair failte ro chridheil air agus rinn e a bheatha le mor ghreadhnachas. A lion cuid a's cuid leig Donnachadh Dubh ris da an gnothach mu 'n do chuir e fios air, agus gheall e duais mhor air son a dheanamh; agus a thuilleadh air sin gu 'n dionadh esan e o gach cunnart o lagh na rioghachd. Ged bha Donnachadh Ruadh 'n a dhuine gle neo-sgàthach, fiadhaich, cha robh e 'n a nadur a lamhan a thumadh ann am fuil an t-seann duine choir a bu choimhearsnach dha, agus dhiult a le grain an gnìomh salach so a dheanamh, ach is ann a bu mho a a dh' earailich, agus a ghrios Donnachadh Dubh air, le iomadh gealladh milis agus sodal, gu a ghabhail os laimh. Aig an am sin bha Donnachadh Ruadh 'g a ro

sharachadh air son airgid, agus an deigh dha smuaineachadh mu 'n chuis chuir e roimhe greim 'fhaotainn air an duais, agus dh' aontaich e a dheanamh mar dh' iarr Donnachadh Dubh air—is e sin ceann a' Bhodaich liath a thoirt do Bhealach.

Oidhche no 'dha an deigh so, bhuail Donnachadh Ruadh gu dana aig dorus a' chaisteil mu mheadhon oidhche, agus dh' iarr e am morair 'fhaicinn gun dàil, ach cha robh aon de na seirbhisich a dhùraigeadh dol a dhusgadh am maighstir aig an trath sin. Mu dheireadh dh' fheuch iad dorus a sheomair do 'n fhear ruadh; bhuail e gu dana, agus leig Donnachadh Dubh a steach e. Air dha faotainn a steach, thug e sac a's e 'sileadh fola a mach fo 'bhreacan agus leig e 'fhaicinn do Dhonnachadh Dubh e. "Tha mi a' faicinn gu 'n d' rinn thu an gnothach gu h-eir-eachdail mar gheall thu," thurt am fear dubh, agus e 'suadhadh a lamhan le h-aoibhneas. "Nach robh mi riamh cho math ri m' ghealladh! ach nach gabh thu sealladh air ceann a' bhodaich?" arsa Donnachadh Ruadh. "Cha ghabh an drasta. Tha mi cinnteach gu leoir gu bheil e an sin agad." Thoisich Donnachadh Dubh air seanachas gu cridheil ach gun fhacal aige mu 'n duais a gheall e. Mu dheireadh thurt Donnachadh Ruadh, "So, so, thoir dhomh an duais air son na cuise so agus leig air falbh mi, fhir-an-tighe." "Duais, mo ghille gasda! cha 'n àm so gu bruidhinn mu airgiod agus duaisean agus do bheatha co mor an cunnart. Thoir an carn ort gus am faigh mise mathanas duit bho 'n righ. Cha 'n 'eil thu a' tuigsinn a' ghàbhaidh anns am bheil thu, a dhuine bhoichd. Ma theid do ghlachadh crochar thu gu cinnteach." "An cluinn thu mise?" thurt Donnachadh Ruadh, agus e 'tarruing a chlàidhimh 's e dearg le fuil: "mur paigh thu an duais gun

dail, ann an aon mhionaid theid do cheann-sa anns an t-sac maille ri ceann a' Bhodaich liath." Chunnaic Donnachadh Dubh nach robh seol dol as aige, agus gu'n deanadh a chompanach an ni a bhagair e. Ged ghairmeadh e air a chuid daoine cha robh sin ach gu bhi 'foillseachadh a' ghnìomh mu 'n robh e. Rinn e, uime sin, gaire, agus thuirt e nach robh e ach ri beagan feala-dhà. Chunnt e an t-airgiod a mach air a' bhord. Sheall Donnachadh Ruadh air agus thuirt e, "Dh' fheuch thu ri mise 'mheall-

adh, agus, air a shon sin, mur dub-laich thu an t-suim theid do cheann a phogadh ceann a bhodaich." Cha robh rathad dol as aige, agus mu dheireadh, rinn am fear dubh mar a chaidh iarraidh air. Thruis Donnachadh Ruadh an duais gu geannail agus ghabh e a chead ag radh, "Seall am bheil muthadh air aogas a' bhodaich." An uair a sheall Donnachadh Dubh air an nì a bha 's an t-sac ciod a fhuair e an aite ceann an t-seann duine ach ceann reithe maoil leis fein ! D. C.

G R I A N M' A N M A.

Grian m'anma's tu, Fhir-shaoraidh chaoimh,
Roimh d' ghnuis grad theichidh as an oidhch',
Neul talmhaidh 'm feasd, na h-eireadh suas
A thoirt do láith'reachd neamhaidh uam.

'N uair dh' fhailceas druchd a' chodail thlaith
Mo rosgan fann aig crìoch an là,
Mo smuainte biodh mu 'n fhois's mu 'n t-sìth
Tha 'feitheamh orm an comunn Chrìosd.

Bho mhoich gu h-oidhche dean leam tamh,
Oir m' oighreachd's tu's mo chuid fo neamh ;
Bho fheasgar fuirich leam gu là ;
Oir's oillt, as d' eugmhais, leam am bàs.

Ma thionndaidh's aon de d' leanaban uait,
'Toirt cul an diugh ri ceum ma stuaime ;
A cheum biodh dha gun tamh gun fhois ;—
Pill fein an t-ànrach truagh air ais.

Do 'n tinn's do 'n bhoichd gabh curam caoin,
A' freasdal doibh, dhe d' stor nach traoigh ;
'S mar chodal naoidhein, aoibhinn, tlath,
Do 'n bhronach biodh an nochd a thamh.

Do bheannachd oirnn gach madainn taom
'N ar turas sgith a' dol roimh 'n t-saogh'l,
A chum 's an cuan do ghaoil air neamh,
Gu 'm bi sinn feadh gach àil a' snamh.

Eadar. le TOBAR-CHATAIN.

NA 'S DLUITHE DHUIT FEIN.

Na 's dlùith', mo Dhia, dhuit fein,
 Na 's dlùith' dhuit fein ;
 Ged thogar mi a suas
 Le deuchainn 's péin.
 A ghnath 's i so mo laoidh,—
 Na 's dlùith' do m' Dhia, na 's dlùith',
 Do m' Dhia, na 's dlùith'.

Ged bhitheam, mar sheachranach,
 'N uair laidheas grian,
 Am shuain le cloich fo m' cheann,
 A's dorch gach sion,
 Am aisling b' i mo ghuidh,—
 Na 's dlùith' do m' Dhia, na 's dlùith',
 Do m' Dhia na 's dlùith'.

Faiceam mo shlighe 'n sin,
 'Dìreadh gu glòir ;
 Na chuir thu orm a' teachd
 Bho d' shlainte mhòir ;
 Aingle 'g am ghairm air m' iùidh,
 Na 's dlùith' do m' Dhia, na 's dlùith',
 Do m' Dhia na 's dlùith'.

An sin 'n uair dhuiseas mi,
 Le d' chliù 'g a luaidh,
 Togaidh mi Bèteil ard
 Air stéidh mo thruaigh' ;
 Thig mi, troimh bhron a's chaoidh,
 Na 's dlùith' do m' Dhia, na 's dlùith',
 Do m' Dhia na 's dlùith'.

Eadar. le MAC-MHARCUS.

SIR UILLEAM S.-MAXWELL
AGUS A' GHÀIDHLIG.

A DHUINE MO GHAOIL,—Mar eiseimpleir air an ath-bheothachadh a tha air tighinn air a' Ghaidhlig o chionn ghoirid agus am meas a tha air a chur air an t-seana chanain sin agus air a luchd-labhairt seach mar b' abhaist, tha mi a' cur ad ionnsaidh Litir-bhreugaidh a chuir an t-uasal urramach agus foghlumte, Sir Uilleam Stirling-Maxwell thun na muinntir ann an Siorramachd Pheairt aig an robh còir an guth a thoirt ann an roghnachadh luchd-suidhe na Parlamaid ùir a tha an dràst 'g a taghadh le sluagh na rioghachd so aig iarrtas na Ban-rìgh. Tha mi cinnteach, ma theid agad air aite thoirt do 'n litir, gu 'm bi e 'n a ni annasach le d' luchd-leughaidh agus

bidh iad toilichte a chluinntinn gu 'n do rinn Gaidheil Siorramachd Pheairt mar bu dual daibh—chuir iad a stigh mar am fear-ionaid anns a' Pharlamaid an duin'-uasal eireachdail a chuir a leithid so de dh-urram orra fein agus air a' Ghaidhlig. Cha 'n 'eil fhios agam na 'n d' fheuch fear no dha de na chaidh a sheòtadh a' Ghaidhlig ris an luchd-taghaidh mar a rinn Sir Uilleam nach biodh a' chuis an diugh air atharrach !

Liubhair mo mhìle beannachd do m' charaid coir, Murachadh Mac-Mhuirich anns a' Chreig-liath; is ann bhuaith a fhuair mi an litir.

Gu 'n eirich gu math dhuit!—guidhe durachdach do charaid,

MAC-MHARCUS.

Rudha-nam-faoileann,
 Dimaìrt Inid, 1874.

ELECTORS

SHIORRAMACHD PHEAIRT.

A DHAOIN'-UAISLE,—Tha cuireadh air a thoirt dhomhsa le buidheann mhoir agus chudthromaich gu mi fhein a chur air adhart mar *Chandidate* no Fear-roghainn air son na h-onair suidhe air ur sonsa mar *Mhember* Parlamaid, agus tha mi a' faicinn iomchuidh co-aontachadh ris a' chuireadh.

Tha an t-Ard-Mhinistear a' toirt reusan seachad air son an *Sgaoileadh ealamh* so a tha gun choimeas ann ar n-eachdraidh. Tha corr agus tri fichead *Member* air a thaobhsan a thuileadh's a th' air an taobh eile, agus tha e ag radh nach urrainn e an Uachdaranachd a chumail air adhart; agus mar so, ann an doigh, a' deanamh amach gu bheila riaghailteachadh anfhann am meadhon soirbheachaidh comharraichte.

Tha sealbhachadh mor na rioghachd air cur fuathas a dh-airgiod an lamhan Mhr. Gladstone, ach bhitheadh e moran na b' fhearr na 'n tigeadh e le Cunntas na bu shoilleire an lathair na duthcha; agus choisneadh e moran tuilleadh fabhair o shluagh ciallach na 'n do chuir e a *Budget* (no 'Chunntas Solair) mar bu chleachd air beulaobh na Parlamaid, an aite a bhi ga 'Sgaoileadh mar *bhratach* na h-*Election*,

Ma bhitheas an onair agamsa a bhi mar *Mhember* air nr sonsa 'rithisd 's ann mar *Chonservative* (no Riaghladair cùramach) a dh'fheumassina bhi. Achthamian dochas gu'n d'fheuch mi uibhir a mheasarrachd ann mo bheachdan, agus a dheigh air bhi a 'faicinn agus a' cluinntinn do thaobh na h-uile ceist, agus a dhearbhadh dhuibh gur duine mi is urrainn seasamh neo-eiseamaileach mar bu choir do *Mhember* a bhi a shuideadh air son Siorrachd cho cudthromach ris an t-Siorrachd so.

Tha agam ri a radh a thaobh votes nan Siorrachdan agus nam Bailtean a bhi coltach ri cheile, nach aithne dhomh bonn turail sam bith air an gabh cur an aghaidh so, agus bheireadh e moran taitneas dhomh gu'm faigheadh sluagh ciallach, cumanta na h-Alba am miann anns a' ghnathach so, no, mar tha Mr. Gladstone ag radh, "Gibht o lamhan na h-Ard Chomhairle gun slaid, agus la deadh thoil nan uile a bhi air a thoirt seachad" —facail a tha thoirt oirne a cho dhunadh gur e run uachdaranachd cheart agus cumhachdaich sin a thoirt seachad.

Ach nis 'tighinn dh'ionnsaidh ar gnothaichean fein, faodaidh mi a radh mu laghannan an *Hypothec* agus a' *Ghame* gu'm bheil iad a dh-aindeoin gach geallaidh agus cumail a mach a bh' againn ann an 1868, fhathast anns an aon staid 's an robh iad aig dunadh Parlamaid na bliadhna sin.

'S e mo bheachd an comhnuidh mu lagh an *Hypothec* gur e ceist a th' ann a bhuineas do'n Tuathnach na's mò na do'n Uachdaran; agus o'n tha an Tuathnach na 'aghaidh bhithinn ro dheas gu chur air chul.

Tha laghannan a' *Ghame* o chionn iomadh bliadhna 'n an campar mor, ach tha eagal orm ged rachadh maighichean agus rabaidean a thoirt as an lagh uile gu leir, nach bitheadh a h-uile gnothach ceart fhathast ged tha cuid a' smuaineachadh gu'm bitheadh. Bhitheadh sluagh fhathast moran na bu mho air am buaireadh gu dol thaircriochan agus fearann dhaoine eile a dh-aindeoin an lagh. B'e moran a b' fhearr, a reir mo bharail-sa, gu'm bithheadh a' cheart uibhir choir aig an Tuathnach ris an Uachdaran air na beathaichean sin.

Tha moran call aig an tuathnach troimh tuilleadh 's a choir de *Ghame* a bhi air a ghleidheadh, agus bu mhath leam doigh ghoirid agus shaor a bhi ann gus an call sin a mheas agus 'fhiach a mhathadh do'n tuathnach anns a' mhal.

Tha na *Tollaichean* o chionn fhada, mar an ceudna, 'n an sarachadh mor, ach

tha Siorrachdan ann cheana anns am bheil iad air an cur sìos, agus 's i mo bharail-sa gu'm bu choir an cur a bhàn ann an Siorrachd Pheairt cuideachd, a cheart cho luath agus a ghabhas sin deanamh le ceartas air gach laimh.

Tha mathachadh an fhearainn aig deireadh nagabhalaich airtighinn ann an doigh ro shoileir an aire sluaigh 's an àm so, agus tha uibhir thairbh' anns a' gnothach so do 'n Tuathnach agus a th' ann do 'n Uachdaran ach b' fhearr leam solar ceart a bhi anns na gabhalaichean mu choinnimh, na lagh ur a bhi air a thoirt a mach mu 'dheibhinn. Ach na 'm bitheadh lagh ur air a chur an lathair na Parlamaid a dheanadh ceartas agus a bheireadh a choir fhein do na h-uile duine dheanainn uibhir chomhnaidh agus a b' urrainn domh ri a thoirt a mach mar lagh na rioghachd.

Mar fhear-fearainn mi fein, bu mhath leam lagh a dheanadh creic agus ceannach an fhearainn na bu shaoire na tha e a bhi ann, agus lasachadh eigin a bhi air a dheanamh ann an lagh an *Entail*, na e a bhi air chul uile gu leir.

Tha ar tim cho goirid agus gu'm bheil eagal orm nach bi mi murrach air dol ach do ro bheagan dh' aiteachan a thachairt ris na *Voters* (no an Luchd-taghaidh) mar bu math leam an onair a bhi agam; agus tha mi an dochas gun dean so mo leisgeul a ghabhail dhoibhsan nach urrainn mi a ruigheachd an drasta.—Tha an Onair agam gur mi ur Seirbheiseach dileas,

UILLEAM STIRLING-MAXWELL.

KEIR, 30mh de Cheud Mhios
na Bliadhna, 1874.

—o—

ORAN AIR FOGRADH NAN GAIDHEAL A TIR NAN ARD-BHEANN.

LE FEARACHAR DOMHNULLACH.

AIR Fonn:—"Tha mise fo mhulad 's an am."

'S fìor airidh air beannachd nam bàrd,
Deadh Chomunn nan àrmun fial,
A bheothaich gach cleachdadh, a's gnàths,
A bha aig na Gàidheil riamh,
O'n 's toileach leoth' 'fhaicinn an dàn,
Mar sgapadh 's gach ceàrn an sìol,
Nìor mheal mi idir mo shlàint',
Mur cuir mi gun dàil e sìos.

Na Gàidheil bha ainmeil 's gach linn,
Gu seasamh an rìgh, 's a chòir;
'S tric dhearbhadh iad le 'n armaibh 's an strì,
Nach faighte fo chis an seors';
'N àm eirigh na 'n èideadh gu grinn,
Le torman nam pìob fo shròl,

S iad 'thilleadh mar bhuinne na 'still,
Na thigeadh le spid na 'n còir.

Na beathraichean sgaiteach an streup,
A choisneadh le 'n euchdan buaidh;
An caismeachd mar thorunn bho 'n speur,
'N àm tarruing nan geur-lann cruaidh;
B' aigeantach, sgairteil an ceum,
A' leantuinn an deigh na ruaig,
'S 'n uair philleadh iad, 'g aithris an sgéil,
B' e 'm fasan bhi eibhinn, suairc'.

Reir naduir 's e thainig mu 'n cuairt,
Gu 'n thaisgeadh 's an uaigh na suinn,
'S cha 'n fhaicear an sliochd far 'm bu dual,
Ach ainneamh 'measg sluaigh 'theid cruinn;
'S ann lionadh am fearann a suas,
Le coigrich gun truas, gun suim,
'S gur annsa leo' mèilich nan uan,
Na caithream bho thuath an fhuinn.

Ghluais acaid ro ghuineach na m' chrìdh;
'S gur bras 'frasadh snithe bho m' shùil,
Ri deachdadh na 's fiosrach mi fhìn,
Mu tharruing na sgriob bha ciuirt;
'Sliochd ghaisgeach le achdan g' am binn,
'Cur aitreibh mu 'n cinn na 'smùr,
'S ga 'n cartadh a mach as an tìr,
Gun charaid, gun nì, gun iùl.

Bu tursach am muigh air an raon,
A chunnaic mi 'n aois, 's an òig;
A's, geurad an acain, 's an gaoir,
Cha 'n fhaigh mi o m' smaoin ri m' bheò;
Gun dachaidh, gun fhasgadh bho ghaoith,
Ach tional an taobh nam fròg,
'S e b' eiginn bhi gabhail mu sgaoil,
'S a fagail nan caol fo sheòl.

Is furasd' a thuigsinn, 's gur cinnt,
Na th' againn ri inns' na m' sgéul,
Gur lionmhor trioblaid, a's téinn,
A choinnich riuth' 'n tìribh cèin;
Ge b' fheudar dhoibh dealach' ri 'n glinn,
Tha pàirt dheth an crìdh' na 'n deigh,
'S ged chàrnadh iad airgead na mhill,
Cha leighis e mir dheth 'n crèuchd.

O 'n threig iad gach fireach, a's gleann,
Cha 'n fhaicear, ach Gall 's gach cùil;
Am fochair a chaoirich gu trang,
'S e 'cleachdadh a chainnt r' a chù;
Le bhreacan air fhilleadh m' a cheann,
A's caogad car cam na 'rùn,
'S gur fhearr leis an t-anam a chall,
Na riobag bhi gann de rùsg.

O 'n dh' imich na gaisgich thair chuan,
Cha 'n éisdear leinn duan no ceòl,
Cha chluinnear caomh chailin gu suairc',
'Nì luinneag aig buar mu chrò;

Cha 'n fhaicear na fleasgaich bu dual,
A' siubhal gu ruag' fir-chròc,
Am beagan dhiubh sud nach do ghluais,
'S e th' orra 'n diugh, tuar a' bhròin.

Gu 'n d' fhàgadh Mac-talla fo phràmh,
'S gach ionad 'n robh àbhaist riamh,
'S ann tha e air leabaidh ri bàs,
A' cumhadh nan sàr fhear fial
A chumadh e 'n cleachdadh gach là,
'S do 'n d' thug e a ghràdh, 's a mhiagh;
Cha 'n fhiù leis an dream tha na 'n àit,
Cha toir e á 'n cánran ciall.

Ged shiùblainn bho Ghéarr-loch an fheòir,
Gus an ruiginn an t-Oban ciar,
Cha 'n fhaicinn Ceann-tighe air 'fhòd,
A dh' fhuirich do phòr nan Triath;
An àite nan leòghann bha còir,
'S e th' ann an diugh seòrsa fiat,
Airson drochart a's airgiod na 'spòig,
A thilgeas á còir an siad.

B' e fasan, a's aiteas nan Triath,
Bha barraicht' am miagh 's am muirn,
Bhi fuileachdach, calgach na 'n triall
A' leantuinn nam fiadh 's an stùc;
Bhi sac'adh an gillea le h-iasg,
'S toirt bhradan air fiar gu dlùth;
Bhi òranach, coranach, fial,
'N àm tional nan cliar gu 'n Dùin.

'S nam b' fheudar dhiobh tachairt 's an àr,
Cha ghabhadh iad sgàth no gruaim,
Bha fir ac' a sheasadh an càs,
'S a rachadh na 'm pàirt le h-uail,
Na milidhnean colgarra, dàn,
A dheanadh le 'n stràcan smuais,
'S a ghleidheadh an reachdan bho thàir,
Le iomairt nan stàilinn fuar.

Ach 's mithich bhi crìochn'adh mo dháin,
Le focal na dhà chur sìos,—
Mo shoraidh, le durachd mo ghràidh,
A dh-ionnsaidh gach Gàidheil fìor,
'S e m' aiteas gu 'm bi iad a' fas,
An urram, 's an stàth gach ial,
'S gu 'n tionail iad fathast gu 'n àit,
'S gu 'n sgapar a' chàth romh 'n t-sìol.

AN T-SOBHRACH MHUILEACH.

Failte an Ughdair do Shòbhraichean a fhuair e á Eilean Mhuile, air dha am planntachadh ri taobh lùidhean, 'n a gharradh ann am Baile Dhunéidin, anns a' mhios Mhairt, 1870.

AIR FONN :—" *Birlinn bhan a' Chubair.*"

Luinneag—A lùidh, reul nam fluran,
Ged fhuair thu urram;
'S taitniche gu mor leam
An t-sòbhrach Mhuileach.

A lilidh chaoin-gheal nasal,
Na biodh eud no gruaime ort;
Ged nach tu mo luaidh
Cha 'n 'eil mi suarach umad.

Tha thu ùigheil luach'or
Aig islean a's aig uaislean,
Bidh na baird ri luaidh ort
Anns gach duan a's luinneag.

Tlachd a's miann mo shul thu,
'Measg nam blath 's nam fluran;
'S coma leam gach umpaidh
Nach biodh muirneach umad.

Ach fhuair mi deideag lamh riut,
Anns gach buaidh bheir barr ort;—
Sòbhrach bhanail, mhald'
'Chaidh arach 's an Leth 'r-Mhuilich.

Mo shobhrach gheal-bhui', thlath,
D'an duthchas a' choill' fhasail;
Bha do bhreth a's d' fhas
Am braighe Creag-an-Iubhair.

Cha b' e blaths a' ghuail
A thug dhuit càil a's tuar,
Ach feartan grein' nam buadh,
A's anail fhuar Chaol-Muile.

'Feadh nan raointean lom ud,
Far nach cinn na foth'nain,
Gheibhte dlòthaibh trom dhiu
Air gach tom a's tulaich.

'S coidheas deas no tuath leat,
'Measg nan carn 's nam bruachag,
Cinnidh tu gu guamach,
Fallain, snuagh'or, lurach.

Ged a thig ort dùiseal
Ann an àm na dubhlachd.
Cha tig bàs fo 'n ùir ort
Ged robh 'n fhiùntainn guineach.

'Dh' aindecuin cruas a' gheamhraidh,
'S fuachd an fhaoiltich chrainntidh;
Bidh do thrusgan bainns' ort
Mu 'n tig àm na cuthaig.

An tìr na toit 's nan du-Ghall,
Fad o thir do dhuthchais;
Tog do Cheann gu sunndach
'S cuir air chul am mulad.

A lilidh, reul nam fluran, &c.

MUILEACH

—o—

Cuimhnich so. Cha 'n e na chosnas tu,
ach na chaomhnas tu, a ni saibhir thu.
Cha 'n e na dh'itheas tu, ach na chnamhas
tu a ni laidir thu. Cha 'n e na leughas
tu, ach na chuimhnicheas tu, a ni fogh-
luimte thu.

COMHRADH.

EADAR MURACHADH BAN AGUS
COINNEACH CIOBAIR.

MUR.—Fuilt ort, a Choinnich, is
fhad o'n da la sin. Ciod a dh'
eirich duit o cheann fada, fada, oir
cha do chuir mi suil ort on la sin air
an do chomhlaich sinn r' a cheile 's
an Oban, agus tha tacan maith o sin?
Chuala mi gun teagamh gu 'n d' thug
thu Eirinn ort, agus gu 'n robh thu
thall re tamuill am measg nan
daoine geur-bhriathrach sin ann an
seann Innis-fail; agus ma bha tha
e cinnteach gur iomadh ni a chual'
agus a chunnaic thu. Dean suidhe
sios air an tolmán bhoidheach so,
agus ni mise suidhe ri d' thaobh gus
an cluinn mi do sgeul agus gus an
toir thu mion-aithris air gach neach
agus ni a thainig 'n ad char o'n
o'n chuir sin an oidhche ud seachad
co taitneach cuideachd ann am fard-
aich fhialaidh Ealasaid, nighean
Ruairidh 's an Oban. So, so, leag
fein 'n ad shineadh, agus innis domh
am bheil Seonaid choir, agus na
paisdean gu gleusda fallain.

COIN.—Ma ta, a Mhurachaidh,
chuir thu na h-uiread de cheistibh
orm air muin a cheile, agus bhruchd
thu co bras a mach iad 's nach furast
domhsa am freagairt fa leth, ach
dean socair bheag, agus bheir mi
an t-sreang bharr beul a' bhuilg,
agus an sin cluinnidh tu mo naidh-
eachdan a chuid 's a chuid mar is
cuimhne leam. Tha seonaid mathair
na cuim gu fallain, slan, surdail,
agus tha na paisdean ag eirigh, ag
itheadh, agus ag ol mar a b' abhaist,
agus a thaobh sin tha aobhar taing-
eileachd agam-sa; agus tha dochas
agam gu 'm bheil an t-aobhar ceudna
agad-sa, a' charaid ionmhuinn a
thaobh do theaghlaich fein.

MUR.—Ro mhaith, a Choinnich,
ro mhaith, tha buidheachas orm-sa
a radh gu 'm bheil mo theaghlach-sa,

mar an ceudna, eadar bheag agus mhor air am bonnaibh, agus ann an slainte. Ach ciod mu Eirinn, fhir mo chridhe? Dh'fheudadh tu o'n dh'fhalbh thu dol null air an fhairge mhoir gu ruig America, agus do chairdean fhaicinn ann an Canada, no ann an Ceap-Breton, no ann an Eilean Eoin, no ann an cearnadh sam bith de na crìochaibh iomallach sin.

COIN.—Cha'n 'eil teagamh idir, a Mhurachaidh, nach 'eil na longa-teine, na slighean-iaruinn, agus na h-innleachdan sin uile a tha air an dealbhadh, agus air an cleachdadh o cheann beagan bhliadhnaichean air ais, chum muinntir a ghiulan o aite gu aite, 'n am miorbhuilibh annta fein agus cha'n 'eil iad cneasda, 'n am bharail fein, fhir mo chridhe, cha'n 'eil iad sin; oir is leoir iad chum ceann duine a chur 'n a bhreislich. Cha'n 'eil ann ach gleadhraich, othail, upraid air gach taobh, agus cha chluinnear 's cha'n fhaicear ach buaireas, eigheach, agus iomairt anns gach aite—daoine a' rùith a null 's a nall, agus a' leum am measg a' cheile mar amadain. Gu dearbh, a' Mhurachaidh, tha na h-uile nithe a' dol co bras air an aghaidh 's gu'm bheil iad a' cur muinntir troimh' cheile 's a' cheann agus cha cheaduich iad do dhuine flu anail fein a tharruing, mar a b' abhaist da a dheanamh.

MUR.—Cha'n 'eil thu fad am mearachd, a Choinnich, ach cha d innis thu dhomh fathast, c'ait an deachaidh thu, agus cia lion car a chuir thu dhìot o'n dhealaich sin ma dheireadh.

COIN.—Tha mi'tuigsinn gu'n cual' thu gu'n robh mi ann an Eirinn, agus bu leoir sin fein leamsa, gun America a thoirt orm mar a bha thu ann am feala-dha a' cur an aghaidh orm. Ach bha mi ann an iomadh cearn agus baile air feadh Eirinn, agus chord na h-Eireannaich agus

mi fein gu taghta, oir is daoine fialaidh, cairdeil iad ri coigrich, ach 's i mo bharail-sa gu'm bheil moran diubh ni 's pailte ann am briathraibh, na tha iad ann an cuid.

MUR.—Moladh gach neach an t-àth mar a gheibh se e, a Choinnich oir cha'n 'eil teagamh sam bith agamsa nach 'eil na h-Eireannaich mar tha an crodh anns a' bhuaile, cuid diubh maith, agus cuid 'eile dona; ach ma bhuin iad gu maith riutsa, a laochain, bu mhearachdach dhuit a' chaochladh a radh mu'n timchioll. Ach thubhairt an sean-fhocal, "Am fear a theid do'n bhaile mhor gun ghnòthuch, bheir e ghnòthuch as." A nis, a Choinnich, ciod fo'n ghrein an ghnòthuch a thug thusa do dhuthaich nan Eireanach?

COIN.—A cheart ni a chuir an earb air an loch, an eiginn, a Mhurachadh; is iomadh ni a bheir an eiginn gu crìch! Tha fios agadsa gu'n do chuireadh as mo leth-sa, gu'm bheil deadh shuil agam air each, agus air mart, agus caor, agus 's e sin a' cheart ni a chuir a dh-Eirion me.

MUR.—Cha bu mhaith an ghnòthuch gu'n cuirteadh as do leth, a Choinnich, gu'n robh droch shuil agad a thaobh ainmhidh 's am bith, 's e sin mor-chrodh, no meanbh-chrodh, no eich, no uain, no ceithir-chosach sam bith, a dh'fheudas am fireach a thoirt air, oir cha mhaith an ni droch shuil. Is fhad o'n 'hual thu gu'm bheil droch shuil aig a' phiollan bhochd, luideagach sin, Tormaid Leoghasach, an creutair truagh dona sin, nach urrainn amharc air each gu'n chur as da, no air mart-laoigh gun an toradh a thoirt as a' bhainne aice, no fiu air a' mhuic fein, gun toirt oirre crìonadh air falbh gu neoni. Bha droch shuil ann riamh, ach mo lamh-sa nach 'eil i ann an ceann Choinnich Chiobair.

COIN.—Tha mi an dochas nach

'eil, a Mhurachaidh, agus gu robh mise air mo ghleidheadh o bhi eadhon a' smuaineachadh an uile a thaobh co-chrentair sam bith gun ghuth air a chur gu cleachdadh. Ach is e na tha mise a' ciallachadh so—gu 'm bheil daoine 's a' bharail nach 'eil mise idir aineolach air gach gne spreidh, agus uime sin gu 'm bi mi chum feum do 'n ti sin leis am miann a bhi ri malairt annta.

MUR.—Gu cinnteach cha b' fhiach thu lan do chluaise dhe 'n uisge mar biodh mor eolas agad orra, oir is i do cheird a bhi 'n am measg. Rugadh tu chum na criche sin, agus beag taing dhuit air son gach fiosrachaidh a tha agad mu gach feudal, agus ainmhidh ceithir-chasach fo 'n ghrein, ach gu h-araidh mu 'n fheudal sin leis am am bu ghnath a bhi 'g ionaltradh air garbhlaichibh na Gaidhealtachd. Ach ciod a thug a dh-Eirinn thu, innis domh a nis!

COIN.—Is mise a dh' innseas, agus is mi a's urrainn. Tha mi cinnteach, a Mhurachaidh, gu 'n cual' thu mu thimchioll mo mhaighstir uasail, Sir Seumas, aig am bheil, tha eagal orm, seillean 'n a cheann 'air a' bhliadhna so mu 'n oighreachd aige, agus a ta 'cur roimhe moran atharraichean a dheanamh, air son an gabh e fathast aithreachas ceart co cinnteach is gur e Murrachadh is ainm dhuit.

MUR.—Cha chuala mi riamh guth mu thimchioll; ach cha chuireadh ni sam bith a dheanadh Sir Seumas iongantais ormsa, a Choinnich, oir bha e riamh o 'n thainig e dh' ionnsuidh na h-oighreachd, luaineach neo-sheasmhach, mi-steidheil 'n a ghnath-uidhibh fein air fad. Thilgeadh e an ni sin a dheanadh e an diugh, bun os ceann am maireach, agus riaghailt sam bith cha b' aithne dha. Ach, a Choinnich, ciod a ta 'n tras' 'n a cheann?

COIN.—Cha 'n ann chum droch fhreagairt a thoirt ort, a Mhur-

achaidh, ach is comadh ciod tha 'n a cheann. Cha 'n 'eil teagamh nach 'eil upraid agus othail gu leoir ann, agus air amannaibh gle bheag toinise. Tha e fein agus an tuath a's cothromaiche air an oighreachd aige, an deigh cur a mach air a cheile, agus tha e 'boideachadh nach toir e oirleach fearainn do mhac mathar diubh, ach gu 'n gleidh e na gabhaltais aca 'n a laimh fein.

MUR.—Is mor an naidheachd sin da-rireadh, a Choinnich, ach ciod na fearrainn deth am bheil e 'cur nan tuathanach mar sin air falbh?

COIN.—Tha na gabhlaichean aig am bheil na h-aontan aca a mach, mar a tha Leitir-nan-coileach, an Torran-uaine, an Slios-buidhe, Achan-nan-claidhean, an Torr-breac, agus na h-uiread eile.

MUR.—Ach ciod a thainig eadar e fein agus na tuathanaich choir aig an robh na bailte sin, moran diubh o 'n rugadh iad, agus an sinseara rompa.

COIN.—Thainig eatorra na feidh, na h-earbaichean, na maighichean, na coineanan, na cearcan-fraoich, na coilich-dhubha, na h-eoin-ruadha, agus an leithidibh sin,—creutairean a ta 'deanamh millidh agus sgrios gun choimeas air gach pòrr agus barr; agus cha toir an tuachdaran taing do 'n tuath air son na calldach. An aite sin lasaidh e am feirg mu labhrar lide gu 'n d' rinn iad dolaidh sam bith air toradh na talmhainn. Ach cha 'n e sin a mhain, ach theid coisridh mhor a mach le 'n eachaibh agus le 'n cuid chon, agus bheir iad stend asda am measg nan raointean arbhair agus gach barraidh eile, 'g an saltairt fo 'n cosaibh, agus 'g am milleadh. Ach an nair a nithear gearan ri Sir Seumas, is ann a thogas e a shroin co ard ri crann soithiche, a chionn gu 'm bheil a dhanadas aig na tuathanaich bhochd fu aon fhocal gearain a dheanamh.

MUR.—Tha sin gle chruaidh gun teagamh a Choinnich agus gun a chridhe a bhi aig an tuath-anach sharaichte aon sràd luaidh a chur 'n a dheannal 'n an deigh. Agus cha 'n e sin a mhain, ach cha 'n fheud e a bheul 'fhosgladh aig am togail a' mhail chum sgillinn lughdachaidh fhaotuinn air son a chaldach. Ach aig a' cheart am so tha gleadhar mor air feadh na rioghachd a thaobh laghanna ura a bhi air an dealbhadh air son na seilge, agus cha 'n 'eil teagamh agam-sa olc air mhaith leis na tighearnaibh-fearainn, nach deanar riaghailtean agus reachd-an araidh, chum coir a chumail ris an tuath, agus chum gnothnichean na seilge a shuidheachadh air steidh uir agus chinntich.

COIN.—Tha sin uile fìor, ach an deigh sin, ciod a dh' eireas do'n tuath ma thilgear a mach iad, mar tha Sir Seumas a' deanamh, agus mar a ni iomadh Sir Seumas agus Sir Uilleam eile ag radh gur leo fein am fearann, agus gu'm feud iad an toil fein a dheanamh leis?

MUR.—Cha 'n fhad gus an leigheis am mearachd sin e fein. Cha d' rinn tighearna-fearainn riamh mor-bhuannachd, no buannachd idir, o bhi 'g aiteachadh an fhearainn aige fein; agus cha 'n fhad gus am fas e sgith dhe 'n tuathnachas, agus gus am buidhe leis a thoirt seachd air son mail mar a rinneadh riamh. Ach, a Choinnich, cha d innis thu dhomh re na h-uine so ciod a thug a dh-Eirinn thu.

COIN.—Cha 'n fhurast na h-uile nithe a chur an ceill comhladh, a Mhurachaidh, ach innsidh mi a nis mo ghnathuch gu dol a dh-Eirinn, agus 's e so e. Ghabh mo mhaighstir urramach 'n a cheann nach robh ait' ann co freagarrach ri Eirinn chum crodh, caoraich, agus eich a cheannachadh, a dheanamh suas stuic air son nam bailte-fearainn a thuiteas air

a laimh fein ann an uine ghoirid, Uime sin, dh' ainnich e la air an rachadh e null do sheann Innis-fail, chum rogha a's tagha a dheanamh air gach gne fheudail agus mheanbh-chruidh 's a bhiodh a dhithair; agus thug e aithne dhomhsa a bhi' deas gu dol maille ris air an la sin.

MUR.—Tha mi 'g ad' thuigsinn a nis, a Choinnich, ach ciod a thubhairt Seonaid mu 'n chuis sin? An robh ise reidh agus lan riarichte chum comas nan cas a thoirt duit, agus chum dealachadh riut re uine co fada?

COIN.—Ochan! Ochan! a Mhurachaidh, is i nach robh, oir an uair a chuir mi an ceill di iarrtas mo mhaighstir coir's ann a theisich i ri eigheach, ranaich, agus bas-bhualadh, ag radh, “A Choinnich, a ghraidh, cha teid thusa null do'n droch aite sin far am bheil iad a' mortadh agus a' marbhadh a' cheile, agus far an cuir iad as duit ann am priobadh na sula. Cha teid, cha teid, b' fhearr leam gu mor gu'm fagadh tu seirbhis an duine chuthaich sin, Sir Seumas, na gu'n cuir-eadh tu do bheatha fein an cunnart. O! smuainich, a Choinnich, orm-sa, agus air na paidibh lurach, laga sin, na 'n eireadh ni sam bith dhuitse; agus cha 'n earbainn do bheatha aon latha ris na droch chreutairibh a ta chombnuidh 's an duthaich aimhreitich sin! Ochan! Ochan! cha teid cas no cnaimh dhiot ann idir, a Choinnich a luaidh mo chridhe,—cha teid, cha teid.

MUR.—Tha mi 'faicinn nach robh Seonaid deonach air dealachadh riut, a Choinnich, ach ciod a rinn thu? Ciamar a chaidh a' chuis leat?

COIN.—Ciod a rinn mi? an e tha thu 'g radh? A chum an sgeul a dheanamh goirid, thainig Sir Seumas air an la a shonraich e, agus thubhairt e, “Biomaid a' falbh, a Choinn-

ich, tha gach ni deas," agus chuir e airgid ann an laimh Seonaid, ag radh rithe a bhi fo dheadh mhisnich, oir nach b' fhad an uine gus am pill-eadhmaid a ris. Le sin ghabh mi beannachd cabhagach le Seonaid, phog mi na paisdean, agus le mo mhaileid 'n am laimh, ghrad dhirich mi an carbad a bha aig an dorus, agus co luath ris a' ghaoith, bha Sir Seumas agus mi fein 'n ar deann-ruith, gus an d' fhuair sinn greim air an t-slighe-iaruinn a thug do Ghlas-chu sinn.

MUR.—Tha mi 'tuigsinn sin gu ro mhaith, ach ciod an car a chuir thu dhìot a ris?

COIN.—Is iomadh car sin, a Mhurachaidh, agus Ochan! Ochan! b'e'm baile e. Cha robh mi riamh roimheann, ged is lionmhor cuireadh a fhuair Seonaid agus mi fein o Mharsali Chaimbeul, nighean peathar m'athar, agus o'n chompanach aice Ruairidh Mac-Dhomhnuill, gu dol g'am faicinn. Ochan! na sraid-ean-fada, na carbadan, na longan, na soithichean-smuide, na baintigh-earnan agus daoine-uaisle, agus na nithe eile gun aireamh air nach ruig cunntas, a chunnaic mise! Agus ciod a their mi mu na tighean-mora, na h-eaglaisean, na ceardaichean eagalach sin aig an robh simileirean a'ruigheachd nan neoil? Gu dearbh, a Mhurachaidh, chuireadh mo cheann 'n a bhoile leis an stairearaich agus a ghleadhraich gun sgur air gach taobh, direach mar gu'm biodh mìle clach-bhalg 'g an crathadh ri m' chluais uile comhladh.

MUR.—Tha mise gle eolach air a' ghleadhraich sin, a Choinnich, ach c'ait' an do thog Sir Seumas agus thu fein bhur cairtealan?

COIN.—C'ait' ach ann an Tigh-osa na h-Iolaire, far an d'fhuair mi gach goireas. Ach an deigh sin bha mi 'tuigsinn nach bu mhaith

dhomh a bhi 's a' bhaile mhor sin gun aon chuid Sir Seumas no an t-airgid a bhi maille rium.

MUR.—Gle cheart, a Choinnich, gle cheart, cha bhiodh an gnothach idir co taitneach mur biodh aon chuid Sir Seumas no an t-airgid maille riut, agus bu ghasda le cheile iad. Ach cia mar a chuir thu am feasgar seachad, oir bha toiseach na h-oidhche fada gu bhi 'n ud shineadh gu diomhanach a stigh?

COIN.—Cha b' fhad' a bha mi stigh, ach cha duraiginn dol a mach leam fein, air eagal gu'n caillinn an rathad air m' ais. Bha mi ro dheonach air dol a chur failte air mo dheadh charaid, agus b'e sin esan, an GAIDHEAL, gu taing a thoirt da aghaidh ri h-aghaidh air son a naidheachdan tarbhach agus taitneach, ach ged a fhuair mi seoladh thun an aite o bhalach a chomhlaich mi, an deigh sin uile cha deanainn a mach e agus bha bron orm. Thubhairt e rium, "Rach sios gus an ruig thu an treas sraid, a ris rach gu tuath, agns a ris cum chum na laimh deise, agus an sin theid thu seachad air tigh mor lan dhealbh air a mhullach, agus an sin foighnich air son tigh a' GHADHEIL, agus cha'n urrainn thu dol am mearachd." Ach gun fhocal breige, a Mhurachaidh, bhiodh e ceart co furast domhsa snathad fhaotainn ann an sguaib fhodair; agus mo thruaigh! b' fheudar till-eadh dhachaidh, agus, Och mo chreach! cha'n fhac mi mo charaid ionmhainn an GAIDHEAL.

MUR.—Ciod a dh' eirich dhuit an sin, ma ta?

COIN.—Innsidh mi sin duit, a Mhurachaidh. Bha mi am shuidhe ann an seomar beag a' gabhail smuid dhe'n phìob, an uair a thainig Sir Seumas a stigh, agus thubhairt e rium gu'm b' fhearr domh dol dh' ionnsuidh an Tighe-chluiche, gus

am faicinn Rob Ruadh Mac-Griogair a bha gu bhi air a chluicheadh an oidhche sin. Chuir e cairt bheag 'n am laimh, agus thubhairt e gu 'n leigeadh i sin a stigh mi, agus gu 'n cuireadh e aon de na gillibh caol, ard, dubh sin a bha 's an tigh maille rium dh'ionnsindh an aite. Lean mi an t-oganach a bha air 'eideadh ann an sgeadachadh dubh mar gu'm bu mhinisteir òge; rainig sinn an Tigh-cluiche; chaidh mise a steach, agus an ceann tacain bhig thogadh suas cuirtean mor, leathann, a bha 'cheart uiread ris a' gharadh chail agam, agus, O! an sealladh a chunnaic mi! daoine, beanntan, uisge, agus na h-uile nithe co soilleir, nadurra, agus co anabarrach aluinn 's nach urrainn mi an cur an ceill.

MUR.—Is tu a fhuair do shuilean 'fhosgladh, a Choinnich, agus is olc an airidh gu'm bheil an oidhche a' tarruing dluth oirnn, air chor 's nach urrainn mi gach ni a chluinntinn gu ceart, ach tha uair eile a'tighinn, tha mi'n dochas.

COIN.—Cha chuirinn-se an ceill re seachdain na nithe iongantach a chunnaic mi an oidhche sin; ach b'e Rob Ruadh fein an gaisgeach treun. Ochan! 's ann air a bha'n eididh mhaiseach! Ach cha mhor nach do sgain mi mo chliathaichean a' gaireachdaich ri crentair beag piullach a thainig a stigh ris an abradh iad Dughall, agus bha mabalaich Ghadhlig aige, oir chunnt e ni eigin suas—aon-dha-tri-ceithir-coig—agus ma chunnt, 's e a thug air an tigh uile an lasgan gaire a chur suas, a's mo a chual' mi riamh. Ach bha dorran orm an uair a bha gach ni thairis, agus a b' eiginn domh Osa na h-Iolaire a thoirt orm co luath 's a bheireadh mo chosan mi.

MUR.—Ciod a dh' eirich dhuit air an ath mhadainn, a Choinnich?

COIN.—Is ann air eiginn a thainig solus an latha a stigh an uair a dh' eirich Sir Seumas, agus thubhairt e rium gu'n robh sinn gu dol air luing-theine aig ochd uairean a bheireadh a dh-Eirinn sinn. Dheasaich sinn gach ni, agus thug sinn an traigh oirnn, agus am measg chabhlaich gun choimeas de shoithichibh dheth gach gne, rainig sinn toit-long mhor, ard, aig an robh gach crann luchdaichte le srolaibh buidhe, dearg, agus gorm a'crathadh anns a'ghaoith, agus chaidh sinn air bord. Cha b'fhad gus an do bhuaileadh clag le gleadhar cabhagach, agus ann am priobadh na sula bha *Mercury* (ainm na luinge) 'a deann-ruith a sios air Cluaidh. Rinn i dail bheag ann an Grianraig, agus cha do lasaich a cuibhlichean tuilleadh gus an deachaidh sinn air tir ann am *Belfast* an Eirinn.

MUR.—Direach ceart, a Choinnich, agus rainig thu gu sabhailt seann rioghachd na h-Eireann, agus is cinnteach gur iomadh ni a chual agus a chunnaic thu 's an duthaich mhaisich sin. Ach gus an comhlaich sinn a ris cha toisich thu air mion-sgeul a thoirt domh air do thuras am measg nan Eireannach.

COIN.—Cha toisich, fhir mo chridhe, oir cha b' e so an t-am gu toiseachadh air nithe aithris mu 'n tir sin far an d' fhuirich Sir Seumas agus mi fein dluth air ochd seachdainean. Ach tha mi 'n dochas gu'm bheil la maith a'tighinn air an leudaich sinn air tapachd agus seoltachd nan Eireannach.

MUR.—Biodh e mar sin, a Choinnich. Gu robh buaidh leat fein, agus piseach air Seonaid agus air na paisdibh. Oidhche mhaith dhuit, fhir mo ghraidh, agus gu'm bu solasach a chi sinn a cheile a ris.

ALASDAIR RUADH.

—o—

SORAIDH COMUNN CHOMHAIL.

KEY B FLAT.

(FONN—*Mor Nian a' Ghiobarlain.*)

R, r. — : r. m | l : s. M | r : d. r | m, r. — : r. M



s. s : s. f | m : r. D | l₁ : d. r | d. l₁ : s₁. L₁



s₁. l₁ : d. d | d¹ : t., D¹ | l., s : d¹., t | l. s : m. s



l. l : r¹. d¹ | l : s. M | r : d. r | m. r : r ||

MOLADH AGUS SORAIDH
CHOMHAIL,

AGUS A LUCHD-AITEACHAIDH.

*Le Bard Ghlinn - da - Ruadhail an
Siorramachd Earra - Ghaidheal
ann an Albainn.*

Tha an t-ard sgoilear fialaidh so
a nis a chomhnuidh an Eilean
Phrionns Eduard, ann am Mor-roinn
Chanada. Chuir an duin'-uasal
foghlumte so an t-oran a leanas am
ionnsaidh air son Comunn Còmh-
alach Ghlaschu, maille ri 'ghradh, a
dheadh run agus a bheannachd ;
agus mar an ceudna, a dhochas dur-
achdach gu 'n soirbhicheadh leo, agus
na 'n deonaicheadh iad, gu 'n robh
cead aca an t-oran a sheinn aig an
coinnimh bhliadhnail a bha ri tach-
airt ann an Seomraichean na Ban-
righ ann an Glaschu air an 6mh
latha de chiad mhios an Earraich

1874. Chaidh iarrrtas a' bhaird a
choimhlionadh le mor ghairdeachas,
urram, speis agus buidheachas, an
lathair corr agus naoidh ciad de
shluagh a tha ainmeil agus fìor mhea-
sail ann an Glaschu agus air feadh
Chomhail uile. Tha na Comhalaich,
agus gu sonruichte na Glinnich, a'
cur ciad mìle beannachd agus taing
a dh-ionnsaidh a' Ghaidheil urram-
aich ann an America air son na
duais phriseil a chuir e nall thun
Comunn Comhalach Ghlaschu—a
luchd-duthcha ionmhuinn fein.

GLINNEACH.

GHLASCHU :

At t-Seann Fheill-Brighde, 1874.

FONN :—" *Ròsan an Leth-Bhaile.*" *

Soraidh uam gu Comhal,
Tir bhoidheach nan luasanan,
Nan seamair a's nan neonain,
Nan ros a's nan subhagan,

* *Mor Nian a' Ghiobarlain.*

Nan coilltean maiseach, ceolmhor,
Le seirm nan smeorach luinneagach,—
Nam machraichean, 's nam mor-bheann,
Nam frog a's nan sruthan glan.

Air fail ithil ó,
Agus hó ró seinidh mi,
Air fail ithil ó,
Agus hó ró seinnidh mi,
Air fail ithil ó,
Agus hoirionn ó, seinnidh mi,—
Gu slàinte Chomuinn Chòmh' laich,
Gu sònruicht' am *President*.

'S i sin tir a' chaoimhneis,
An aoibhnis 's an t-subhachais,
An oilein, a's an eolais,
'S nan seod a tha curanta,
Cumachdail, deas, ordail
Bho 'm broig a suas gu 'm mullaichean;—
'S iad deas-chainteach gun bhoilich,
A's seolta, gun chlupeireachd.
Air fail, etc.

Cha leig mi 'choidhch' air di-chuimhn'
An tim bha mi maille riu;
Is och is och mo leireadh!
'S e dh' eignich 'thigh'n thairis mi,
'Bhi 'faicinn nach robh sta dhomh
Bhi tamh a bheag na b' fhaide 'n sin,
'S na glinn ga 'n cur fo chaoraich.—
'S na laoi ch as an dachaidhean.
Air fail, etc.

Na fineachan, d' an dualchas
'Bhi uasal a's eireachdail,
A's dileas d' an cinn-fheadhna,
'S d' an righ,—s air taobh na h-eaglais,
Ga 'm fogradh a's an rioghachd,
Le mal, a's cis, a's eascairdeas
Nan uachdaran mhi-thruacanta:
Cruaidh-chridheach, bleidireach.
Air fail, etc.

Ge deacair so 'n ar suil-ne,
Bha 'chuis air a suidheachadh;—
Oir 's iomchuidh gu 'm bi duthchannan
Ur air an tuineachadh,
'S gun Bhreatannaich a sharach
Gu brath, cha 'n fhag an t-eilean sin—
Ged 's mor a b' fhearr do phairt duibh,
'Bhi 'tamh an *America*
Air fail, etc.

An sin ma bhios iad grideil,
A's dihiollach, oidhirpeach,
'S gun mhi-fhortan bhi 'n dan doibh,
Ach slan, laidir, adhartach;
Mu 'm bi iad fada's tir so,—
A cheart cho chinnt' 's tha coill' innte,—
Bidh aca crodh a's caoraich,
Biadh, aodach, 's mòr ghoireasan.
Air fail, etc.

Ged tha 'n Geamhradh fuar,
Reota, cruaidh, sneachdach, gaillionnach,
Bithidh aca tighean blath,
'S teine laidir a gharras iad,
'S cha bhi curam fuachd doibh,
Is coille bhuan ri gearradh ac':
'S ma thig sibh 'nall a Comh'l
Tha mi 'n dochas nach aithreach leibh.
Air fail, etc.

AN GAIDHEAL ANN AN AMERICA.

—o—

IMRICH NAN EUN.

“Seadh, is aithne do 'n chorrbbhain anns
an athar a h-am fein, agus is aithne do 'n
choluman, agus do 'n ghobhlan-ghaoithe
am an teachd.”—*Jeremiah*.

Cha 'n 'eil e comasach smuaineach-
adh air an tuigse-naduir a bhuilich
Dia air an eunlaith, gun bhi air ar
lionadh le iongantas, agus de gach
tuigse tha aca, cha 'n 'eil ni is aith-
ridh air beachd, na mar theid cuid
diubh o thir gu tir air amaibh son-
raichte. Gad a tha iomaduidh seors'
againn 's an t-samhradh cha mhor a
dh' fhuirgheas againn fad a gheamh-
raidh. Cha luaithe a thoisicheas
am fuachd ri teachd na dh' fhalbhas
a' chuthag, an golan-gaoithe, an liath-
truisg, a' chorra-riathach, agus iomad
seors' eile. Itealaichidh iad air falbh
do dhuthchaibh is fearr a fhreagras
doibh: agus anns an am cheudna
thig eoin eile oirnn o rioghachdaibh
is faide mu thuath n' an duthaich
againne.

Tha da ni ro-chomharraichte 's an
imrich so. 'S e cheud ni gu'n tuig-
eadh na creutairean sin an t-am is
freagarraiche dhoibh gu falbh agus
gu tighinn; agus 's e 'n ni eile, gu'm
biodh fhios aca c'aite 'm bu choir
dhoibh a ghabhail. Tha e air a
thuigsinn gu bheil aig eoin na
h-imrich so sgiathan, agus cumadh a
tha gu'h-araidh freagarrach airson dol
air asdar fada. Agus tha e ro shon-
raichte gu bheil iad air na h-amaibh
so a' leigeil ris gliocas agus riaghailt a
tha cur mor ioghnadh oirnn. Mhoth-

aicheadh ann an cuid de dhuthchaibh gu 'n cruinnich iad 'n an sgaoithibh lionmhor, as gach cearnaidh de 'n tir, ann an aiteachaibh fa-leth a reir an gne, beagan uine ma 'n gabh iad an turas, mar gu'm biodh iad a' deanamh suas ri cheile mu 'n aite chum an an robh iad a' dol; agus falbhaidh iad an sin le aon fheachd, agus gun stiur gun chombaist 's an oidhche dhall dhorch, thairis air chuantaibh, agus rioghachdaibh, do na duthchaibh is iomallaiche. Tha turas nan giadh agus nan tunnaga-fiadhaich, aithridh air beachdsonraichte. Falbhaidh iad 'n an da shreith a' coinneachadh air an toiseach, mar gum biodh geinn ann. Tha 'n t-aon is toisiche a' gearradh an aile do chach; 's an uair a bhios esan agus an dithis a tha na dheigh sgith, theid iad a chum an deiridh, agus gabhaidh triuir eile an aite. Tha e air a mheas gu bheil cuid dingh so a ni da cheud mile an aon la, 's gun a bhi air iteig ach sea uairean.

Anns an imrich so tha maithreas agus freasdal De ro-shoilleir. Nach furast 'fhaicinn a chaomh throcair dhoibh ann an solar loin, air an son agus 'g an stiuradh far a bheil so ri fhaotainn, 'n uair tha e faillneachadh orra an aite eile. Tuigeamaid uaithe so gu bheil gach ni ann an rioghachd an Uile-chumhachdaich air a shocrachadh le gliocas neo-mhearachdach, agus maithreas neo-chrionnach. Tha 'n t-eun is faoine 's an ealtuinn fo churam Dhe. Smuainticheamaid air a so, agus gabhamaid naire airson ar n-an-earbsa, ar teagamh, agus ar n-iomaguin. Esan a tha seoladh a mach slighe do na h-eoin, nach mor is mo na sin a ni e dhuitse, O dhuine, air bheag creidimh? — *Teachdaire Gaidhealach.*

COSAMHLACHDAN.

IV. A' CHATHAG UAILLEIL.

Bha cathag araidh cho uailleil mhor-chuiseach 's nach b' urrainn di a bhi toilichte le a crannchur no bhi 'tighinn beo am measg a coinpirean, ach 's ann a ghabh i gu trusadh nan iteag a thuit bho na peucagaibh, 's 'g an stobadh am measg a h-iteach fein, agus anns an eideadh so 'g a nochdadh fein gu neo-sgathach ann an coinneamhan nan eun briagha sin. Cha b' fhada gus an d' fhuair iad a mach i; stroichd iad a riomhaidhean coinghill bharr a droma; ghabh iad di le 'n guib gus an d' fhuair i am peanas a thoill i airson a ladarnais. Lan doilgheis agus trioblaid, phill i a dh-ionnsaidh a seana chompanaich 's i toileach deanamh a suas riutha, ach bha lan fhios acasan air an doigh ghiulain agus an caithe-beatha a bha aice o'n dh'fhag i roimhe iad, agus dhiult iad a gabhail a stigh d'an cuideachd; aig a cheart am thug aon diubh dhi an t-achamhsan so: A bhana-charaid, na 'm biodh tusa toilichte le d'chor, agus mur deanamh tu tair air an inbh anns an do shuidhich-eadh thu cha d' fhuair thu an t-uisneachadh truagh so uapasan am measg an do nochd thu thu fein, agus cha d' fhuiling thu an tamailt agus am masladh folaiseach so a tha sinne a' meas mar fhiachaibh oirnn a chur ort.

An Comhchur.

Is e tha sinn ri 'thuigsinn leis a' Chosamhlachd so, gu 'm bu choir dhuinn tighinn beo gu toilichte le ar crannchur ciod air bith e, gun a bhi a' gabhail oirnn amharc na 's mò na 'tha sinn le bhi a cur umainn eideann sgiamhaich nach buin duinn.

V. AN LEOGHANN AGUS NA BEATHAICHEAN EILE.

Rinn an leoghann agus cuid de bheathaichean eile co-chordadh air

son cach a cheile 'dhion's a chuideachadh, agus bha iad ri tighinn beo gu cairdeil feadh na coille. Air latha araidh chaidh iad a mach a chum seilg; ghlac iad fiadh reamhar, aluinn agus roinn iad e 'n a cheithir earrannaibh, oir thachair nach robh a lathair aig an am ach an leoghann agus triuir eile. An deigh do 'n roinn a bhi air a deanamh agus na h-earranuan air an cur a mach fa-leith, ghluais an leoghann a nall, agus, a' cur a laimh air aon de na h-earrannaibh, labhair e mar a leanas: Tha mi 'glacadh agus a' gabhail seilbh air an earrainn so mar mo choir a a chionn gu 'm buin mi gu dligheach do theaghlach rioghail an Leoghainn. An earrann so (agus e 'deanamh laimh air an dara te) tha mi a' tagar le coir nach 'eil mi a' meas air chor sam bith mi-reusanta, oir tha 'fhios agaibh gu leir gur ann ri m'neart agus mo chruadal a tha soirbheachadh gach comhraig a tha againn ris an namhaid an earbsa; agus aidichidh sibh uile gu bheil cogadh tuilleadh 's cosdail ri 'ghiulan air aghaidh gun chomhnadh freagarrach. An treas earrann tha mi a' gabhail mar mo choir-dhlighe mar nachdaran—coir air am bheil mi cinnteach gu 'n cuir sibhse, mar iochdarain umhal agus dhileas, gach uile mheas agus urram. Air son na ceathraimh earrainn, tha ar n-eiginn aig a' cheart am so cho cruaidh, ar stor cho gann, agus ar creideas cho lag 's gu bheil mi a' tagar gu 'n tabhair sibh dhomh i gun seunadh gun talach; na gearainibh ma tha meas agaibh air ur beatha.

An Comhchur.

Cha 'n 'eil companas air bith tearuinte a tha air a dheanamh riusan a tha os ar cionn ann an cumhachd. Ged a ghabhas iad orra fein na boidean a 's truime 's a 's solaimte aig toiseach na comhdhail, a' chiad chothrom a gheobh iad tha iad air

am buaireadh gus an cumhant a bhristeadh, agus tha iad daonnan deas le leisgeulan a chum iad fein 'fhirinneachadh. Cha 'n 'eil e furasta 'radh co dhiu is amaidiche do dhaoine iad fein earbsa ann an lamhan muinntir a tha na 's cumhachdaiche na iad fein, na iongantas a bhi orra a rithist gu bheil am muinghinn 's an dochas air am mi-ghnathachadh, agus an cuid 's an coir ar an spuinneadh.

Eadar. le MAC-MHARCUIS.

SOP AS GACH SEID.

Cha 'n 'eil daoine sam bith cho falamh riusan a tha lan diubh fein.

Na comharraich a mach mearachdan dhaoine eile le coraig shalaich.

An uair a tha daoine a' fas crabhaidh 'n an seann aois cha 'n 'eil iad ach a' tairgs-eadh do Dhia fuighealach an Diabhuil.

Tha esan a mhionnaicheas, ag aideachadh nach 'eil 'fhacal lom airidh air creideas.

Is ann orrasan a 's mo air am bheil de eagal De is lugha tha de eagal duine.

Ciod e saibhreas? Is e saibhreas gach ni a tha daoine a' solaireadh 's an t-saoghal air son am beò-shlaint agus an toilinntinn fein. Is i saothair a bheir saibhreas gu buil. Tha gliocas a' cumail saibhreis 'n a crìochaibh fein trid am bheil i 'meudachadh agus a' fàs cumhachdach. Tha na daoine saibhre air an deanamh suas dhiubh-san a fhuair cuid o mhuinntir eile,—dhiubh-san air an do thuit beartas gun fhios gun aire dhoibh,—agus dhiubh-san a choisinn e dhoibh fein le fallus an gruaidh. Air an dòigh cheudna, tha na daoine bochda air an deanamh suas dhiubh-san a shèalbhaich bochduinn o mhuinntireile,—dhiubh-san air an d'thàinig i gun fhios gun aire dhoibh,—agus dhiubh-san a thug le h-amaideachd orra fein i. Ginidh leisg agus diomhanas bochduinn. Cha saothraich duine, cha choisinn e a' bheag, agus tha e, uime sin, bochd. Cha 'n 'eil leigheas ann air son na bochduinn sin a ta 'sruthadh o'n leisg, ach dichìoll agus saothair. Is coir do na h-uile a bhi dichìollach, ionraic, agus glic.

Faodaidh slaightire tuilleadh abhuidhinn ann an aon latha na 'ni an duine onorach; ach buidhinnidh an duine onorach tuilleadh anns a' bhliadhna na 'bhuidhinneas an slaightire.

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NOTES BY THE REV. ALEX. CAMERON.

(Continued from Vol. II. page 377.)

244. *Cloch* or *clach* and Gr. *krokē*.

Cloch or *clach* (stone) Stokes equates (Goid. p. 29) with Gr. *krokē* (rounded or rolled stone, a pebble). For *r* = *l* cf. *alt* and *artus* above. The Gaelic and Gr. *tenuēs* correspond by rule, and final *c* of *cloth* is aspirated because vowel-flanked.

245. *Geal* (a leech), of which *deal* is another form, = W. *gel*, and may be compared with Old H. Ger. *egala*, *ecala* (leech), New H. Ger. *egel* (leech), Dan. *igle* (leech). Cf. Ebel's Celtic Studies, pp. 117. For *g* = *d* cf. *giosgan* = *diosgan*.

246. *Coisrigeadh* (consecration) and *coisrig* (consecrate) are loan-words from Lat. *consecro*. *Coisrigeadh* was in Mid. Gael. *coisegradh* and in Old Gael. *coisecrad* = *consecrata*. Cf. W. *cysegriad*. In Gaelic *n* disappears before *s* by rule.

247. *Mìorbhuil* (miracle; in Mid. Gael. *mirbail*) is a loan-word from Lat. *mirabile*. Cf. Stokes' Glosses, p. 88.

248. *Cuid*, gen. *codach* (part, share; anc. *cuit*, gen. *cota*) is connected with Lat. *quota* (how much or how many, the part or share assigned to each). Cf. Stokes' Goid., p. 116.

249. *Ach* (but, except), of which *acht* is another form, was in Old Gael. *act*, which is cognate with Gr. *ektos* (without, except), from *ek* (out of). Cf. Stokes' Goid., p. 115.

250. *Tagh*, *taghadh*, *rogha*, and *choose*.

Tagh (choose) and *taghadh* (choosing) are modern forms from the Old Gael. *togu* (choice) = *do-fo-gu*, from the root *gus*, which is cognate with Sansk. *gush* (to love, to desire), Gr. *geu-o* (I taste), Lat. *gus-tare* (to taste), Goth. *kius-an* (to choose, to prove), A. S. *ceos-an* (to choose), Eng. *choose*. The root *gus* appears in *ad-gus-i* (he desires), and *asa-guss-im* (I wish). Cf. Stokes' Goid., p. 144. *Rogha* (choice; anc. *rogu* = *ro-gu*) is from the prefix *ro* and the root *gu* for *gus*.

251. *Crios* and *ring*.

Crios (a girdle; anc. *cris* = *cri-s*) is cognate with *kri-kos* (= *kir-kos*, a ring, a circle). Lat. *cir-cus* (circle), Ice. *hri-ngr* (a ring), Old H. Ger. *hri-ng* (ring), A. S. *hri-ng* (ring), Ger. and Eng. (*h*)*ring*. Curtius compares Sansk. *kākras* (wheel). Cf. Stokes' Goid., p. 81, where see old form *crinna* (a girdle). It has been already frequently pointed out that *c* (= *k*) in Gaelic, Greek, and Latin = *h* in the Teutonic languages.

252. *Dail* and *dale*, *dell*.

Dail (a field, a plain) = W. *dâl* and corresponds to Ger. *thal* (dale, vale), Ice. *dalr* (dale), Dan. *dal* (dale), A. S. *dal* (dale), Eng. *dale* and *dell*.

253. *Sean* (old; anc. *sen*) = W. *hen* and is cognate with Lat. *sen-ex* (old; gen. *sen-is*), Lith. *senas* (old), *senis* (an old man).

254. *Maor* (an officer; anc. *máer*) = W. *maer* (mayor). *Maor* and *maer* are loan-words from Lat. *major*. Cf. *mórmáer* (high steward) in the Book of Deer, p. 91.

255. *Sguab* and *sheaf*.

Sguab = *scuab* (sheaf, also besom) = W. *ysgub* (besom, sheaf) and is con-

nected with Lat. *scopæ* (besom) from *scopa* (a thin branch of trees, Ger. *schob* and *schaub* (a sheaf, a bundle of straw), Old H. Ger. *scoub*, Dut. *schoof*, A. S. *sceaf*, Eng. *sheaf*.

256. *Columan*.

Columan (a dove, pigeon) is formed by the addition of the diminutive termination *an* from *colum* (cf. *colm*, pigeon, dove, in O'Reilly) = Lat. *columba* (dove, pigeon). In *colum*, *columan*, *m* is not aspirated because *it* = *mb*. The name *Malcolm* = *Maol-colum* or *Mael-colum* (the attendant of Columba.) *Columcille* is from *Colum* and *cill* (church, cell; anc. *cell*) = Lat. *cella*.

257. *Beannachd*, *mallachd*, *deachd*, *diog*.

Beannachd (blessing; anc. *bennacht*, *bennact*, *bendacht*) is a loan-word from Lat. *benedictio* (a speaking well of one, blessing). *Mallachd* (curse; anc. *mallact*, *maldacht*) is from Lat. *maledictio* (a speaking evil of one, curse). *Deachd* = *decht* is from *dicto* (to dictate) frequentative of *dico* (to say, to speak). *Diog* (a syllable, "vox minima") is perhaps connected with *dic-o*. *D* has become assimilated to *n* in *beannachd* and to *l* in *mallachd*.

258. *Sgannal* and *scandal*.

Sgannal (scandal) = *scannal* (also spelled *sgainneal*) = Lat. *scandalum* and Gr. *skandalon* (that upon which one stumbles, offence), from which is derived Eng. *scandal*.

259. *Spreod*, *spreodadh*, and *sprit*.

Spreod (a projecting beam) may be compared with Dan. *spræd* (sprit), A.S. *spreot* (bow-sprit), Dut. *spriet* (bow-sprit, spear, javelin), Eng. *sprit*. *Spreodadh* (exciting, provoking) is from *spreod*. *Crann-spreoid* is Gaelic for bow-sprit.

260. *Gris* and *grisly*.

Gris (horror, terror, shuddering) may be compared with Gr. *gries-eln* (to shudder), A.S. *a-gris-an* (to

dread, to fear greatly), and *gris-lic* (horrible, dreadful), Eng. *gris-ly* (horrible).

261. *Faire* and *ware*, *wary*, *aware*.

Faire (watch, also to watch) corresponds to Dan. *vare* (guard, care, and also, as verb, to watch), A.S. *varian*, Eng. *ware*, *wary*, *aware*. Gael. *f* regularly = Eng. *w*.

262. *Lus* and *leek*.

Lus (herb) = Manx *lhuss* (leeks, herbs), Corn. *les* (herb), plur. *losow*, W. plur. *llysiau* (herbs), may be compared with Ger. *lauch* (leek) from Old Ger. *luken* (to shoot up), Dut. *look* (leek, garlic), Dan. *løg* (onion), A.S. *leac* (leek, onion), Eng. *leek*. Cf. Stokes' Ir. Glosses, p. 98, and Wedgwood's Dictionary.

263. *Callainn*.

Callainn (New-Year's Day; also spelled *callaind*) is from Lat. *calendæ*, from *callo* (to call out, to proclaim). *Callainn* = *calendæ Januariæ* (1st January).

264. *Nollaig* (Christmas; anc. *notlaic* and *nolloce*) = W. *nadolig*. Both words are from Lat. *natalicia* from *natus* (= *gnatus*). The root is *gen*. See vol. I. p. 246.

265. *Umhal* and *humble*.

Umhal = Lat. *humilis* (low, near the earth) from *humus*, the earth. Eng. *humble* (near the ground) is from *humilis*.

266. *Dearc*, *chunnairc*, *òirdheirc*, and Gr. *derkomai*, Eng. *dragon*.

Dearc (the eye; also to see) was in Old Gael. *derc*. The root is *dark* (to see), which is connected with Sansk. *darç* (to see), Gr. *derk-omai* (to look, to see), from root *derk* = *drak*, from which comes *drakōn* (dragon). *Chunnairc* (saw) was in Old Gael. *condairc*, from *con-* and *darç*. Cf. *adcondairc* in Nigra's Turin Glosses, p. 39. *Oirdheirc* (excellent, illustrious) was in Old Gaelic *airdirc*, *irdirc*, and *erdirc*, from *air-* (= *ari-*) and *darç* (to see).

Cf. Z. G. C., p. 5. *Dragon* is from Gr. *drakōn*.

267. *Greigh* (a herd, a flock of horses or deer; anc. *graig* [= *gragi-s*] and in Mid. Gael. *groigh*) may be compared with Lat. *grex*, *gregis* (a flock or herd).

268. *Gar* and *warm*, *fever*.

Gar (to warm; in Irish *garaim* and *goraim*, I warm) is connected with Sansk. *gharma* (heat) from root *ghar*, Gr. *thermos* (hot), Lat. *formus* (hot, warm), Goth. *varmjan*, Old Ice. *varmr* (warm), Ger. *warm*, A.S. *wearm*, Eng. *warm*. Gr. *thermos* is from *therō* (to heat) with which is connected (cf. Liddell and Scott's Lexicon) Lat. *ferveo* (to be hot) and *febris* (fever; for *ferbis*), Eng. *fever*. For Gr. *th* = Lat. *f* (*ph*) cf. Gr. *thēr* and Lat. *fera*, Gr. *thura* and Lat. *foris*.

269. *Grian* (sun; = *grênd*) may be compared with Sansk. *ghrni* (sun, ray) from the root *ghar*, Vedic *ghrans* or *ghransa* (sun-glow, light). Cf. Stokes' Ir. Glosses, p. 113.

270. *Nighean* (daughter; anc. *ingen*) = Gaulish *andegena* (cf. Stokes' Goid., p. 119), of which *ande-* = Old Gael. *ind-* (= *in-*) = Lat. *in-*, and *gena* is from the root *gen*. Cf. Vol. I. p. 246, and Z. G. C., p. 877.

271. *Minig* and *many*.

Minig (frequent; anc. *menic*) = W. *mynych* and is cognate with Goth. *manags* (much), Dut. *menig* (many), Dan. *mange* (many), A.S. *manig* (many), Eng. *many*. Cf. Old Gael. *meince* (abundance), Goth. *managei* (multitude), and Ger. *menge* (multitude). See Ebel's Celtic Studies, p. 116, and Diefenbach's Goth. Wörterbuch.

272. *Lann*, *iodhlann*, and *land*.

Lann (land, enclosnre; anc. *land*) = W. *llan* (area, yard, church) and is cognate with Goth. *land* (land, country), Ger. *land* (land, ground, country), A.S. *land* and *lond* (ground,

field), Eng. *land*. *Loinn* is now used instead of *lann* in the nominative. *Iodhlann* (corn-yard; = W. *ydlan*) is from *iodh* (corn; anc. *ith* = W. *yd*) and *lann*. Cf. Ebel's Celtic Studies, p. 118, and Diefenbach's Goth. Wörterbuch.

273. *Sicir* (wise, steady, not easily imposed on, sagacious) = W. *siccr* (sure, steady, certain, safe) and may be compared with Dan. *sikker* (secure, sure, safe), Ger. *sicher* (secure, safe, certain, sure), Scot. *sicker*.

274. *Side* (silk) corresponds to Dut. *zijde* (silk). Cf. W. *sidan* (silk).

275. *Struth* and *ostrich*.

Struth (ostrich) = Lat. *struthio* (ostrich), Gr. *struthiōn* (ostrich). *Ostrich* is from Old Fr. *ostruche*, Span. *avestruz*, from Lat *aves* (bird) and *struthio*.

276. *Strith* and *strife*.

Strith (strife, contest) may be compared with Old Ice. *stridha* (to quarrel, to strive), *stridh* (contest, war), Ger. *streben* (to strive) Bret. *strif*, *striv* (quarrel), *striva* (to quarrel), Old Fr. *estrif* (strife), Eng. *strife*, *strive*. Cf. Wedgwood's Dictionary of Eng. Etymology.

277. *Sràid* and *street*.

Sràid (street; pronounced also *stràid*) = Lat. *strata* (street, i.e. *via strata*, paved way) from *sterno* (to spread, to strew; to level, to make a path). From *strata* are also derived Ital. *strada*, Ger. *strasse*, Dut. *straete*, Eng. *street*. The W. is *ystrýd*.

278. *Sreang* and *string*.

Sreang (string; pronounced also *streang*) corresponds to Dan. *stræng* (string), Old Ice. *strengr*, Dut. *streng*, Ger. *strang*, A.S. *streng*, Eng. *string*. Cf. Ital. *stringa* (a lace, tie), Lat. *stringo* (to draw tight, to tie tight), Gr. *straggō* (to draw tight). To the same root belong A.S. *strang* and Eng. *strong* (lit. drawn tight,

firm). Cf. Curtius' Gr. Etymology, p. 342.

279. *Bramaire* (a noisy fellow, boaster) may be compared with Dan. *bram* (boasting), *bramme* (to boast, brag, vaunt).

280. *Ola* and *oil*.

Ola (oil) and *ùillidh* (oil) = W. *olew* and may be compared with Dan. *olie* (oil), Lat. *oleum* (olive-oil, oil), Gr. *elaion* (olive-oil), *elaia* (olive-tree), Goth. *alev* (oil). Old H. Ger. *öl*, Eng. *oil*.

281. *Olla*, *olann*, and *wool*, *flannel*.

Olla (woollen) may be compared with Old Ice. *ull* (wool), Dan. *uld* (wool), Goth. *vulla* (wool), Russ. *volna* (wool), Old H. Ger. *wolla* (wool), Ger. *wolle*, A.S. *wull*, Eng. *wool*. These words are connected with Gr. *oîlos* (woolly) for *foîlos* and Sansk. *ûrñā* (wool) from root *var* (to cover). Cf. Bopp's Glossary, p. 61 and Diefenbach's Goth. Wörterbuch. *Olann* (wool), which Bopp refers to Sansk. *ûrñā*, corresponds to W. *gwlan* (wool) from which *gwlanen* (flannel) is derived. *Flannel*, formerly *flan-nen*, is from *gwlanen*. *Gw* = *f*. Cf. Wedgwood's Dictionary.

282. *Fearsaid* (a spindle or whirl; anc. *fersaid*) corresponds to W. *gwerthyd* (spindle), Corn. *gurthit* (a spindle), Bret. *gwerzid* (a spindle). It is connected with Lat. *verto* (to turn), *versatilis* (that turns round or may be turned round). Cf. Stokes' Ir. Glosses, p. 80.

283. *Dilleachdan*.

Dilleachdan (an orphan) is from anc. *dilechta* (lit. bereaved), which Stokes regards as the pret. part. pass. of a verb *dileicim* = *di* (prefix) and *leicim* (= *linguo*), now *leig*. Cf. Stokes' Ir. Glosses, p. 161.

284. *Fìon* and *wine*.

Fìon (wine; anc. *fìn*) = W. *gwin* and is cognate with Gr. *oînos* (wine) for *Foinos*, Lat. *vinum*, Ice. *vin*, Ger. *wein*, A.S. *win*, Eng. *wine*.

285. *Fear* (man; anc. *fer* = *viras*) = W. *gwr* and is cognate with Lat. *vir* (man), Goth. *vair* (man), Sansk. *vara* (excellent). Cf. Stokes' Ir. Glosses, p. 72.

286. *Rìgh* and *rich*, *riches*.

Rìgh (king; anc. *ríg*) = Lat. *rex* (king) = *regs* from *rego* (to direct in a straight line, to govern, to guide), Goth. *reiks* (ruler), Old H. Ger. *rîhhi* and *rîchi* (rich), New H. Ger. *reich* (to reign; also rich), Dan. *rig* (rich), A.S. *ric* (powerful, rich) and *rice* (power, dominion), Eng. *rich* and *riches*. Cf. Ebel's Celtic Studies, p. 114.

287. *Reachd* and *right*.

Reachd (law, statute; anc. *rect* and *recht*) = Lat. *rectus* (right, straight), from *rego* (to direct; cf. *rìgh* above), Goth. *raihts* (right, straight), A.S. *reht* (right, law), Eng. *right*. Cf. Ebel's Celtic Studies, p. 114, and Diefenbach's Goth. Wörterbuch.

288. *Mèag* or *meòg* (whey; in Mid. Gael. *meadhgy*) = W. *maidd* (whey) and may be compared with Old Fr. *mègue*, Ger. *matte*, plur. *matten* (curds). Cf. Stokes' Ir. Glosses, p. 96.

289. *Uircean* (a little pig; cf. *oircean* in O'Reilly) is diminutive of *orc* (a pig) = Lat. *porcus* (a hog, a pig), Gr. *porkos* (a pig). Initial *p*, as previously noticed, is frequently lost in Gaelic. Cf. the double diminutive *oircnín* in Stokes' Gloss., p. 77.

290. *Isean* (a young bird) = Ir. *esíne* (fledgling). *Esíne*, which has dropped initial *p*, is for *pesíne* = *petíne* from the root *pat*, the same from which are derived *eun* (= *etn*) and *ite*. See vol. ii. p. 56, and Stokes' Goid., p. 16. *S* of *isean* arises from *t*. Cf. *treas* and Lat. *tertius* for *tretius*.

291. *Gràs* (grace) = Lat. *gratia* (grace, favour), Eng. *grace*. Cf. W. *gras*.

(To be continued.)

ARGYLL AND BUTE CELEBRITIES.

Professor Fraser, of Edinburgh, in addressing the Argyll Association, adverted to the recent death of Lord Colonsay, an honour to the county, and to the present Duke of Argyll, than whom no name in the long annals of his illustrious house will stand higher in history. "Lord Macaulay," said the Professor, "may be claimed by Argyllshire, as the grandson of one of our ministers, while his grandmother was born at Inveresragan, in my native parish of Ardchattan. The greatest Scotch mathematician of the last century was Colin Maclaurin, Professor of Mathematics in the University of Edinburgh, the friend, correspondent, and expositor of Sir Isaac Newton, was born in Cowal, in the Manse of Glendaruel, and his brother too was one of the most famous of Scotch divines. Turn from Cowal to Bute. In the pleasant parish of Rothesay the Rev. Dugald Stewart lived and laboured as parish minister during all the former half of last century. His son was Matthew Stewart, the successor of Maclaurin in our Chair of Mathematics. Matthew Stewart was the father of Dugald Stewart, the most eloquent moralist and philosopher of modern times. Then, we all remember that the solitudes of Mull and the shores of the Sound of Jura fed the poetical spirit of the author of "The Pleasures of Hope," and that in Thomas Campbell we have another son of Argyllshire. David Livingstone sheds lustre on the Island of Ulva. Nor can Argyllshire forget her connection with the noble-hearted Norman Macleod. But I must not enlarge on these themes. Yet I cannot sit down without fixing my eye for a moment on a narrower region—that part of Argyll and the

Isles that is associated with all my own earliest recollections of 'life's morning march, when our bosoms are young'—the Land of Lorn, and the adjacent Mull and Morven, with the intersecting seas — and then eastward, around Ben Cruachan, up the Pass of Glen Etive, into the loneliest region in all the Highlands, where Glen Etive stretches into Glencoe—or eastward up the Pass of Awe to Glenstrae and old Kilchurn, and the romantic braes of Glenorchy. "Heaven lies about us in our infancy." Lorn seems a pleasant region when I look back into it as it was in the days when George the Fourth was king, when railways were unknown, when steamers with cargoes of Lowlanders were only beginning to break the seclusion, when the old families lived in the old ancestral halls, and the traditions of the '45 were still fresh among the cottages in the winter evenings. Much of this is now changed. Nothing can bring back to me 'the hour of splendour in the grass and glory in the flower,' and strength is now to be found 'in the faith that looks through Death, in the years that bring the philosophic mind.' The vision remains as one looks back through more than 80 troubled years, but now I visit the sublime country of Lorn unknowing and unknown. Yet the end may be better than the beginning. That great modern instrument of social change, the railroad, is on its predestined course to Oban, and a new world is rising in the surrounding country out of the ruins of the old. May the railroad carry into the mountain solitudes of Argyllshire influences which shall rouse the dormant energies of the people; and, in return for this, may the thousands thus carried from the crowded cities of the the South be made better and nobler as human

beings by free converse with Nature in these sublime solitudes! Argyll and the Isles may thus invigorate and elevate the too utilitarian civilisation of the South, in the high pressure of a commercial and uncontentative age. Perhaps, in the revolutions of the world, Oban may, in this and other ways, become the instructress of the Southern regions, as Iona, in a different fashion, was thirteen centuries ago.

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THE GAEL IN THE FAR WEST.

A lecture on this subject was recently delivered by the Rev. Dr. Masson, of Edinburgh, in Inverness. Referring to the Scotch settlers in America, the doctor stated that Perthshire, and more especially Breadalbane, as well as Badenoch and Strathspey, where chiefly represented near the end of last century in the state of New York, and there were still descendants of emigrants from Scotland on the banks of the Delamere, Mohawk, and Connecticut rivers. The people of Inverness settled chiefly in Georgia, and the people of Skye and the Long Island, and the opposite coast of Ross and Sutherland, betook themselves to North Carolina, and it was in this part of the new world that Flora Macdonald had lived with her kinsmen. Until recently in many parts of the districts named, Gaelic was preached to the Gaelic speaking population. He (the lecturer) had travelled among his kinsmen 6000 miles on Canadian soil, and related some very interesting anecdotes about what he saw with his own eyes, and heard with his own ears. In the eight months he was in Canada he had heard more Gaelic, and met more Gaelic men, than in the previous twenty years at home. Their mother language was spoken fluently in Cape Breton, New Bruns-

wick Nova Scotia, Prince Edward's Island, in some parts of the backwoods, and other places too numerous to mention, and in some of these districts he preached in Gaelic to congregations often exceeding 400, and sometimes exceeding 1000. He then referred to the names of places, observing that even names in many parts of the Far West were redolent of the heather—a land where, alas! the tenderest care has never yet been able to make the heather grow. They had their Fingal, Glencoe, Glengarry, Inverness, Tobermory, St. Kilda, Iona, Lochiel, Lochaber, &c. The speaker then described the country lying round about Lake Ontario, where he first came into contact with the Gael after arriving in Canada. He also graphically described Port-Elgin, where he met a large number of Gaels, and where he held Gaelic services. He related a number of anecdotes illustrative of the manners and customs of the people, and their mode of worship. He also drew a vivid contrast between the freedom and happiness of the settlers in the Canadian settlements with the hard-working and in many cases poverty-stricken families still in the Highlands. Speaking of the great towns, cities, and settlements of the new world, the lecturer observed that on the back of the railway guide-books, and on the green covers of the GAEL, there was a standing advertisement which said—"When you are in the Highlands visit M'Dougall's!" and he would say, "When you are at Canada visit Glengarry." It was here that the Canadian Gael might be seen at his best advantage. This was the oldest, largest, and most purely Celtic of all the Highland colonies in the great province of Ontario. With respect to the maritime provinces, he stated that the

Gael in these districts were happy, and lacking for nothing, leading a sort of primitive Arcadian life, which, in many respects, was very beautiful; and if he had gained something in comfort, intelligence, and independence, he had surely lost nothing of the devoutness and keen religious sensibility which he carried with him from Skye and Barra, and the lone straths of Sutherland. Referring to the connection which existed between the Gael of the new and old world, and of the power of example, Dr. Masson stated that when he was in Chicago he saw a book of the "Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness," and that book led to the formation of a similar Society in that city. It was Mr. Mackay, brother to the ex-secretary of the society he was now addressing, that showed him the book, and in Mr. Mackay he found a good and true Gael. Indeed, everywhere he met with kind, hospitable Gaels, anxious to hear something of their mother country, and their friends on this side of the Atlantic.—*Oban Times*.

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GAELIC IN SCHOOLS.

The question whether Gaelic should be taught in the Highland schools, which has lately been discussed in Stornoway, is one of considerable importance, and demands the serious attention of School Boards. The Gaelic is no doubt giving way very rapidly before the English, and it is almost certain ere long to disappear altogether. Not being the language of the literature, law, and commerce of the country, the young Celts are laid under the necessity of mastering English if they are to improve their social circumstances; and now that the facilities of communication have brought

Highlands and Lowlands into closer proximity, this necessity is year by year more widely felt. But there is still a larger Highland population almost entirely ignorant of English. In the outer Hebrides, from the Butt of Lewis to Barra Head, the vast majority of the people know only Gaelic, and most of the children of course know no other tongue. Hitherto in several of the schools these children have been taught to read English without understanding it, and without any serious effort being made to make them understand it. So far, therefore, as any real knowledge of the English tongue was concerned, they might as well have been taught to read Latin or Greek. Now that we have School Boards in every parish armed with powers of compelling attendance, it becomes a matter for grave consideration whether this kind of tuition is that which should be exclusively given. The better plan seems to be to instruct the Gaelic speaking children in their own tongue; for, unless they afterwards learn to speak English, it is only in this way that they can derive any real benefit from their education. The native Gaelic literature is not very extensive, but it has been enriched with numerous translations, which afford a valuable, if not a very varied means of religious and moral culture; and it is therefore desirable that children who know only Gaelic should be taught to read such books. We do not mean, however, that tuition in English in their case should be suspended, but only that the tuition of Gaelic should not be abandoned.—*Daily Mail*.

Without a considerable knowledge of Gaelic no person can make any proficiency whatever in philology.—*Dr Murray*.

OBAN AND LORN SOIREE.

Prof. Blackie, of Edinburgh University, presided at the annual festival of the Glasgow natives of Oban and Lorn, in the Crown Hall, Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow. He was supported on the platform by the Rev. Alex. Brunton, Dr. D. C. Black, Dr. Macgillivray, Messrs. D. Cowan, Jas. Reid, Duncan Sharp, Peter Maclean, and D. MacArthur. There was a large attendance.

Professor BLACKIE said—I have to express my wonder and astonishment **that** the chairman of this or any other public meeting is called upon to make an address at all. I understood that the duty of the chairman was to sit upon the chair to prevent the other people from talking too much—[laughter]—and to see **that** things were done decently and in order, but not to pretend to do anything like oratory in his own person. [Laughter.] But since the will of the persons who dispense the tickets is despotic, and as I think the best way in this world is to do as you are bid, I shall say a few words, though I shall never make a speech—which is an abhorrence I never do perpetrate. [Laughter.] I am not an Oban man myself; I am merely a kind of exportation—little better than those hordes of Cockneys who come in the summer and fly off the next day. Somehow or other I took a fancy for Oban, and determined in a small sort of way to make a summer settlement there; and I really achieved the dignity of being an Argyllshire laird—being a proprietor, at least under the feudal law, of a property amounting to an acre and three-quarters. My property has, however, this miraculous virtue, that not being fenced round about without with those ugly exclusive things called stone walls, I am supposed by all who go past in Mr. Hutcheson's steamers to be the lord of all the hills round about. [Laughter.] It is to this circumstance, I have no doubt, that I owe the very high compliment paid to me. There is, however, this other circumstance, that though I am a very small laird I never cleared off any people from my estates. [Laughter.] As St. Paul says, though it is extremely foolish a man must sometimes boast; and I had an opportunity of clearing off a person from my estate, though it is only an acre and three-quarters. [Laughter.] But I said—"I prefer to have human beings near me, and for the paltry pride of making a corner look more rounded, I

will not clear off human beings and happy families—cheers—and if there be any laird with 100 or 100,000 acres who would clear off families, then I say I deserve much more than he does, to sit upon this chair. [Cheers.] So far as I could I have done my duty in that part of the world, and I am sure Dr. Macgillivray will say that so far as subscribing to kirks, and delivering all sorts of lectures go, I am as good as the best man there. I shall do you the compliment to suppose that you have good substantial reasons for placing me here. [Laughter.] When I am in the Highlands I feel myself nobly infected by the atmosphere of the Highland. I sympathise with Highland traditions and Highland life; and I desire for the time being to be a Celt to the very backbone. I cannot comprehend how any person living in the Highlands can have any other feelings. I cannot understand how a man could buy a Highland estate, with Highland bens and glens—associated with the most chivalrous songs and the most heroic traditions up to the present day—and think of nothing but grouse and game. [Applause.] I say that the laird is not a man at all who does not think of the people as the first, the second, and the third thing, and the deer as only a minor consideration. I am sorry I have found people in the Highlands, and I have found a great many people in Glasgow, in Dumbarton, in Paisley, and everywhere about, who think the best way to deal with the Highlanders is to extirpate them off the face of the globe; to civilise them out of their character; to make them a *tabula rasa* on which the Saxon may write himself, and nothing but himself, as if God's gifts and graces had been given to the Teutonic race, and to them alone. [Cheers.] I have always protested against that as a narrow-minded, despotic, and tyrannical way of viewing things. . . . Let things die when they die, and must die, and it is perfectly true that Gaelic and Welsh must die; but while they live let us treat them with respect. [Cheers.] Don't let us kick the old grandmother out of the way because she is no longer able to make money. Does she not contain all the traditions of the family, and tell the old stories that stir up the mind of young people to become heroes in their day? [Cheers.] You don't esteem yourselves enough; you are ashamed of your language. After again expressing the pleasure he experienced in visiting the Highlands, Professor Blackie concluded

by reading the following original poem to the company :—

MY HOME IN THE HIGHLANDS.

Some there be that love to roam
In the whistling railway far from home,
East and west beneath the sky—
Far as the travelling bird can fly;
But give me, free from carking care,
The open moor and the mountain air,
The amber stream and the sounding sea,
And I'm as happy as king can be
In my breezy home in the Highlands !

Some seek release from reeky toils
In classic Hella's sunny isles,
Where pillar'd shrines all spotless rise
Beneath the blue, untainted skies;
But give to me the shifting play
Of gleam and gloom on the purple brae,
The silver loch and the shimmering sea,
And I'm as happy as king can be
In my breezy home in the Highlands !

Some there be that love to stare
At saints and virgins painted fair,
Where St Peter's Viceroy reigns
O'er slaves that curse their sacred chains;
But give to me the powers that sway
O'er dark blue tarn and shining bay,
And white clouds sailing silently,
And I'm as happy as king can be
In my breezy home in the Highlands !

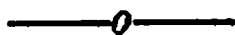
Some there be who rinse their veins
With German wells to clear their brains,
And feed their fancy with the revels
Of Brocken hags and Rhenish devils;
But give to me where eagles hover,
Or sea-mew floats, or screaming plover,
To croon my song and wander free.
And I'm as happy as king can be
In my breezy home in the Highlands !

Some there be that love to clime
Helvetia's frosted peaks sublime,
Then reel to ground, precipitous borne
From Jungfrau, or from Matterhorn;
But give to me, Bens robed not in snow,
But with the bright purpureal glow
Of heather flushing far and free,
And I'm as happy as king can be
In my breezy home in the Highlands !

Some seek beyond the Atlantic tide
For prophet, oracle, and guide,
Where, far from foes, and safe from fears,
Her insolent front young Freedom rears ;
But give me friends, a kindly few,
To Queen, and clan, and country true,
With loyal hearts from faction free,
And I'm as happy as king can be
In my breezy home in the Highlands !

Let them range and let them roam
East and west away from home,
Where the dewless desert glows,
Where the pole is stiff with snows ;
I remain and I will stand
In the green and rocky land
Of foaming flood and fragrant tree,
While ben and glen are free to me
In my breezy home in the Highlandr !

Several other addresses followed, among the speakers being Rev. Alex. Brunton, formerly minister of the U.P. Church, Oban, and Dr. Black.



NEWS OF THE HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS.

KILMORACK.—We understand that the Rev. Peter Robertson, of the Gaelic Church, Inverness, has accepted the call and presentation to the church and parish of Kilmorack, vacant by the death of the late Rev. Mr Cameron. Mr Robertson has been known in Inverness as an earnest labourer among the poor, and his removal is much regretted.

GREENOCK—HIGHLAND SOCIETY.—At the February meeting of this energetic society, the Rev. Robert Blair, M.A., of St Columba, Glasgow, delivered a most interesting and eloquent lecture on "Gaelic Poetry," maintaining in the course of the address (delivered in Gaelic), that it had been demonstrated beyond a doubt that Macpherson's "Ossian," about which there had been such a prolonged controversy, was as genuine as Homer, and as full of genius. The Secretary reported that since last meeting the Marquis of Lorne had contributed £10 to the funds of the society, as a subscription towards bursaries for Gaelic students at any Scottish University.

INVERARY AND LOCHFYNESIDE SOIREE.—The eighth annual re-union of the natives of Inverary and Lochfyneside resident in Glasgow, was held in the Albert Hall, Bath Street, last month. There was a large attendance. Duncan Smith, Esq., of Charles Tennant & Co., occupied the chair. After tea, the chairman delivered a brief and interesting address, which was well received by the audience. The Rev. Gilbert Meikle and Rev. D. C. Mactaggart also delivered addresses, which were much appreciated. The vocalists were Miss Fletcher, Mr Jas. Houston, Mr. J. Wood, and glee party, all of whom acquitted themselves creditably, and whose efforts were much

applauded. Messrs A. and D. Macarthur played several tunes on the bagpipes. Mr Hugh Craig, of the Alexandra Palace, London, danced the Highland Fling and Sword Dance to perfection.

BLAIR ATHOLE—COMPETITION IN GAELIC.—The subject of instruction in Gaelic has occupied much attention of late. A good step has been taken in this place, and being under the auspices of the Duke of Athole, we may assume that the example will be followed by many who might not stoop to imitate a lesser man. A number of young persons from different parts of the Athole estates, recently met in the school-room here to compete for prizes for Gaelic given by the Duke of Athole. The examination was conducted by the Rev. Messrs Macleod, of Blair-Athole, and Fraser of Logierait, in the presence of the Duke and Duchess, who, from their practical knowledge of this ancient language, were much interested in the result. After being tested in reading, writing to dictation, and the translation of a short English story, Duncan M'Gregor, Edington, and Margaret M'Donald, Baluaire, were found entitled to the prizes. His Grace, in announcing the decision of the examiners, exhorted all present to persevere in their endeavours to acquire a knowledge of the Gaelic, and do all in their power to prevent it from falling into disuse. It might not, perhaps, be so necessary in the business of their future lives as English; but it could be easily carried about, and would not fail at some time or other to be of service to them. He who could speak two languages was certainly more accomplished than he who had a knowledge of one only. His Grace also stated his intention of giving a present to each of the unsuccessful candidates. It is a grievance in Highland districts that the Scottish code gives no encouragement to teachers who are both able and willing to teach Gaelic as a special subject, while payment is offered for instruction in Latin and French, which in very few instances can ever be turned to any practical account. It is deserving of being recorded here, that the Duke, who figures so creditably in the above proceedings, may be seen almost any day figuring in the garb of his own land and race; and that few figures are more elegant than that which he and his fair Duchess cut amid the thousand natural beauties which combine to make his seat one of the most lovely in Scotland.

EDINBURGH.—The sixty-third annual

meeting of the society for the support of Gaelic schools in the Highland and islands of Scotland was held on Monday afternoon in the Royal Hotel—Mr. John Cowan of Beeslack occupied the chair. The Chairman said the society was now sixty-three years old, and it had achieved work in the remote Highlands and islands for which the country ought to be sincerely thankful. The Rev. Dr. Maclauchlan read the annual report. He made feeling reference to the death by drowning of Sir James Colquhoun of Luss, to whose family the Gaelic schools were under deep obligation. The report went on to discuss the question whether, now that the Education Act was in operation, it was necessary to carry on the society. The directors had obtained the opinion of clergymen of different parts of the Highlands, and from these they came to the conclusion that, even where universally spoken, the reading of Gaelic was not likely to be taught, or taught with efficiency, in the national schools, as it was not to be taken into account in the Government examinations. Mr. Thomas Martin submitted the financial statement, which showed that the ordinary income had been £1017, and the payments to teachers £1060, being a deficit on the year of £43. Adding a deficit of £106 from last year, the total deficit was thus £149. They had also to pay at Whitsunday next, teachers' salaries to the amount of £412, so that, for the receipt side of the account, to equal the payment, they would require £561. The superannuation fund showed a surplus of £11. The adoption of the report was moved by the Rev. J. C. Macphail, seconded by Councillor MacIaren, and approved. Resolutions commending the society to the public, appointing office-bearers, &c., were moved and seconded by the following gentlemen:—Rev. Dr. Maclauchlan, Mr. Alex. Scott, Beanston; Rev. Alex. Mackenzie, Mr. Wm. Dickson, Rev. W. Ross, Rothesay; Mr. Donald Beith, W.S. Rev. Mr. Macphail thought the society ought to make a strong recommendation to the Education Department to have the teaching of Gaelic recognised in the national schools in the Highlands.

BOOKS RECEIVED.—“Sean Dana,” with Translation, by C. S. Jerram, M.A.—“The Philologic Uses of the Celtic Tongue,” by Professor Geddes, Aberdeen.

AN GAIDHEAL.

*"Mar ghath soluis do m' anam fein
Tha sgeula na h-aimsir a dh' fhalbh."*—OISEAN.

III. LEABH.] TREAS MIOS AN EARRAICH, 1874. [26 AIB.

SILIS NIC-COINNICH.

SEANN SGEUL GAIDHEALACH.

II.

Bha Morair Eidirdeil, a nis air a chur thuige gu goirt. Thug e a ghealladh d' a fhine, air 'fhocal agus air 'onoir. Choimhlion iad-san am pairt fein de 'n chordadh a rinneadh eatorra, agus mar sin cha b' urrainn esan air 'onoir elanadh o a phairt fein a choimhlionadh mar an ceudna. Dh'ullaich e dinneir ghreadhnach, chosdail, a thug barrachd air gach fleadhachas a chunnacas riamh an taobh a stigh de thallachan Chais-teil Gharnaid, agus a dh-ionnsaidh an do chuir e na maithean a chaidh ainmeachadh 'cheana. Shuidh a' bhan-mhoraire aig ceann a' bhuird, le deise shioda de bhreacan Chlann-Choinnich, agus i a' dearrsadh le usgraichean òir agus le seudan ro luachmhor. Cha 'n fhac iad riamh i a' sealltuinn cho aillidh, cho aoibheil no cho ionghradhach; agus an uair a dh' eirich i o' n bhord agus a dh' fhag i iad leotha fein, cha robh suil thioram anns an talla; cha b' urrainn a h-aon dhiubh smid a labhairt ri aon eile; shuidh iad gu tosdach samhach ag amharc ann an aodannaibh a cheile.

An uair a chunnaic Eidirdeil an

deargadh druigheach a rinn lath-aireachd agus giulan caoin, fathail Silis air faireachduinnean nan aoidhean gu leir, ghlac e misneach gu tuilleadh dalach 'asluchadh orra. Chuire f' an combairt gu 'm b' fhearr leis gu mor a bheatha fein a chur 'n an eumhachd na dealachadh rithese a b' i annsachd a chridhe; gu 'n robh a bheatha gu buileach ceangailte suas innte, agus mar sin nach b' urrainn e air chor sam bith aontachadh ri lamh a chur 'n a beatha; agus a thaobh litir-dhealachaidh a thoirt dhi, no a fogar o' bhroilleach, ni a bhiodh dh' ise ni 'bu chruidhe na am bas fein, nach robh e 'n a chomas a dheanamh air bonn laghail no onorach; gu 'n robh a leithid do bhuidh aice air a chridhe agus air 'aignidhean is gu 'n robh e lan chinnteach na 'n deanta ciurram no ainneart oirre gu 'n diobradh a chiall agus a thabhachd e, agus nach treoraicheadh e gu brath tuilleadh a chinneadh gu iomairt nan lann ann an aobhar an duthcha; agus labhair e mar an ceudna gu faireachail mu an dian ghradh leis an robh a cridhe uasal deochiontach ceangailte, cha b' ann a mhain ris fein ach ris an iomlan de 'n fhine.

Bha nis gach aon de na h-uaislean a' caoineadh agus a' suathadh

nan dorn; cha d' thug iad focal freagairt do 'n Mhoraire; agus aig deireadh na cuirme, thog iad orra; dhealaich iad ri an ceann-feadhna mar a choinnich iad, ann an an-dochas neo-umhaileach, gun chuing no cumha a leagail air, mar a runaich iad m' an d' thainig iad a dh-ionnsaidh na cuirme; ach air dhoibh a bhi cheana air an gairm gu eirigh a chogadh ri naimhdean an Rìgh, thainig iad gu codhunadh gur h-e a bu ghlice dhoibh gach ni a sheachnadh a dh' fhaodadh troimhe-cheile no easaonachd a dhusgadh am measg an fhine aig an am ud, ach a' cur rompa an ni a chuir iad ri 'n suil a thoirt gu buil 'n uair a thigeadh am a bu fhreagarraiche.

Cha b' fhada 'n a dheigh so gus an robh Eidirdeil, le buaireas iomaguineach inntinn air a leagadh sìos le fiabhras a chuir a bheatha ann an gear chunnart, agus a chuir am fine uile fo eagal agus fo churam d' a thaobh. Cha robh guth a nis air cur as do 'n bhan-mhoraire, oir na 'm basaicheadh am Mhoraire, bha fios aca, am fad 's a bu bheo ise as a dheigh, nach b' urrainn Nagaar, ged a b' e a b' fhaisge ann an daimh do 'n cheannfheadhna, seilbh a ghlacadh air an oighreachd, no am fine fhaotainn fo 'smachd agus fo 'ughdarras. Bha Eidirdeil uine fhada, an deigh dha dol am feothas o 'n fhiabhras, mu 'n robh e air a lan aiseag gu neart agus deadh shlainte; agus re na h-uine ud, nochd am fine, eadar mhaithean agus iochdarain, a leithid de chaoimhneas agus de dhilseachd dha fein agus d' a cheile a's gu 'n robh e nis ann an dochas gu 'n robh a leithid do bhuaidh aig

aillidheachd, cliu, agus ard-bheusan Silis air an cridheachan, a's nach cuireadh iad gu brath tuille dragh no tuairgheadh air as a leth—sliochd a bhi aice no uaip. Thug an dochas ud a leithid do shonas agus de sholas dha, a's gu 'n robh e 'n a mheadhon air a shlainte 'aiseag air ais dha, ged nach robh car greis, a bheag a dhuil gu 'n tigeadh e idir uaithe; agus an taobh a stigh de chuig miosan, bha e cho slàn fhallain 's a bha e riamh.

Ach thainig gasaidean eagalach o 'n taobh deas, agus bha Eidirdeil a rithis air a ghairm gu mairsadh gun dail air ceann gach mac mathar de 'n fhine d' am b' urrainn lann a ghiulan a chuideachadh *Mhontrois*, air dha bhi ann an cruaidh-chas cunnartach, air a chuairteachadh le naimhdean, roimhe agus 'n a dheigh. Bha Eidirdeil agus a dhaoine cho ullamh a's a b' abhaist; ach cha b' urrainne aig an am, airm a sholar ach airson trì cheud fear, coma co dhiu, mhàrs e leis an aireamh ud fo dhubhar na h-oidhche. Air an t-slighe, mu bhristeadh na faire thainig e tarsuing air na *Rothaich* agus air na *Forbesich*; thug e deannal sgaiteach dhoibh anns an dol seachad, agus rainig e campa *Mhontrois* ann an deadh am gu a phairt fein a ghiulan de bhlar fuilteach *Dhon*, a chuireadh air an dara latha de *July* anns a' bhliadhna 1645, agus anns an d' rinn e fein agus a dhaoine casgairt sgriosail air sgiath chili feachd na Parlamaid—agus an deigh dha an ruaig a chur orra gu dian agus gu dannara, thill a dhaoine dhachaidh d' an glinn fein luchdaichte le creich, gun duine dhiu a chall

ach dithis leointe, a dh'fhag iad 'n an deigh; ach air do 'n fheadh rioghaila' Ghaidhealtachd fhagail, thoisich arseann chairdean, maith-ean a' chinnidh air ceannaire agus ar-a-mach a dhusgadh aon uair eile gu h-uaigneach, an aghaidh a' chinn-fheadhna, agus ni bu deine na a rinn iad riamh. Chunnaic iad a nis gu soilleir meud a' chumhachd agus na h-onoir a bhuineadh do cheann-feadhna flathail, priomhathaireil d'am biodh dian ghradh agus urram aig a chuid iochdaran; agus as eugais a leithid sud de Cheann-feadhna, nach b'fhada gus am biodh Clann-Choinnich air an ditheadh, no air a, char a b' fhearr, gu'n tuiteadh iad o'n t-seasamh thoisichail, ainmeil a bha aca riamh am measg fhineachan na Gaidhealtachd muthuath. Dh'fheumta rud eigin a dheanamh—rud sam bith, maith no olc, a thiorcadh iad o chumhachd Nagair, a bhiodh a reir am beachd, 'n a thamailt dhoibh mar fhine, agus 'n a isleachadh tubais-teach o'n chliu agus o'n ainm fhiughail a bhuineadh riamh dhoibh. Bha fiosaichean, buidsichean agus taibhsearan air am fasdadh gu bhi a' faighinn a mach ciod a bha ri tachairt. Bha tais-beanaidhean nam fiosaichean air an cumail 'n an diomhaireachd, agus binn eagalach air a toirt a mach air Silis.

Chaidh na maithean aon uair eile le teachdaireachd a dh-ionnsaidh a' Chinn-fheadhna, ach aig an am so, cha b' ann a dh-iarraidh air dealachadh ri annsachd a chridhe, ach a chomhairleachadh dha uidheamachadh a dheanamh airson turus-crabhaidh solumte

gu uaigh an Naoimh *Bothain*, air latha Nollaig; oir gu 'n d'fhoghlaim iad o chaochladh fhiosaichean agus thaibhsearan as an robh iad earbsach, mar thoradh air an turus, agus a reir nadur agus luach na h-ofrail a leagta leis a' bhan-mhoraire air naomh-chobhan *Bhothain*, nach b'fhada gus am beirte leatha oighre air teaghlach aosda Ghlinn-Garnaid agus Eidirdeil; agus gu 'n d' thugadh dearbh chinnt dhoibh, nach tuiteadh am fine gu brath fo chumhachd no fo riaghladh teaghlach mallaichte Nagair.

Bha Moraire Eidirdeil a nis air a lionadh le gairdeachas dòchasach agus le taingealachd. Shaoil e gu 'n robh gach cunnart agus buaireas leis an robh e air a sharuchadh re ioma latha, a nis air tighinn gu crich. Chur e litirichean-cuiridh a dh-ionnsaidh an iomlain de mhaith-ean a chinnidh, iad fein agus am mnathan a thighinn gu pairt a ghabhail anns an turus-chrabhaidh ud gu uaigh Naomh Bothain, oir bha e 'cur roimhe gu 'm biodh an turus ud air a chomharrachadh le greadhnachas morchuisseach. Ach thainig an Nollaig le stoirm cho gaillionnach, a's gur gann a b'urrainn do neach sam bith sealltuinn a mach thar doruis; bha a' ghaillionn uamhasach. Ged tha an geamhradh mar is trice' gle iargalta anns a' Ghaidhealtachd, thug an geamhradh ud barrachd orra uile. Bha an sneachd anabarrach trom, agus air an fheasgar roimh latha Nollaig, thainig aiteamh le garbh-fhrasachd agus le gaoith dhoinionnaich nach bu chuimhne leis an fheadhain bu shine a bha's an duthaich, a

leithid 'fhaicinn. Bha an duthaich uile 'n a h-eabar sluaistreach le sneachd leth-leaghta; uillt chaoireach a' taomadh gach leathad; air chor agus nach meastadh neach air bith a bhi 'n a chiall, a smaointicheadh air dol a mach a dorus air maduinn na Nollaig, oir bha gach abhuinn agus allt thar am bruachan, agus mar sinn cha d' thainig de na maithlean a bha air an cuireadh gu Caisteal Gharnaidach ceathrar, gun bhean gun nighean comhla riu, oir b' ann air chunnart am beatha a thainig iad fein. Chuir na maithlean ud rompa, nach faodteadh air chor sam bith dail no dearmad a dheanamh air a' ghnòthuch chudthromach airson an d' thainig iad, ciod air bith cunnart no saruchadh a thigeadh 'n a lorg; oir chaidh 'innseadh dhoibh na 'n cumadh eagal roi fhuachd agus roi fhliuchadh air an ais iad air an latha ud, nach tigeadh latha eile gu deireadh an t-saoghail anns am biodh an turus-crabhaidh air a chrunadh le buaidh, no le beannachd Naoimh Bhotain Bha earrann de 'n rathad gle chunnartach, ach cha robh an t-astar ro fhada; chaidh Silis 'n a h-uidheam gu toileach, sunndach air a comhdach cho math 's a dh' fhaodadh i, agus a mach ghabh iad air an turus. Anns a' cheud dol a mach, bha aca ri dol thairis air an drochaid-mhaide. B'e sud an sealladh eagalach; cha 'n fhacas riamh roimhe a leithid an Albuinn. Bha an abhuinn a' ruith 'n a caoirean mplanach, nuallanach, agus a' leum thar nan stallachan le toirm uamhasaich leis an robh iad ach beag air am bodhradh; bha an tuil 'n a

stioman cobhragach a' ruith fo 'n drochaid le a leithid de luathas a's nach b' urrainn neach a shuil a chumail oirre car mionaid gu dol 's an tuainealaich, agus an drochaid i fein, laidir mar bha i, air chrith mar shlataig chaoil. Chriothnaich Silis, threig a misneach i, agus tharuing i air a h-ais o 'n t-sealladh uamhasach; ach 'n nair thug i fainear an dannarrachd a bha gu soilleir ri fhaicinn ann an gnuis gach aon de chach, chuir i roimpe gu 'n leanadh i iad; dhruin i a suilean agus ghreimich i gu teann ri gairdean a fir, agus gabh iad an toiseach. Lean Carnach agus mac a bhrathar, Bar-a-mhuilinn, air an sail, agus Achadh-na-sion agus Monar air dheireadh. Air meadhon na drochaid, ghlac Carnach agus Bar-a-mhuilinn Silis, agus ann am priobadh na sul' thilg iad bharr na drochaid i. Bha an gnìomh air a dheanamh cho grad 's nach robh uine aice air sgall no sgread a thoirt aisde, no eadhon a suilean 'fhosgladh; ann an tiota chaidh i as an t-sealladh; bha an sruth cho laidir a's gu 'n do ghiulain e air 'uachdar i cho aotrom ri iteig. Thuit i air a druim 'n a leth shuidhe, cha deachaidh i oirleach fodha, dh' fhalbh i air uchd na tuil mar shaigh-ead o 'n t-sreing, agus ann an uine ro ghoirid chaidh i as an sealladh.

MUILEACH.

(Ri leantuinn.)

—o—

COMHAIRLEAN

MHIC-CAILEIN D' A MHAC.*

MU 'N TUATH'S MU 'N OIGHREACHD.

A Mhic,—Bidh e duilich dhuit tighin air ceart nan nithean so a thaobh gach cuimrig a bhios 's an rathad ort ri linn dhuit tighin a stigh air an oighreachd. Gun

* The Marquis of Argyll's Instructions to his Son. London, 1689.

ghuth thoirt air na shluigean an Crùn d'i, is ioma fear-fuadain a th' ann gu tagartas a dheanamh oirre, agus sin an ainm na còrach. Cha'n fhuilear dhut, ma ta, d' uile-dhì-cheall a dheanamh, agus a bhi air do ro-fhaicill, 's na tha de naimhdean mu'n cuairt dut.

Is e d' fhearann-sinnsireachd gun teagamh is dualaiche leantuinn riut. H-uige so, ma ta, féumaidh tú an t-seann-tuath a chumail air an aon-laraich, agus an táladh gu caidreach riut le mùirn's le caoimhneas. Le bhi bho chian an làraichean an seanairean fo dhìon Mhic-Cailein, tha iad a nise cho deòthasach umpa 's nach togair iad air chor sa bith gu d' dhiobairt, na 's lugha na thuigean iad gu'm beil thu air cìinntinn fuar ri, agus coma mu d' bhuannachd fhéin. Fhad 's is Mac-Cailein is ainm dhut, agus a sheasas an tuath air do chùl, bidh e ionann's do-dhèante dhut do chòir-dhligheach a chall. Tha 'n oighreachd cho farsainn agus bailtean dh'i cho leth-oireach's gu'm beil cuid dh'i nach aithne dhòmhla mi fhéin, gun ruig a's i bhi fo leagadh làmh na h-arfuntachd: is ioma dligheachas a fhuair mi, agus seirbhis-claidhimh a rinneadh dhomh air son còrach nach deachaidh riabh an leabhar. Thaobh an fhearainn-cheannaich, tha farmad-cùirte nach deic mar a tha ris, air chor's nach comhairlichim dhut moran strìth a dheanamh mu dhéibhinn a tharrainn a' chòrra ort. Bidh màl na seann-oighreachd 'n a làn phailteas dhut. Cha robh riabh agam air mo thighin-a-stigh bhàrr na h-oighreachd an Albainn, ach ionann's mar dhìoladh-fhiach an éirig mo chostais. Cia dhiùbh ni e suas sin dutsa no 'n còrr, cha'n ion dut bhi cùntadh air.

Cha'n àm na timeannan so gu seasamh a mach mar a b' àbhaist: is iomad arfuntachachadh a rinneadh air uaislean na h-Alba; ach cha'n

fhiosrach mi gu'n cuala mi riabh gin is dòcha dha tachairt da na dhutsa. C' uime cheilinn ort e? mar a dh' innis mi roimhe dhut, is culaidh fhuath a's éud nach 'eil faoin sinn. Air an aobhar sin, féumaidh tu gach meadhon laghail a thàrras tu, a chur an gnìomh, gus do theasraiginn bho léir-sgrios. Féumaidh tu truas a dhùsgadh 'n ad aobhar—rud nach nach duilich dhut. Tàirnidh sin bàigh ort, agus gabhar spéis dhiot; agus bho spéis, thigear gu bun a's earbsa chur annad—an rud is luaithe sa bith a ni do shocrachadh 'n ad sheilbh:

Ma gheobh thu mar so air a h-ais do chòir-dhligheach,—agus tha h-uile dòchas agam gu'm faigh, cia dhiùbh, gheobh no nach fhaigh thu d' ainm a's d' inbhe—cuimhnich nach dean thu dearmad air do thaingealachd a dhearbhalh do d' dhìlseán a bhuin gu h-onorach riut; ach thoir an t-seal-airenach teid thu tuilleadh's fada leis, fàgail a tha mar is trice fuaighte ri uaislean na h-Alba. Oir, bho 'n a ghearrar dhìot sgiathan do mhòrachd, cha teid agad air éirigh suas a dh-aon-ionnsaidh; agus an àite d' earbsa chur 'n ad chumhachd fhéin is ann a dh' fhéumas tu nise do bhun a chur an gaol's an tairisneachd do chuid tuatha,—oir's iadsan do chùltaice's do chala-tiarnaidh.

Dean m' ainm-sa ghlauadh bho 'n droch-alla thogadh orm—a bhi 'n an uachdaran cruaidh-chridheach gun iochd; agus le feothas do nádair, fiach am faigh thu le ciùine làmh-an-uachdar air gach buaireas a's aushoc-air a dh' fhaodas tighin 'n ad rathad,—nì, 'n a uaireannan, a thug dùlan dómhsa an là a b' fhèarr a bha mi riabh.

Fhad 's a tha 'n ad chomas seach-aime lagh a's cònsaid—leò, nìtear do ghnothaichean uaigneach follaiseach. Gabh ealla ris gach callach a's éucoir nach deantar suas dhut gun dol

a dh-iomairt lagha; agus bi strìochdte fo gach ainneart nach gabh leasachadh dhut.

Air tùs cruinnich d'fhortan, 's gur sgapteach e, gu dluitheil richéile; agus le caitheamh-beatha stòlta, sìtheil, daingnich do ghréim air do sheilbh; air chor 's ma chuirear mu d' choinneamh do chòir-dhligheach a dhearbhadh, nach bi thu 'n cunnart, a thaobh an nì sin nach leat.

Suidhich d'fhearann air cho beag de làmh an 's a dh'fhaodas tu. Na cuir air imrich tuathanaich a thug thu aonta dhaibh roimhe, no neach sa bith a bha fo d' rian air sheòl eile. Gu h-àraid na cuir air falbh seirbhisich do 'n aithne do ghnòth-aichean a mharachadh; oir, a thuilleadh air e bhi 'n a shocair dhut, gleidhidh e dhut tiaraiunteachd nach beag.

Mar nach b' àill leam lughdachadh a thighin air do mheas leis an dubh-bhochdainn, amhuil sin cha bu mhath leam gu 'n deanadh ailis-bheairtis béud ort; agus gus an seachnadh le chéile, féumaidh tu tighin suas air cuibheas—gun chrìne gun strògh, gun a bhi mar a bha *Diogenes* no mar a bha *Divus*. Mar is mò dh'fhidrichear mu staid na h-oighreachd, 's e 'n gliocas dut a' mhiad sin a cumail an ceilt,—rud is urrainn dut a deanamh gun chunnart 's gur h-ann 'n ad leisgeul fhéin a bhios tu.

Ach tha mi creidsinn gu 'm faod an oighreachd a bhi na 's tiarainnte fo bhiùthanas an ama chaidh seachad—is e barail feadhach gu 'n d'fhàg mise i air rian cuimseach, math—na bhios i le seòltachd do ghliocais-sa, no air gabhallas, no bonn stéidhe nobha sa bith eile; agus saoraidh sin thu o bhi 'n ad chulaidh-fharmaid.

Cum thu fhéin an luib-a-stigh asgailt an fhortain a bhuilich Dia ort, ciod sa bith e; ma bhios tu lán-thoilichte leis, meallaidh tu rùintean

do naimhdean. Co aig tha fios nach e dòigh is fhèarr. Is ioma caisleach-adh bu mhò fhuair oighreachdan eile; ach an ionad an cur às am bonn, 's ann a fhriamhaich iad le barrachd gramalais na bha aca riabh roimhe.

Ge b' e fear ris an earb thu riaghladh na h-oighreachd, thoir an t-seal-aire nach leig thu 'n ailm a d'achlais fhéin. Cùm mion-chùnntas air gach bónn a phàidheas tu agus a thig a stigh dhut; cumaidh e d'fhadal dhìot, agus thig e gu d'bhuanachd; oir cumaidh a's gleidhidh e do sheirbhisich ri 'n dleasnas, agus, air an aobhar sin 'n ad dheagh-ghean.

A chaidh na tarrainn téinn ort fhéin le mi-chiall no struidhealachd—le airgead a ghabhail an iasad air urras, no 'n geall na h-oighreachd, no ràthan a' mhàil. Bheir iomfhuasgladh caraid ort dol an urras; ach thoir an aire nach 'eil e saor bho chunnart dut; ach a bharrachd air nach gnìomh duin'-uasail an dà sheol eile, caillidh tu do chreideas leo, agus bidh iad 'n an réudain ag cnàmh na h-oighreachd.

Nullum numen abest, si sit prudentia tecum.

Eadar. le ABRACH.

BLAR SHUNADAIL.

(Air leantuinn.)

Thainig air toiseach nan ceannard,
Mac-Mhaoilein mor a' Chnaip—
Air chuairt an Gròb-phort,
'S Mac-Calum, Domhnall Lag-an-fheoir,
'S Duibhneach Bhrachuinn
Bho ghleann cas nam preasan tric,
'S Mac-Alasdair Thigh-na-luachrach—
Sgiobair cruadalach de Chlann-Domhnuill.
Chuala na maithean an sgeul;
Dh' iarr iad gu leir crois-tarra
A ruith gu Caradail an toiseach,
A's as a sin da fhear dheug taghta
A dhol feadh gach cearn,
'S air cunnart bàis each a dh' eirigh
A thoirt an sgeoil air fad na duthcha,
'S bantrach Mhic-Dhomhnuill
Le 'macan fo churam na Fine
A chur do Dhun-a'-Chlachain,

'S muinntir a' Chinn-shiar
 A chur leth-cheud fear do Dhun-abhar-
 taidh
 A ghleidheadh baideal ard Chlann-
 Dhomhnuill ;
 'S gach ni diubh sin an ainm an oighre,
 'S na daoine a choinneachadh gun dàil
 Air faiche Bhracluinn 'n an lan armachd,
 'S Mac-Ioninhuinn 'Thigh-nan-corn
 A chur Dhun-Charadail an uidheam seisd-
 idh,
 'S na birlinnean o'n Mhaoil gu Loch an-
 Tairbeart
 A bhi aig traigh Shunadail an ordugh
 cogaidh,
 'S Dun-sgiobnais a ghleidheadh na th' ann
 Gus an tig am sgaoilidh gu cath na faiche,
 Ma chuireas an namhaid sinne 'n eiginn
 cunnairt ;
 Tein'-eiginn a lasadh air Beinn-an-tuire
 A thoirt rabhaidh do mhuinntir Ile 's
 Chomhail,
 Clann-Domhnnill gu leir le'n luchd-
 leanmhainn
 A theachd a dhion an leanabain, oighr' an
 cinnidh.
 MAC-MHAOILEIN. — Co theid a dh-fhair-
 adh na linne
 M' an tig na naimhdean oirnn gun fhios ?
 OIGHRE MHANAINN. — Tha sin deant' a
 dhaoine'-uaisele ;
 Mac Iain-ghearr le 'sgioba treun,
 Ghabh e air fein a' chuis sin.
 Cha ghluais Rurach clar o'n chladach
 Nach faigh sibh rabhadh o'n fhear
 ainmeil ;
 Bidh e 'n so trath gu leoir
 A dh-aideoin na tha beo dhiubh
 A Manainn thursach.
 Mar sgaoth bheachan o'n sgeap ;
 A' cruinneachadh air geug an còmhail,
 B' ionann fineachan da ghleann deug
 Chinn-tire
 A' tional as gach cearn—
 Gaingich de gach ainm,
 'S Faiche Bhracluinn anns gach beul,
 'G an ceangal ri cheile mar aon ;
 Na birlinnean-cogaidh, le 'm brataichean
 gorm,
 Snaicheantas cabhlach rioghail na h-Alba,
 A' teachd an ear 's an iargu cala Shunadail ;
 Gach caisteal a's tìr-faire
 Air fad a' chladaich sgolbaich,
 Fo chrannaibh seisdidh,
 'N uair a chunnacas eithear Mhic Iain-
 ghearr,
 'S cobhrach m' a guallainn a' srachdadh
 Thonnan Chaolas-Bhranndain,
 'S i 'giulan fios, — 'Tha Rurach a nios an
 linne ;
 Dh' fhag e Manainn an de le cabhlach
 A lionas o'n Mhaoil gus an traigh so ;

Bheir madainn am maireach sinn an greim
 ris.'

Dh' fhalbh gach ceannard gu Faiche
 Bhracluinn

A rianachadh ceart a dhaoine ;
 Gach ceann-feadhna am broilleach a
 mhuinntir,

A' comhdach an fhuinn 'n am buidhnean
 lionmhor.

Thagh na maithean, le aon rùn,

Mac-Mhaoilein mor a' Chnaip

'N a cheannard an iomlain—

Curaidh iomraiteach 's ceann-feadhna

Na treubh a shloinnear o'n fhreumhach

A thug ainm dha.

Dh' fhalbh e le Mac-Iolhe mor gu Sunadal

A chur an comhairle runaich ri cheile

Mar gu 'm b' e sin an là mu dheireadh

A bha aca ri 'fhaicinn,

A's Rurach garg a' teachd, nach till

Ach le claidheamh cosgarrach na h-Alba.

Bha oighre Shunadail, oigear ciatach

A' cur airm an tighe an rianachd—

Luirichean, clogaid, a's sgiathan,

A's claidheamhan liath gun smùr.

Bha tri claidheamhan neart

A bha 'n deigh a cheile aig seanair, mac,
 a's ogha

Cinn-tighe o shean, sinnsear an fhir
 mhoir—

Bha na h-airm sonraicht' ud an oisinn,

Fo chomhdach corcuis a's obair ghreis,

Le pabagan airgid a' filleadh air am
 faobhair.

Thainig an t-oighre far an do shuidh

An dithist a' comhradh.

Bha claidheamh loinnireach, ur

A rinn gobha Shunadail, Mac-'Thuileann

An laimh an oighre, a dh' fheoraich d'a
 athair,—

'An toir mi leam am fear so ?

Na ciod e 'thaghas mi 'measg nan arm ?—

Orduich na 's aill leat.'

SUNADAL.—Cuist a rudain chrin ! an
 saoil thu

An cuideachd leamsa a chumail Cnoc-na-
 còmhail,

Thu fein 's am bioran sin

'S an cogadh ann ?

A Mhic-Mhaoilein amhaire an so.

Fhaic thu geimhleag do shin seanar,

Alasdair mor a' Chnaip : is cuimhne leat

Gu 'n do bhris a chladheamh latha
 Ghlinn-Rìgh-'s-dail.

Thainig e gu tigh Chlachair-an-tuim ;

Bha 'bhean 's an dorus ; thuirt e rithe,—

'Am bheil arm 's am bith a steach ?'

Fhreagair i, 'Tha mo dhuine 's a' chath ;

So na th'agam ; shin i dha gheimhleag ;

Thill e riutha ; sheas e 'm Bealach-na-h-
 iolaire ;

Leag e seachd air flichead diubh,

Nach d' eirich fathast.

Air a thighinn dachaidh

Dh' fhag e gheimhleag an so ;

Tha i 's an oisinn sin gus an diugh ;

Ghleidh mo sheanair 's m' athair i

Gun smur gun smal.

Is tusa 'n t-oighre; 's mis am fear-gleidh-
idh;

Co dhinn aig am bi gheimhleag am
maireach ?

Abair na 's aill leat, iar-ogha 'n diùlnaich.

MAC-MHAOILEIN.—Cha 'n 'eil fear-dhinne
'n diugh air thalamh

Is urrainn a' gheimhleag sin 'iomairt;

Tha thusa, Mhic-Iche, ad aonar

De spionnadh nan laoch a shean.

Thuir an t-oighre 's an oidhch' air
tuiteam—

'Tha birlinn an tighe air an traigh

Am fag sinn i ? na ciod e their m' athair ?

MAC-MHAOILEIN.—Fhir Shunadail, thig
a nuas

'S dean aon nair eile mar d' abhaist,

'N uair bhiodh tu 'g a tarruinn,

'S mise 'g a cumail dìreach.

Co ni e ma thuiteas tu maireach ?

SUNADAL.—'S fearr a toirt as a sud,

Na 'faicinn 'n a connadh aig Rurach.

Dh' eirich an t-oighr' a's triuir eile,

A dh' fhalbh leis gus a' bhirleinn.

MAC-MHAOILEIN.—Biodh dìthist air
gach taobh,

'G a cumail dìreach,

Ach spionaibh 'n a aghaidh le 'r n-uile
neart

Gus am faic sibh ceart am fear mor.

Ghlac Mac-Iche toiseach na h-eithir;

Thug e leis i gun stad, gus an do choinnich

Barr creig' i, am falach 's a' ghaineimh ;

Mhothaich e 'n grabadh clis ; las e, 's gun
fhacal,

Thug e saidh-thoisich na sè-ramhaich,

Na cinneadan 's an ailbheag,

'N an spealgan air grinneal na tragha !

SUNADAL.—A Mhic-Mhaoilein,

Cha do mhothaich mi riamh cho trom i.

MAC-MHAOILEIN.—Cha 'n iognadhged
a mhothaich thu trom i;

Dh' iarr mis' air a' cheathrar tarruinn ad
aghaidh

Le 'n uile spionnadh, 's rinn iad sin.—

Co oighre na geimbleig a nis

'S a sheasas aite Alasdair Mhoir,

Ach thus' air foid combraig ?

SUNADAL.—Cha 'n fhearr thu fein na na
balachain,

'S thu 'faicinn gu 'm bheil mi a' dol air
m' ais;

Tha 'n t-am a bhi 'm Brachuinn

Am measg nan daoine.

(*Ri lcantuinn.*)

LARACH NINEBHEH.

(*Bho Fhear-tathaich nam Beann.*)

B' e Ninebheh aig aon am ceann-
bhaile Iompaireachd mhor Asiria—
an t-aite anns an do thuinich prioun-
sachan agus maithean na rioghachd
sin re ioma linn; agus b' e baile a bu
mho agus a bu sbluaghmhoire a bha
's an am sin air aghaidh an t-saogh-
ail. Tha e air inuseadh dhuinn ann
an leabhar Gheneses (x. 11.), gu 'n
deach Asur, aon de mhic Sheim, a
mach o thir Shinar, agus gu 'n do
“thog e Ninebheh;” ach cha 'n 'eil
sinn a' cluinntin tuilleadh cumntais
uime 's na Sgriobtuirean naomha gus
an do chuireadh am faidhe Ionah le
teachdaireachd o Dhia a dh-ionnsuidh
a luchd aiteachaidh, a chur an ceill
doibh gu 'm biodh am baile air a
sgrios an ceann “da fhichead la,”
do bhrìgh gu 'n robh an aingidheachd
air dol suas 'an lathair Tighearna nan
sluagh. Tha Ionah a' cur an ceill gu
'n robh ann an Ninebheh “tuilleadh
agus se fichead mìle pearsa
(120,000), nach b' aithne an lamh
dheas seach an lamh chli,” 's e sin de
chloinn bhig; air choir 's nach b'
urrainn gu 'n robh an luchd-aiteach-
aidh gu leir dad fo shea ceud mìle
sluaigh (600,000) 'n a aireamh—
tuilleadh 's a tha 'n Glaschu! Bha
e 'n a “bhaile ro-mhor, astar thri
laithean,” no thri fichead mìle mu 'n
cuairt. Cha robh e idir coltach ri
bailtean mora nan laithean so—cha
robh an luchd-aiteachaidh air am
pacadh suas ann an sraidean comhann,
salach, far a bheil sea no seachd de
theaghlaichean domhail a chomh-
nuidh os ceann a cheile, mar a tha
iad aig an am so 's na bailtean mor
a's ainneile 's an Roinn-Eorpa; oir
cha 'n e mhain gu 'n robh sluagh
lionmhor ann, ach bha mar an
ceudna “moran spreidh” ann.
Mar so, 'n uair a bheir sinn
fainear meudachd Ninebheh, agus

mar an ceudna an teisteachas a tha Nahum a' toirt uimpe; 's e sin gu 'n robh i 'n a "cathair fhuilich? uile 'n a ceilg, lan de reubainn," cha 'n 'eil e idir iongantach gu 'n d' oidhirpich duine iosal ann an inbhe 's am misnich mar bha Ionah, air "teich eadh do Tharsus o' fhianuis an Tighearna;" oir "bheir eagal duine ribe leis."

Ged a ghabh muinntir Ninebheh aithreachas fo shearmonachadh Ionah, agus a bha iad car uine air an caomhnadh; gidheadh tha e coltach nach robh 'am maitheas ach mar neul na maidne, agus mar an druchd mòch a shiubhlas air falbh:" oir gle ghoirid na dheigh so tha 'n Tighearna, le beul nam faidhean Nahum agus Sephaniah, a' cur an ceill "trom eallach Ninebheh"—ag innseadh gu'm biodh e air a' dheanamh "'n a larach luim, tioram mar an fhasach," agus gu'm biodh cumhachd agus moralachd rioghachd Asiria air an toirt gu lar. Tha Nahum ag radh mu 'dheighinn gu'm bu bhail' ele morandhaingneach, le geatachan lionmhor agus croinn-dhruididh—gu'n robh a luchd-malairt lionmhor thar reultan neimh—gu'n robh a phrionnsachan lionmhor mar na locuist, agus nach robh crìoch air 'ionmhais. "So (arsa Sephaniah) a' chathair luaghaireach a ghabh comhnuidh gu tearuinte; a thubhairt 'na cridhe, Tha mi agus cha 'n 'eil ann ach mi. Cionnus a dh' fhas i 'n a fhasach, 'n a h-aite air son bheathaichean gu luidhe sìos ann!" A reir a' chuntais a tha air a thoirt seachad le luchd-eachdraidh creid-easach, bha 'n fhaidheadaireachd so air a coi'-lionadh o cheann da mhìle agus ceithir cheud gu leth bliadhna. Chaidh rìgh Mhedia agus Phersia, agus Nabopolasar, rìgh Bhabiloin ann an co-bhoinn an aghaidh Ninebheh, agus do bhrìgh gu'n robh tomhas aingidheachd a' bhaile sin air

a lionadh, thug an Tighearna thairis e do lamhan a naimhdean. Thainig "esan a phronnasann am bloighdibh, a nios fa comhair;" bha "fuaim slait-sgiursaidh, agus torman farum nan rothan, agus nan each meam-nach, agus nan carbad leumnach" r'an cluinntinn anns na sraidean; "bha geatachan na h-aimhne air am fosgladh, agus bha 'n luchairt air a sgaoileadh;" "cha robh crìoch air na cairbhinnibh;" bha chreach airgid agus oir air "a glacail;" agus "cha chualas guth a teachd-airean nì's mo;" "chunnaic na cinnich a lomnochduidh, agus na rioghachdan a naire."

Tha 'n cunntas a dh' fhag seann sgriobhairean 'n an deigh, agus mar an ceudna aithris an luchd-turuis sin a shiubhail troimh 'n aite, a' cordadh air dhoigh ro-chomhar-raichte ris na dh' innis na faidhean a bha gu tachairt. Tha e air a radh gu'n robh ballachan Ninebheh ceud troidh air airde, trì fichead mìle mu 'n cruairt, agus air an dìon le cuig ceud deug tur (1500)—gach aon diubh da cheud troidh air airde. Tha *Lucian*, aon de luchd-aiteachaidh *Samosata* dluth air an abhainn mhoir *Euphrates*, a sgriobh mu cheud bliadhna an deigh bas Chrìosd, ag innseadh gu n deach as do Ninebheh gu tur, agus nach b' urrainn neach air bith innseadh, urad agus c' ait an robh e 'n a sheasamh.

Re nan ochd ceud deug bliadhna a chaidh seachad on a sgriobh *Lucian*, cha robh aithne air bith air Ninebheh ach a mhain ann an ainm. Chaidh eadhoin a laraichean briste as an t-sealladh; agus an uair a bha luchd-turuis agus daoine foghluinte eile a' tiopndadh suas agus a' rannsachadh gach nì bha air mhaireann de rìomhadh 's de mhoralachd na Greig agus na Roimh, cha robh ach gann for'ais air bith 'g a dheanamh mu Ninebheh no mu Bhabilon, no

oidhirp air bith air a toirt gus an t-aite 's an do sheas luchairtean greadhnach righrean Asiria agus Chaldaea fhaotuinn a mach.

O cheann beagan nine thug cuid de'n luchd-turuis a thaoghail an Asiria fainear aireamh mor de dhuintean 's de tholmain air taobh na h-airde tuath de'n abhainn sin ris an abrar an *Tigris*—abhainn a tha ruith 's an aon chursa ri abhainn *Euphrates*; oir tha iad araon ag aonadh r'a cheile tacan maith m' u' m bheil iad a' taomadh a mach an an Geodha mor Phersia (*Persian Gulf*). Thug aon no dha oidhirp air cladhach am measg nan duintean ud, dh' fheuch am faigheadh iad ni air bith a chuireadh solus air eachdraidh an aite 's an am a dh' fhalbh; ach do bhrigh nach robh aca gach goireas a bha iomchuidh a chum obair de 'n t-seorsa a ghiulan air a h-aghaidh, b' eigin doibh sgar gun a bhi dad ni bu ghlice na bha iad an uair a thoisich iad. Air mullach aon de na duintean so tha uaigh ris an abrar "Uaigh Ionah," agus tha beul-aithris ag radh gur h-ann an so a bha am faidhe air adhlacadh.

Air do dhuin' og, tapaidh d'an ainm *Layard*, agus a tha de naisinn Fhrangaich, iomradh a chluinntin air na duintean 's air na tolmair air an robh sinn a' labhairt, thog e air, agus chadeach stad air a chois gus an d'rainig e bruachan na *Tigris*. Cho luath 's a rainig e 'n t-aite, 's a dh' amhairc e gu mion mu'n cuairt air gach coslas balla, agus tuir a bha r'am faicinn; agus air dha beagan phiocaidean agus shluasaidean a sholar, agus muinntireas a chur air leth-dusan de na h-Arabaich a tha fuireach mu'n aite, thoisich e air cladhach anns an aon a's motha de na duin, a tha mu ochd ceud deug troidh air fad, naoi ceud troidh air leud, agus cuig 's tri fichead troidh air airde. Cha deach iad fad' air

an aghaidh 'n uair a thachair iad air seomraichean ro-eireachdail. Bha ballachan nan seomraichean so air an deanamh suas de leachdan mine air an robh dealbhan each agus charbadan cogaidh, saighdearan mar gu'm biodh iad ag caitheadh le'n saighdean, agus moran grabhalaidh eile de iomad seorsa; ach a thaobh 's gu 'm b' ann le teine a chaidh an tur so a mhilleadh, mar a tha gu soilleir r'a fhaicinn, bha 'chuid mhor de na seomraichean air am briseadh, agus na leachdan air an losgadh gu h-aol. Ach ged a bha moran de na leachdan 's de na h-iomhaidhean a thuit 'n an smur co luath 's a chaidh an rusgadh, gidheadh bha feadhain co cruaidh, shleamhain, agus an grabhaladh co soilleir, cuimhir 's a bha iad riamh? Bha cuid de na dealbhan a' bha air an tilgeadh thairis le h-or agus le nithibh luachmhor eile; agus 'n uair a chunnaic na h-Arabaich an t-or cha robh teagamh aca nach b' ann air toir ulaidh, no ionmhas foluichte a bha *Mr. Layard*; agus bha mor ioghnadh orra, 'n uair a thuit e rin gur clachan a bha esan ag iarraidh, agus gu 'm feudadh iadsan gach or agus airgid a gheibheadh iad a ghleidheadh. Bha na daoine so, mar a tha sluagh na cearn' sin gu leir, ro aineolach araon air eachdraidh an duthcha fein agus dhuthchannan eile, agus mar sin cha b' urrainn doibh a thuigsinn ciod an toileachadh no 'bhuannachd a bheireadh e do neach, a mhaoin agus 'nine chaith-eadh air ni a bha co faoin 'n an beachdsan. Cha d' fhairich iadsan riamh an dian iarrtas a bha aig *Mr. Layard* gu ni-eigin fhaotainn a chuireadh solus air cleachdadh agus suidheachadh nan Asirianach anns na linntean cian 's an do labhair na faidhean, agus air son an robh e nis "a' rannsachadh mar air son ionmhas foluichte."

Goirid 'n a dheigh so chuir na Mahomadanaich a bha mu'n cuairt an aite stad air *Mr Layard* s air a chuid daoine, a' cumail a mach gu'n robh iad a' milleadh uaighean nam *fìor Chrìosduidhean* (na Mahomada-naich!); ach dhearbh *Mr Layard* gu ro sheolta dhoibh nach b' uaighean *Chreidmheach* a bh' anuta; “oir (ars esan) nam b' eadh bhiodh an dara cuid an ceann no 'n casan ri Meca (an t-aite 's a bheil am faidhe breige Mahomad adhlaichte); ach tha sibh a' faicinn nach ann mar sin a tha, agus air an aobhar sin feumaidh gur uaighean *Ana-creidmheach* a th' anna.” Leis a' mhineachadh so bha na Mahomadaich lan riarichte, agus cha do chuir iad tuille grabaidh air. Gidheadh chuir cuid eile de na ciun-chinnidh ioma bacadh air; ach le sìobhaltachd, 's le gleusdachd fhuair e thairis orr' uile.

Aon la, 'n uair a bha iad a' cladhach am measg nan laraichean, ruisg iad iomhaigh shnaidhte de mheudachd mhoir. Cho luath 's a chunnaic na h-Arabaich ceann na h-ìomhaigh so, chrith iad le h-oillt agus thug dithis dhiubh as co luath 's a ghiulaineadh an casan iad a chum an sealladh eagallach a chunnaic iad a chur an ceill d'an ceann-cinnidh. Ann am beagan uine, 'n uair a bha *Mr Layard* a' togail air falbh na h-urach a bha 'comhdach na h-ìomhaigh, chual' e talmraich chos a' tarruing dluth dha, agus 'n uair a thug e suil os a chionn chunnaic e sgaoth de na h-Arabaich le'n ceann-feadhna, uile air mharcaidh, 'n an seasamh air bruaich na claise. 'N uair a chunnaic ian ceann na h-ìomhaigh, ghlaodh iad le aon ghuth, “Cha 'n 'eil dia ann ach Dia, agus 's e Mahomad 'Fhaidhe!” Cha chreideadh na h-Arabaich an toiseach nach b' e aon de na *bocain*, no de na *h-urraisgean* air a bheil iomradh ro thrì ann an seann sgeulachdan an duthcha 'bh' ann; ach an deigh

morán iompaidh, ghlaodh an ceann-feadhna de mhisnich na theirinn do 'n t-sloc. 'N uair a lainsich e 'n iomhaigh, ghlaodh e gu h-ard, “Cha d'rinneadh an obair so riamh le lamhan dhaoine,—’s iad na fannairean ana-creideach mu 'n bheil an Faidhe—sith gu 'n robh maille ris! ag radh, gu 'n robh iad na bu mho na chraobh a b' airde 's a' choille—’s e so aon de na h-ìodhalan a mhal-laich Noah,—sith gu 'n robh maille ris! roimh laithean na dìle;” agus anns a' bheachd so dh'aontaich gach Arabach a bha 'lathair. 'N uair a shocraich na cuisean thoisich an luchd-cladhaich a rithis, agus mu'n deach a ghrian fodha ruisg iad iomhaigh eile de 'n aon mheud, 's de 'n aon choltas ris a' cheud aon! Aig na h-ìomhaighean so bha aghaidhean mar aghaidh duine, bha 'n cuirp agus an cosan mar leoghain, agus bha sgiathan aca mar sgiathan iolaire. Bha gach aon diubh mu dhusan troidh air fad, agus mu'n tuaiream cheudn' air airde! Leis an toil-intinn a ghabh *Mr Layard* ris na h-ìomhaighean so rinn e feisd ro mhor do na h-Arabaich air an oidhche sin, agus chaith e fein agus iadsan tacan maith 'an cuideachd a cheile, le mor chridhealas agus ghreadhnachas. Chomhdaich *Mr Layard* na h-ìomhaighean so thairis le peallagan 's le luirichean ioma-gnetheach, 's chum e luchd faire orra 'latha 's a dh-oidhche.

S.

(Ri leantuinn.)

Tha briathran coltach ri saighdean—cha bu choir an tilgeil air thuairam.

Tha againn dà chluas ach gun ach aon teanga, uime sin bu choir dhuinn moran a chluinntinn agus beagan a labhairt.

Tha an ti a ta 'deanamh maith do dhuine eile, a' deanamh, mar an cendna, maith dha fein, cha 'n e mha'n 's an am a ta ri teachd, ach 's an am a ta lathair. Is mor an duais deagh choguis a bhi 'toirt fianuis air deagh dheanadas.

SEANN SGEULACHDAN MU
BHRAID-ALBANN.

II.—DONNACHADH DUBH.

Anns na laithibh 's an robh Donnachadh Dubh 'n a Mhorair air Bealach a's Braid-Albann thainig ordugh mach o'n Rìgh gu Clann-Ghriogair a sgrios. Chaidh na Caimbeulaich agus Donnachadh Dubh cho fada 's a b' urr' iad gus an ordugh oilteil ud a choilionadh le bhi murtadh gach neach de Chloinn Ghriogair a choinnicheadh iad. Bha nighean aig Donnachadh Dubh a thuit an gaol air fear de Chloinn-Ghriogair. Theich an dithis a's phos iad. Bha Donnachadh Dubh gu dian an toir air companach a niginn, air feadh nam bean, nan gleann 's nan coilltean; agus mu dheireadh ghlac e e. Chaidh an Griogarach a thoirt gu Bealach, agus an ceann a sgathadh dheth le tuaidh. Rinn nighean Dhonnachaidh (bean Mhic-Griogair) an cumha a leanas, air di a hathair agus Cailean a brathair 'fhaicinn a' marbhadh a fir, 's a ceud leanabh air a glun:—

Moch madainn air la Linnas
Bha mi 'sugradh mar ri m' ghradh,
Ach mu 'n d' thainig meadhon latha
Bha mo chridhe air a chradh.

Ochan, ochan, ochan, uiridh,
'S goirt mo chridhe 'laigh;
Ochan, ochan, ochan, uiridh,
Cha chluinn d' athair ar caoidh.

Mollachd aig maithean 's aig cairdean
'Rinn mo chradh air an doigh,
'Thainig gun fhios air mo ghradh-sa
'S a thug fo smachd e le foill.

Na 'm biodh da fhear dheug deth 'chinn-
each
A's mo Ghriogair air an ceann,
Cha bhiodh mo shuil a' sileadh dheur
No mo leanabh fein gun daimh.

Chuir iad a cheann air stocan daraich
'S dhoirt iad fhuil mu lar;
Na 'm biodh agam-sa 'n sin copan
Dh'òlainn d' i mo shàth.

'S truagh nach robh m' athair ann an
galar
Agus Cailean ann am plaigh
Ged bhiodh nighean an Ruthainich
'Suathadh bhas a's lamh.

Chuirinn Cailean liath fo ghlasaibh
'S Donnachadh Dubh an laimh;
'S gach Caimbeulach a tha 'm Bealach
Gu giulan nan glas-laimh!

Rainig mise Reidhlean Bhealaich
'S cha d' fhuair mi ann tàmh;
Cha d' fhàg mi roinn de m' fhalt gun
tarring,
No cràicionn air mo laimh.

'S truagh nach robh mi 'n riochd na h-uiseig
'S spionnadh Ghriogair 'ann am laimh;
'S i chlach a b' airde anns a' chaisteal
A chlach a b' fhaighe do 'n làr!

'S truagh nach robh Fionnlairig 'n a lasair
A's Bealach mor na 'smal,
'S Griogair bàn nam basa geala
Bhi eadar mo dha laimh.

Ged tha mi gun ubhlan agam,
'S ubhlan uil' aig each,
'S ann tha m' ubhal cubhraidh, grinu
A's cul a chinn ri làr.

'S ged tha mnaitibh chaich aig baile
'S na 'n laidhe na 'n cadal seimh
'S ann 'bhios mis' aig brusaich mo leapa
Bualadh mo dha laimh.

'S mòr a b' annsa 'bhi aig Griogair
Air feadh coille 's fraoich,
Na 'bhi aig Baran crion na Dalach
A'n tigh cloich' a's aoil.

'S mòr a b' annsa 'bhi aig Griogair
A' cur a' chruidh do 'n ghleann,
Na bhi aig Baran crion na Dalach
'G'òl air fion 's air leann.

'S mòr a b' annsa bhi aig Griogair
Fo bhrata ruibeach roinn,
Na bhi aig Baran crion na Dalach
'Giulan sìod' a's sìoil.

Ged bhiodh cur a's cathadh ann
A's latha nan seachd sìon,
Gheibheadh Griogair dhomhsa cragan
'S an caidreamaid fo dhion.

Ba lu, ba lu astaim bhig,
Cha 'n 'eil thu fhathasd ach tlà;
'S eagal leam nach tig an latha
Gu 'n diol thu d' athair gu brath.

B'i "Nighean an Ruthainich" a
th' air a h-ainmeachadh 's an oran,

mathair na te a bha 'caoidh a fir. Air do'n leanabh fas gu bhi'n a dhuine mor, thug e turus gu Caisteal Bhealaich, agus chaidh an tuadh leis an do mharbhadh 'athair a chur 'n a laimh. Sheall e gu brouach oirre, 's an deigh sin thug e i do'n neach a thug dha i. Bha cuid a theireadh gu'm bu ghealtair e bho nach do sgath e'n ceann de'n neach a thug dha i. Cha'n'eil teagamh nach d' rinn an gille na b' fhearr leis mar rinn e.

III.—IAIN GLAS.

Bha Iain Glas, Morair a Bhealaich, 'n a dhuine ro sheolta agus ro chnìlbheirteach. 'S ann gle ainmig a dheanadh e mearachd ann an ni sam bith agus an cuireadh e 'laimh. Le faicil agus geur-thuigse air nadar na muinntir ris an robh e roinn, bheireadh e air gach ni tachairt mar bu mhiann leis; air an aobhair sin bha sluagh na duthcha 'creidsinn gu 'n robh buidseachd aige; a's cha chuireadh iad diumb air, ni mo dhiultadh iad e. Bha a chuid daoine 'creidsinn gu 'm b' urrainn da an gleidheadh bho gach cunnart. Tha 'n sgeul a leanas air 'aithris mar dhearbhadh air a thapachd:—

Bha fearg air Iain Glas ris an Iarla Chatach, agus chuir e roimhe creach a thogail naithe. Thug e ordugh do 'chuid dhaoine a bhi cruinn air latha araid aig Fionnlairig. Chrinnich na fir bho gach gleann mar a dh' iarradh orra. An sin ghabh Iain Ghlas doigh air na daoine 'bu thapaidhe a thaghadh airson na seirbhis a bha 'n a bheachd. Chaidh breacan a chrochadh eadar dithis dhiubh gus an robh an oir a 'beantainn do'n làr. Gach fear a leumadh thairis air a' bhreacan mar so fo lan armachd chuireadh air leth e airson dol do Chataobh. Leum trì cheud fear thairis air a' bhreacan; agus an sin dh' ordaich Iain Glas biadh a chur air beulaobh nam fear mu'n

gabbadh iad an turus. Am measg nam biadh bha mios bhrochain, agus chaidh iarraidh air gach neach ol aisde. Thuig na daoine gu'n do chuir e giseagan anns a' bhrochan, agus dh' òl iad an sath dbeth. Chaidh iad air an turus. Thug iad creach mhor leo bho na Cataich gun aon duine chall. 'N uair a bha iad a' pilltinn dachaidh dh' fhas fear de na fir gu tinn as dh' eug e. Cha do ghabh an duine so de'n mheis bhrochain mu'n d' fhalbh iad, oir bha e aig an tigh a' toirt leis ni-eigin a dhi-chuimhuich e. Le so bha cach an lan bharrail gur h-i a' bhuaidh a bha 's a' bhrochan a chum iadsan bho gach ole a's aimhleas.

D.C.

COMHRADH.

EADAR MURACHADH BAN AGUS COINNEACH CIOBAIR.

MUR.—Failte na maidne dhuit, a Choinnich; is moch a dh' fhag thu an Goirtean Fraoibh an diugh. Tha duil agam gu'n robh thu a' strith ris a' ghrein, agus a reir mo bheachd-sa is tusa a's luaith' a dh' eirich oir tha astar fada eadar so a's do dhachaidh-sa agus a thuilleadh air sin tha 'n la fiuch, na raointean bog, agus an t-slighe gun teagamh gach ni ach taitneach. Dean suidhe a steach ris an teine, cuir dhiot do chas-bheart, agus dean na's urrainn thu chum thu fein a thiorrachadh.

COIN.—Moran taing dhuit, a Mhurachaidh, ach tha mi co tioram ri arcan. Cha d' thainig mi o'n bhaile an diugh; cha d' eirich mi gus an robh e sea uairean, cha do ghabh mi mo lon-maidne gus an robh e seachd, agus cha do choisich mi an diugh ach o thigh Alasdair Mhic-Ruairidh, ogha brathar mo sheapar far an d' rainig mi an raoir, agus far an cuala mi moch an diugh gu'n do chuir thusa an oidhche seachd an

so maille ri do charaid coir fein, Uilleam Mor. Uime sin, ghreas mi orm chum gu'm faicinn thu, agus fhir mo chridhe, thugadh a nis an solas sin dhomh.

MUR.—Cha 'n fhaca 's cha chual' mi riamh ni sam bith ni 's fortanaich' na sin, oir cha chluinn Uilleam Mor guth air mise so fhagail an diugh, agus ma leigeas do ghnothuch leat-sa e, a Choimnich, fanaidh tu maille ri msa gu feasgar agus bithidh la againn dheth, agus mo lamh-sa dhuit gu 'n altaich Uilleam Mor agus Cairistiona a bhean eireachdail do bheatha an so, ged a dh' fhanadh tu fad seachdain.

COIN.—Cha 'n 'eil mi 'cur sin 's an teagamh idir, a Mhurachaidh, fanaidh mi gu feasgar co dhiubh, agus cha ghoirid an uime sin. Ach ciamar tha iad uile agad; a Mhurachaidh, eadar bheag agus mhor, agus ciamar tha 'n crodh?

MUR.—Tha sinn uile gun deireas, agus tha dochas agam gu'm bheil Seonaid agus an oigridh gu leir air an cosaibh.

COIN.—Cha 'n 'eil fath a bhi 'gear-an. Bha Seonaid o cheann da la gle chrosda, frionnasach leis a' chneidh-fhiacal, ach is eucail sin nach tarruing moran truais o' n chridhe.

MUR.—Is eucail i gidheadh, a tharruingeas na cnamhan asan fheoil, agus cha 'n fhurast do mhac an duine, mar is deagh-fhios domhsa, cur suas le sin. Tha a chneidh-fhiacal gabhaidh guineach gun teagamh, ach o nach 'eil i, mar a theirear marbhtach, cha ghabh iadsan nach do mhothuich riamh i suin di, agus uime sin, cha nochd iad ach co-fhulangas ro bheag.

COIN.—Ach ciod an leabhar a tha agad an sin, a Mhurachaidh, a tha air a cheangladh co ro ghrinn? Faiceam e. Ochan! mo dheagh charaid, an GAIDHEAL? Nach tu a chuir suas gu riomhach, grinn e! Seadh, da aireamh dheug. Is mais-

each e, agus c'ait an faighear a leithid?

MUR.—Tha thu 'faicinn, a Choimnich, gleidhear gu curamach, glan, tearuint' e mar sin, agus cha 'n eirich dochunn sam bith dha.

COIN.—Cha 'n eil e co furasd an t-Ard-Albannach ceualta a dheanamh suas mar sin a thaobh a mheud, ach thoill esan curam a bhi air a ghabhail deth mar an ceudua.

MUR.—Tha e ceart co furasd, ma ghleidheas tu gach aireamh gun reubadh, gun mhilleadh.

COIN.—Ma ghleidheas mi iad! gleidhidh ceart co curamach ris na puinnid Shasunnach, agus moran ni 's cinntiche, oir tha gne sgiathan aig na puinnid Shasunnach agus gun fhios gun aire dhomh itealaichidh iad air falbh. Le tuiteamas thachair mi an la roimh air duine tuigseach, tlachdmhor, coir a inhuinntir Inbhirnis, agus thainig aige air labhairt mu 'n toilinntinn a bh' aige o bhi 'leughadh nan seann sgeul aig an TEACHDAIRE GHADHEALACH, aig CUAIRTEAN NAN GLEANN, FEAR-TATHAICH NAM BEANN, agus aig a' GHADHEAL, an t-Ard-Albannach, agus an leithidibh sin. Rinn mi solas ris a' choigreach cheualta d' am b' ainm Sim Friseil, duine da-rireadh gasda, ceatharnach foghainteach aig an robh deagh eolas air an Sgiathanach, a chaidh, thubhairt e, gu minic a dh-amharc air, 'an uair a bha e 'fulang le euslaint 'n a chosaibh; ach an uair a chunnaic mise e bha na cosan gu ro mhaith a' deanamh an dleas 'nais; agus bha 'la ann an uair nach cuir-eadh na h-uile fear druim an Fhriseilich choir sin gu talamh!

MUR.—Tha mi 'cluinntinn gach lide a deir thu, a Choimnich, ach dean suidhe, agus stoldaich thu fein, agus innis domh beagan mu d' thuras Eir-eannach, agus mu gach cearnadh chum an deachaidh Sir Seumas agus thu fein air feadh na seann rioghachd sin?

COIN.—Dh'innis mi roimhe dhuit, a Mhurachaidh, gu'n do chuir an toit-long air tìr sinn ann am *Belfast* agus b'e sin *Belfast* na bochduinn dhomhsa.

MUR.—Ciod a dh'eirich dhuit a Choinnich, ann am *Belfast*, baile mòr le sraidibh fada, farsuing, agus lionmhorachd sluaigh?

COIN.—Agam-sa tha fios air sin, a Mhurachaidh, agus fios air mo chosdas. Chaidh sinn dh'ionnsuidh Tigh-osda mor le dealbh feidh os ceann an doruis, agus gun teagamh rinn mo chridhe solas ris a' cheann chrochdach an duil gu'm fac e Gaidhealtachd na h-Alba roimhe so. Ach co dhiubh, an deigh dhuinn gach goireas a dheanadh maith dhuinn 'fhaotuinn, chuir mo mhaighstir a mach mi an deigh dhorch-oidhche a dh-iarraidh gne thombaca air an robh ainm neonach a thug e dhomh sgrìobhta air cuibhrig geal litreach. An sin dh'fhalbh mi, agus bha na sraidean gle thaitneach agus leth-shoilleir leis na lochranaibh a bha air an snidheachadh aig astar araidh o cheile. Sheas mi aig aite a bha ann an cuil ri taobh na sraide, agus chunnaic mi Eireannach an sin 'n a sheasamh aig dors tighe big a thogadh le fiodh; agus bha e ag eigheach gu cruaidh, agus le 'uile neart, ris an t-slugh gu dol a steach, agus gu'm faiceadh iad ni miorbhuileach, eadhon each le 'cheann far am bu choir 'earball a bhi. Bha cuireadh aig na h-mìle gu dol a stigh air son da agillinn. Stigh a ghabh mise maille ris na ficheadaibh eile, agus mar amadan mor sheas mi an sin, agus chunnaic mi an t-each miorbhuileach sin mu'n do ghlaodh an t-Eireannach le 'uile sgairt, chum n' am b' urrainn dasan, gu'm faiceadh na h-uile e.

MUR.—Seadh, chunnaic thu an t-each, agus an robh e mar a thubhairt an duine luideagach, bith-bhriatharach a bha co cruaidh a' cur bhuaidh-

ean iongantach an ainmhidh an ceill?

COIN.—Ochan! is e' bha. Chunnaic mi each beag, ballach, gorm 'n a sheasamh le 'cheann a mach agus le thulchainnaigceann shuas na prasaich far am bu choir d'a cheann a bhi. Thuig mi gu h-ealamh an cleas a rinneadh orm, ach cha dubhairt mi diog; mar nach dubhairt neach eile de na bha a stigh. An uair a chaidh sinn a mach air duinn a bhi, ma b' fhior, lan iougantais, bhruchd na ficheadan eile a stigh, gu bhi air am mealladh mar a bha sinne. Ach cha'n e sin a mhaing a chuir dorran orm, oir bu bheag agam e, ach dh'eirich altrap ro thubaisteach dhomh. Cha luaith' a dh'fhag mi am bothan 's an robh an t-each, agus a rainig mi' an t-sraid na dh'iondraiun mi mo sporran anns an robh trì puinn Shasunnach ann an or, agus beagan a dh'airgiod briste. Thugadh as mo phoca an sporran le fear-reubainn gun fhios gun aire dhomh, anns an domhladas sluaigh a bha 'g amharc air an each tubaisteach a bha an sin, agus cha'n fhaigh mi e a chaoidh.

MUR.—Cha mhaith a dh'eirich dhuit idir, a Choinnich choir, is daor a phaigh thu air son an t-seallaidh a a fhuair thu dhe'n each bhallach; ach ciod a dh'eirich dhuit—ciod a rinn thu?

COIN.—Sheas mi tacan beag far an robh mi, a' rannsachadh gach aite mu'n cuairt domh, ach ochan! bha 'n call gun teagamh deunta. Bha duin'-usal, co dhiubh ann an coslas, 'n a sheasamh ri m' thaobh, chunnaic e gu'n robh ni-eigin am mearachd, agus dh'fhoighneachd e ciod a dh'eirich dhomh? Dh'innis mi dha, agus thubhairt e rium stad an sin mionaid no dha. Rinn mi sin agus ghlaodh esan fear-eigin air ainm, agus ghrad thainig duine foghainteach, ard, le bioraid bhioraich air a cheann, crios mor, dealrach m'a chom, agus

bàta beag, buidhe 'n a laimh; agus chuir e lan a' pheice de cheistibh orm. Dh'fharraid e co as a thainig mi, c'ainm bha orm, ciod a bha mi 'deanamh, cait an robh mi fuireach, ciod an dath, a' chumadh, agus an cleanamh a bh' air mo sporran, ciod an t-airgiod a bha ann, cuin a dh'ionndrainn mi e, agus ceistean gun cheann gun chrich mar sin, ach dh'fhalbh esan, agus dh'fhalbh mise gu bronach dhachaidh chum Tigh-osda an Fheidh.

MUR.—Cia mar a dh'eirich dhuit a ris?

COIN.—Dh'innis mi gu saor gach ni mar a thachair do Shir Seumas, agus rinn e lasgan gaire. Thubhairt e, "A nis, a Choinnich, teagaisgidh fear an eich bhig, bhallaich, ghuirm, gliocas duit, agus feumaidh tu sin mu 'n suibhail thu Innis-fail o cheann gu ceann. Ach c'ait am bheil mo thombaca, air son an do chuir mi mach thu? An do chaill thu esan mar an ceudna?" Fhreachair mi Sir Seumas, agus thubhairt mi gu 'n robh an tombaca far an robh e riamh air mo shonsa, do bhrigh nach robh sgillinn ruadh agam a cheannaicheadh e. Cha dubhairt an duin'-uasal a bheag, ach a mhain so, gu 'n teagaisgeadh cleachdannan an t-saoghail agus nan Eireannach gliocas dhomh.

MUR.—Cha d'fhuair thu do theagasg a nasgaidh, a Choinnich, agus cha 'n 'eil fhios agam c'ait am faigheadh. Comadh co dhiubh, cha 'n 'eil teagamh nach d'thug do Mhaighstir sporran ur le 'lan airgid dhuit an ait an fhir a chaill thu.

COIN.—Is esan a rinn sin air ball. Mach a ghabh mi a ris, agus cha do chum each, no asail, no Eireannach mise gun tilleadh gun dail leis an tombaca, agus bha gach cuis ceart.

MUR.—Ach ciod a dh'eirich dhuit a ris, a charaid choir, agus c'ait an deachaidh tu air an ath la?

COIN.—Dh'fhalbh Sir Seumas agus mi fein air an ath mhaduinn, agus thug sinn Baile-Cliath oirnn air an t-slighe-iaruinn; agus O! b'e 'm baile maiseach e, le aitreabhan aluinn, sraidean lurach, tighean greadhnach, agus gach ni eile a reir sin. Gu dearbh chord Eirinn air fad rium anabarrach maith. Is briagh an duthaich i, agus is aluinn na glinn, na beannta, na machraichean, na h-aibhnichean, agus na lochan sail agus uisge a chithear ann.

MUR.—Cha 'n 'eil teagamh idir nach i sin an fhirinn, a Choinnich, ach am fac thu moran dhe 'n duthaich re na h-uine a bha thu innte?

COIN.—Chunnaic mi ach beag gach siorramachd's an rioghachd. Bha sinn a' siubhal gach la o dheas gu tuath, o 'n ear gus an iar, agus a' taghal bhailtean, agus mhachraichean, thighean nan tuathanach, agus chaistealan nan uaislean, agus mhaithean na tire. Seadh, c'ait anus nach robh sinn, oir bha luchd-eolais aig Sir Seumas anns gach ait agus ionad. Chunnaic sinn moran spreidh de gach seorsa, crodh-dubh, caoraich, agus eich; agus cheannaich mo mhaighstir na chuireadh stoc air an oighreachd aige air fad; agus cha 'n fhios domh-sa c'ait an cuir e an darna leth dheth, ach 's e sin a ghnothuch-san.

MUR.—Ach am bheil sgil aige-san air feudal? Am faithnich e deagh bheathach cruiddh, no eich, no caorach?

COIN.—Is ainneamh fear aig am bheil suil ni 's fearr air each agus air damh, ach cha 'n 'eil e co tur eolach air fìor chaora mhaith. Ach dh'earb e na bha a dhith air ri uaislibh thall agus a bhos gu bhi air an cur 'n a dheigh air muir aig an am fhreacharrach, agus le sin cha robh iad chum dragh sam bith dhomhsa, ach a mhain gu 'm fac' mi iad; agus ma chunnaic b'fhearr leam gu mro

feudal nam beann Albannach; ach gach duine d'a thoil fein.

MUR.—Bu mhor a b' fheairrd thu do thuras Eireannach, a Choinnich, oir thug e eolas duit air daoineibh, agus air an cleachdannaibh—eolas nach faigheadh tu re linn's a' Ghoirt-ean-Fhraoich.

COIN.—Cha 'n 'eil teagamh idir air sin, agus cha robh mo shaothair cailte a thaobh gu 'm fac' agus gu 'n enala mi iomadh ni ris nach b' urrainn thu gum ghaire a dheanamh. Tha iad 'u an sluagh air leth air son beumadaireachd, cas-fhreagairtean, agus geur-chainnte.

MUR.—Is fhad o 'n chual' sinn mu thapachd agus mu theomachd nan Eireannach, ach is i mo bharail gu 'm bheil na buaidhean aca air an doigh so air am meudachadh thar tomhais, agus nach 'eil iad ach mar shluagh eile. Gun teagamh fhuair iad an t-ainm, agus tha deagh fhios agad sa air firinn an t-sean-fhocail, "Am fear aig am bheil an t-ainm gu bhi 'g eirigh gu moch, gu 'm feud e cadal a dheanamh gu h-oidheche."

COIN.—Tha sin uile gle cheart, agus gu sonraichte a thaobh an t-sean-fhocail, ach an deigh sin uile, fhuair mise iomadh dearbhadh, re mo cheilidh ghoirid ann an Eirinn, gu 'm bheil muiuntir na rioghachd sin air an deacadh gu nadurra chum a bhi geur-bhriathrach, bearradaoh, agus thar tomhais bennach. Agus is iomadh gaire mor a thug iad air Sir Seumas a dheanamh, 'n am doibh a bhi labhairt ris anns a' Bheurla, cainnt nach tuiginn sa ach air mhodh neo-iomlan.

MUR.—Tha mi 'g ad chreidsinn, a Choinnich, ach chum a' chuis sin thagail gu uair eile an deigh so, theid sin dh' ionnsaidh ni eite, agus 's e so e, an eual thu idir na h-Eireannaich a' labhairt na Gaidhlig?

COIN.—A' labhairt na Gaidhlig! Ochan! bha iongantas orm air la

araidh, air domh a dhol a mach a h-amharc mu 'n onairt domh, an uair a bha Sir Seumas a' deanamh ghnothuichean maille ri duin' uasal o 'n do cheannaich e feudal; thug mi an rathad-mor orm fad leth-mhile, eadar da riagh de chraobhaibh aillidh, dosrach, uaine, ard, agus thainig mi air seisear dhaoine calma, tapaidh, air an robh fallus a' leasachadh an rathaid. Air domh dluthachadh riutha, thog iad an cinn, agus thubhairt iad riinn 's a' Bheurla, "Is briagh, blath an la so." Bha iongantas orm, gun teagamh, ach fhreagair mo gu sìobhalta na fir, agus ghrad thoisich iad air an obair fein. Ach, feuch m' iongantas an uair a chual mi iad a' labhairt na Gaidhlig a cheile. Dh' eisd mi, agus chuinnic iad gu 'n robh ioghnadh orm, agus an sin bu mhoide an sean-achas aca a' cheile a' gaireachdach, agus a' gradh, "Is coigreach so, agus tha iongantas air ann a bhi 'cluinn-tinn canain nach 'eil e a' tuigsinn." Bha gun teagamh iongantas orm an uair a chual mi a' Ghaidhlig far nach robh duil agam rithe, ach bha mi 'tuigsinn a' chuid bu mho dhe 'm briathraibh ged a bha iad 'g an labhairt ni 's braise, agus 'g an gearradh ni 's caise na chual mi a' Ghaidhlig 'n ar duthaich fein. Ach co dhiubh, ann an uine ghoirid, thubhairt mi, "Tha mi 'faicinn fheara, gu 'm bheil Gaidhlig agaibh." Thog iad an cinn, thilg iad am piocaidean air an lar, sheall iad orm mar gu 'm biodh adh-aircean air mo' cheann, leum iad air an aghaidh, agus rug iad air mo dhalaimh, agus thug iad crathadh cairdeil, cridheil dhoibh, ag eigheach, "Albannaich, Albannaich tha sinn toilichte d' fhaicinn!" Dh' fhan mi maille riu re uair na dinneir aca. Thug iad cuireadh dhomh a dhol maille riu gu tigh-orda a bha goirid o laimh chum deoch a ghabhail maille riu, ach dhiult mi an caoinh-

neas aca le taing, agus dhealaich sinn 'n ar deagh chairdibh.

MUR.—Bha sin uile ro thaitneach, a Choinnich, agus tha mi gle chinnteach gu'n robh iongantas ort a' Ghaidhlig achluinntinn ann an Eirinn. Ach thuigeadh iadsan thusa a labhairt ni b' fhearr na thuigeadh tusa iadsan. Tha aitean ann an Eirinn far nach tuigeadh thu ach fìor neoni dhe'n chanain aca, agus aitean eile far an cumadh tu comhradh ris an t-sluagh dìreach mar a tha thu ag innseadh.

COIN.—Ach tha chùis mar sin 'n ar duthaich fein. Cha dean mise a' bheag de Ghaidhlig Chataobh, node'n Ghaidhlig a ta 'g a labhairt ann an Gleann-sithe, no ann am Braigh-Mhàrr goirid o Bhaile-Mhorair, caisteal na Ban-rìgh coir againn fein. Cha tuig mi ach neoni de Bhardach Rob Dhuinn, agus ochan, ochan, cha b'e Donnachadh Bann againn fein, oir is ann aige-san a bha a' Ghaidhlig bhlada, ghrinn.

“S e Coire Cheathaich nan aighean siubhlach,

An coire rùnach is ùrar fonn,
Gu lurach, miad-fheurach, min-gheal,
sughar,

Gach lus a's ur-bhlath is cùbhraidh leam.”

MUR.—Sin thu fein, a Choinnich, fennaidd sinn la air chor-eigin an deigh so do chluinntinn ri rannaireachd, agus a' gabhail oran, ach leigidh sinn leo sin aig an am so, agus an cluinn sinn tuilleadh mi Eirinn. Ach a nis, co a chual no 'chùnaic thu anns an rioghachd sin air do thuras, a dhearbhadh dhuit gu'm bheil muinntir na tìre sin nì's gear-bhriathraich, agus nì's ealanta ann am freagairtibh na muinntir eile?

COIN.—Cha robh mise fad anns an duthaich sin mar a ta fios agad; ach an deigh sin, thachair mi air na h-uiread a thug barrachd gaireachdaich orm na's urrainn mi a chur an ceill, agus na'n tuiginn iad gu ceart, cha'n eil fios againn ciamar a dh'

fhàgadh iad mi. Air dol a stigh dhomh la àraidh do bhath grèasaich, bha Eireannach bochd an sin, a bha air a sharuchadh co mor 's gu' n robh 'fhallus fein 'g a dhalladh, a' tarruing air a chosaibh bòtan ura a bha tuilleadh's teann dha. Mu dheireadh, a' lasadh be corruich, thilg e air falbh naith iad gu ceann eile an tìghe, agus ghlaodh e a mach ris a' ghreasaich, “Ochan! cha'n fhaigh mise na bòtan tubaisteach sin orm gu brath, agus an caith mi là no dhà iad air mo chosaibh an toiseach!”

MUR.—Bha sin gasda da-rìreadh, a Choinnich, agus bu inhaith an airidh Pat bochd air na botan fhaotuinne na'n rachadh iad idir m' a chosaibh, ach ciod tuilleadh?

COIN.—Ciod tuilleadh! So agad, ma ta, a Mharachaidh; Bha balach beag Eireannach aon la air an t-sraid a' ranaich gu goirt an uair a chunncas e le Ban-tighearna sheirceil a' bha 'gabhail na slighe. Labhair i ris, agus thubhairt i, “Ciod a tha 'cur ort, a bhrogachain thruaigh, an uair a tha thu a' gal mar sin?” “Tha mi 'gal a chiomn gu'n do chaill mi sgillinn a thug momhathair dhomh an diugh.” “Bi samhach, bi samhach, mo ghiullan bochd, agus so dhuit sgillinn eile 'n a h-aite,” agus dh' fhalbh i. Cha deachaidh i ach beagan shlat air a h-aghaidh an uair a chual i am brogach ag eigheach nì's cruaidhe na rinn e riamh. An sin, phill a' bhan - tighearna gu h-ealamh air ais, agus dh' fhoighneachd i dhe'n bhalachan ciod a bha cur air a ris; agus thubhairt e, “Tha dìreach so, a bhean-uasail, mur caillinn a' cheud sgillinn, bhiodh a nis da sgillinn againn.”

MUR.—Bha am brogach bochd airidh air an sgillinn eile fhaotuinne, agus a reir coslais fhuaire se i. Ach a nis, a Choinnich, faigheamaid aon sgeul eile, agus an sin bitheadh sinn, le beannachd, a' bogadh nan gad.

COIN.—Na 'n ceadaicheadh uine bheirinn na ficheadan dhe 'n leithidibh sin duit, a Mhurachaidh, a chunnaic mo dhà shùil fein; ach aig an àm so foghnaidh aon sgeul eile. Bha Eireannach ann an àit' àraidh, cha 'n 'eil cuimha' agam air 'àiam, ach rinn e còrdadh air son sunn shonraichte airgid chum tobar a chladhachadh ann an ionad a chaidh fheuchainn da; agus bha 'n toll gu bhi da fhichead troidh ann an doimhne, chum an t-nisge a ruigheachd. An uair a chladhaich e sìos dluth air an doimhne sin, thainig e air madninn mhoich, agus chunnaic e gu 'n do thuit an uir a stigh gus an robh an toll gu bhi làn, agus ochan, is e a bha cianail, dorranach da-rìreadh. Ach ghrad bhual innleachd 'n a cheann ciod a dheanadh e. Sheall e mu 'n cuairt da air gach taobh, agus cha 'n fhaic e mac mathar am fad no 'm fagus. An sin, thilge dheth a' chuid a's mò dhe 'n endach aige, agus chroch e suas air craoibh e gairid o bheul an tuill, agus dh' fholuich se e fein ann an meadhon pris a bha am fochair an tobar. Cha b' fhad gus an d' thainig muinntir an rathad, agus ma thainig chunnaic iad an toll air a lionadh leis an uir a thuit a stigh, agus bheachdaich iad air an endach aig Pat bochd air a' chraoibh. Thogadh glaodh cianail, agus ruith iad thall's a bhios a chruinneachadh sluaigh, oir cha robh teagamh aig neach, nach do thuit an uir a stigh, agus nach do mhuchadh Pat bochd ann an iochdar an tuill. Chuir iad ris gu maith agus gu romhaith. Chruinnich iad cuinneagan, agus taoid, sluasaidean, agus gach inneal air am b' urrainn iad greim a dheanamh, agus dh' oibrich iad gun sgios gun sgur, agus ann an uine nach robh fada, ruinig iad grunn an an tuill, ach bha iongantach gun choimeas mor orra nach robh Pat Murphy ri fhaicinn an sin beò no

marbh. Air do 'n obair a bhi crìochunichte, ghluais Pat gu ciuin, socaireach a mach as a' phreas, agus thug e moran taing do 'n luchd-oibre air son an caoimhneis agus an dìchill ann an cuideachadh leis mar a rinn iad.

MUR.—Mìle taing, slaint is fànan duit, a Choinnich, is glè thaitneach na nithe sin uile, an uair a bhios iad air an deagh aithris, mar a rinn thusa. Ach tha mi 'n dochas gu 'm bheil la maith eile a' tighinn fathast, agus gu 'n comhlaich sinn a ris r' a cheile, chum barrachd naidheachd a bhì againn. Ma tha thu 'cur ròn had an Goirtean-Fraoich a thoirt ort an nochd, cha 'n eil uine ri chail, oir tha 'n t-slighe fada, agus an rathad garbh. An dochas gu 'm faigh thu Seonaid, na paisdean, agus an crodh, gun dìth, gun deireas; beannachd leat, a' charaid dhilis; agus gu 'm bu maith a ruigeas tu dhachaidh!

ALASDAIR RUADH.

—o—

AIMSIREAN NA BLIADHNA.

A GHÀIDHEIL RÙNAICH.—Bha mi a' runachadh o chionn iomadh latha sgriobhadh ad ionnsaidh mu 'n doigh anns an do chunnt na seana Ghaidheil ainsirean na bliadhna, mar a tha am Faoilteach; an Fheadag; a' Ghobag; "Iomadh sgrios na Feadaig's nam Faoilteach;" Seachdain a' Ghearrain; Seachdain na Caillich; Neoil dhubha na Caisge; Ghasadh na Cuthaige; an Ceitein Earraich; agus "Latha buidhe Bealltainn." Ged a chleachd mi gach oidhirp air so a dheanamh gu coimhlionta, gidheadh tha amharus agam nach 'eil e ceart agam; cha 'n fhaighinn dithis a bha a' co-chòrdadh r' a cheile anns a' chunntas; agus air eagal gu 'n caillear e gu buileach tha mi 'g a chur ad ionnsaidh mar fhuair mi e—theagamh an uair a chithear e anns a' GHÀIDHEAL, gu 'm

neas aca le taing, agus dhealaich sinn 'n ar deagh chairdibh.

MUR.—Bha sin uile ro thaitneach, a Choinnich, agus tha mi gle chinnteach gu'n robh iongantas ort a' Ghaidhlig achluinntinn annan Eirinn. Ach thuigeadh iadsan thusa a labhairt ni b'fhearr na thuigeadh tusa iadsan. Tha aitean ann an Eirinn far nach tuigeadh thu ach fìor neoni dhe'n chanain aca, agus aitean eile far an cumadh tu comhradh ris an t-sluagh dìreach mar a tha thu ag innseadh.

COIN.—Ach tha chùis mar sin 'n ar duthaich fein. Cha dean mise a' bheag de Ghaidhlig Chataobh, no de'n Ghaidhlig a ta 'g a labhairt ann an Gleann-sithe, no ann am Braigh-Mhàrr goirid o Bhaile-Mhorair, caisteal na Ban-rìgh coir againn fein. Cha tuig mi ach neoni de Bhardach Rob Dhuinn, agus ochan, ochan, cha b'e Donnachadh Bàr againn fein, oir is ann aige-san a bha a' Ghaidhlig bhlasda, ghriun.

“'S e Coire Cheathaich nan aighean siubhlach,

An coire rùnach is ùrar fonn,
Gu lùrach, miad-fheurach, min-ghéal,
sughar,

Gach lus a's ur-bhlath is cùbhraidh leam.”

MUR.—Sin thu fein, a Choinnich, feumaidh sinn la air chor-eigin an deigh so do chluinntinn ri rannaireachd, agus a' gabhail oran, ach leigidh sinn leo sin aig an am so, gus an cluinn sinn tuilleadh mu Eirinn. Ach a nis, co a chual no 'chunnaic thu anns an rioghachd sin air do thuras, a dhearbhadh dhuit gu'm bheil muinntir na tìre sin nì's gear-bhriathraich, agus nì's ealanta ann am freagairtibh na muinntir eile?

COIN.—Cha robh mise fad anns an duthaich sin mar a ta fios agad; ach an deigh sin, thachair mi air na h-uiread a thug barrachd gaireachdaich orm na's urrainn mi a chur an ceill, agus na'n tuiginn iad gu ceart, cha'n 'eil fios agam ciamar a dh'

fhagadh iad mi. Air dol a stigh dhomh la àraidh do bhath grèasaich, bha Eireannach bochd an sin, a bha air a sharuchadh co mor's gu'n robh 'fhallus fein 'g a dhaladh, a' tarruing air a chosaibh bòtan ura a bha tuilleadh's teann dha. Mudheireadh, a' lasadh be corruch, thilg e air falbh uaith iad gu ceann eile an tighe, agus ghlaodh e a mach ris a' ghreasaich, “Ochan! cha'n fhaigh mise na bòtan tubaisteach sin orm gu brath, gus an caith mi là no dhà iad air mo chosaibh an toiseach!”

MUR.—Bha sin gasda da-rìreadh, a Choinnich, agus bu mhaith an airidh Pat bochd air na botan fhaotuinna na'n rachadh iad idir m' a chosaibh, ach ciod tuilleadh?

COIN.—Ciod tuilleadh! So agad, ma ta, a Mharrachaidh; Bha balach beag Eireannach aon la air an t-sràid a' ranaich gu goirt an uair a chunncas e le Ban-tighearna sheirceil a' bha 'gabhail na slighe. Labhair i ris, agus thubhairt i, “Ciod a tha 'cur ort, a bhrogachain thruaigh, an uair a tha thu a' gal mar sin?” “Tha mi 'gal a chioun gu'n do chaill mi sgillinn a thug miomhathair dhomh an diugh.” “Bi samhach, bi samhach, mo ghiullan bochd, agus so dhuit sgillinn eile 'n a h-aite,” agus dh' fhalbh i. Cha deachaidh i ach beagan shlat air a h-aghaidh an uair a chual i am brogach ag eigheach nì's cruaidhe na rinn e riamh. An sin, phill a' bhan - tighearna gu h-ealamh air ais, agus dh' fhoighneachd i dhe'n bhalachan ciod a bha cur air a ris; agus thubhairt e, “Tha dìreach so, a bhean-uasail, mur caillinn a' cheud sgillinn, bhiodh a nis da sgillinn agam.”

MUR.—Bha am brogach bochd airidh air an sgillinn eile fhaotuinna, agus a reir coslais fhuaire se i. Ach a nis, a Choinnich, faigheamaid aon sgeul eile, agus an sin bithidh sinn, le beannachd, a' bogadh nan gad.

COIN.—Na 'n ceadaicheadh ùine bheirinn na fheadaiche 'u leithidibh sin duit, a Mhurachaidh, a chunnaic mo dhà shùil fein; ach aig an àm so foghnaidh aon sgeul eile. Bha Eireannach ann an àit' àraidh, cha 'n 'eil cuimha' agam air 'àiam, ach rinn e còrdadh air son suin shonraichte airgid chum tobar a chladhachadh ann an ionad a chaidh fheuchainn da; agus bha 'n toll gu bhi da fhichead troidh ann an doimhne, chum an t-uisge a ruigheachd. An uair a chladhaich e sìos dluth air an doimhne sin, thainig e air madninn mhoich, agus chunnaic e gu 'n do thuit an uir a stigh gus an robh an toll gu bhi làn, agus ochan, is e a bha cianail, dorranach da-rìreadh. Ach ghrad bhuaile innleachd 'n a cheann cìod a dheanadh e. Sheall e mu 'n cuairt da air gach taobh, agus cha 'n fhac e mac mathar am fad no 'm fagus. An sin, thilge dheth a' chuid a's mò dhe 'n eudach aige, agus chroch e suas air craoibh e goirid o bheul an tuill, agus dh' fholuich se e fein ann an meadhon pris a bha am fochair an tobair. Cha b' fhad gus an d' thainig muinntir an rathad, agus ma thainig chunnaic iad an toll air a lionadh leis an uir a thuit a stigh, agus bheachdaich iad air an eudach aig Pat bochd air a' chraoibh. Thogadh glaoth cianail, agus ruith iad thall's a bhios a chruinneachadh sluaigh, oir cha robh teagamh aig neach, nach do thuit an uir a stigh, agus nach do mhuchadh Pat bochd ann an iochdar an tuill. Chuir iad ris, gu maith agus gu romhaith. Chruinnich iad cuinneagan, agus faoid, sluasaidean, agus gach inneal air am b' urrainn iad greim a dheanamh, agus dh' oibrich iad gun sgios gun sgar, agus ann an uine nach robh fada, ruinig iad grunnan an tuill, ach bha iongantach gun choimeas mor orra nach robh Pat Murphy ri fhaicinn an sin beò no

marbh. Air do 'n obair a bhi crìochnuichte, ghluais Pat gu ciuin, socaireach a mach as a' phreas, agus thug e moran taing do 'n luchd-oibre air son an caoimhneis agus an dìchill ann an cuideachadh leis mar a rinn iad.

MUR.—Mìle taing, slaint is furan duit, a Choinnich, is glè thaitneach na nithe sin uile, an uair a bhios iad air an deagh aithris, mar a rinn thusa. Ach tha mi 'n dochas gu 'm bheil la maith eile a' tighinn fathast, agus gu 'n comhlaich sinn a ris r' a cheile, chum barrachd naidheachd a bhì againn. Ma tha thu 'cur ròn had an Goirtean-Fraoich a thoirt ort an nochd, cha 'n eil uine ri chlà, oir tha 'n t-slighe fada, agus an rathad garbh. An dochas gu 'm faigh thu Seonaid, na paisdean, agus an crodh, gun dìth, gun deireas; beannachd leat, a' charaid dhilis; agus gu 'm bu maith a ruigeas tu dhachaidh!

ALASDAIR RUADH.

—o—

AIMSIREAN NA BLIADHNA.

A GHÀIDHEIL RÙNAICH.—Bha mi a' runachadh o chionn iomadh latha sgriobhadh ad ionnsaidh mu 'n doigh anns an do chumt na seana Ghaidheil aimsirean na bliadhna, mar a tha am Faoilteach; an Fheadag; a' Ghobag; "Ionadh sgrios na Feadaig's nam Faoilteach;" Seachdain a' Ghearrain; Seachdain na Caillich; Neoil dhubha na Caisge; Glasadh na Cuthaige; an Ceitin Earraich; agus "Latha buidhe Beall-tainn." Ged a chleachd mi gach oidhirp air so a dheanamh gu coimhlionta, gidheadh tha amharas agam nach 'eil e ceart agam; cha 'n fhaighinn dithis a bha a' co-chòrdadh r' a cheile anns a' chumt; agus air eagail gu 'n caillear e gu buileach tha mi 'g a chur ad ionnsaidh mar fhuair mi e—theagamh an uair a chithear e anns a' GHÀIDHEAL, gu 'm

bi neach eigin ri 'fhaotainn a chuir-eas ceart e, oir is duilich gu 'n rachadh e as an t-sealladh uile gu leir.

Oidhche agus gearr-mhìos Shamhain gu Feill-Andrais, agus trì oidhcheachan a dh-easbhuidh a' ghearr-mhìos eadar Feill-Andrais agus Nollaig.

Seachdain Nollaig, Seachdain Coinnle, agus Seachdain Sainseil.

Toisichidh am Faoilteach Gearraidh aig ceann cheithir seachdainean agus trì laithean an deigh Latha-Coinnle, eadhon an 29mh là de cheud mhìos na bliadhna (January), agus crìochnaichidh e air an 12mh latha d'an dara mìos (February). Toisichidh am Faoilteach Earraich air a' 14mh latha agus crìochnaichidh e air an 28mh latha; mar sin is i uine an Fhaoiltich ceithir-la-deug air gach taobh de Latha-Fheill-Brìghde.

Thig an sin Tri latha Feadaig agus ceithir latha Gobaig — fìor dhroch shìd; mar a theirear:—

“'S mise 'n Fheadag sgriosach luath;
Marbham caora, marbham uan,
'S marbham gabhar ri aon tràth.”

Thig a nis Seachdain iomadh-sgobach nam Feadag 's nam Faoilteach: crìochnaichidh so air a' 14mh latha d'an Mhàrt.

Tha an sin ann—

“Sgiorraidhean na Feill-Conain,
'S doinionn na Feill-Pàraig.”

Is e so an cur an t-sìl.

“Eisd a' chiad Mhàrt,
'S an dara Màrt,
'S an treasa Màrt ma 's eadar e;
Ach ole air mhaith g' an bi an t-sìd,
Cuir an sìol 's an fhìor Mhàrt,
Gar an rachadh tu do cheithir fad
fein an aghaidh na gaoith tuath.”

Tha a nis agad an 28mh latha d'an Mhàrt.

'N a dheigh so tha agad Seachdain na Caillich, a chrìochnaicheas air a' 4mh latha d'an Ghiblein (April). Air an latha so tilgidh a' Chailleach uaipè an slachdan-druidheachd leis

an robh i a' cumail fodha a' chinneis fad na dùbhlachd, agus tha i ag radh:—

“Dh'fhag e shìos mi,
Dh'fhag e shuas mi,
Dh'fhag e eadar mo dha chluais mi;
Dh'fhag e thall mi,
Dh'fhag e bhios mi,
Dh'fhag e eadar mo dha chois mi.”

Tilgidh i an sin uaipè an slachdan aig bun craoibh-chuilinn air nach cinn duilleach no dos gu toiseach na h-ath dùbhlachd, agus teichidh i le sgread oillteil do' n fhasach.

Tha an sin ann Neoil dhubha na Càisge, agus Glasadh na Cuthaige, a mhaireas ochd latha deug; an deigh sin ochd latha deug de Cheitein Earraich, agus an sin “Latha buidhe Bealltainn.”

ARGATHALIAN.

Baile 'n Obain,
An Màrt, 1874.

SOP AS GACH SEID.

Esan a tha a ghnath deas gu bhi 'toirt comhairle, tha feum mor aige fein oirre.

Is ann aige-san is mò a their is lugha tha ri radh.

Is aithne do' n duine ghlic 'aineolas fein, ach tha an t-amadan an barail gur aithne dha na h-uile nithe.

Seachain an t-suil a tha teoma air faicinn an uile agus mall a dh-fhaicinn a' mhaith.

Tha eadar-dhealachadh mor eadar a bhi ag urnaigh, agus a bhi ag aithris urnaigh.

Cha 'n urrainnear a radh gu 'n d' thainig bas ath-ghoirid air-san a chunnaic laithean fada.

Cha 'n 'eil ni sam bith urramach nach 'eil neo-lochdach, no ni sam bith suarach nach 'eil a' tarmachadh an uile.

Iadsan a tha toigheach air a bhi 'cur an ceill a' h-uile ni a' s aithne dhoibh, tha iad ealamh gu bhi 'cur an ceill tuilleadh 's a' s aithne dhoibh.

Do na daoineibh treuna tha deagh shoirbheas agus droch shoirbheas, mar an lamh dheas agus an lamh chli; ach tha iad 'g an cur le cheile gu feum.

Is e ar cridhe fein, agus cha 'n iad baraillean sluaigh eile, a bhuilicheas meas agus urram oirnn an measg ar co-chreutairean fein.

KEY B FLAT.

CHLUINN MI NA H-EOIN.

Slowly.

Chorus.

: M . r , d | d : l₁ . l₁ , s₁ | s₁ . , S₁ : m | r , d . . : r . , m

s , s . . : M . r , d | d : l₁ . l₁ , s₁ | s₁ || : M₁ . , f₁

s₁ . , s₁ : l . , d | d . , t₁ : L₁ . l₁ | s₁ . , s₁ : l . , d | r , { $\frac{s}{m}$ } . - ||

NOTE.—I have to express my obligations to my excellent friend and your valuable contributor, *Muileach* (Mr. D. Macphail), for this beautiful lyric, the composition of his grandfather. The Captain Campbell referred to was Captain Alexander Campbell, of Achnacroish, in the parish of Torosay, in the island of Mull. In the version of the air, with which I was familiar, the final note of the verse rose a third higher than in that given me by my friend. I have given the note double, thus $\left\{ \frac{s}{m} \right\}$ so that your musical readers may have their choice. J. W.

LUINNEAG

Chluinn mi na h-eoin, 's binn leam
na h-eoin,
Na h-eoin, na h-eoin bhoidheach
bhinne.
Chluinn mi na h-eoin, 's binn leam
na h-eoin.

'S binn leam fhein, na bha mi 'g eisdeachd,
Madainn cheiteir 's spreidh a' sìleadh.
Chluinn mi, &c.

'S binn leam smeorach air bharr geige,
'S uiscagan 's an speur ri iomairt.
Chluinn mi, &c.

'S binn leam coileach dubh ri durdail,
'S cearc an t-èchain dlath 'g a shireadh.
Chluinn mi, &c.

'S binn leam gog nan coileach-ruadha
'S moiche 'ghluaiseas 's a' bhruaich fhirich.
Chluinn mi, &c.

'S binn leam cuthag le 'gùg-gùg,
'S a' mhadainn chìr air stuc a' ghlinne.
Chluinn mi, &c.

'S binn leam guth na h-eala buadhaich, —
Luinneag is glan fuaim air linne.
Chluinn mi, &c.

'S binne na iad sud gu leir
An naidheachd eibhinn a fhuair sinne:
Chluinn mi, &c.

Na *Scots greys* air tigh'nn a Eirinn
Sabhailte gun bheud, gun mhilleadh.
Chluinn mi, &c.

An *Captain Oaimbeul* le 'chomannada,
De na bh'ann 's e b'annsa leinne.
Chluinn mi, &c.

O, na 'n greasadh Rìgh na grein' thu
Gu d' thir fein gu' m' b' eibhinn leinn' e!
Chluinn mi, &c.

Gu tigh mor nan tuireid arda,
'S e 'dol fas gun àird' air inneal.
Chluinn mi, &c.

An tigh a thog dhuit Flath na feille;
'S ioma suil 'bha deurach uime.
Chluinn mi, &c.

Sliochd Iain bhrìg 'ic-Iain-'ic-Dhòmhull,
(G' an robh coirichean Bhraigh' Ghlinne.
Chluinn mi, &c.

bi neach eigin ri 'fhaotainn a chuir-eas ceart e, oir is duilich gu 'n rachadh e as an t-sealladh uile gu leir.

Oidhche agus gearr-mhios Shamhain gu Feill-Andrais, agus tri oidhcheachan a dh-easbhuidh a' ghearr-mhios eadar Feill-Andrais agus Nollaig.

Seachdain Nollaig, Seachdain Coinnle, agus Seachdain Sainseil.

Toisichidh am Faoilteach Geamhraidh aig ceann cheithir seachdainean agus tri laithean an deigh Latha-Coinnle, eadhon an 29mh là de cheud mhios na bliadhna (January), agus crìochnaichidh e air an 12mh latha d'an dara mios (February). Toisichidh am Faoilteach Earraich air a' 14mh latha agus crìochnaichidh e air an 28mh latha; mar sin is i uine an Fhaoiltich ceithir-la-deug air gach taobh de Latha-Fheill-Brìghde.

Thig an sin Tri latha Feadaig agus ceithir latha Gobaig — fìor dhroch shìd; mar a theirear:—

“'S mise 'n Fheadag sgriosach luath;
Marbham caora, marbham uan,
'S marbham gabhar ri aon tràth.”

Thig a nis Seachdain iomadh-sgobach nam Feadag 's nam Faoilteach: crìochnaichidh so air a' 14mh latha d'an Mhàrt.

Tha an sin ann—

“Sgiortaidhean na Feill-Conain,
'S doinionn na Feill-Pàraig.”

Is e so an cur an t-sìl.

“Eisd a' chiad Mhàrt,
'S an dara Màrt,
'S an treasa Màrt ma 's eadar e;
Ach ole air mhaith g' an bi an t-sìd,
Cuir an sìol 's an fhìor Mhàrt,
Gar an rachadh tu do cheithir fad
fein an aghaidh na gaoith tuath.”

Tha a nis agad an 28mh latha d'an Mhàrt.

'N a dheigh so tha agad Seachdain na Caillich, a chrìochnaicheas air a' 4mh latha d'an Ghiblein (April). Air an latha so tilgidh a' Chailleach uaipe an slachdan-druidheachd leis

an robh i a' cumail fodha a' chinneis fad na dùbhlachd, agus tha i ag radh:—

“Dh'fhag e shìos mi,
Dh'fhag e shuas mi,
Dh'fhag e eadar mo dha chluas mi;
Dh'fhag e thall mi,
Dh'fhag e bhios mi,
Dh'fhag e eadar mo dha chois mi.”

Tilgidh i an sin uaipe an slachdan aig bun craoibh-chuilinn air nach cinn duilleach no dos gu toiseach na h-ath dùbhlachd, agus teichidh i le sgread oillteil do' n fhàsach.

Tha an sin ann Neoil dhubha na Càisge, agus Glasadh na Cuthaige, a mhaireas ochd latha deug; an deigh sin ochd latha deug de Cheitein Earraich, agus an sin “Latha buidhe Bealltainn.”

ARGATHALIAN.

Baile 'n Obain,
Am Màrt, 1874.

SOP AS GACH SEID.

Esan a tha a ghnath deas gu bhi 'toirt comhairle, tha feum mor aige fein oirre.

Is ann aige-san is mò a their is lugha tha ri radh.

Is aithne do' n duine ghlio 'aineolas fein, ach tha an t-amadan am barail gur aithne dha na h-uile nithe.

Seachain an t-suil a tha teoma air faicinn an uile agus mall a dh-fhaicinn a' mhaith.

Tha eadar-dhealachadh mor eadar a bhi ag urnaigh, agus a bhi ag aithris urnaigh.

Cha'n urrainnear a radh gu 'n d' thainig bas ath-ghoirid air-san a chunnaic laithean fada.

Cha'n 'eil ni sam bith urramach nach 'eil neo-lochdach, no ni sam bith suarach nach 'eil a' tarmachadh an uile.

Iadsan a tha toigheach air a bhi 'cur an ceill a' h-uile ni a's aithne dhoibh, tha iad ealamh gu bhi 'cur an ceill tuilleadh 's a's aithne dhoibh.

Do na daoineibh treuna tha deagh shoirbheas agus droch shoirbheas, mar an lamh dheas agus an lamh chli; ach tha iad 'g an cur le cheile gu feum.

Is e a cridhe fein, agus cha'n iad barailean sluaigh eile, a bhuilicheas meas agus urram oirnn am measg ar co-chréutairean fein.

KEY B FLAT.

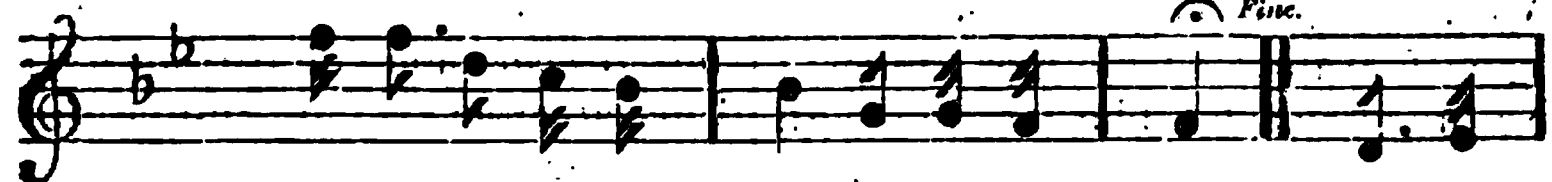
CHLUINN MI NA H-EOIN.

Slowly.

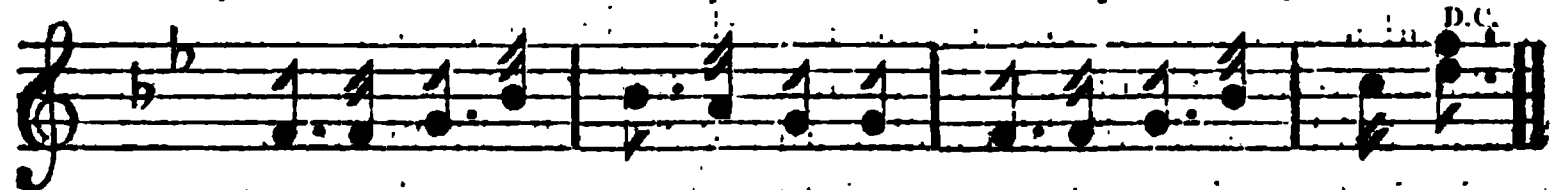
Chorus.



: M . r , d | d : l₁ . l₁ , s₁ | s₁ . , S₁ : m | r , d . . : r . , m



| s , s . - : M . r , d | d : l₁ . l₁ , s₁ | s₁ || : M₁ . , f₁



s₁ . , s₁ : l . , d | d . , t₁ : L₁ . l₁ | s₁ . , s₁ : l . , d | r , { s₁ / m } . - ||

NOTE.—I have to express my obligations to my excellent friend and your valuable contributor, *Muileach* (Mr. D. Macphail), for this beautiful lyric, the composition of his grandfather. The Captain Campbell referred to was Captain Alexander Campbell, of Achnacroish, in the parish of Torosay, in the island of Mull. In the version of the air, with which I was familiar, the final note of the verse rose a third higher than in that given me by my friend. I have given the note double, thus $\left\{ \begin{smallmatrix} s \\ m \end{smallmatrix} \right\}$ so that your musical readers may have their choice. J. W.

LUINNEAG

Chluinn mi na h-eoin, 's binn leam
na h-eoin,

Na h-eoin, na h-eoin bhoidheach
bhinne.

Chluinn mi na h-eoin, 's binn leam
na h-eoin.

'S binn leam fhein, na bha mi 'g eiseachd,
Madainn cheitein 's spreidh a' sileadh.

Chluinn mi, &c.

'S binn leam smeorach air bharr geige,
's niseagan 's an speur ri iomairt.

Chluinn mi, &c.

'S binn leam coileach dubh ri durdail,
'S cearc an t-òbain dlùth 'g a' shireadh.

Chluinn mi, &c.

'S binn leam gog nan coileach-ruadha
'S moiche 'ghluaiseas 's a' bhruaich fhirich.

Chluinn mi, &c.

'S binn leam cutlag le 'gug-gug,
'S a' mhadainn chiùin air stuc a' ghlinne.

Chluinn mi, &c.

'S binn leam guth na h-eala buadhaich,—
Luinneag is glan fuaim air linne.

Chluinn mi, &c.

'S binne na iad sud gu leir
An naidheachd eibhinn a fhuair sinne:
Chluinn mi, &c.

Na *Scots greys* air tigh'nn á Eirinn
Sabhailte gun bheud, gun mhilleadh.
Chluinn mi, &c.

An *Captain Oaimbeul* le 'choimannnda,
De na bh'ann 's e b'annsa leinne.
Chluinn mi, &c.

O, na 'n greasadh Rìgh na grein' thu
Gu d' thir fein gu' m b' eibhinn leinn' e!
Chluinn mi, &c.

Gu tigh mor nan tuireid arda,
'S e' dol fàs gun aird' air inneal.
Chluinn mi, &c.

An tigh a thog dhuit Flath na feille;
'S ioma suil 'bha deurach uime.
Chluinn mi, &c.

Sliochd Iain bhrìg 'ic-Iain-'ic-Dhòmhail,
(I' an robh coirichean Bhraigh'-Ghlinne.
Chluinn mi, &c.

sided, and was supported by Rev. Donald M'Kinnon, Messrs. M'Millan, Dunlop, M'Lean, Captain Hatfield, Lieutenant Sutherland, &c. After tea, Sheriff Clark, who was loudly applauded, said, I can assure you that it would be affectation on my part were I to say that I do not very much feel the honour that has been done me—so much do I feel the honour that I tell you there is no other association in Glasgow for which I would undertake the same duty. (Cheers.) I have often heard a great deal of talk about the working man and his grievances. There has been a great deal of talk about the nine hours, and even the eight hours. I assure you it would be a very great benefit indeed if there were some Act passed limiting the hours of labour of the Sheriffs of Glasgow—(cheers)—for a set of harder worked men I do not believe exists anywhere. We have to work from ten in the morning; after we get home and dine we have to fall to work again in the evening. Nor is the work always of a pleasant or agreeable kind. Too often we are required to act in such a way as is painful to ourselves, however necessary or salutary it may be to the public. (Cheers.) This is often the case when I sit in the Small-Debt Court, and more so when I am condemned to preside in the Criminal Court. (Cheers.) I often say to myself how much more agreeable would it be to discharge the duties of Mull and Iona—to follow the deer or the partridge over the mountain—or follow the plough in the furrow—to take my turn as a reaper—happy all the while to have the blue sky of heaven over me, and the glorious gales of the Atlantic blowing in my face. (Loud cheers.) I must not, however, lapse into a speech. The Highlanders of Scotland in general have made themselves known by their deeds, not by their words. (Cheers.) We don't require to talk; because all over the world wherever a Highlander is found, you will, as a rule, find him to be a man of sturdy honesty and persevering energy. And something has lately transpired to raise the character of the Highlanders higher than ever. Look at the achievement of the 42d Regiment—the old Black Watch—in reference to the African Expedition in which our country is engaged. (Cheers.) It is admitted on all hands that it was due to their distinguished bravery, their almost reckless courage, that Coomassie was won—won, no doubt, at great loss, but won by the loss of the heroes of the 42d. (Loud cheers.) Hav-

ing referred to the fact that the late Dr. Livingstone was the near descendant of a man who long lived in the Island of Ulva, the learned Chairman went on to condemn the mistaken policy which removed from the Highlands the men who were the ornaments of the world, to make way for sheep or deer. (Cheers.) I think, he said, that this is a great national mistake, and the sooner it is corrected the better. (Cheers.) At intervals during the evening a number of pipers played a selection of Highland airs, and addresses were delivered by Captain Hatfield, Mr. James M'Millan, and Rev. Donald M'Kinnon. In the concert, which was an excellent one, Miss Bessie Aiken, Mr. J. M'Fadyen, Mr. Macdonald, and Mr. Houston took part. An assembly followed, and brought a very successful meeting to a happy close.

GLASGOW.—Two interesting lectures were delivered in the Hall of Hope Street Free Church last month on behalf of the Glasgow Gaelic Mission—the first by the Rev. Mr. Blair, of St. Columba Church (in Gaelic), on the Early Martyrs of the Christian Church; and the second by the Rev. Mr. Cameron, of Renton, on Celtic Philology. The lecturers treated their respective subjects with their usual ability; we could have wished that they had been favoured with larger audiences.

NATIVES OF ROSS-SHIRE AT GLASGOW.—The re-union of the natives of Ross-shire took place on the 12th March, in the Queen's Rooms. There was a large attendance. Mr. R. U. Strachan, advocate, Edinburgh, occupied the chair, and on the platform were—Captain Sinclair, Messrs. George Sinclair, James Macdonald, S.S.C.; John Walls, S.S.C., Edinburgh; Wm. Duncan, S.S.C.; John Arthur, D. Ross, H.M.'s Inspector of Schools; Rev. M. M'Lean, D. M'Leay, — Fraser, J. W. Ross, Lieut. Munro, &c. The Chairman, in the course of an eloquent speech, gave an interesting description of the beautiful scenery of the county, and said it was celebrated as the birthplace of Sir Roderick Murchison and Sir George M'Kenzie. In point of agriculture, it had been well described as the "granary of Scotland." He said that in the late Indian mutiny no one could forget that it was the gallant 78th (Ross-shire Buffs) that saved Lucknow, which gained them the appellation of the "Saviours of India," and re-established British supremacy in India. A capital concert followed, and a number of Gaelic songs were given by Mr. M'Leod, and much appreciated by the audience.

AN GAIDHEAL.

*"Mar ghath soluis do m' anam fein
Tha sgeula na h-aimsir a dh' fhalbh."*—OISEAN.

III. LEABH.] CEUD MHIOS AN T-SAMHRAIDH, 1874. [27 AIR.

SILIS NIC-COINNICH.

SEANN SGEUL GAIDHEALACH.

III.

Cha bu luaith' a thilgeadh Silis bharr na drochaid-mhaide, na ghlac na maithean ud an ceann-fine 'n an geardeanan, agus ghiulain iad eatorra e air ais do 'n Chaisteal. Chaidh e gu buileach as a chiall; bha e mothachail air a chall, ach cha robh beachd toinisgeil aige ciamar a thachair e, cha b' urrainn e a thuiginn. Anns a' cheud dol a mach mhallaich e Barr-a-mhuillinn, agus bhoidich e gu'm faca e le a shuilean fein e 'g a putadh bharr na drochaid; ach bhoidich cach an aite sin, gur h-ann a thug Barr-a-mhuillin ionnsaidh air greim a dheanamh oirre 'n uair a mhothaich e i a' tuisleachadh leis an tuaineal a chaidh 'n a ceann, leis an t-sealladh uamhasach a bha air gach taobh dhi, agus a thug oirre leum bharr na drochaid; agus mu 'n d' thainig an oidhche, thug iad air a chreidsinn gur h-ann mar sin a bha chuis.

Cho grad's a ghabhadh e deanamh, chuir iad eich agus gilleas air falbh gu beul na h-aibhne, ann an dochas gu'm faighte corp Silis an oir a' mhuir-lain; fhuair iad bataichean agus iasgairean, le 'n lìn agus le an greimichean ann an ordugh cho cabhagach's bu chomasach dhoibh; sgrìob iad an cladach thall's a bhos agus an d' thainig an oidhche orra,

ach cha d' fhuair iad Silis. N' uair a chuala am Moraire nach d' fhuaradh i, chaidh a bhron thar cuimse, chaill e a chiall agus a bhreithneachadh gu buileach; chuir e roimhe gu'm feumadh e fein togail a mach air toir a Silis ionmhuinn ionghradhach; stoirmeil dorcha mar bha an oidhche, an e gu'm fanadh esan fo dhion no fo fhasgadh gun fhios nach faodadh annsachd a chridhe a bhi 'g a luasgadh ann an oir a mhuir-lain re na h-oidhche, gun duine a sealltuinn a' mach air a son; O! na'm b' esan a bhiodh na h-aite, is i a Shilis ghaoil, nach leagadh a ceann ri clusaig air an oidhche ud mar a bha a chairdean ag asluchadh air a dheanamh. Ri h-uine, gheill e do chomhairle a chairdean; ach bha a bhron cho domhain agus nach e a mhain gu'n robh a chridhe fein an impis sgaineadh, ach gu'n robh a leithid de bhuaidh aige air cridheachan bruideil an-ìochdmhor nam maithean uaibhreach ud, a's gu'n do chrìochnach iad le uamhann agus le geur-aithreachas airson a' ghnìomh aingidh, fhuiltich anns an robh an lamhan air an deargadh. 'N a aonarachd dheuchainnich, bha, a reir an aideachaidh, an comh-fhulangas a' bu chaomhala aca ris a' cheann-fhine, cha'n fhagadh iad leis fein e; ach cha'n fhaodadh iad fuireach ro fhada'n a chuideachd, agus air falbh bho an teaghlach fein: uime sin chomhairlich iad dha, e sguir d' a chaidh cho ealamh a's a

b' urrainn e, oir ged a dh' fhaodadh e bhi an aghaidh a thoil agus 'fhair-eachduinn aig an am, gu 'm b' e a dhleasdanas—cha b' ann a mhain air a sgath fein, ach gu sonruichte air sgath a chinnidh chumhachdaich air air an robh e 'n a cheann—'inntiun a dheanamh suas gun dail gu sealltuinn a mach airson ceile a bhiodh airidh air a lainh, agus air an inbhe aird agus chudthromaich anns an robh e air a shuidheachadh. Agus ged bha a chall agus aobhar a thrioblaid aig an am 'n a fhreasdal dorcha, co aig an robh fios nach b' i toil an Uile-chumhachdaich gu 'n tachradh e, gu bhi toirt as an rathad a' chuspair ud, uasal, aillidh agus ion-ghradbach ged bha i; ach a reir coslais, a bha seasamh eadar esan agus oighre dligheach 'fhagail 'n a dheigh gu bhi cumail suas ainm agus teaghlach'athraichean, agus gu bhi tiorcadh a chinnidh o thuiteam n' an traillean agus 'n an iochdarain fo neach do nach robh aon chuid, speis no urram aca. "Aidichidh mi" ars' am Mhoraire, "gu 'm bheil na h-aobharan a chuir sibh fo m' chomhair, cudthromach agus reusanta. Ged bha mi riamh mothachail gu 'n robh mo chrannchur a reir toil agus ordugh an Tighearna, gidheadh, bha e 'n a 'dhoilghois dhomh. Ach cha 'n 'eil na nithe so aig duine air bith, 'n a chumhachd fein, agus ged tha cuid ann, aig am bheil an cridheachan cho suidhichte air na nithe d' an crìoch am fein-bhuanachd, a's gu 'm bheil am faireachduinnean agus an gnìomharan air an riaghladh leo, cha 'n e sin cor mo chridhe-se aig an am so. Ma thig an latha anns an urrainn mise mo chridhe briste a lubadh gu bean eile a ghabhail do m' ionnsaidh, ni mi sin, ach c' uin a thig an latha sin orm, cha 'n urrainn mi a radh. Ciamar is urrainn mise mo lamh a thairgseadh do mhnaoi eile fo 'n ghrein? An

gradh a thug mi do Shilis, cha toir mi gu brath do mhnaoi eile. Dh' fhaodainn mo lamh agus mobhoidean-posaidh a thoirt dhi; ach 'n uair a dhuiginn anns a' mhaduinn agus a gheibhinn a mach gu 'r te air bith eile ach mo Shilis a choidil 'n am bhroilleach, chuireadh e a leithid de bhuaireas orm a's gu r h-eagal leam gu 'n cuirinn lamh 'n a beatha, agus agus 'n am bheatha fein mar an ceudna. A chairdean gradhach, calma, creidibh mi agus na cuiribh teagamh ann,—tha call mo Shilis fein, air a dheargadh cho domhain air mo chridhe a's nach urrainn mi gu brath te eile a chur 'n a h-aite. Ach ma 's comasach gu 'n tig atharrachadh air mo chridhe, ge b' e uair a thig e, geillidh mi d' ur comhairle, ach gus an tig, cha gheill."

Cha robh freagradh a' Mhoraire do chomhairle a chairdean idir cho fabharach 's a bha fiughair aca; chuir e fo ghruaim agus fo amhladh iad; chrath gach aon dhiu a cheann le feirg agus le duil - bhristeadh. Thug iad fuil neo-chiontach air an cinn, gun a' chuis a dheanamh dad ni b' fhearr, ach moran ni bu mhiosa. Cho fad 's a bha Silis beo, bha rud-eigin de dhochas aca nach basaich-eadh Eidirdeil gun oighre fhagail 'n a dheigh, oir mo chreach! ghearradh as i mu 'n robh i ach gann naoi bliadhna fichead a dh-aois; bha a h-aite nis falamh, agus cuisean, a reir coltais, ni bu duirche na bha iad riamh. Bha cridheachan ardan-ach nam maithean uaibhreach ud a nis air am bioradh le geur-aithreachas.

Ma bha mi-fhortan a' Mhoraire gach latha, o mhoch gu anmoch, 'n a chuis sheanchais eadar e fein agus a chairdean, cha bu lugha bha e mar sin am measg nan seirbheiseach shìos an staidhir, ach bha mor easaonachd am measg nan seirbheiseach d' a

thaobh—gach aon fa leth dhiu de chaochladh barail mu'n doigh air an do thachair an sgiorradh craiteach ud leis an do chailliad banmhaighistir a bha cho uasal, cho aoidheil agus cho so-riaghlaichte. Am measg nam fineachan Gaidhealach bha gach diomhaireachd agus comh-chordadh am bitheantas aithnichte do 'n iomlan dhiu, ard a's iosal, ach dhoibhsan an aghaidh am faodadh falachd no aimhleas a bhi air a dheilbh. Am measg an fhine so, gu sonruichte, gheibhte na h-ìochdarain de 'n aon bharail mu gach cuis ris na h-uachdarain. Bha na h-ìochdarain cho trilleil agus cho eisimeileach a's gu'm faodadh na h-uachdarain, gun eagal gun soradh, gach diomhaireachd earbsadh riutha. Re ioma bliadhna, cha robh antlachd agus mi-run nan uaislean do Shilis, 'n an diomhaireachd do neach sam bith ach dhi fhein a mhain; cha do smuaintich ise rianh gu'n robh i ann an cunnart. Bha geur-amharus aig na seirbheisich gu'n robh lamh aig na maithean cuilbheartach ud, air doigh eigin, 'n a bas, ach 'n an trillealachd dhiblidh, cha 'n aidich-eadh iad e; ciod air bith barail a bh' aig a' Mhoraire agus aig a chairdean shuas an staidhir mu'n chuis, b'i sin am barail-san mar an ceudna. Ach bha caileag og, thapaidh, bhiorshuileach am measg nan seirbhiseach, d'am b'ainm Oighrig Nic-Coinnich, a bha 'n a comhdhalta do Shilis; agus d'an robh mor speis aice. Bha Silis lan-earbsach a dilseachd Oighrig anns na h-uile ni, agus bha Oighrig da-rìreadh airidh air a muinghinn. B'i barail Oighrig gu'n robh na maithean ud ciontach do bhas na ban-mhoraire, agus cha b' eagal leatha a h-amharusan aideachadh an lathair neach air bith, coma co e. Bha a h-amharus laidir air seann fhear Charnaich, mar cheann agus mar fhear-stiuraidh

do chach; bha i lan-dearbhta 'n a beachd fein, agus cha b' eagal leatha 'chur as a leth, gun athadh, gun soradh, gu'n do mhoirt e a bhan-tighearna, agus gu'n robh e a' mealladh a' Mhoraire, a chionn gu'n robh deagh fhios aige gur h-e fein a b' fhaisge ann an daimh do 'n cheann-fheadhna, agus na'm basaicheadh am Mhoraire gun oighre fhagail 'n a dheigh, gu'n tuiteadh an tiodal agus an ceannas-cinnidh air fein agus air a theaghlach, do bhrìgh nach geilleadh am fine gu brath do Nagaar. Ged a bhanaseirbheisich 'ga breugnachadh agus a' maoidheadh gu'n casaideadh iad i mur cumadh i a droch theanga fo smachd, a dh-aindeoin gach bagraidh, sheasadh Oighrig gu calma ris na thubhairt i; bha i coma co a chluinneadh e. Chuir i naseirbheisich fo eagal agus fo bhuaireas le a danachd neo-sgathach; chruinnich iad m'a timchioll a' crathadh an cinn, a' splèucadh agus a' dur-shealltainn an aodannaibh a cheile. "Tha mi lan-dearbhta" arsa Oighrig.—"Is math is aithne dhomh na bha de innleachdan diomhair, cuilbheartach air an deilbh le maithean suarach, drochmhuine ur cinnidh, an aghaidh ur deagh bhan-mhaighistir, uasal, aobhach, neochoireach mar bha i; ach gu sonruichte leis an t-seann nathair lùbach ud, Carnach, a bha air ceann chaich, mar shealgair air ceann lothainn chon-luirge, a' feuchainn gach innleachd gu cur as dhi; mo chreach agus mo dhiubhail gu'n deachaidh leis; ach beiridh dioghaltas airsan gun daìl. Thig fianuis do 'n Chaisteal mu'n teid moran laithean seachad, a dhearbhas a chionta; tha mi lan-chinnteach as, oir chaidh 'fhoillseachadh dhomhsa bho an duthaich tha taobh thall na h-uagh nach fada gus am faic mi a sheann chorp mosach, gun deo gun anail 'n a shineadh air bearradh na creige eadar an abhainn agus an

Caisteal, le 'fheoil air a reubadh agus a chnamhan air am bristeadh."

MUILEACH.

(*Ri leantuinn.*)

RAONULL MAC AILEIN OIG.

FHIR MO CHRIDHE,—Is math tha fhios agam ciod a their thu an uair a ruigeas so thu: "Puirt, a's droch-uair!" Dìreach sin puirt na 'm b' àill leat e. A réir coltais, thachair dhòmhsa 's do na puirt, mar a thachair, ged nach ionann, do Mhac Mhaighistir Alastair agus do 'n Phrionnsa:—

"Cha toir sibh asainn Tèarlach,
Gu bràth, gus an téid ar tachdadh!"

Tha iad ag ràdh nach misde gnothach sa bith bristeadh-seanchuis. Bho shean, cha ghabhadh fear no té port no dàn, gun an toiseach, eachdraidh ghoirid a thoirt seachad mu dhèidhinn; theagamh ma tà gu 'n tig dhòmhsa facal no dhà chur an céill an toiseach tòiseachaidh.

B'e Raonull mac Ailein oig—Mac Dhùghaill Mhòrair. Theirteadh gur teaghlach Mhic Dhùghaill a bu dhligich a thàinig na teaghlach Mhic-Mhic-Ailein; ach is coma sin an diugh. Is so agad mar a chuala mi bhi sloinneadh Raonuill: Raonull mac Ailein òig, mhic Dhùghaill, mhic Raonuill bhàin (1513), mhic Ailein (1481-1509), mhic Ruairidh, mhic Raonuill, mhic Iain Ilich, mhic Aonghuis òig, agus eile. Is ann an Cros a bha thuinidh; ach a bharrachd air oighreachd Mhic-Dhùghaill, bha fearann aige an Uithist. A rèir ìnnse-sgedil cha robh mac-samhuilt ann da air spionnadh; ach bha e ciùin, caomh, agus cho finealta ri maighdinn. Fidheall no clàrsach bu choimh-dheis; agus cha do leag a lùdag air sionnsar, pìobaire b'fhèarr. Cha 'n fhac e neach an téinn no 'n airc nach d' rinn e chulaidh-mhathais

gu fuasgladh air. Is ioma diachainn chruadalach a sheas e an aobhar a chiunnidh 's na còrach, ach thàinig e slàn às gach cunnart a's téugbhail. Fhuair e aois mhór, agus bàs ri aghart. Thog na pìobairean a chumha; agus fhad's is aithne do fhear dhiubh cuairt a chluith, bidh cuimhne, 's gur h-airidh, air Raonull mac Ailein òig.

Is cuimhne leat mar a rinn e air a' chreachadair-chuain a chuir an geall ri Iain Garbh mac Gille-Chaluim Ratharsaidh. Bha Iain Garbh 'n a mhac peathar dha. Ciod a bh' aig an sgiobair so ach an sgoil-dubh, 's cuirear geall na luinge ri Iain Garbh nach b' urrainn da a thogail bhàrr na cathrach. Chuir Iain Garbh an oighreachd an geall gu 'm b' urrainn, 's thugar bràthair a mhàthar air. Bha Raonull 'n a sheann làithean ach dh'impich Iain Garbh e gu dol còmhla ris. Thàinig an là shòr-aicheadh agus chaidh Raonull an dàil a' chrèineastair air clàr-uachdair na luinge. Thug e dà ionnsaidh, ach cha do ghlidich e e. Air an treas ionnsaidh, slàn far an ìnnsear e, thog e leis na bha os cionn a' chrìos d'e, 's choisinn Iain Garbh a gheall.

Bliadhna bha 'n sid bha coinneamh gu bhi aig Mac Dhònuill Duibh an Achadh-na-carra, 's fhuair Raonull cuireadh. Thog e air, e fhéin 's a ghille. Air an rathad taoghlair am muilinn na Corpaich. Rinn am muilleir prat air chor-eigin orra, 's chuir Raonull stad air a' chuibhle-mhuilinn, agus spìon e a bhed-bhéum bhàrr nan sorchan i. A' ruigsinn Achadh - na - carra, ciod a' cham-chòmhdhail a thachair orra, ach tarbh mòr caothaich, a leigeadh, mar a shaoil leis-san, fo sgaoil an uair a chunnacas e fhéin 's a ghille tighinn. Ghabh e sàs 's an tarbh, 's shuìomh e an dà adhairc dh' e, 's mharbh e e. Ghabh e mire-chath, 's an uair a ràinig e bha ceannsachadh-chiad aca

air. ' Is ann an sin riun e

AN TARBH BREAC DEARG.

'S e 'n tarbh, 's e 'n tarbh,
'S e 'n tarbh, 's e 'n tarbh,
'S e 'n tarbh, 's e 'n tarbh,
'S e 'n tarbh mharbh mi.
'S e 'n tarbh breac-dearg, &c.
'S e 'n tarbh mharbh mi, &c.

Ri linn Raonuill, bhiteadh a' faicinn "Colainn-gun-cheann"* eadar Cros 's an Tràigh am Mòrair. Bha feadhainn an dùil gu'm b' e'm bòcan so, spiorad créntair bhoichd a chuir cuid-eigin gu bàs air son a bhi goid air an tuath. Ach coma; bha bràthair-altruim aig Raonull air an robh gaol gun chuibheas aige. Thuit dha a bhi oidhche annoch ag gabhail an rathaid so, agus ma 's fhìor, gu'n do thachair "Colainn-gun-cheann" air. Ach co sa bith a thachair air, fhuaras marbh an là 'n ath-mhàireach e 's a ghunna fhéin air a thoinneamh 's e sìos 'n a amhaich. Bha Raonull, rud nach b' ioghnadh, an barrach duilich air son a bhràthar-altruim, agus bhóidich e 'n aichmheil a thoirt a mach. Goid an deaghaidh so bha e oidhche ag gabhail an rathaid chiadna eadar Cros 's an Tràigh, 's cluinnear glaoth: "An tu 'n sid, a Raonuill mhóir?" "Is mi, beannaich a's coisrig sinn! có thusa?" "Is mise 'Colainn - gun - cheann.' Is mi a mharbh do bhràthair-altruim 's bidh do bheatha-sa agam an nochd." Is e bh'ann, a mhic-chridhe. gu'n do ghabh e fhéin 's "Colainn - gun-cheann" an dromannan a chéile, 's ma ghabh cha bu ghleachd e gus an oidhche sin. Mu dheireadh, rinn Raonull pasgadh-na-pìoba oirre, agus sparrar 'u a achlais i g'a toirt gu solus, los gu'm faiceadh e có b' i. Ghrios a's ghrios i air a leigeil às ach mur do theannaich cha do lasaich e idir a ghréim. Mu dheireadh thall,

an uair a thuig i nach robh dol às aice, gheall i dha, nach cuireadh i dragh tuille air beathach no air duine fhad 's a bhiodh gin a bhuineadh dha am Mòrair, 's cha mhò chuir. Air na cumhlaidean so leig e a cead d' i. Lenm i 's na spéuran a null thair a' chaol rathad an Eilein; agus fhad 's a bha sealladh aige oirre, bha e 'g a cluinntinn ag gabhail a' phuirt so—

BEALACH A' MHORBHAIN.

'S fhada bhuam fhìn
Bonn Beinn Eadarainn;
'S fhada bhuam fhìn
Bealach a' Mhorbhain.
'S fhada bhuam fhìn
Bonn Beinn Eadarainn;
'S fhada gun teagamh bhuam
Bealach a' Mhorbhain.

Bho bhonn gu bonn,
Bonn Beinn Eadarainn;
Bho bhonn gu bonn,
Bealach a' Mhorbhain.
'S fhada bhuam fhìn
Bonn Beinn Eadarainn;
'S fhada gun teagamh bhuam
Bealach a' Mhorbhain.

Bho chùl nam beann,
Bonn nam bealaichean;
Bho chùl nam beann,
Bealach a' Mhorbhain.
Bho chùl nam beann,
Bonn nam bealaichean—
'S fhada gun teagamh bhuam
Bealach a' Mhorbhain.

Cùl nam monaidhnean,
Bial nam bealaichean;
Cùl nam monaidhnean,
Bealach a' Mhorbhain.
Cùl nam monaidhnean,
Bial nam bealaichean—
'S fhada gun teagamh bhuam
Bealach a' Mhorbhain.

Mur b' e dol romh m' sgial bheirinn port-sith eile dhut—port Dhònuill bhàin mhic Aonghuis. B' e Dònull so, seann sealgair a bha 's a' Bhràighe ri linn Bliadhna Thèarlaich. Bha e turus a' sealg an Srath-Oiseann 's faicear e sìthiche a' marcachd féidh an comhair a chùil 's luinneag aige

* See "Popular Tales," by J. F. Campbell, vol. II., pp. 89-91.

air a' phort so. Is cuimhne leat a chluinntinn tric air an truimb.

Di hoidinnean, hidinnean,
Hoidinnean, iribhi, hoidinnean,
Hó ohó.

Di hoidinnean, hidinnean,
Hoidinnean, iribhi, hoidinnean
Hà ohà.

Di hidinnean, hidinnean
Iribhi hidinnean
Hó ohó.—

Dì hidinnean, hidinnean,
Iribhi hidinnean,
Hà ohà.

An uair a leig Fear Bhaosdail dh'e an creideamh Caitliceach, chuir e roimhe cleas "a' bhata bhuidhe" dheanamh air an tuath—an t-ionndadh a dheòin no dh' aindeoin de 'n aidinheil aige fhéin; agus shòndraich e air Didònaich àraid gus a rùn a chur an cleachdadh. Thàinig a' chùis gu cluasan Raonuill, 's ma thàinig cha bu rabhadh gun fhreagairt. Chuir e 'n àrdramhach fo bheairt, 's thug e leis dà fhear dhiag a's pìobaire, 's bha e 'n Uithist moch Didònaich. Chaidh e fhéin's a ghille gu tìr's ruigear tigh a' mhinisteir. B' òlach fosgarra, còir, am ministeir, 's cha robh cùram na moch-eirigh air. Cho luath 's a chuala e an t-aoidh a bha stigh, ghrad-éirich e 's chuir e uime thrubhas. Chuir e fàilte 's furan air Raonull, 's thugar tarrainn air an t-slige-chreagainn. Dh' òl iad gu cridheil air a chéile; agus an uair a thuig Raonull gu 'n robh Mac - na - bracha beothachadh ri chompanach, thug e cuireadh dha thun a' bhàta; gu 'n robh cnò aige thug e leis de shàr-bhrannaidh, 's gu 'm biodh aon shlige aca dh' i mu' n dealaicheadh iad. Is e so a rinn iad; ach, eadar a h-uile rud a bh' ann chaidh guth-thairis air an t-searmoin. A tharrainn dàlach, thuirt Raonull na 'n togradh e gu 'n cluitheadh e cuairt air an "Tarbh-bhreac-dhearg," port ùr

a rinn e. Bha 'm ministeir ro-thoil-each, 's dh' iomair iad tacan a mach bho thìr. An uair a bha Raonull ag cluith a' phuirt thugar an aire do Bhaosdal's co-thional mòr cruinn aige; agus is e bh' ann gu 'n do leig e air tìr am ministeir; ach eadar spionnadh na branndaidh, agus e bhi chiad-lomaidh, an uair a ràinig e 'n sluagh bha e gun chumail-chas. Cha robh aig Baosdal's aig a' phobull an latha sin ach sgaoileadh. Diluain ràinig Raonull Baosdal, 's thuirt e ris, na 'n cluinneadh esan gu 'n teannadh e ri leithid a rithist, gu 'n deanadh e pasgadh-na-pìoba air; ach cha do theann, thug e tuille an toil-shaor d' a chuid daoine. Buidheachas do 'n Tì is àirde chaidh linn an ainneirt ud seachad. Tha 'n diugh gach duine "gabhail tàimh gu sìtheil fo chrann-fìge fhein."

Sin agad ma tà am fàth mu 'n d' rinneadh

A' GHLAS-MHIAR.*

Bheir mi 'n toiseach dhut ùrlar a' phuirt mar is àbhaist do na pìobairean a chluith; agus an sin, cuiridh mi sìos dhut ceithreamhnan d' e, na th' agam dh' e, mar is cuimhne leat sinn fhìn 'g a ghabhail 'u a phort-à-bial.

URLAR.

Ol, òl, òl; òl, ol, ol; òl, ol, ol;
Ol, òl, ol; òl, ol, ol; òl, ol, ol;
Ol air an daoraich, òl, ol, ol.
Ol, ol, ol; &c.

Ol air an daoraich, òl, ol, ol;
Ol mar a dh' fhaodas, òl, ol, ol;
Ol air an daoraich, òl, ol, ol;
Ol mar a dh' fhaodas, òl, ol, ol.
Ol air an, &c.

FONN—Ol air an daoraich, òl, ol, ol;
Ol mar a dh' fhaodas, òl, ol, ol;
Ol air an daoraich, òl, ol, ol;
Ol mar a dh' fhaodas, òl, ol, ol.

Ol air an dallanaich,
'S òl air an daoraich.
Ol air an, &c.

* See M'Donald's pipe music, p. 7.

Bho dhallanaich, gu dallanaich,
Gu dallanaich na daoraich.
Ol air an, etc.

Ol air mhisg, òl air mhisg,
Ol air mhisg, òl air mhisg.
Ol air an, etc.

Chuid nach òl sinne dh' e,
Olaidh na gillean e.
Ol air an, etc.

Olaidh na gillean e,
Iarraidh na gillean e.
Ol air an, etc.

Olaidh sinn, òlaidh sinn,
Pàidhidh sinn, òlaidh sinn.
Ol air ann, etc.

Mach a mach, a mach, a mach,
Fear nach pàidh an tigh, a mach.
Ol air an, etc.

Olaidh sinn ar boineidean,
Ged lomadh air na maolaibh.
Ol air an, etc.

Olaidh sinn na gartana,
Th' air na casan caola.
Ol air an, etc.

Olaidh sinn na breacana,
Ged bhimid ris a' ghaoith.
Ol air an, etc.

Theid sinn a dh-òl do chrò nan caorach,
Chrò nan gobhar, do chrò nan caorach
Theid sinn a dh-òl do chrò nan caorach
Theid sinn a dh-òl a dh-òl, a dh-òl.
Ol air an, etc.

Chùm thu, chùm thu, chùm thu 'n dé mi;
Chùm thu, chùm thu, chùm thu 'n dé mi;
Chùm thu 'n diugh mi, chùm thu 'n dé mi;
Tinn an diugh mi, 'g òl an dé mi.
Ol air an, etc.

Chùm thusa mis', chùm mis' thus'
Chùm thusa mis', chùm mis' thus'
Chùm thu, chùm thu, chùm thu 'n dé mi,
Tinn an diugh mi, 'g òl an dé mi!
Ol, òl, ol; òl, ol, ol, etc.

Sin agad na chuala mise dh' i; cha 'n
'eil ann ach an con-ablach, agus sin
fhéin 'n a bhrolamas air feadh a
chéile; ach na 'm biodh i agam na
b'fhéarr gheobhadh tu i.—Buaidh
a's piseach ort, agus,

D' fhaicinn slàn,

ABRACH.

An Tom-Buidhe,
Céitein na h-Oinsich, 1874.

SEANN SGEULACHDAN MU BHRAID-ALBANN.

IV.—NA COIN DIUBHA.

An uair a thainig an t-ordugh
rioghail a mach gu Clann-Ghriogair
a sgrios, agus gun aon sean no og,
beag no mor d'an chinne threun,
mhisneachail sin 'fhagail beo, cha
robh aon d' an naimhdean fuil-
eachdach a bu deine air an toir na
na Caimbeulaich agus Donnachadh
Dubh, Morair Bhealaich. Cha bu
leoir leo daoine bhi 'ruagadh nan
Griogarach agus 'g am murtadh, ach
fhuair iad da chu a leanadh
Griogarach cho dian agus nach robh
seol dol as aige.

Ghlac na Caimbeulaich bean de
Chlann-Ghriogair agus thug iad
oirre an da chuilean so 'thogail air a
broilleach; agus an uair a dh' fhas
na coin, bha iad cho deigheil air na
Griogaraich, agus gu 'n togadh iad
faile aoin diubh an measg ceud fear
de chinneach air bith eile. Mar so
chaidh moran d' an chinneach bho chd
sin a ghlacadh 'n an àitibh-folaich
leis na coin dhubha sin, agus a chur
gu bàs, gus mu dheireadh an
deachaidh doigh 'fhaotainn air na
coin a mharbhadh. Thachair e mar
so :—

Bha duine d' am b' ainm Mac-
Eoghain a' tamh aig Taobh-Loch-
Tatha aig an robh ban-Ghriogarach
mar mhnaoi. Bha eagal air gu 'm
biodh a bhean air a murtadh leis na
coin, agus bha blàths 'n a chridhe do
Chlann - Ghriogair air sgath a
mhnatha. Chuir e roimhe cur as do
na coin na 'm b' urrainn da. Thoisich
e le bhi ag radh nach robh na coin
a' glacadh ach neach air bith a
thigeadh 'n an rathad, agus gu 'n
robh gach uileneach an cunnartuapa.
Air do fheill a bhi anns a' Cheann-
mhor, chaidh Mac-Eoghain chum na
feille, ach m' an d' fhag e a thigh
fein fhliuch e a lamh agus a dhorn

le fuil a mhnatha. Chaidh na coin a leigeil am measg an t-sluaigh a a dh-fheuchainn an glacadh iad aon de Chlann-Ghriogair anns a' chuid-eachd. Chuir Mac-Eoghain e fein 'n an rathad an deigh da bhi ag radh ris gach neach mu 'n cuairt da gu 'n leanadh na coin air Caimbeulach co ealamh ri neach eile. Thog aon de na coin faile na fola a bha air a laimh, agus ann am priobadh na sul bha e an sas ann. Bha 'fhios aig gach neach nach bu Ghriogarach Mac-Eoghain; dh' eirich buaireas am measg an t-sluaigh, agus chaidh aon de na coin a spadadh an sin, agus am fear eile latha no dha as a dheigh: mar so chaidh cur as do na coin dhubha.

V.—MAC-THAMHAIS BEAG NAN SAIGHDEAN.

Bu chleachdadh leis na daoine treuna o'n d' thainig sinn, an uair nach bitheadh iad a' cogadh an aghaidh a cheile no an aghaidh nan Sasunnach, a bhi a' togail creiche. Anns na laithibh sin cha robh e air a mheas 'n a ni tamailteach do neach air bith a bhi ri meairleadh air an doigh so, ach is ann a bha e air a mheas 'n a ni ro mheasail a bhi a' creachadh fine eile. Mar so bha e gle thrì a' tachairt gu 'n rachadh ard-uaislean le 'n cuid daoine a ghoid cruidh agus chaorach. Bha buidhnean beag de chreachadairean anns gach gleann, agus mar a b' fhaide a rachadh iad a thogail creiche, is ann a bu mheasaile iad am measg an luchd-duthcha.

Anns na linntibh a dh' fhalbh, thog ochdnar de ghillean lùthor, tapaidh orra o Bhaideanach, agus thriall iad gu sunndach air an slighe troimh mhonaidhnean Atholl. Ghabh iad gach ath-ghoirid troimh nan beann gun tighinn am fagus do na bailtean. Chum iad, gun stad air an ceum, air an aghaidh gu deas.

Theirinn iad air Srath-Thatha aig Laganràta, agus ghabh iad an ceum gu Srath-Bhreamhainn. Cha do stad iad an so, ach dhirich iad troimh Ghleann-Gamhar, mu thri mìle an iar o Dhunchaillionn, agus an uair a rainig iad ceann eile a' ghlinne, aig dol fodha na greine, rinn iad suidhe car tamuill a leigeil an sgìos. Bho 'n aite-suidhe chitheadh iad ceo deathaich baile Pheairt, agus iomadh achadh ruadh fo bharr tarbhach. Aig iochdar na beinne, dluth dhoibh, bha Tulaich-Bhealltainn le iomadh mart boidheach ag ionaltradh air a raointean gorm. Is ann a spuinneadh nan raointean sin a thainig na daoine gach ceum a Baideanach. Rinn iad tamh am beul a' ghlinne gus an robh an oidhche dorcha, agus muinntir air dol gu tamh. An sin theirinn iad agus chruinnich iad an spreidh ri 'cheile, agus ghreas iad ris a' bheinn iad gun aon neach 'g am faicinn no 'g an cluinntinn. Cha do chum iad an t-slighe air an d' thainig iad, ach chaidh iad thairis air Breamhainn aig Allt-a'-mhadaidh, ceithir mìle ni b' airde, agus rainig iad aite fasail am fagus do Ruith-na-Scotach ris an abradh Ruith-an-t-srathain mu choig mìle o Abarpheallaidh. Runaich iad fuireach an so gus an tigeadh an oidhche, agus an sin dol air an aghaidh troimh Shrath-Thatha. An deigh mheadhon latha thoisich na gillean aircluichean, a chur seachad na h-uine gu feasgar. Bha boghachan-saighead aig ceithir dhiubh, agus thoisich iad air bhi tilgeadh shaighead air comhar a chuir iad suas. Am feadh a bha iad gu cridheil a' farpais ri 'cheile mar so, thainig gille beag de chìobair d' an ionnsaidh, agus bha e a' sealltainn orra, ma b' fhior, le tlachd ro mhor. Thoisich e air ruith a thoirt air ais nan saighead a bha iad a' tilgeadh. An uair a bha e greis mhor a' ruith mar so, thuirt e na 'n

tilgeadh iad na bh' aca de shaighdean, gu 'n tugadh e air an ais iad comhla. Rinn iad so, ach 's ann a thrus an ciobair na saighdean agus chuir e iad ann am balg a bh' aige air a dhruim fo 'bhreacan. Thug e ann sin tarruing air bogha beag de stailinn a bha air a chleith fo 'chota. Thionndaidh e an sin ris na creachadairean agus thuirt e mur fagadh iad an crodh agus an rathad a thoirt orra gu luath, gu 'n cuireadh e saighead troimh gach fear dhiubh. Thug iad ionnsaidh air bhi aige, ach an uair a chunnaic iad an t-saighead deas air a' bhogha stad iad. Thuirt an ceannard ris, "Ciod a tha thu ag radh, a phocain leibidich, no co thusa?" "Tha sibh a' cluinntinn ciod a tha mi ag radh," ars' esan, "agus co air bith mi faodaidh tusa bhi cinnteach as an t-saighead so ma thig thu ceum na 's faisge." M' an robh uine aige freagairt a thoirt rinn aon d'a chompanaich cagar 'n a chluais gu 'n robh e am barail gu 'm b' e so Mac-Thamhais beag nan saighdean air an cual' iad moran iomraidh. Bha Mac-Thamhais ro ainmeal mar am fear-bogha a b' fhearr anns an duthaich air fad; agus bha e cheart cho ainmeal air son a luathais. Thug e mach iomadh buaidh air son a theomachd leis a' bogha, agus air son ruith réisean. Rainig a chliu eadhon gu Baideanach gar am fac iad e fein riamh. "An tusa Mac-Thamhais nan saighdean o'n tha thu cho sporsail as do thapachd?" dh' fheoraich an ceannard dheth. "Is mise sin, gu dearbh, le 'r cead," ars' an ciobair. Chunnaic na spuinneadairean nach robh seol aca air cur 'n a aghaidh nis o nach robh saighead aca; agus ged rachadh iad g' a ruith, bha fios aca nach robh aon 'n am measg a b' urrainn a ghlacadh. A thuilleadh air sin, chaitheadh e an saighdean fein orra. An deigh comhairle a ghabhail

am measg a cheile, chunnaic iad nach robh ach an aon doigh aca air dol as—falbh agus an crodh 'fhagail as an deigh. A' guidhe mile mallachd air a chìobair, thionndaidh iad agus thug iad ammonadhorra. Chruinnich an ciobair an spreidh agus thug e iad air an ais gus na daoine d' am buineadh iad aig Tulaich-Bhealltainn. Air son a thapachd fhuair Mac-Thamhais aite fearainn d' an ainm Arachail, am braigh Abar-pheallaidh, saor da fein, a mhac agus 'ogha. Tha a shliochd ann an Arachail gus an latha 'n diugh, ged a mhùth iad an sloinneadh gu Caimbeulaich; agus tha an sgrìobhadh a fhuair Mac-Thamhais beag nan saighdean, fathast aca a leigeil 'fhaicinn mar a fhuair e còir air an àite. D. C.

—o—

BLAR SHUNADAIL.

(Air leantuin.)

An uair a rainig iad Lochan Bhracluinn,
Chual iad port - caismeachd Chlann-
Domhnuill

A nios an gleann.

SUNADAL.—“Sin na h-Ilich! pongan-
meoir a' Ghruamaich,

A' ruith air an oiteig.

Urram 's lamh-dheas na h-Alba,

Bratach ainmeal Chlann-Domhnuill,

A' so a dhion an oighre.

Suinn gun fhoill an fhine threun ud,—

Tha sinne reidh mar an iartras;

'S e teine Beinn-an-tuirc a rinn so.”

MAC-MHAOILEIN.—“An cluinn thu
phìob ud eile?”

SUNADAL.—“Cluinnidh a nis: sin na
Còmhalaich,

'S Grogair-nam-bò air an ceann;

Sin cuir chathach nan Griogarach

Fo bhratach a' ghiubhais—*'S rioghail an dream!*”

Gluaiseamaid 'n an còmhail.

Treoraich iad gus an fhaiche.

Theirear 'Tachairt nam braithrean'

Ris an oidhche so cho fada's a bhios
duilleach air coill,

No creag air rudha.”

An ath mhadainn, aig sgarthanaich nan
neul,

Chunncas cabhlach Ruraich

Am beul Chaolais-Bhranndain,

'S nuallartaich nam borb a' rànaich

“ *Caismeachd nan ceann,* ”
 'S mac-talla 'g am freagradh
 Bho chreagan Arainn 's Chinntire,—
 Rabhadh gun mhearachd do na Gaidheil.
 Tharruing birlinnean Rioghachd an
 Leoghainn
 An ordugh-cath' air am fiaradh,
 Bho bheul allt beag Ghrob-phort
 Gu Rudha Shunadail, le sruth siubhlach
 na linne
 An taobh a mach dhiubh,
 Riob a ghlac grad na naimhdean
 A thoisich an cath an toiseach an lionaidh.
 'S bu chruaidh-strith rambachd
 A ghleidh an sreathan gun bhristeadh.
 Cha robh dith misnich no eolas-cogaidh
 Air feachd nam borb ;
 Dh' fhosgail iad le colg na frasan basmhor,
 Gathan a's saighdean a' tuiteam,
 Mar chlacha-meallain o neul faoillich,
 Air cinn nan Gaidheal
 A chuir na naimhdean gu grad an sàs
 Le greimichean iarunn a thug gun taing
 ud
 Gu buillean lamh.
 Dh' fheuch na Lochlannaich ri bordadh ;
 Cha robh 'sud ach leon as ùr dhoibh.
 Sheas na laoiach do nach d'uchas eagal,
 'N an sreathan, le 'n sleaghan fada
 A toirt dùlain do amas na tuaidhe,—
 Saidhean geur' birlinnean nan Ceanntir-
 each,
 Comhduichte le iarunn,
 A' sgoltadh gus an uisge 's na bu doimhne,
 Buird a's aisnean daraich nan eithear
 laidir
 Bho 'n dromannan gu 'n stocan-beoil,—
 Croinn a's slatan, stadhannan a's fàraidh
 'G an gearradh le tuadhan trom
 Nan Earraghaidhealach d'am bu choingeis
 Duine, craobh, no crann luinge !
 Bha cinn a's casan nan Lochlannach garg
 A' tuiteam 's an fhairge,
 'S an linne 'n a lì dheirg.
 Lionadh na mara 'g eirigh, 's cuislean a'
 traghadh,
 Sleagh a' sathadh 's tuadh a' gearradh,
 Beuc an leoghainn rioghail Albannaich
 Am beoil nan Ceanntireach o dheas gu
 cli,
 Sreath nach strìochd a's bord dhiubh 'n
 nachdar.
 'N uair a dh' fhannaich an sruth
 Chruinnich na Lochlannaich gun iochd
 A chuartachadh nan Gaidheal
 Le rùn an sgaradh o 'n traigh, 's am mort
 Le airimh—da fhichead ri aon.
 Bha na fineachan air tir
 'N an laidhe air an armaibh
 An talamh tolmach nam bruachan tric
 Bho chrìoch Shunadail gu Craobh-a'-
 Bhaird

Aig allt Dhun-leabhair,
 'S an cinn-fheadna air tom-faire
 An sealladh a' chabhlaich, a' faicinn
 Am braithrean fo thosgan
 A' mhathghamhain ghaire, thuathaich,
 'S gun doigh air bualadh 'n an aobhar.
 An ath mhionaid chualas
 Guth ard misnich, le facal a' chòmhraig—
 Ainn rìgh Alba, “ Coinneach ! Conn-
 each ! ”
 An leoghann 'g a thogail
 Am barr gach croinn,
 'S a' phìob-mhor a' toirt fuaim o ghleann
 's o charaig.

(*Ri leantuinn.*)

COMHRADH.

AM MAIGHSTIR-SGOILE AGUS CALUM
POSTA.

[Chaidh an Comhradh ciatach so a sgriobhadh leis an Ollamh Urramach Tormaid Macleoid, “ Caraid nan Gaidheal ” goirid an deigh an àm anns an deachaidh cosdag-iulan litrichean a thoirt a nuas gu aon sgilliun.]

MAIGHSTIR - SGOILE.—Tarruing do cheum, a Chalum, cha fhreagair do ghillean na Ban-rìgh a bhi cho mairnealach, leisg; tha thu fad' air deireadh an diugh.

CALUM.—Tha—'s annagam a tha fhios; ach na 'm bitheadh mo mhaileid air do dhronnaig-sa, agus d'anail ad uchd, mar thachair dhomhsa, cha bhitheadh tu cho ealamh gu achmhasan a thoirt do 'n t-seana Phosta.

M. SG.—'S ann da-rìreadh a tha mi. So, so! tarruing ort—bha gille beag a' Bhailidh an so o cheann da uair a' feitheamh ort—thug e cheardach air a sheideadh a' bhuilg, a dh-fheuchaidh blàis a chur air fhein; ach 's mor m' eagal gu 'n deachaidh e dhachaidh.

CAL.—Ma chaidh, turus math dha: tha mo bhalgsa cho mor air a sheideadh ri aon bhalg ceardach 's an duthaich. Ged robh am Bailidh

fhein an so, agus am ministear comhla ris—gun tighinn air gille na brigise buidhe, cha robh comas air.

M. SG.—Ma ta o'n a thachair dhuit 'ainmeachadh, bha 'm ministear an so cuideachd—chaill e fhoighidinn agus chaidh e dhachaidh—cha robh e idir toilichte.

CAL.—Nach robh? 'S neonach leam sin! 'S iomadh latha 'thug daoine eile 'breabadh an sailtean aig ceann na h-eaglais a' feitheamh ris-san, an duine coir, 's gun a' chridh' agad fhein, ged is seorsa de phears'-eaglais thu, a radh ris gu'm b' olc; agus a thaobh 'fhoighidinn a chaill e, is suarach an ulaidh i dha-san a dh'amaiseas oirre—bha i gu maith air a caitheamh.

M. SG.—So, so! fosgail do bhroilleach 's thoir dhomh na litrichean.

CAL.—Mo bhroilleach! Fhir mo chridhe chaidh e bh' uaithe sin a nis: cha deachaidh cliabh moine riamh air mo dhronnaig cho trom ris a' mhaileid uir so.

M. SG.—Maileid, a Chaluim?

CAL.—'S eadh, maileid—no sac, ma's e's fearr a thuigeas tu—sac eich, 's cha shac air son Criosduidh. Cha b' ionann 's an leobag bheag leathraich a b' abhaist a bhi agam le sreing m'a muineal, cho soirbh r'a giulan ri aon spliucan tombaca' chuir duine riamh 'n a phoca; 's ged nach robh moran litrichean innte bha iad luachmhor—ceir uasal, dhearg orra, cho cruinn, leathann ri bonn cruin; tri no ceithir air son a' mhinistear, agus leobag bheag an ceann gach raithe air son a' Cheannaiche bhain; agus da-rireadh b' fhiach e a pris a' bhraoisg fhaicinn a chuireadh e air 'g a lèighadh. Chunnaic mi sinn a' tarruing barrachd airgid air tri litrichean 's an am sin na ni sinn air lan cumain de 'n t-seors' ur a thug mi 'n diugh leam—cailc ruadh air a h-uile aon diubh, mar a chi thu air na seotaichean uain — “paighte,”

“paighte,” air clar gach aodainn diubh: agus air son phaipeirean-naidheachd! cha 'n 'eil balach a thug foid moine fo'achlais do 'n sgoil an dingh nach faod paipeir-naidheachd a thoirt dachaidh 'n a aite. Cha 'n fhoghnadh an t-seaun fheadhainn, ach fear ur—fear Gaidhealach, ma's fhior — Cuairtear nan Gleann! Cuairtear—ach cha 'n abair mi tuilleadh. Sin agad a' mhaileid — se fichead litir, agus cuid diubh air son feadhainn nach d' fhuair litir riamh.

M. SG.—Fuir'ibh air ur n-ais gus an seorsaich mi na litrichean—cha 'n fhaodar lamh a chur air a h-aon diubh.

CAL.—Cha chuir sinne corrag orra, ach fodaidd an cat amharc air an righ. Co dha tha i sud? a h-uile litir air a cul cho reamhar, gharbh ri m' ludaig, 's cho cam ri iomaire 'n amadain.—Stad, fhuair mi e — *Donald M'Lucas, Esquire, Shooter of Wild Beasts, Big-Craig. Esquire!!* Fheara 's a ghaoil! Domhnall Brocair 's a' Chreig - mhoir 'n a *Esquire!* thug so barr air na chunnaic mi riamh; ach co i so? *Miss Christiana Mac O' Shenag, Old Wife's Point, Mull.* Ubh! Ubh! Ubh! co i so? Feuchaidh so riut fhein, ge h-eolach thu. An aithne dhuit i? *Old Wife's Point*; sin aite nach cuala mise ri m' linn, no fear eile romham.—O! Bheurla, Bheurla, mar a tha i 'tolladh a stigh!

M. SG.—Nach cum thu do theanga, Chaluim; an e nach aithne dhuit i? Cairistiona mhor aig Rudha-na-Caillich.

CAL.—Rudha-na-Caillich! *Old Wife's Point.* Mo chreach, mo chreach! C'ait' an stad so? 's culaidh-spuirt so gun teagamh; ach stad—tha mi 'tuigsinn co bhuaithesha litir Cairistiona. Cuiridh mi geall gur e bodach na brigise cainbe 'bha 'g iasgach nan cruban's nan giomach air son an t-Sasunnaich

mhoir's a' Chaisteal, a dh'fhag a chleibh's a lin an tigh Cairistiona; ach tha i'mach a' cladadh, 's bidh greis mu'n ruig an litir i.

M. SG.—Uist! a Chaluum, air neo cuiridh tu fhein a's mise 'mach air a cheile, 's cha bhi sin freagarrach.

CAL.—Cha chuir—gu dearbh cha chuir; b'e sin an ordag an aghaidh na glaise, mise 'bhi 'stri riut-sa. So agad Eoghan figheadair ag iarraidh litreach.

EOGHAN.—Feuchaibh am faic sibh te air mo shon-sa bho Ailein mo mhac; 's fhad' o 'n chuala mi bhuaith. Bha e ann an Sasunn 'n uair a thainig an te mu dheireadh, 's tha mi fo mhor iomaguin.

M. SG.—Tha i ann an so, Eoghain—am fosgail mi i?

EOGHAN.—Ciod eile, fhir mo ghraidh; nach sibh fhein mo pheann 's mo shuilean?

M. SG.—Tha e slan, fallain, gun dith, gun deireas, agus gu dearbh 's e fhein aig am bheil an gnothuch ri sgriobhadh; an gille gasda, tha sodan orm litrichean cho poncail, cheart, agus lamh-sgriobhaidh cho reidh, eireachdail 'fhaicinn bhuaith. Fuirich an deigh chaich agus leughaidh mi air fad i.

EOGH.—So agaibh na dh'fhuasglas i. Reic mi 'n coileach ruadh ri Cailleach nan uibhean, 's ar leam gur e tri-sgillinn-deug 's bonn-a-se 'bha n te mu dheireadh a thainig.

M. SG.—Cum d' airgiod ad sporan, Eoghain, cha 'n 'eil dad r'a phaigheadh: dh' fhalbh an latha sin, 's thainig latha 's riaghailtean a's fearr.

CAL.—Chi sinn, mar a thuirt an dall.

EOGH.—Cha 'n 'eil mi gu ro mhaith 'g ar tuigsinn. 'N e nach 'eil dad r'a dhioladh air son litrichean?

M. SG.—Phaigh do mhac i, 's cha robh sin 'n a uallach dha; thug an

sgillinn ruadh a Sasunn i, agus cuiridh sgillinn eile fios-freagairt air ais. Sin agad an riaghailt ur. Nach cord sin riut?

EOGH.—Cha chuala mi riamh a' leithid; cha b' fhearr a nasgaidh iad—riaghailt cheanalta?

CAL.—A' Bhan - righ, Eoghain; caileag laghach, Eoghain; ach tha i og; 's beag tha fhios aic' air a liughad ceum eadar so a's Lunnunn. Cha seas an riaghailt ur so, cha 'n urrainn i seasamh; cha 'n 'eil ann ach amaideachd!

M. SG.—Uist! a Chaluum; cha tig e dhuit-sa bhi 'labhairt mar sin mu 'n Bhan-righ a tha 'cumail na spaine 'm beul do theaghlaich. Am bheul duil agad nach 'eil luchd-comhairle maith aice?

CAL.—Theagamh gu 'm bheil—theagamh gu 'm bheil—ach cha do choisich iad riamh an Leathar Mhuil-each, 's cha mho bha iad air an aiseag ri sneachda 's ri gaillinn mar bha mise 'n de, air neo cha smaoin-ticheadh iad aon litir a chur an rathad so air son sgillinn.

EOGH.—A' bheannachd sin orrasa a chuir ann am chomas seanachas a bhi agam ri Ailein bochd air son sgillinn. Chi sibhse, mhaighstir-sgoile, gu 'm bi fichead litir a nis air son an aoine a bh'ann roimhe so. Cha chaidil mi 'n nochd gus an sgriobh mi litir a dh-ionnsaidh Ailein, agus tha iomadh aon 's an sgireachd a ni 'n gnothuch ceudna. 'S mithich do na sgoileirean a bhi 'cur nam peann air uidheam—litir do Shasunn air sgillinn!

CAL.—A' pheic air an sgillinn 's gun an sgillinn ann.

EOGH.—Tha 'n sgillinn ann. Tha mi 'n dhine bochd, ach 'd é dheth sin, am bheil agam ach gun ghreim tombaca 'chur fo m' fhiacail fad latha, 's tha mi leis a sin a' caomhadh na chumas suas eolas air mo mhac, na leigeas domh mo chridhe

fhosgladh dha, suidhe le m' ghaoilean mar gu'm b' ann taobh nan cnoc, no taobh a' ghealbhain; tha mise 'g radh rint gu'm paigh mi sgillinn cho togarrach 's a rinn mi rud riamh ged nach robh agam r'a innseadh dha ach gu'm bheil Robag bheag, an abhag beo, 's mar a mharbh i'm feocallan an la roimhe. Sgillinn ann! —cha'n 'eil tigh as am bheil smuid nach faod cearc eile ghleidheadh, agus beiridh i de dh-uibhean air son na cailliche Gallda na chumas seanachas r' an cairdean feadh an t-saoghail. Biodh iad a' bruidhinn, ach ma's e'n *Reforum*, no ciod a's ainm dha, an *Reform* a rinn so, 's maith na rinn e—an riaghailt ghasda!

CAL.—'S oil leam nach robh do dha shlinnean air an rughadh mar tha iad agam-sa; 's cha bu ghearan na 'm paigheadh an gnothuch. Tubaist air na h-amhlairean gun tuigs' a smaointich air a' leithid! Ma tha 'h-uile comhairl' eile 'tha iad a' toirt do'n Bhan-righ cosmhuil rithe so, cha seas ise no iadsan fada; bithidh iad cho bhriste ri long mhor an iarainn, no ri marsant' a' ghuirmein.

M. SG.—Ciod so'n gearan a th' ort? Fhad's a gheibh thusa 's mise ar tuarasadal cha bhuin e dhuinn a bhi 'faotainn coire dhoibh-san a tha thairis oirnn.

CAL.—Fhir mo chridhe, 's fhurasda dhuit a bhi 'labhairt aig nach 'eil a bheag r'a dheanamh ach do sgian bheag, bhoidheach a thoirt a mach a d'phoca's gob ur a chur air do pheann; 's ionann duit-sa miltean litrichean ris an fhichead; ach na 'm biodh a' mhaileid agad r'a giulan, dh'atharraicheadh tu do chainnt. Cha phaigh e gu dilinn, tha mi 'g radh rint.

M. SG.—Stad thusa, Chaluim; ged nach 'eil a' bheag r'a fhaotainn air son na thainig, cuimhnich gu'm bheil sgillinn air son gach fios-freagairt.

CAL. — Nach iongantach leam sibhse, duine tuigseach! c'ait am faigh iad an sgillinn? O'ait' am faigh *Miss Christiana Mac O' Shenag* an sgillinn, te nach do shin a lamh riamh ri ladar nam bochd o'n a rugadh i, 's nach 'eil a' faotainn air son a ciridh's a cladaidh ach rusg cloimhe, no sliasaid bhragsaidh? Tha mise 'g radh riut nach 'eil de dh-airgiod odhar's an duthaich na dhioladh fios-freagairt do na tha'n sin. Faodaidh na foirfich ùra ladair nam bochd a chur air na sparran taobh carbad nam marbh. Abradh am ministear mar thogras e “Cuimhnichibh na bochdan,” no mar thubhairt am ministear og a leugh dhuinn an t-searmoin thioram, chutach a sheachdain o'n Domhnuach so'chaidh, “Cuimhnichibh na buic;” ach coma, cuimhnichidh iad na litrichean. Ar leam gur leir dhomh Eoghan figheadair's an sgillinn ruadh 'n a ghlaic, 'n uair tha'm foirfeach mor a' cur nunn an ladair; tha Eoghan a' toirt sreothairt aird agus a' cromadh a chinn mar le naire gus an teid an ladar seachad; am ministear ag radh “Cuimhnichibh na bochdan,” ach guth beag eile 'g radh, “Cuimhnich litir Ailein's' na dealaich ris an sgillinn.”

EOGH.—Ma ta, Chaluim, 's mi nach deanadh e; an aite sinn's ann a bheir mi barrachd's a thug mi riamh. Bu neo-shuairce mi-thaingeil mi mur tugadh. Cha robh mo bhonn-a-se riamh air deireadh's tha dochus agam nach bi; 's beag tha fhios cia luath's a bhios mi'n a eisimeil.

M. SG.—Togamaid d'ar seanachas faoin; ach fheara, o'n tha na litrichean a nis air an seorsachadh, nach mor an t-sochair so da-rireadh? Comas aig daoine bochd'eadar da cheann na rioghachd air seanachas a dheanamh r'an cairdean, agus eolas achumail orra; daoine bochda's eiginn

dealachadh r' an cloinn a dheoin no dh'aindeoin, 's an cur gu Galldachd gu cosnadh, gu 'm faod iad iomradh fhaotainn orra uair 's a' mhìos fad na bliadhna air son fiach an leth-bhodaich ghrainde; agus cluinn mi, Chaluim, thor thusa leat gu 'm faod gillean bochda, no caileagan blath-chridheach 'tha aig cosnadh a nis, leth-chrun no crun, no 'bheag no 'mhor mar a thogras iad a chur dhachaidh a dh-ionnsuidh an cairdean le dol do 'n *Post-Office* a's dluithe dhoibh agus leis an airgid a thoirt a stigh an sin, gheibh iad litir-chreideis a dh-ionnsuidh *Post-Office* an aite 's am bheil an cairdean a chomhnuidh, agus diolar dhoibh e cho poncail, fhirinneach, 's ged thig-eadh iad fhein a h-uile ceum air bonnaidh an cas leis dhachaidh: agus cuimhnich so, cha 'n urrainnear a ghoid no 'thoirt as an litir; cha dean an litir-chreideis maith do neach ach dha-san d' am buin i. Faodaidh mac Eoghain da sgillinn - deug Shasunnach, no punnd Sasunnach, beag, mor mar a thogras e 'chur dhachaidh a Sasunn g' a ionnsuidh gun chunnart a chall no dol am mearachd; agus so le fìor bheagan a phaigheadh air son an saothreach. Cuiridh se sgillean mar so dhachaidh da phunnd Shasunnach.

CAL.—Cha 'n fhaod mi radh nach 'eil seorsa de thuigse 's a' chuis sin; cha robh fhios agam air a sin; ach coma, cha 'n fhaic mi fhein cìod am moran rath 'tha 'u lorg an airgid a tha na gillean gaolach 's na caileagan laghach a' cur dhachaidh; cha 'n iad na daoine bochda 'bu mhiann leo-san fhaotainn a tha 'g a shealbhachadh, ach coma co dhiubh, cha 'n abair mi tuilleadh air an am. 'S fhad' o'n a chuala mi, "Mar a leagas Murchan ithidh Mearchan."

M. SG.—Nach taitneach an ni 'bhi 'mothachadh mar tha 'n saoghal a' dol air aghaidh le inleachdan ura,

mar tha eolas a' craobh-sgaoileadh feadh an t-saoghail; rioghachdan a' dluthachadh r'a cheile. 'S usa gu mor dol a nis do Lunnuinn na bha e 'n laithean m' oige dol do Ghlaschu; agus air son Ghlaschu, nach 'eil e aig an dorus? Na carbadan iarunn a' siubhal deich-mìle-fichead 's an uair; litir o Lunnuinn ann tri laithean; am paipeir-naidheachd againn fìnach o'n chlo-bhualadh! Co 'nis a bhiodh a' ruith gu bata-deathaich no soith-each-seolaidh le litir? co a dh' earbadh litir ris a' Cheannaiche mhor e fhein, no ri fear eile a chailleadh i air an rathad, ma dh' fhaidte, air neo a bheireadh dhachaidh 'n a phòc i; 'n uair a dh' fhaodar air son aon sgillinn a cur leis a' phosta, 's e cho cinnteach gu 'n ruig i'n t-aite 'tha air a shonrachadh dh' i's gu 'n ruig a' ghrian ud shuas an cuan mor a tha cuil Irt nan eun fionn, an nochd mu 'n caidil i. Mo bheannachd air an riaghailt ghasda, agus soirbheachadh dhoibh-san a smaointich oirre. Cha 'n fhaod an riaghailt so gun chinn-eachadh.

CAL.—Cha 'n abair mi diog, ach chi sinn; air mo shon fhein cha leir dhomh am mor fheum a th' anns a' chabhaig so 'tha 'sgaoileadh thar an t-saoghail a nis, a h-uile h-aon agus a h-uile ni 'n a chabhaig: carbaid iarunn a' falbh leth-cheud mìle 's an uair; gu de dheth sin? Am bheil so ach a' mealladh dhaoine o'n dachaidh. Nach fhaic thu daoine a b' abhaist a bhi glic, a nis mar gu 'm biodh teine-sionnachain air an earbail: cha 'n fhan iad seachduin aig an tigh, ach air an ais 's air an adhart; a mach an Dun-eideann an diugh, 's 'an Lunnuinn am maireach; aiteachan nach fhaca na daoine coire bho 'n d' thainig iad, riamh; agus nach 'eil a bhuil, a h-uile sgillinn a chruinnich iad aig an tigh 'g a chost air falbh. Am bheil ar tighearnan a nis na's fialaidh, na's iochdmhoire,

na's cairdeile? Cha'n fhiach leo am mal fhein a thogail a nis, ach Baillidh mor 's Baillidh beag, sgriobhadairean's luchd-lagha maor-coille, maor sratha, agus iad fhein, uachdarain na tire 'siubhal leth-cheud mìle's an uair, troimh Shasunn no'n Fhraing. Ma thig so gu rath 's iongantach leam-s' e; agus innsibh so dhomh. Am bheil na tuathanaich na's cothromaiche? mo chreach's mo leireadh, 's ann agam a tha fhios nach 'eil. Am bheil ar fleasgaich na's modhala, na's foghaintiche, ar maighdeanan na's modhala, na's malda, na's beusaiche? Am bheil an co-thional a mach air an fhaiche sin shios air latha na Sabaid na's tlachdmhoire na bha iad an linn d' oige? Ach coma co dhiubh, ars' thusa, tha Glaschu aig an dorus; thig litir a Lunnuinn an tri laithean; siubhlaidh daoine air rathaidean iarainn na's luaithe na ni gobhlan-gaoithe air iteig—'s mor a' chulaidh-bhosd sin. Thig cnap feola dhachaidh a Glaschu 'n aite 'bhi marbhadh a' mhairt reamhair; gheibhear slinnean tana caorach o'n bhuth an aite bhi 'feannadh nam mult mora—nach mor an t-sochair sin? Coma leam an spiocaireachd thruagh! Tha 'n saoghal a' dol air aghaidh! Tha mi cho sgith de 'n t-seanachas so's a bha 'n losgann de 'n chleith-chliata? Cha robh's na daoine bho 'n d' thainig sin ach na baothairean—ud, ud, cha robh! a chionn nach robh aca litrichean saora; ach bha fearann saor aca, agus cairdeas saor, agus biadhtachd shaor; agus mur robh na paipeirean-naidheachd lionmhor bha paipeirean a bu luachmhoire lionmhor. Gheibhinn iasad choig puinnnd Shasunnach air m' fhocal, far an diugh nach fheoraichear, An tu so, a Chalum? Gabhaibh mo leth-sgeul, ach sin agaibh-s' an fhirinn—thug sibh fhein a mach i lion beagan a's beagan, mar a dh' ith an cat an

sgadan; ach slan leibh—cuiribh a' mhaileid far nach ruig na radain oirre.

—o—

FAILTE DO 'N EILEAN SGIATHANACH.

O, failt air do stùcan,
Do choireachan ùdlaidh,
Do bheanntainnean sùghor,
Far an siubhlach am meann!
Tha 'n geamhradh le 'dhubhlachd
Mu na meallaibh a' dunadh,
'S gach doire le 'bhùirean,
Air a rusgadh gu bonn.

Chi mi Cuchuilinn
Mar leoghann gun tioma,
Le 'fhiasag d' an t-sneachd
Air a pasgadh m' a cheann;
'S a ghruaidhean a' srùladh
Le easanan smùideach
'Tha 'tuitean 'n an luban
Gu urlar nan gleann.

Do chreagan gu h-uaidhreach,
Mar challaid m' an cuairt dhuit,
'S na neoil air an iomairt,
A' filleadh mu 'm bàrr;—
'S am bonn air a sguabadh
Le srùlaichean gruamach,
Bho bharcadh a' chuain
A' toirt nuallain air traigh.

O, c' àil 'eil na gaisgich
A dh' àraich do ghlaican?
'Bu shuilbeara macnus
Mu stacan a' cheo,—
Le fudar 'g a sgailceadh
Bho 'n cuilbheirean glana,
'S am miolchoin 'n an deannaibh,
Nach fannaich 's an tòir.

Na laoiach nach robh meata
Ri aodann na batailt,
Nach aomadh gu taise
Ri caismeachd an nàmh;
Cha 'n 'eil raon agus machair
Air na sgaoil iad am bratach,
Nach d' fhag iad an eachdraidh
Gun mhasladh do 'n àl.

Ach tha 'm fàrdaichean sguabte,
'S an seomraichean uaine,—
Iad fein a's an gaisgeadh
'N an cadal fo 'n fhòid;
'S tha osag nam fuar bheann,
Le 'h-osnaidhean gruamach,
'G an caoidh mu na cruachan,
'S a' luaidh air an glòir.

O, c'ait 'eil gach sòlas
'Bha agam am òige?—
'Toirt meal' as na ròsan
Mu d'chòsagan tlàth.
Tha companaich m' eòlais
Air am fuadach o'n còmhnuidh,
Tha mhill air a deothal
'S tha 'n ròsan gun bhlaith.

Ach 's caomh leam do ghleanntan,
Do shrathan 's do bheanntan,
'S an ceo 'tha 'n a chadal
Air baideal nan àrd',
Na ciobhagan torach,
Na srònagan corrach,
'S na sruthain ri coireal
Do 'n eilid 's d' a h-àl!

Gu ma buan a bhios d' eachdraidh,
Agus cliu aig do mhacaibh,
Gus an crìonar an talamh,
'S am paisgear na neoil!
Fhad 's 'bhios sìoban na mara
A' bualadh air caraig,
Bidh mo dhurachd gun deireas
Do dh-Eilean a' Cheo!

N. M. L.

LARACH NINEBHEH.

(Air leantuinn.)

“Is tric (arsa *Mr. Layard*) a sheas mi re iomad uair de thiom a' dil-bheachdachadh air na h-ìomhaighean mìorbhuileach so. Re dha mhìle gu leth bliadhna bha na samhlaidhean iongantach so air morachd Asiria air am folach o shealladh dhaoine; agus tha iad a nis air seasamh a mach 'n an seana mhoralachd aon uair eile! Ach O, cia mor an t-atharrachadh a th'air gach ni mu 'n cuairt doibh! Chaidh innleachd agus sogh a' chinnich threin a thuinich aon uair 's a' mhor-roinn so gu tur as an t-sealladh, agus tha iad air an leantuinn le bochduinn 's le aineolas beagan de fhineachan borba. The beairteas nan teampull agus saibhreas nam bailtean-mora air an leantuinn le laraichean briste, 's le duintean salachair. Thairis air an t-seomar anns an do sheas na dealbhan so chaidh an crann-treabh-

aidh, agus os an ceann ghearr corran a' bhuanach e an t-arbhar! Anns an Eiphit tha carrachan-cuimhne a ghleidh an larach anns gach linn agus a bha ghnath r' am faicinn a' cur an ceill a cumhachd, a h-uabhair 's a h-innleachd ann an laithean a soirbheachaidh agus a cliu, 'n uair nach d' rinn na h-ìomhaighean so ach an cinn a thogail eadhoin a nis á 'n seomraichean cadail udlaidh, a thogail fianuis leis an fhaidhe gu 'm 'bu chrann-seudair ann an Leabanon an t-Asirianach, le geugaibh mais-each, agus le sgaile dhorcha, agus le airde mhoir; agus bha a bharr am measg nam meangana tiugha. . .

. . . dh' eirich 'airde suas os ceann uile chraobhan na machrach, agus bha a mheangana lionmhor, agus dh' fhas a gheugan fada, le lion-mhoireachd nan uisgeachan, an uair a sgaoil e mach. Rinn uile eunlaith nan speur an nid 'n a gheugaibh, agus fuidh a gheugaibh rug uile bheath-aichean na machrach an alach, agus fuidh a sgaile ghabh cruinneachadh mhoran chinneach comhnuidh. . .

. . . Air an aobhar sin, mar so tha an Tighearna Dia ag radh, A chionn gu 'n d' rinn e uail as 'airde, agus gu 'n do chuir e suas a bharr aon am meadhon nan neul, agus gu bheil a chridhe air a thogail suas 'n a airde; uime sin thug mise thairis e do laimh aoin chumhachdaich nan cinneach: buinidh esan gu laidir ris, dh' fhuadaich mise a mach e air son a chionta.' ”—Esec. xxxi.

Mu thoiseach an earraich, 1846, fhuaradh da ìomhaigh mhor eile, car coltach ris a' cheud dithis; agus goirid 'n a dheigh sin ruisgeadh aon seomar anns an d' fhuaradh sea leoghainn deug, air an deanamh de mhiotailt ruadh, car coltach ri *copar*. Bha cuid diubh so nach robh thar oirleach air fad, agus cha robh an t-aon a bu mho dhiubh ach gann troidh air fad, agus bha iad uile ro

sgeineil, chumachdail. Cha 'n 'eil teagamh air bith nach b' iad so na diathan breige do 'n robh muinntir Ninebheh ag aoradh, agus tha e coltach gu 'n robh na h-ìomhaighean beaga so air an deanamh le luchd-ceird seolta, coltach ri Demetrius an ceard-airgid, a bha 'deanamh beartis air tailleadh saobh-chrabhadh an coimhearsnaich. 'S iad so "an ìomhaigh shnaighte, agus an ìomhaigh leaghta," a tha Nahum ag radh a ghearradh Iehobhah "a mach a tigh nan dé:" agus da-rìreadh tha na h-ìomhaighean so a' cur soluis ro ìongantach air Nahum, ii. 11, 12. "C' ait am bheil comhnuidh nan leoghann, agus aite-beathachaidh nan leoghann oga? far an do ghluais an leoghann, an seann leoghann, agus cuilean an leoghainn, gun aon air bith a chur geilt orra. Reub an leoghann gu leoir air son a chuileana, agus mharbh e airson a leoghanna-boirionn, agus lion e a thuill le cobhartach agus 'uaimh le creich." Mor so tha e coltach, gu 'n robh ann an teampuil nan diathan breige so, mar tha ghnath ri fhaotuinn 's gach aite de 'n t-seorsa, sagartan cuilbheartach a bha sior-sparradh air an luchd-aoraidh tabhartais a thoirt a steach a bhiodh freagarrach do chail nan diathan, gus am biodh "an tuill air an lionadh le cobhartach, agus an uaimhean le creich;" air chor 's gu 'n robh am pailteas aca fein a chum an ciocras a shasachadh.

An nair a chualas an Lunainn an soirbheachadh a bh' aig Mr. Layard am measg laraichean briste Ninebheh, chuir an Comunn aig a bheil riaghladh a' *British Museum* airgid d' a iònnsaidh a chum comhnadh a dheanamh leis 's an obair mhoir ud. Cha 'n 'eil e'n comas duinne aigan am an deicheamh cuid de na ruisgeadh de sheomraichean 's de ìomhaighean, de gach dealbh agus cumadh, a chur an ceill.

Air iartras a' Chomuinn cheudna phac Mr. Layard a' chuid a b' usa 'ghluasad de na h-ìongantais a fhuair e, ann am bocsaichean, agus an deigh moran saothair a's cosdais chaidh aig' air an cur gu cladach, far an robh soitheach Breatunnach a' feitheamh gu an gabhail air bord a chum an toirt do Lunainn. An deigh dealbhan na cuid nach b' urrainnear a charachadh a tharruing air paipèir, chomhdaich e le h-nir iad, agus phill e do Shasunn.

Cha 'n 'eil neach air bith a tha 'creidsinn gu 'n do "labhair Dia o shean gu minic agus air ìomadh doigh leis na faidhibh," do nach toir na nithean a tha mar so air an toirt gu solus moran misnich; oir tha iad 'n an dearbhadh laidir, maille ri ìomadh aon eile de 'n nadur cheudna, gus an "teid neamh agus an talamh thairis, nach teid aon lide no aon phuinc" de na labhair Dia "thairis, gus an coi'-lionar gach aon ni."

Biodh ar rioghachd-ne a' foghlum gliocais o na laraichean briste air an robh sin a nis a' beachdachadh. Ma chaidh "crann seudair Leabanoin" a leagail agus "a mheangain a bhriseadh," gabhadh "crannaibh na frithe" rabhadh, air eagal 's gu 'm bi iadsan mar an ceudna "air an toirt thairis gu bàs." Ma bha Ninebheh, "uile 'n a ceilg agus lan de reubainn" air a caitheadh as le teine —ma "rinn Dia a h-uaigh a chionn gu 'n robh i graineil," ciod a thachras do bhailtean mora fuileachdach an ama so, nach 'eil a' toirt geill do shearmonachadh "neach a's mo na Ionah," 's nach 'eil a' pilltinn "o'n fhoirneart a ta 'n an lamhan!" Tha eachdraidh nan Impireachdan a chaidh seachad a' cur an ceill gu soilleir gu 'm feum rioghachdan uaibhreach an t-saoghail tuiteam gu lar. Uime sin tha 'n Criosdaidh gu tric a' miannachadh sgiathan a'

cholmain a bhi aige, chum gu'n itealaicheadh e air falbh 's gu'm biodh e aig fois—far am faigh e lan sheilbh air an “oighreachd a ta neo-thruaillidh, agus neo-shalach, agus nach searg as, a tha air a coimhead's na neamhaibh.” Ach ged a rachadh rioghachdan an t-saoghail so as o na breitheanasai bh coitichionn mu'n robh siun a' labhairt, gidheadh tha 'n t-am a teachd anns an “teid na neamhan agus an talamh thairis le toirm mhoir, agus anns an leaghar na duilean le dian theas.”

“O'n theid gach ni mar so a sgrios,
Mar fhuair sinn fios o Dhia,
Nach iomchuidh dhuinne deasachadh
Fa chomhair teachd ar Triath ?

Cia naomh bu choir dhuinn bhi gach uair
'Nar smuain', 'nar cainnt's 'nar gnìomh,
'N uair tha ar suil ri crìoch an t-saogh'l,
'S ri caochla gach aon ni ?”

S.

—*Fear-tathaich nam Beann.*

—o—

DR. LIVINGSTONE.

Air Disathuirne an t-ochdamh la deug d'an mhìos a chaidh seachad, dhùin an uaigh thairis air an uasal urramach agus ainmeil, *Dr. Livingstone*. Ged bha a chliu cho farsainn,—a' ruigsinn thar an t-saoghail gu leir — agus ged dh' fhaodar amharc air mar aon a bha cho mor anns an run no a' chrìoch araid a chuir e roimhe, 's anobair mhoir anns an do chaith e a chuid a b' fhaide 's a b' fhearr d' a bheatha—'s gu'm bu dhanadas do aite seach aite a radh, “so far an do rugadh e,” tha sinn toilichte gu'm faod sinn a thagradh mar Albannach, agus cha'n e mhaoin sin, ach mar fhìor Ghaidheal agus mar mhac Gaidheil.

Rugadh e ann am *Blantyre* dluth do Ghlaschu, anns a' bhliadhna 1813. Bha a pharantan ann an inbh ro ìosal; ach ged bha iad bochd 'n an

cor saoghalta, tha e coltach gu'n robh iad, air mhodh sonraichte, “saoibhir ann an creideamh,” agus fo dheadh chliu am measg an coimhearsnaich air son fìor-chrabhadh agus fiachalachd an caithe-beatha. Ann an gearr-eachdraidh air a bheatha fein a chuir *Dr. Livingstone* a mach anns a' bhliadhna 1857, tha e ag innseadh dhuinn mar a leanas:—“Aon de m' shinnseanairean thuit ann am Blar Chuilfhodair a' cogadh as leth sliochd nan seann rìgh, agus bha aon de m' sheanairean 'n a thuathanach ann an Ulbhadh, far an do rugadh m' athair. . . . Is math tha cuimhne agam mar a b' abhaist domh eisdeachd ris le tlachd, oir bha 'inntinn air a lionadh le seann sgeulachdan, moran diubh gle choltach rìusan a chuala mi uaith sin air an aithris leis na h-African-aich, agus sinn 'n air suidhe comhla m' an cuairt air an cagailtean cein, trath-feasgair. B' abhaist do m' shean-mhathair cuideachd a bhi 'seinn orain Ghaidhlig.” Tha e coltach gu'm buineadh a shinnsrean aig aon am do dh-Eaglais na Roimhe, agus tha e ag innseadh dhuinn gu'n robh iad “air an deanamh 'n am Protastanaich le tighearn an fhearainn, a thigeadh m' an cuairt agus duine leis aig an robh bàta buidhe 'n a laimh, a bha a reir coltais a' tarrainn tuilleadh aire na bha a theagasgan, oir b' e a b' ainm do'n chreideamh ur re uine fhada as a dheigh so, agus theagamh gus an latha'n diugh, ‘creideamh a' bhàta bhuidhe.’”

Aig aois dheich bliadhna chaidh Daibhidh *Livingstone* a chur a dh-obair ann am muileann-cotain ann am *Blantyre*. Bha de dheigh aige air foghlum agus air leughadh, 's gu'n do chuir e cuid de'n cheud phagheadh a fhuair e a cheannach *grammar* Laidinn, a b' abhaist da

a bhi ag ionnsachadh an deigh d' a obair-latha a bhi seachad. Cha robh leabhar air an ruigeadh e nach robh e a' leughadh le deine agus le gionachd do-riaraichte. M'an robh e ach gle og bhuail iarrtas mor e gu dol a mach do dhuthchannan cein mar lighiche; agus a chum an rùn so a choimhlionadh, aig aois naoidh bliadhna deug, chaidh e do Oil-thigh Ghlaschu, far, ri uine, an d' fhuair e na mhiannaich e. As a dheigh so, chuir e roimhe e fein a thairgseadh do chomunn mor an Lunainn a bha ag uidheamachadh agus a' cur a mach mhinistirean do dhuthchannan fad as; agus air do'n chomunn so gabhail ris, chaidh a chur air leth mar *missionary* do dh-Africa a chinn a deas, agus sheol e anns a' bhliadhna 1840.

Cha b'ann an aon aireimh d' an *Ghaidheal* a b' urrainnear a chur an ceill na rinn e ann an Africa—mar a shaothraich e am measg nan daoine dubha, an da chuid chum an leas spioradail agus aimsireil a chur air aghaidh—mar a chaith e a bheatha ann an aobhar a dhuthcha fein, a' farsainneachadh ar n-eolais air cruth, air cor, agus air toraidhean na duthcha duirche sin, Africa, agus a' fosgladh suas rathaid troimh an ruigear air a luchd-aiteachaidh le teachdaireachd phriseil an t-Soisgeil agus leis na buaidhean tarbhach agus feumail a thig an lorg co-mhalairt agus co-chomunn eadar rioghachdan Criosdail agus cinnich bhorba agus aineolach—mar a thog e a ghuth, gun sgur gun sgìos, as leth nan daoine dubha bochd, agus an aghaidh na malairt mallaichte sin leis an robh ar co-chreutairean air an reic mar spreidh gu bhi'n an tràillean, agus gu bhi air an gnathachadh air mbodh nach buineamaid ri ainmhidhean na machrach.

Eadar an t-àm anns an d' fhalbh *Livingstone* an toiseach, agus àm a

bhàis, rinn e turas no dha air ais do'n rioghachd so. Is ann's a' bhliadhna 1866 a dh' fhalbh e air an turas mu dheireadh. Goirid an deigh sin thainig fios a nall gu'n d' fhuair e am bàs, agus re uine ghabh moran daoine ris an sgeul mar fhirinn, ach chaidh cuideachd a chur a mach á Sasunn anns a' bhliadhna 1867 a rannsachadh co-dhiù a bha an t-iomradh fìor no nach robh. Thill iad leis an naidheachd thaitnich nach robh e fìor; agus goirid as deigh sin thainig litir o *Livingstone* fein, a chaidh a sgrìobhadh bho'n àm anns an robh e air a radh gu'n do shiubhail e. Bha e fad uine an sin gun iomradh againn c' àite'n robh e, gus an deachaidh duine og, tapaidh a mhuinntir America, *H. M. Stanley*, 'uidheamachadh agus a chur air falbh a dh-fheucainn an amaiseadh e air *Livingstone*—nì a rinn e, agus thug e fios air ais gu'n robh an t-eilthireach caomh gu lan-mhath'n a shlainte, ach gu'n robh e feumail gu leir air a' chuideachadh a thug esan g'a iounsaidh — caoimhneas nach do dhi-chuimhnich *Livingstone* gu latha 'bhàis.

Cha'n 'eil moran forais againn fathast air a ghluasadan an deigh tilleadh *Mhr. Stanley*. Mu thoiseach na bliadhna so thainig fios gu'n d' fhuair e bàs air a' 4mh latha de cheud mhìos an t-Samhraidh an uiridh, ach bha moran daoine neo-thoileach gabhail ris an sgeul. Mu dheireadh thainig litrichean ag innseadh gu'n robh cuid d' a luchd-leanmhainn air an rathad dhachaidh le 'chorp, agus chuir so gu buileach mar sgaoil a' h-uile dochas a bha aig daoine gu'n robh am fios so neo-airidh air geill, mar bha gach fios a thainig roimhe.

Tha e coltach gu'm b' e a b' aobhar d' a bhàs, fliuchadh agus baohaiseachadh a fhuair e air a

thuras troimh fhearann bog, féitheach, far an robh e iomadh uair gus na h-achlaisean ann an uisge. Thog so galar a bhàis. Air latha araidh, 's e'g a mhothachainn fein tinn, thuirt e rìusan a bha leis, "Togaibh dhomh bothan anns am faigh mi am bàs." Chaidh bothan a thogail agus leaba a sgaoileadh dha. Air an treas latha thuirt e, "Tha mi ro-fhuar; cuiribh tuilleadh tuthaidh air a' bhothan." Tha iad ag innseadh gu'n robh e bitheanta ag urnaigh air leaba a bhais, agus aig aon àm gu'n cual' iad e ag radh "Tha mi a' dol dachaidh." Chaochail e air a' 4mh latha de mhìos Màigh 1873.

Cha b' urrainn duinn taisbeanadh a b' fhollaisiche 'iarraidh air dills-eachd agus air teas-ghradh nan seirbheiseach dubha a bha aig *Dr. Livingstone*, agus air mar ghabh a chaoimhneas greim air an cridheachan, na mar bhuin iad r' a chorp. An deigh dhoibh a chur an ordugh's a phacadh le salann—agus sin ann an uaigneas, air eagal gu'n cuirteadh stad orra le uachdaran an aite's an robh iad aig an àm—ghiùlain iad e troimh gach cruadal agus deuchainn, re iomadh latha gu h-acrach sgìth, thairis air tuilleadh agus mìle de mhìltean astair, ann an duthaich gun rathad-mor gun slighe, gus an do rainig iad an cladach far an deachaidh a chur air bord luinge agus a thoirt a nall do Shasunn.

M'an do sheol e air a thuras mu dheireadh thuirt e, an cursa seanchuis, ri caraid da, "Na 'm faighinn m' iarrtas bu mhath leam a bhi air mo thìolacadh ann an meadhon coille far nach cuirteadh dragh orm gu Madainn na h-Aiseirigh." B' i so a roghainn; ach mheas an rioghachd so nach robh urrain a ghabhadh cur air duine an deigh a bhais air nach b' airidh *Dr. Livingstone*. Chaidh a

thìolacadh ann an *Abaid* mhor *Westminster* am measg duslach nan rìgh, agus na dream a bha air am meas airidh air an onair a b' airde. Ann an lathair aireimh mhoir shluaigh, agus maithean as gach cearn de Bhreatunn, às an Roinn-Eorpa, agus America, chaidh a leagail anns an duslach far nach cuirear dragh air "gu Madainn na h-Aiseirigh."

"Na 'm bu daoine bheireadh dhinn thu,
Dh' eireadh mìltean air an tòir,

A rachadh togarrach ga d' dhioladh
Nach obadh dol a sìos le deòin.

'S ann tha chùis na 's fhearr mar tha i,—
Dochas laidir thu bhi beò
Am measg nan aingeal a tha 'm Pàrras,
Ann an gairdeachas ro mhor :
Gur e 'n Tì a ghlac air làimh thu,
Thug 's an àite sin duit còir
Air oighreachd is fhearr na dh' fhàg thu,
'N àros àdhmhor Rìgh na glòir'."

MAC-MHARCUIS.

—o—

COINNEAMH CHAIDREACH.

Is e ar beachd gur h-i a' Choinneamh Chaidreach a bha aig Gaidheil Ghlaschu air a' chiad latha d' an Ghiblin so chaidh, coinneamh d' an t-seorsa a bu mhò a chaidh a chumail riabh. Bha an talla is mò anns a' bhaile, agus anns an faod mu dha mhìle sluaigh suidhe aig bord, lan bho dhòrus gu dòrus, gu h-ard 's gu h-ìosal; agus sin gu h-iomlan le Gaidheil, sean a's og, firionn agus boirionn. A thuilleadh air gu'm biodh cothrom air a thoirt do Ghaidheil a' bhaile-mhoir cruinneachadh agus aon oidhche chridheil, chairdeil a chur seachad, mar gu'm b' eadh mu 'n aona bhord, bha a run orrasan a chuir air chois a' choinneamh, beagan airgid a thional mar chuideachadh a chumail air a h-aghaidh na h-oibre a tha ga 'deanamh le comh-thional Eaglais Chaluim-chille,

ann an ceann tuath a' bhaile, far a bheil eaglais bheag air a cur a suas, agus meadhona nan gràs air am frithealadh ann an Gaidhlig.

Fada roimh àm toiseachaidh, bha an Talla Mor loma-làn; agus chum an sluagh a chur air ghleus, agus an cumail bho fhadal gus an tigeadh àm dol an caraibh na cuirme, bha piobairean eireachdail a' spaidsearachd air an urlar-àrd's a' cluich—mar a bu ghlan a b' urrainn daibh—cuid de na seana phuirt shughach, inn-tinneach, spreigeil sin a bu mhinig a chuir sunnd fo chridbeachan ar sinnsearan air feill s' air banais, 's a bhrosnaich ar gaisgich gu euchdan iomraiteach air iomadh faiche dheirg—cho math ri cuid de na fuinn thiamhaidh agus bhinne sin a tharraingeas na deoir bho shuilean a' Ghaidheil ann an tìribh cein, no am measg nan Gall, agus a ghiulaineas 'inntinn air a h-ais gus na beanntan fraoich's na leacanna gorma air am b' eolach e an laithibh 'oige, 's a bheir, ma dh' fhaoidte, 'n a chuimhne an cladh tosdach, fuar anns am bheil iadsan a bu ghaolach leis 'n an suain—an cladh anns an cual' e na ceart phuirt so mu dheireadh, an àm a bhi 'g an leagail 's an ùir.

Air ceann na cuirme shuidh an t-nasal Donnachadh Mac - a'-Mhaighstir, a bha air 'eideadh gu sgiamhach—mar a bha aireamh nach bu bheag anns a' chuideachd—anns an deise-ghoirid. An deigh do 'n Urramach *Mr. Blair* beannachadh 'iarraidh ann an Gaidhlig, chaidh an tea—an t-aon rud a bu Ghallda a bha air a' chnirm—le aran de gach seorsa, bho 'n aran chruidh, choirce a nuas gu breacagan cruithneachd de gach dealbh agus dath, a sheirbheiseachadh do 'n t-sluagh. Chaidh buidheachas a thairgseadh le bhi a' seinn earrainn d'an 145mh Salm.

Dh' eirich an sin fear na cathrach, agus labhair e gu snasmhor ann an

Gaidhlig ris a' chuideachd. Dh' innis a cho toilichte's a bha e a leithid de choinnimh thaitnich 'fhaicinn. Bha e an dochas, ged a b' i so a' chiad choinneamh d' au t-seorsa a chaidh a chumail, nach b' i an te mu dheireadh. Thug e buidheachas daibh air son na h-onoir a chuir iad air an uair a roghnaich iad e gu suidhe air ceann na cuirme. Bha e lan chinnteach nach biodh a dhleasnasan mar fhear na cathrach duilich a choimhlionadh, oir bha làn fhios aige gu 'n deanadh gach aon a bha lathair a dhìchioll a chum 's gu 'n rachadh gach ni air 'aghaidh gu h-ordail agus gu h-eireachdail; agus b' e a mhiann nach e mhain gu 'm biodh iad uile air an riarachadh, ach gu 'm faigheadh iad mor bhuannachd o'n co-chomunn cairdeil ri cach a cheile. Chaidh e an sin air 'aghaigh gu labhairt air muinntir a dhi-chuimhnich an Gaidhlig—nach bruidhneadh i agus nach b' urrainn a tuigsinn, ma b' fhior iad fein, agus a bha mar so a' taisbeanadh gu 'n robh naire orra d' an tìr-bhreith agus d' an luchd-duthcha. An robh so nadurra? dh' fheoraich e.—Cha robh; cha robh ann ach meud-mhoir agus cion tùir. Is fhada m' am b' i so barail muinntir eile mu 'n Ghaidhealtachd, oir nach robh iad a tighinn as geach cearn, miltean de mhilltean astair a dh-fhaicinn na duthcha ainmeal agus aillidh sin anns an robh seallaidhean ri 'm faotainn do nach faighteadh coimeas ann an cearn eile air uachdar an t-saoghail. Ma bha an duthaich mar so airidh air mor mheas, neo-ar-thainig mar robh an sinnsearan airidh, a dh' fhag an ainmeannan agus an euchdan, an cliu agus an comharra, sgriobhte ann an litrichean buan-mhaireannach air clar-eachdraidh an t-saoghail. Nach robh Ghaidheil r' am faighinn gus an latha 'n diugh a' lionadh nan àitean a b' airde ann an comhairlean ar

rioghachd, anns an eaglais, agus anns an arm. Co a fhuair urram anns na h-Innsean-an-Ear? co a bhuidhinn cliu anns a' *Chrimea*? co ach na Gaidheil; agus nach robh an duthaich o cheann gu ceann anns na laithibh so fein a' deanamh uail agus gairdeachais thairis air gaisge agus treubhantas nan Gaidheal ann an *Ashantee*, as an robh am Freiceadan Dubh an deigh tilleadh, luchdaichte le urram agus gloir. Is i a' chomhairle a bheireadh e air gach aon d'an chuideachd,—

“Lean gu dluth ri cliù do shinnsear,
‘S na dìobair a bhi mar iadsan.”

Dh'earailich e orra gu durachdach iad a bhi dileas agus firinneach araon daibh fein agus do mhuinntir eile, ge b' e suidheachadh anns an tuiteadh dhaibh a bhi, agus an dleasan a choimh-lionadh d' an Duthaich, do 'n Chrùn, agus, os cionn gach nì eile, do Dhia—le bhi a' deanamh mar sin cha bhiodh iad ach a' leantainn cheuman na dream o 'n d' thainig iad. Thagair e an sin gu laidir agus gu deas-bhriathrach as leith na Gaidhlig,—a' chainnt mhilis, bhlàth sin a b' fhearr gu càineadh no gu moladh—agus ged nach robh i a nis, le dith na cleachdainn, cho freagarrach gu gnothaichean malairt a chur troimh lamhan—a' chainnt anns an deachaidh iomadh treud mhor chaorach, agus iomadh buaile chruidh, a reic agus a cheannach. Dh'asluicheadh e orra le uile dhurachd a chridhe iad a leantainn r' an Gaidhlig, iad a dheanamh an uile dhìchìoll gu a cumail beo, am feadh 's a bha a naimhdean a' feuchainn ri cur as di, agus iad g'a sìneadh sìos mar oighreachd luach-mhoir d' an cloinn agus do chlann an cloinne.

B' e an ath fhear-labhairt an t-Urramach *Mr. Blair*, ministear Eaglais Chaluim-chille. Thoisich e le bhi a' moladh choinneamhan coltach

riutha so, ag ràdh gu 'm faodadh iad a bhi chum mor bhuannachd do na Gaidheil a bha, mar gu 'm b' eadh, air an call ann am bailtean-mora na Galldachd, agus aig nach robh cothrom ach fìor ainneamh air coinn-eachadh r' a cheile. Thug e an sin beagan earailean ro fhreagarrach agus dhurachdach gu sonraichte do 'n oigridh iad a bhi dileas, stuama agus firinneach, oir mur biodh iad mar so nach biodh moran meas orra agus nach soirbhicheadh leo—iad a ghabhail gach cothroim a gheobhadh iad gu bhi deanamh maith d' an luchd-duthcha, gu sonraichte iadsan a dh' fhaodadh a bhi ann an euslaint no trioblaid, no fo throm uallaich. Dh'earailich e orra iad a chumail air mhaireann le 'n uile dhìchìoll canain an sinnsrean—iad a thional agus a sgriobhadh sìos a mheud 's a b' urrainn daibh de sheann orain, de thoimhseachain, de sheuna agus de shean-fhacail na Gaidhealtachd, oir gu 'n robh an t-am a' tighinn anns nach biodh ann a bhruidhneadh a' Ghaidhlig ach cnuic agus aibhnichean na duthcha. Chaidh e an sin air 'aghaidh gu bhi labhairt air bardachd na Gaidhealtachd,—bardachd a bha gun choimeas air son fallaineachd agus beusachd, agus a bha ach beag gu tur saor o gach truailidheachd cainntea gheobhar ann an ranntachd iomadh duthaich eile. C' aite an robh leithid bardach Oisein agus Dhonnachaidh Bhain air son gloinead agus snas de gach seorsa, araon ann am minead bhriathar agus airde smuain. Nach b' eireachdail, mar eiseimpleir, an ranu sin ann an *Coire Cheathaich*,—

“Tha bradan tarra-gheal s a' choire
gharbhlach,
Tha tigh' un o 'n fhainge 'bu ghailbheach
tonn,
Le luinneasmheamnach a' ceapa' mheanbh-
chuileag,
Gu neo-chearbach le cham-ghob crom:
Air bhuinne borb, a's e leum gu foirmeil,

An éideadh colgail 'bu ghorm-glas druim,
Le shòislean airgid, gu h-iteach, meana-
bhreac,
Gu lannach, dearg-bhallach, earr-gheal
aliom."

Is minig a bheireadh e ni sam bith air son a bhi og a rithist a chum 's gu 'm b'urrainn dana seann nithean sin a chur sios a bha a nis a' dol air dhi-chuimhne gu bras, agus nach gabhadh gu brath toirt air an ais. Ann an co-dhunnadh dh' iarradh e orra gu leir, le 'n uile eolas agus ionnsachadh, iad a shireadh an eolais sin a b' airde—eolas Chrìosd. As eugmhais so ge b' e air bith cho saoi bhir no cho foghlumte 's a dh' fhaodadh iad a bhi, cha bhiodh stàth ann daibh; ach leis an eolas so, bha iad air an cur an seilbh air sòlasan agus toil-inntinnean an t-saoghail so, agus air sonas sìorruidh anns an t-saoghal ri teachd.

Thug Mr. Domhnallach o America beagan fhacal ro thaitneach air cor nan Gaidheal anns an duthaich sin. Chaidh taing na cuideachd gu leir a thairgseadh dhaibhsan a bha aig dragh ann an cur na coinnimh air chois, agus labhair *Mr. Sharp* as an leith ag radh nach bu dhragh idir leo e, ach gur ann a bha lan duais aca air son gach ni a rinn iad ann a bhi faicinn cho math 's a shoirbhich leo, agus gu'n robh e an dochas gu'm biodh aca an ath bhliadhna, coinneamh eile d' an cheart seorsa. Thagair e as leith gun rachadh gach cuideachd bheag Ghaidhealach ann an Glaschu comhla agus gu'n deanadh iad aon chomunn mor, laidir de mhuinutir tir nam beann, agus mar so, gu'm biodh iad na bu chomasaiche air math a deanamh d' an luchd-duthcha le bhi 'cur suas thighean-taghail air son nan Gaidheul anns am faigheadh iad air neoni, leabhraichean agus paiperan-naidheachd r' an leughadh agus cothroman air co-chaidreamh a chumail r'a choile, ceilidh bhuann-

achdail a dheanamh, agus seana chairdeas agus choimhearsnachd 'ùrachadh agus a chumail air chuimhne.

Chaidh aireamh mhor de dh-orain Ghaidhlig a sheinn an cursa na h-oidhche agus cha robh dìth air piobaireachd's air dannsadh. Gun aon seach aon de ha h-oigearan 'ainmeachadh a chuidich mar so cridhealas agus suund na coinnimh a chur air aghaidh, faodaidh sinn a radh gu'n do rinn iad uile an dleasan fa-leth gu toileach agus gu tapaidh—ni air son an d' fhuair iad mar bu ghlaun a choisinn iad, cliu agus taing na bha lathair.

Sgaoil a' chuideachd mu airde mheadhon-oidhche an deigh dhaibh earrann no dha a sheinn ann an Gaidhlig d' an oran iomraideach sin, *Auld Langsyne*.

—o—

SOP AS GACH SEID.

Na 'm bu mhiann leat do bhiadh a bhi blasda, oibrich air a shon—na 'm bu mhath leat d' aodach a mhealtainn, paigh e—na 'm bu mhath leat cadal gu suaimhneach, thoir coguis ghlan a laidhe leat.

Tha spiorad an fhìor Chrìosdaidh, gu h-araidh spiorad an fhìor chreidimh a' deachdadh caoimhneis agus macantais anns na h-uile. Tha e comunnail, cairdeil, aoibhneach, agus seirceil. Cha 'n 'eil gnothuch aige ris an t-saobh-chrabhadh agus an dall-eud sin a ta co dubhach, fuar, agus neo-sheirceil 's gu 'm bheil iad a' comhdachadh na gnuise le dubh-bhron, a' truailleadh an nadair, a' tilgeadh an spioraid folag-mhisnich, agus a' tarruing cuirtean duibhre agus cianaileis thairis air an duine gu h-iomlan, eadar spiorad, anam agus chorp!

Dean t'obair fein gu ciallach, socair-each. Tha iomaluasg agus ro churam 'n an aobhardothinneas agus mi-fhoisneachd. Feumaidh sinn ar tuisge a ghnathachadh chum ar ciocras agus dian-thogradh a cheannsachadh, oir mar dean sinn sin, geillidh ar neart corporra, agus theid as duinn. Cuimhnich eamaid gu 'n toir sinn a mach a' bhuaidh le neart nach leinn fein. Is cogadh e nach 'eil an crochadh aon chuid riu-san a ta luath no laidir.

KEY F or E.

MO NIGHEAN DUBH.

With Spirit.

Chorus.



. L₁ | d., r : m., r | m., s : d¹. L | 1, s. m : m., r | m : l₁ . L₁



Fina.

| d., r : m., r | m, s. - : l, . D¹ | 1, s. m : m. r | d : d. ||



| L., d¹ : t., s | l., t : l, s. | L., d¹ : t., s | l : l. T



D.C.

| d¹., l : s., s | l., t : d¹. L | 1, s. m : m., r | d : d. ||

SEISD.

*Mo nighean dubh, tha boidheach dubh,
Mo nighean dubh, na treig mi :
Ged theireadh cach gu bheil thu dubh,
Cho geal's an gruth leam fhein thu ! **

Moch là Coinnle anns a' mhadainn,
'M leaba's mi gun eirigh,
Gu'm facas oigh an taice rium,
'S a gnuis ro dhreachmhor, ceutach.

Toisichidh mi aig do chasan,
Chum do mhaise 'leughadh ;—
Didomnuich a' dol an chlachan,
Bean do dhreach cha leir dhomh.

Thig stocaidh gheal air rogha dealbha
Air do chalpa gle-gheal ;
Brogan barra-chumh'nn, 's bucaill air-
gid—

Oigh air dhealbh na grein' thu !
Seang chorp fallain, mar shneachd meall-
ain,

No mar chanach sleibhte ;
Mar fhaoileag chladaich, ri là gaillinn,
Air chuan mara 'g eirigh.

'S math thig gùn's an fhasan duit,
Cho math's a tha 'n Duneideann,
Mu d'mheadhon caol 'g a theannachadh,
'S a' chamhanaich's tu 'g eirigh.

Do shuilean mar na dearcagan,
Do ghruaidh air dhath na ceire,
Cul do chinn air dhreach an fhithich,
'S gradh mo chridhe fhein ort.

Suil chorrach ghorm fo d' chaol mhala
Bho 'n tig an sealladh eibhinn,
Mar dhealt camhanaich's an Earrach,
'S mar dhruhd meala Cheitein.

Tha falt dubh, dualach, trom, neo-
luaidhte,
'N ceangal sguuib air m'euchdaig ;
Gur boidheach e mu d' chluasaibh,
'S cha mheas' an cuailin breid e.

Cha dean mi tuilleadh molaidh ort—
O, 's tu mo rogha ceile !
'S ann ort a tha 'n cùl fàinneagach,
Mar sud's am braighe gle-gheal.

'S olc a rinn do chairdean orm
'S gu'n d' rinn iad pairt ort fein d'e,
'N uair chuir iad as an dù'ich mi,
'S mi 'n duil gu'n deanainn feum duit.

'S ged nach deanainn fìdhleireachd,
Gu'n deanainn sgriobhadh's leughadh ;
'S a Nàile ! dheanainn searmoin duit
Nach talaicheadh neach fo'n ghrein
roir'.

* Repeat the chorus after every verse.

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NOTES BY THE REV. ALEX. CAMERON.
(Continued from Vol. III. page 63.)

351. *Mil* and *Milis*.

Mil (honey; gen. *meala*) = W. *mêl* and is cognate with Lat. *mel* (honey; gen. *mellis* for *meltis*), Gr. *meli* (honey; gen. *melitos*), Goth. *milith* (honey. *Milis* (sweet) is from *mil*.

352. *Lìon*, *léine*, and *lint*.

Lìon (flax, lint; anc. *lìn*) = W. *lìn* (flax) and is connected with Lat. *linum* (flax, lint), Gr. *linon* (anything made of flax, also the plant that produces flax), Old Ice. *lìn* (flax), Ger. *lein* (lint), A.S. *lìn* (flax), *linen* (linen), *linet* (flax), Eng. *linen*, *lint*. *Léine* (a shirt) Stokes regards as probably connected with *lìn*. Cf. Ir. Glosses, p. 41.

353. *Cùis* and *cause*.

Cùis (cause; anc. acc. sing. *cóis*) is from Lat. *causa*, from which comes Eng. *cause*.

354. *Càs* and *case*.

Càs (difficulty, emergency) = Lat. *casus* (fall, misfortune, calamity) from which Eng. *case* is derived.

355. *Flaith* and *flaitheanas*.

Flaith (dominion, sovereignty) corresponds to the Old W. *gulat* (region, country; now *gwlad*) and is cognate with Goth. *valdan* (to govern), Ger. *walten* (to govern). From *flaith*, gen. *flatha* or *flatho*, is derived *flaithem* (lord) from which come *flaithemnas* (glory), now *flaitheanas* (heaven), and *flaitheas* (sovereignty, dominion). *Flath* (a chief, king, prince, noble) is now used for *flaithem*. Cf. Z. G. C., p. 53, and Ebel's Celtic Studies, p. 116.

356. *Càs* (rent, tribute) = Lat. *census* (a census, valuation of every man's estate). In Gaelic *n* is dropped before *s* by rule.

357. *Mias* (a dish, a platter; gen. *mèis* or *mèise*) = Lat. *mensa* (a table to eat on, a dish) from *metior*, *mensus* (to measure). The diphthong *ia* = *e*.

357. *Mios* and *moon*, *month*.

Mios (month; anc. *mís*, and now in Irish *mì* = W. *mis* and corresponds to Lat. *mensis* (month), Gr. *mēn* (month; gen. *mēnos* from *mēnsos*), Sansk. *mās* (moon, month), and *māsa* (month), Goth. *mena* (moon) and *menothe* (month), Old Ice. *mana* (moon), Ger. *mond*, A.S. *mona*, Eng. *moon*, Ger. *monat* (month), A.S. *monath* (month), Eng. *month*.

358. *Sàl* or *sàile*, *salann*, and *salt*.

Sàl or *sàile* (the sea, salt water) = W. *hal* and is cognate with Gr. *hals* (the sea). *Salann* (salt) = W. *halen*, Lat. *sal* (salt), Gr. *hals* (salt), Sansk. *sara*, Ger. *salz*, Goth. *salt*, A.S. *salt* and *sealt*, Eng. *salt*. Cf. Curtius' Greek Etymology, p. 538. Lottner, quoted by Stokes (Cf. Ir. Glosses, p. 114) says that Gr. *hals* (the sea) is "radically connected with *hallomai* (from *saljomai*), Lat. *salio*, which we find again in Sanskrit in the forms *sal*, *sar* (to go). Hence *salilo* (water), *sarit* (river), *saras* (lake) = *helos*. Hence it clearly results that water is denoted by all these words as the 'bounding, leaping, billowing,' just as this meaning lies in the Greek *salos*, Lat. *salum*, 'the (leaping) sea-flood.' The passage from the fundamental idea to that of 'salty,' could only take

place on becoming acquainted with a great salt sea. And so there can be no doubt that the European peoples were still unsevered when they reached the sea, whilst the primeval abodes of the stem lay remote therefrom."

359. *Càisg* (Easter; in Mid. Gael. *caisc*, but in Old Gael. *casc*) is from *pascha* (the Passover). *C* in Gaelic frequently = *p* in Latin and Greek.

360. *Meadh*, *misge*, and *mead*.

Meadh (mead; anc. *med*, gen. *meda*) = W. *medd* and is connected with Gr. *methy* (wine), *methē* (strong drink, drunkenness), Sansk. *madhu* (honey, inebriating drink), Old High Ger. *metu* (mead), New High Ger. *meth* (mead), Dut. *mede*, A.S. *medo*, Eng. *mead* (honey and water fermented). *Misge* (drunkenness; anc. *mesce*) = *med-cia* (the root *med* and the suffix *cia*, *d* becoming *s* before *-cia*).

361. *Luaidhe* and *lead*.

Luaidhe (lead) corresponds to Dan. *lod* (lead), Dut. *lood* (lead), A.S. *lead*, Eng. *lead*. *Ua* and also *uai* = *o*. Cf. *uair* and Lat. *hora*.

362. *Fitheach* (a raven; = *fiach*) may be compared with Old H. Ger. *wiho*, New H. Ger. *weihe* (a bird of prey, a kite). Cf. Stokes' Ir. Glosses, p. 63.

363. *Garbh* (thick; rough, harsh, haughty; anc. *garb*) = W. *garw*, and is equated by Stokes (Ir. Glosses, p. 159), with Sansk. *garva* from root *garv* (proud, haughty). For Gael. *b* = *v* cf. *fedb* = *vidua*, and the next word.

364. *Tarbh* (bull; anc. *tarb* = Gaul. *tarvos*) = W. *tarw*, and is cognate with Lat. *taurus* (bull, ox), Gr. *tauros* (a bull).

465. *Bior*, *biorach*, *bioran*.

Bior (a pointed stick or stake; anc. *bir*) corresponds to W. *ber* (a spear, lance, or pike), and is cognate with Lat. *veru* (a spit, a spear). Cf.

Ebel's Celtic Studies, p. 107. *Biorach* (pointed; anc. *berach*) and *bioran* (a little stick) are from *bior*.

366. *Abhall*, *ubhal*, and *apple*.

Abhall (apple; anc. *aball*) = W. *afal* and is cognate with Old H. Ger. *Aphul* and *aphol*, Old Ice. *apal*, A.S. *æpl*, Eng. *apple*. *Ubhal* (= *ubull*) is another form of *abhall*.

367. *Iol* (implying variety, many) and *ilar* (multitude).

The prefix *iol-* (cf. *iol-bhuadhach*, *iol-ghleusach*, *iol-mhodhach*) was in Old Gaelic *il-*. It is cognate with the Goth. *filu* (many), Gr. *polys* (many). Cf. Z. G. C., p. 67. Initial *p* is frequently dropped in Gaelic. *Ilur* is from *il*. Cf. Curtius' Gr. Etymology, p. 282. The comparative *lia* (more; cf. O'Reilly's Dictionary and the H.S.'s Dictionary) corresponds to the Greek comparative *pleiōn* (more). Cf. Z. G. C., p. 67.

368. *Seanadh* (synod; in Mid. Gael. *senadh* = W. *senedd* and Corn. *sened*) is from Lat. *synodus* = Gr. *synodos* (an assembly, a meeting).

369. *Iarunn* and *iron*.

Iarunn (iron; anc. *hiarn* and *iarn*) = W. *haiarn*, and is cognate with Goth. *eisarn*, Old H. Ger. *isarn*, New H. Ger. *eisen*, Old Ice. *isarn* and *iarn*, Dan. *iern*, A.S. *isern* and *iren*, Eng. *iron*. *S* between vowels disappears in Gaelic.

370. *Geall* and *giall*.

Geall (hostage, pledge) was in Old Gaelic *gell* = *giall* (*e* = *ia*). This word is cognate with Old H. Ger. *gisal* or *kisal* (hostage), New H. Ger. *geisel* (hostage), Dan. *gidsel* (hostage), A.S. *gisel* (pledge, hostage). The vowel-flanked *s* disappears as in *iarunn*.

371. *Iach* (salmon) = W. *eog* = Corn. *ehog* = Arm. *eheug*, and corresponds to Lat. *esox* = *esocs*, Gr. *isox* (a salmon). Cf. Stokes' Ir. Glosses, p. 57.

372. *Laoidh* and *lay*.

Laoidh (hymn) may be compared with Ger. *lied* (song), A.S. *ley* (a lay), Eng. *lay*.

(*To be continued.*)

GAELIC LECTURE IN GREENOCK.

The eighth and last lecture of the course, under the auspices of the Greenock Highland Society, was delivered on Monday evening, the 20th April, in the Temperance Institute, by Dugald Macphail, Esq., Glasgow; the Rev. J. M'Pherson presiding. The lecturer handled his subject—"A Criticism on Modern Gaelic Poetry"—in his usual happy style, and was listened to throughout with wrapt attention by an appreciative audience. At the outset, having made a few preliminary remarks on poetry, he went on to show its place and power in the history of nations, ancient and modern, explaining very clearly the origin, status, and emoluments of the Poets-Laureate of Greece, Rome, and England. He highly eulogised Duncan Ban MacIntyre's "*Beinn-dorain*," and contrasted it very favourably with Tennyson's "*Holy Grail*." The lecturer then pointed out the advantages and encouragements enjoyed by the ancient Gaelic bards in their cultivation of the muse, and their important functions as family chroniclers, harpers, and poets; and in his own quaint style gave amusing specimens of unpoetic doggerel, published within the present century; at the same time by apt illustrations characterising true poetry as contradistinguished from common-place versification. He, in conclusion, ably recited numerous specimens of choice modern Gaelic poetry, published and unpublished, including selections from the works of Mary

Mackellar, Livingstone, Macleod, MacColl, Buchanan, and Maclachlan, with special remarks on the latter's Gaelic translation of the first Seven Books of Homer's "*Iliad*." The lecturer concluded with the following eloquent appeal:—I thought I made a summer tour to Lochaber; and while there, I resolved not to return to the Lowlands without paying a visit to Ewen M'Lachlan's grave. On a calm summer evening—the sun descending slowly and majestically to her night's repose in the west, casting long dark-blue shadows across the rugged heights and lonely dells of Glencoe—I wended my way to the sequestered Churchyard of Killevaodin. Being alone, without guide or companion, I went leisurely over all the gravestones, which lay hither and thither without order or arrangement, expecting to discover somewhere the name of this rare classic poet; but was sadly disappointed. Just as I was turning away regretfully, methought I saw a grey-headed old man, with his drooping head resting on his hand, and reclining on a green sod near me. On approaching, he responded to my salutation in a faint and listless voice. I asked him if he would kindly point out to me Ewen M'Lachlan's gravestone. With a significant shake of the head, he muttered, "Ewen M'Lachlan's gravestone, forsooth!" He rose and led me to a lonely corner covered over with a profuse luxuriance of nettles, and beating them about right and left until he came to a spot where he fixed his staff in the ground, and leaning on it, he gazed ruefully in my face, and said, "Here we stand over Ewen's grave without a stone, slab, or cairn to mark the spot; and when my head is laid under yonder green sod, I shall not leave behind

me in this, or in the nearest parish, one single individual who can tell the stranger or tourist, whose dust rests here ; soon, very soon, all traces of it will be lost, unless the Argyllshire Highlanders may be aroused to the realisation of their duty of erecting to the memory of Ewen M'Lachlan, on this spot, a simple monument such as the Perthshire and Breadalbane Highlanders are about to erect to the memory of Dugald Buchanan at Kinlochran-noch." I awoke, and thought to myself that if the Argyllshire Highlanders should ever resolve to emulate the laudable example of the Perthshire men, the honour of planting the first stone on the cairn may belong to the Greenock Highland Society.

Mr. Macphail was frequently applauded during the course of his interesting lecture ; and the Chairman, in moving him a vote of thanks, which was most cordially awarded, expressed the hope that he may favour the society with another lecture next season. This the lecturer kindly consented to do.

At the close of the lecture the monthly meeting of the society was held, at which Mr. Macintosh, treasurer of the Highland Gathering, recently held in the Town Hall, read his financial statement, which was very satisfactory, and for which he received the thanks of the society. Mr. M'Lachlan, secretary, read a letter from the Gaelic Society of London, presenting the society with a copy of the quadrilles recently published by them, and offering to supply the members with copies at the reduced price of 2s. per copy. The meeting instructed the Secretary to thank the London Society for their gift, and expressed the hope that the members will take advantage of the offer made them.

THE CELTIC CHAIR.

SIR,—May I crave insertion of a rambling sentence or two in the GAEL regarding that long-talked-about but interesting subject, "The Celtic Chair,"—a subject which I trust to see exhaustively discussed in the columns of the GAEL ; and if I succeed in diverting the pens of some of your able contributors to the matter, my immediate wish and aim are attained.

From a recent speech of Professor Macgregor's, at Edinburgh, it would appear that for want of pecuniary encouragement the Edinburgh Committee have temporarily shelved "The Chair," suggesting a "Lectureship" in its stead. More recently I observe that this Professor has resigned, and that that "Fior Ghaidheal," Professor Blackie, has been installed Chairman of said Committee. Although I have faith in the Committee doing their work well, I question their wisdom in making public this temporary suspension of their purpose, as tending to cool the ardour of all Gaelic-loving Highlanders on the matter.

I doubt not they may be got to work heartily and to subscribe liberally for "The Chair," but they certainly will look upon the "Lectureships" with anything but favour. If their language is to be raised to a common level with other languages of the civilized world, it must be by the highest and best attainable means, or the true Gael's enthusiasm will never be successfully enlisted in this cause. Despite all counter-acting influences he dearly loves his language, and no half measures for its revival will suit him. Once his real patriotic nature is moved to action, he will make open war against all its enemies, holding firm to his purpose, until the last stone is placed on the cairn.

Now that Mac-'Ille-Dhuibh has taken the reins in hand, we can hopefully look forward to a successful effort being made for the "Celtic Chair." I have little faith, like the Professor, in the Highland Lairds. My trust leans elsewhere—in the multitudes of patriotic Highlanders whom those same Lairds are yearly compelling to abandon the clachan for the city in search of their daily bread.

It has been said, however, that a solitary but generous chieftain has already offered £1,000, and the Cowal Society £200, for "The Chair;" but it is not known to what extent our innumerable Highland Societies and Clubs may contribute. The matter has not been properly brought before them. Every Highland Society, Club, or established "gathering" of "natives" of every town in Gaeldom, should be urged to declare their intentions regarding, perhaps, the last movement that will ever be made to lift their native language from its present position. From America, Australia, and the far away corners of Gaeldom, let the hands and heart of Professor Blackie be filled to overflow. The ultimate influence of the institution of a Gaelic Chair upon the language itself it is needless to conjecture—let the sermons of the Highland clergy of the future testify—and the future *Sgiathanachs*, *Runasdachs*, &c., of the GAEL, the ARD-ALBANNACH, and BRATACH will blaze it over all the world.

GILLE DUBH.

Greenock, April, 1874.

The Rev. Mr. Chatterton tells us he delivered his first sermon in a small village before an audience of seventeen persons. Before he had gone far an old lady fainted, and then a young lady went into hysterics, and as it took four men and two women to take each lady out, there were only three left, and of the three, before he had finished, two were asleep, and one was deaf.

THE PROPOSED CELTIC CHAIR.

At the statutory half-yearly meeting of the General Council of Edinburgh University on the 21st ult., after the transaction of some other matters of business, Professor Macgregor gave in the report of the committee on the endowment of the Celtic Chair, the effect of which was that the efforts of the committee had resulted in nothing being done. Other members of the committee, the Professor said, had more faith than he in regard to the ultimate success of the undertaking, and he decisively intimated that he could continue no longer convener of the committee. He rejoiced, however, that Professor Blackie had accepted the convenership, and as they were going to appeal for funds outside of Scotland, and even of Britain, Professor Blackie's name would have greater influence than his.

Professor Blackie said he was surprised to hear, but not sorry to know, that a Professor of Greek had more faith than a Professor of Theology in the Free Church. (A laugh.) He thought the Free Church would have done very little indeed if it had had as little faith in theology as it had in philology. (A laugh.) He was not the least surprised that no answer had been made to the appeal for endowments for the Celtic Chair, and that there was not a more cordial response from the people of Scotland. That was a subject on which Scotland had a weak side. The Scotch people had a word "utility." What did it mean? Usefulness for some end. There was no end so useful as a Professor of Celtic and Philology in our University. It was useful to recover to Scotland its position on the platform of European Science; it was useful for education in the good teaching of our Highland schools, and for the intellectual filling of our Scottish pulpits. It was the most useful thing in the world; but the weakness of the Scotch mind, the weak side of the Scottish character, the besetting sin of all Scotchmen, was that they meant by utility a step to something that went directly or indirectly into the pocket. He feared they were perfectly right in supposing that the institution of a Celtic Chair would bring nothing either directly or indirectly into their pockets. Though that was the vice of Scotland, as Scotland, it was not necessarily the vice of all Scotchmen, and therefore he would on no account give up an expedient course of treatment for this expectant Chair; for he knew that the best Highlanders

were not in Scotland, but out of Scotland. In this respect, and perhaps in no other, they were like his friends the Greeks. The best, richest, most patriotic, and most influential, and the most large-hearted Greeks were not found in Athens or Greece, but in Odessa, Petersburg, London, Liverpool, and Manchester—all over the world, only not in Greece. (A laugh.) The most influential Highlanders were to be found in Canada, or, as Dr. Begg told them the other day, grand Celtic heroes were to be found in New Zealand. (Hear, hear, and a laugh.) Considering, therefore, that they had to wait hopefully for the enthusiastic and glorious last will and testament of some rich Celt abroad, he saw no reason why their excellent friend (Professor Macgregor), should want faith. Perhaps he might want time, but why he should want faith he (Professor Blackie) did not know at all. (Laughter.) It was a great pity that there were such vulgar ideas about the Celtic language and people, and that some people should follow the Roman maxim—*ubi solitudinem faciunt pacem appellant*—when they make it a solitude they call it a civilization. The best thing they could do for the Highlanders—whom they looked upon as a parcel of barbarians, forgetting what they had done for them not a thousand years ago—was to do away with them altogether, and let the Highlands be a place for grouse and for deer, and for sheep, leaving the mountains and the waterfalls for silly Cockneys to stare at! (A laugh.) But to do anything to encourage the patriotic feelings of the people by cherishing their ancient traditions and their language never occurred to them, especially to those who called themselves the nobility and gentry forsooth. (Applause.) He therefore accepted the function of convener of the committee with great pleasure, to prove, at all events, that he had great faith. He expected he would not have much to do, but perhaps to pay money out of his own pocket; but he would communicate with those who were far beyond the seas, and perhaps something would turn up which would make Professor Macgregor regret that he had lost faith so soon. (Laughter.) At the same time, it was of no consequence whether good works were carried on by a Professor of Greek or a Professor of Theology, and he hoped that before ten years passed over that some Highlander in Otago or Canada might die and leave £20,000 for the foundation of a

Celtic Chair in the University of Edinburgh. (Applause.)

Professor Macgregor said that what he meant to say was, that the result of the experiment he had made in Scotland was to show that any enthusiasm for a Celtic Chair was a very poor business, and mere sentimentalism; that Highland proprietors were stony-ground hearers, and that they need not expect much from them. He was rejoiced that Professor Blackie accepted the office with such manifest appreciation; but being a broken-spirited man he was not the man to carry the scheme on.

Professor Blackie—I never saw a Free Churchman broken-spirited before; never. (Laughter.)

Sheriff Nicholson moved that the report be adopted and the committee reappointed, Professor Blackie convener, with the addition of Sir John M'Neil; Mr. M'Kechie, advocate; Rev. William Watson; Mr. Donald Ross, Inspector of Schools; Mr. Alex. M'Quarry, Inspector of Schools; and Mr. Donald Beith, W.S., to receive subscriptions in behalf of the council. He was not surprised at Professor Macgregor giving up his post and being highly dissatisfied at the want of response to the appeals he had so extensively made to the class of persons from whom some sympathy might have been expected with regard to an object so interesting to all persons, more particularly to persons connected with the Highlands. He thought Professor Macgregor was justified in coming to the conclusion with regard to those persons that the amount of their sympathy was to be understood by the amount of the subscriptions they were willing to give towards this object. The amount of sympathy in shape of pounds sterling given to the appeal throughout Scotland, and especially from the great territorial proprietors, who were most chiefly interested in the Celtic race, had certainly been far from encouraging, but he quite agreed with Professor Blackie that that was no ground for losing faith, and he hoped by-and-bye to see the professorship endowed.

Rev. Mr. Howitt seconded the motion, and stated that they owed a debt of gratitude to Professor Macgregor for his services in regard to this matter. (Hear, hear.)

Professor Sir Robert Christison said that the committee had never reported to the council exactly what they had done nor how they had failed. He mentioned this because he thought Professor Blackie

had been rather hard on the Highland proprietors. He wished to know whether the great Highland proprietors had been systematically and properly appealed to ; for, if not, it was hard that they should be abused in that meeting. They all knew that Highland proprietors, as well as other people not proprietors, had so many applications of this kind for assistance, that they were obliged to inquire, and not only to inquire, but always to select—and to select from among various applications which might be all meritorious. They all knew that it was no use merely sending printed papers ; the people should be waited on personally, and have the matter properly explained to them. If personal communication was made with all the great principal Highland proprietors, and they declined to give aid, then he thought they deserved what had been given them by Professor Blackie. (Hear, hear.)

Professor Macgregor said he was not a good judge of what was a proper application, but he thought it was a proper application to send a carefully prepared statement along with a lithographed letter signed by the convener of the Committee of the University Council. Perhaps he was mistaken. He did not say anything in the way of denouncing the Highland proprietors—he was not authorised to do so by the committee—but he intimated that the enthusiasm of which there were appearances was a very hollow affair.

Professor Blackie said that what he had stated regarding the Highland proprietors was from personal knowledge and intercourse. Generally speaking, he found ignorance and a want of sympathy with Celtic traditions and language—in fact, a barbarous state of mind. (Laughter.) If it could be possible to take them by the cuff of the neck and compel them to come in with subscriptions, it would be a most delightful exercise for him in the summer time. (Laughter.) He did not think he was the man for getting subscriptions—Sir Alexander Grant, their Principal, would be better—but he assured them he loved all classes, and though he sometimes said a hard word regarding them, he respected the aristocracy. They were gentlemanly fine fellows, and all that, but he did not think they had Celtic enthusiasm in their hearts. (Laughter.) If Sir Robert Christison thought that anything could be done by joining the *fortiter in re* with the *suaviter in modo*, he would make it

his business this summer to go up all the Highland glens and catechise those gentlemen, and if he came back with £1000 in his pocket he would be very much surprised indeed. He believed the Highland proprietors cared more for the grouse and deer than for the men. (Laughter and applause.)

The motion was then agreed to.

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GAELIC TOPOGRAPHY.

No one can have much to do with Gaelic topography without being struck with the descriptive power, careful observation of nature, and often great poetic beauty, embodied in its nomenclature. I could give innumerable examples of this. The haunts of foxes, badgers, otters, wild cats, eagles—of the old forest boar, the wolf, the stag, the seal, and I know not how many other animals, wild and tame, may be learnt from a study of the names of hills, lakes, and streams in the Scottish Highlands. These very hills, lakes, and streams themselves give rise to a rich variety of terms expressive of minute differences in the objects classed under certain generic titles. For example, under the head of hill, we have the “dun,” or fortified eminence, crag, ridge, stack, lump, bump, knob, steeple, nose, cone, shoulder, and there are many more, each applied in its proper place. This shows what a keen sense the Highlander has of individuality and delicate shades of distinction in the mountain scenery of his country, from the smallest knoll to the grandest pinnacle. Then, again, the same discrimination is exercised in describing colour—colours of birds and beasts, besides the innumerable tints of heath, wood, hillside, and water, in what is pre-eminently the land of colour. And there are oftentimes mournful memories, as, for instance, in those heaps of stones and tender green strips one so often comes upon in solitary glens or along seashores—sites of homesteads long since deserted by everything save the name. Or, it may be, a touch of humour comes peeping out of some quaint name when we least expected it. To travellers I would say—treasure up Gaelic names wherever they can be got ; and with the help of a dictionary, if you take the trouble to look into them, they will repay you. For much, very much, of the history, character, and interest of every country, markedly so the country of the Celt, lies stored in its names.—Captain White, R.E., in “Good Words.”

NEWS OF THE HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS.

THE LATE LORD COLONSAY.—A meeting of natives of Colonsay, resident in Glasgow, was held in Drummond's Hotel, Union Street, on the 18th April last—Mr. Alexander M'Neill in the chair. There was a large attendance. The Chairman, in very feeling terms, referred to the object of their meeting together—the great loss they all sustained by the death of their late distinguished countryman, Lord Colonsay. His eminent abilities as a judge and legislator were spoken of in that august assembly of which he was one of the brightest ornaments, and also in the press; but great as he was in these capacities, he was greater still at home as a laird and a friend, as they all, who knew him so well, could testify, where he took the warmest interest in young and old, going out and in among them, and always speaking in a kindly way to all in their native tongue, the Gaelic. Therefore, it was only natural that they should be anxious to have some lasting memorial of his kindness—it was but a just tribute of the living to the illustrious dead. A committee was then formed, and a subscription sheet opened, to which all present subscribed, in order to co-operate with their friends at home, in America, and other places, to raise funds for a memorial to the late Lord Colonsay.

EDINBURGH.—A concert was given in the Freemason's Hall, George Street, Edinburgh, on Tuesday night, the 21st April, under the auspices of a Highland club which was instituted in Edinburgh a short time ago. There was a very large attendance, the hall being quite full. Councillor Macdonell occupied the chair, and the following gentlemen amongst others were present:—Sheriff Nicholson, Councillor M'Lachlan, Mr. Macdonald of Skeabost, Mr. Duncan Grant, Mr. John Macdonald, Mr. M'Kechie, advocate, and Mr. W. Mackintosh, advocate. Councillor Macdonell having briefly but appropriately addressed the audience, an excellent concert followed, the Gaelic element of course largely predominating. Mr. Pillans, of the Theatre-Royal, sang several Scotch songs in his usual excellent style, and on each of his appearances was loudly applauded. Mr. Norman Thompson, Miss Isabella Robertson, Miss Sim, Mr. Frederick Lindsay, and other Music Hall artistes contributed a large number of songs; and a pleasing feature in the entertainment was a Gaelic recitation by

Mrs. M'Kellar, the poetess. The programme was at intervals varied by reels and other Highland dances, which were executed by Messrs. A. Grant, George Macdonald, Ross, Johnston, and others. Altogether the concert was a great success.

ROSS.—The Free Church Synod of Ross at its recent meeting agreed to overture the General Assembly "to adopt such measures as they may see fit to secure the teaching of Gaelic" in Highland Schools.

EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY.—Honours.—We are glad to see that Mr. William Macphail, son of Mr. Dugald Macphail (our correspondent *Muileach*), has taken the Gold Medal in the Junior Humanity Class and first-class certificate in the Junior Greek Class at the Edinburgh University.

THE HIGHLANDERS OF GLENELG.—The Rev. Dr. Beith, in his "Highland Tour," says—"The Highlanders of Glenelg and the neighbouring districts are not of the Celtic tribes—not of the same race as the Highlanders of Islay and Argyll. Of Scandinavian origin, their type of person is greatly superior to the other. They are tall, stalwart, ponderous men, with high features and a lofty bearing. Their women, in proportion, are the same. They are of the class of Highlanders who never think of a *great man* but as a man of gigantic stature, who do not care to realise the fact that a great soul can inhabit a body which is not in some due proportion to its greatness. They would have had my friend Dr. Candlish's bodily presence something different from what stood before them. '*Ne so an duine mor?*' they said to me repeatedly in a sort of lowered tone."

To Correspondents.

Can any of our readers favour us with the words of either of the following songs?—

"A Mhairi na'n tigeadh tu thaitneadh tu rium."

"Ille dhuinn, chaidh tu 'm dhith;
Slan gu'n till thu 's gu'n ruig thu."

ERRATA.—In the GAEL for April, page 65, line 6, for "vales" read "dales."

We omitted to state that the publishers of *Sean Dana* are MacLachlan & Stewart, Edinburgh.

AN GAIDHEAL.

*“Mar ghath soluis do m’ anam fein
Tha sgeula na h-aimsir a dh’ fhalbh.”—OISEAN.*

III. LEABH.] DARA MIOS AN T-SAMHRAIDH, 1874. [28 AIR.

SILIS NIC-COINNICH.

SEANN SGEUL GAIDHEALACH.

IV.

An uair a chunnaic fear de na seirbhisich d’am b’ ainm Aonghas Saor, cho dian-bhriathrach agus cho dannarra’s a bha Oighrig’n a beachd fein agus nach cumteadh ’n a tosd i aon chuid le impidh no le bagradh, chaidh e agus dh’ innis e do’n Mhoraire gach ni a bha i’ cur as leth nan uaislean, agus ars’ esan, “Mur cuirear stad oirre gu h-ealamh, bheir i masladh air a’ chinne gu leir.” Dh’ eisd am Mhoraire, gun bhi a reir coslais air a ghluasad gu ro mhor leis gach ni a bha air’innseadh dha le Aonghas; thug e taing dha air son a dhillseachd; ach thug e breth air a shon fein; bu mhath dha na’n d’rinn e mar sin roimh laimh. Ach aig an am ud cha bu chomasach dha bhi caoin-shuarach mu ni sam bith a theirteadh no a shaoilteadh mu bhas a Shilis. Mar sin, cho luath ’s a bha an dinneir thairis, chuir e fios gu Oighrig Nic-Coinnich gu ’m feumadh i tighinn an lathair nan seachd uaislean de’n fhine a bha ’n an suidhe leis mu’n bhord air an fheasgair ud. Ann an tiota, bha Oighrig suas an staidhir, agus ’n a seasamh

gun athadh, gun ghriobhaig air beulthaobh nan uaislean. “So agaibh,” arsa Eidirdeil, ri ’chairdean, “baobh chrosda de shearbhanta, aig an robh comhdhaltas ri m’ cheile uasail nach maireann; agus d’an robh mor speis aice. Tha e air’innseadh dhomh gu ’m bheil i a’ sgaoileadh a mach a leithid de chasaidean tuaileasach ann ur n-aghaidhse agus ann am aghaidh fhein a thaobh bas na ban-mhoraire, agus gu ’m feumar a toirt gu cunntas air a shon gun tuilleadh dalach.

Oighrig, thig ni’s dluithe; seas air mo bheulthaobh, agus seall dìreach ann am aodann. Ciod e so an tuaileas mallaichte, droch-mheineach a tha thu a’ sgaoileadh cho dalma agus cho bathaiseach am measg nan seirbhiseach?”

“Cha d’ thubhairt agus cha do sgaoil mi dad ris nach seas mi ann ur lathairse agus an lathair ur cairdean; cha ’n e sin a mhain, ach ri aghaidh an dearbh dhuine sin a tha gu sonruichte ciontach ann ur measg uile.”

“Oighrig, cha ’n urrainn thusa ni sam bith a dhearbhadh, mar fhirinn, air nach robh thu fein ann ad shuil-fhianuis.”

“An e nach urrainn?—Tha fios agam air barrachd na’shaoileas

sibh. Tha moran air 'fhoillseachadh dhomh, nach faca mi riamh le m'shuilean. Tha sibhse a' saoil sinn nach 'eil fhios agam co a thilg mo bhain-tighearna ionmhuinn thar na drochaid. Dh'fhaodadh sibh fein, mo thighearna, a bhi lan dearbhte mu 'n chuis, mur do dhi-chuimhnich sibh gach innleachd a bha air an deilbh 'n a h-aghaidh o am gu am. Ach ma tha sibhse air ur dalladh cho mor, mar is i mo bharail gu'm bheil, innsidh mise dhuibh mar thachair. Is ann le lamhan na dithis sin a tha 'n an suidhe aig ur laimh dheis agus chli, a thilgeadh leis an t-sruth ur ceile uasal, ionmhuinn, ach gu sonruichte les an t-seann abharsair sin-Carnach, a bha o cheann bhliadhnachan a' sior dheilbh innleachdan cuilbheartach gu cur as d' ur Silis uasail, ionghradhaich; agus a thug gu buil iad aig a' cheann mu dheireadh, le fath a ghabhail air a' bhreislich a thainig oirre fo uamhas na tuil a bha 'ruith fo 'n drochaid-mhaide. Agus cha 'n esan a mhain tha ciontach de 'n ghnìomh mhortail; bha e air a chuideachadh le mac a brathar—Barr-a-mhuilinn, an lasgaire uasal sin a tha air bhall-chrith fa m' chomhair, agus 'n a shuidhe gu statail ri 'r guallainn. Faodaidh iad am fiacian a chasadh rium. Is mise tha coma. Tha deagh fhios agamsa ciod e bu mhathair aobhair d' am feall-chomhairlean ifrinneil. Cha do thuig sibhse fhathast a' chrìoch shonruichte a bha aca's amharc. Air son crìoch shuarach, fheineil, mhort iad bain-tighearna neochiontach, cho glan, cho uasal, cho ionmhuinn agus cho teo-chridheach 's a

tharruing riamh anail na beatha. Ah! gu dearbh, gu dearbh! cha 'n ioghnadh leam am faicinn a' clisgeadh ann am lathair, agus na deoir a' sileadh o an suilean an-ìochdmhor. Tha sar-fhios aca gur h-i an fhirinn a tha mise ag innseadh dhuibh, agus is e an dibheatha gu bhi cnamh an cir oirre."

"Ciod e so tha mi 'faicinn? C'arson a tha thu a caoineadh, a mhic bhrathar-mi-athar?" arsa am Moraire ri Carnach.

"Mar is aithne do gach neach de m' luchd-eolais," arsa Carnach, "bha mi riamh o m' oige, forfhais-each mu nithibh sonruichte a dh' fhaodadh a bhi 's an dàn dhomh anns an fhreasdal; agus o chionn bhliadhnachan, bha roimh-bharail agam gu 'n tugteadh a' bhan-mhoraire air falbh uainn le bàs obann agus tubaisteach; agus mar tha beatha aon neach gu tric an crochadh ri beatha neach eile, bha e air m' inntinn gu 'm biodh a bàs air doigh eigin 'n a aobhar air mo bhàs fein a thoirt mu 'n cuairt. Ach ged bha mi ach beag lan dearbhta uime, chaidh e ri h-uine as mo chuimhne, gus an d' thug a' ghaorsach dhalma, bheag-narach so, le a tuaileas mirunach gu m' chuimhne e as ur; agus a nis, tha mi lan-chinnteach gu 'n toir a' bhiasd shuarach dhroch-mheineach so gu buil e. O, mo thighearna agus mo cheann-feadhna ionmhuinn, an leig thu a leithid so de ladarnas as gun pheanas?"

"Cha teid an ciontach as gun pheanas," arsa Eidirdeil, "ach leanaidh peanas air sail dearbhaidh. Cho fad 's a theid m' fhocal agus mo riaghladhsa, cha ditear

neach, co air bith e, as eugais dearbhaidh.—A nis, Oighrig, tha iad uile an so, a bha 'n an suil-fhianuisean air bàs na ban-mhoraire. Tha fhios againn nach faca tusa cia mar a thachair e.”

“Ann e nach faca mise le m' shuilean fein e?” arsa Oighrig “Thugadh na mortairean an aire dha. An saoil sibhse gu'm b' urrainn mise mo bhan-mhaigh-istir uasal, mo bhan-charaid chaomhail, a leigeadh thar na h-aibhne ann an cuideachd nan con-luirge sin, gun sealltainn as a deigh? Tha sar-fhios *aca-san* gu'm bheil mi ag innseadh na firinn, agus dearbhaidh mi orra e. Thugadh iad an aire d' an amhaichean,” ars' ise, agus i a' tarruing a meoir mu'n cuairt a muineil fhein.

Chiteadh gu soilleir air gnais a' mhoraire, gu'n robh e air a chur thuige le uamhunn agus le iongantais le bhi 'cluinntinn a chairdean air an casaid mar so 'n an lathair fein; agus cha'n 'eil e mi-choltach gu'n do thoisich e aig an am ud ri tomhas eigin de amharus altrum a thaobh an cionta agus an dubailteachd; ach dh' eirich Carnach suas ann am braise feirge, tharruing e a chlaidheamh, agus, ars' esan ris a' mhoraire, “Cha'n fheudar a leithid so de chasaid a ghiulan, agus cha ghiulainear leatha ni's mo. Cha'n fhaod a' bhiasd dho-bheartach so a bhi beo ni's faide.”

“Air d'athais, Fhir Charnaich!” arsa Oighrig, le a dorn bheag, gheal togta suas ri'aodann. “Cha'n fhaod mi basachadh an nochd, aill ar'n aill leat e. Tha fios agam gu'r h-e sin a riarachadh

do chridhe an-iochdmhorsa, mar is math is aithne dhuit do chunn-art cho fad's is beo mi; ach coidlidh mise an nochd far nach ruig do ghairdein brùideilse orm, agus far an bi comh-chaidreamh agam rithese a bha air a tilgeadh sios leis an dearbh ghairdein sin agadsa. Thugaibh deagh aire do na tha mi ag innseadh dhuibh. Na gabhaibh mi' fhocalsa a mhain air cionta nan uaislean so,” arsa Oighrig, agus i a tionndadh ris a' mhoraire; “mur tig fiannis á duthaich eile a dh-ionnsaidh a' Chaisteil, an taobh a stigh de thri laithean, a lan-dhearbhas dhuibhse cionta nan daoine so, ceadaichidh mise dhuibh mo chorp a ghearradh 'n a bhloighdean, agus m' fheoil a thilgeadh am mach a dh-ionnsaidh nam feannagan agus nan iolairean. Cha bhàsaich mise an nochd, Fhir Charnaich, is eiginn gu'm mair mi beo gus an toir mi lan dearbhadh do'n mhoraire air ur ciontasa. A mhortairean, mar tha sibh ann, tha dearbh chinnt agaibhse gur h-i an fhirinn a tha mi ag innseadh. Fhir Charnaich, bhruadair mi gu'm faca mi do chorp sa'n a ablach reubta aig bonn a' chaisteil, agus tha fhios agam gu'n tachair e. Ach, O, tha mi an dochas gu'n crochar thu an toiseach! Oidhche mhath leat; ach cuimhnich, *nach basaich* mise an nochd—bidh mi beo ge b' oil leat e.”

“Ciod a tha an dubh-chaille mhallachte so a' ciallachadh?” arsa na h-uaislean, agus iad a' sealltainn an aodannaibh a cheile. “Ceadaichidh i dhuinn a corp a reubadh 'n a bhloighdean mur tig fianuis gu'r diteadh á duthaich

eile ; agus gu 'm bi comh-chaidreamh aice an nochd ris a' bhan-mhoraire nach maireann. Ciod a tha a' bhuidseach ifrinneil a' ciallachadh ?

“Tha e do-thuigsinn dhomhsa,” arsa Eidirdeil, “ciod a tha i a' ciallachadh ; ach tha mi a' lant-huigsinn nadur na casaid a thog i'n ur n-aghaidhse. Agus bu shona 'bhithinn an nochd na 'm bithinn saor o amharus gu 'm faod i bhi fìor. Coma co dhiu, tha e furasda gu leoir dhuinn feitheamh gu ceann nan tri laithean, gus am faic sinn an tig no nach tig an fhianuis dhiomhair ud mu 'n d' thug i sanas dhuinn. Agus mur tig, an deigh sin, bheir sinn a' ghaorsach gu breitheanas.”

“Faodaidh i dol as oirnn mu'n tig an t-am sin,” arsa Carnach. “Thuig mi air a cainnt gu 'm bheil e 'n a run sin a dheanamh air an oidhche so fhein. Is e 'bu choir dhuinn a' bhiasd a ghlacadh air' a mhionaid so. Is i mo chomhairle-se mata, gu'n ceangla' a casan agus a lamhan, no gu'n teid a glasadh a stigh anns an toll-dhubh gun tuilleadh seamsain. Gabhaidh mi fein orm a bhi am fhear-coimhid a' phrios-ain.”

“Cha ruigear a leas aon chuid a ceangal no a prìosanachadh,” arsa Eidirdeil. “Theid mise an urras oirre, gu'n cuirear 'n ur lathair i, beo no marbh, aig ceann nan tri laithean.”

MUILEACH.

(*Ri leantuin.*)

Tionndaidh do shuilean ort fein's air do dheanadas, agus na toir breth air deanadas feadhach eile.

BLAR SHUNADAIL.

(*Air leantuin.*)

“A chlanna nan con,
Thigibh a' so's gheibh sibh fèil.”

AILEIN-NAN-SOP.—A dhaoine'-uaisle's cruaidh so 'fhaicinn a's 'eisdeachd ;
Sin beuc-dùbhlain an Leoghainn ;
Cha'n fhag aon diubh beo an larach.
Ceadaichibh dhomh ruith le comhairle ;
Iarraibh orm 'innseadh dhaibh
An ruith air tìr, no caillear
Na chi sibh, gun aon diubh 'fhagail.

NA CINN-FHEADHNA.—'S math a thuirt
thu, Mhic Thorr-loisg—
Mar sin bitheadh.
Ach ciamar gheibh thu air bord,
'S gun chlar air cladach a bheir am mach
thu ?

AILEIN.—Tha na raimh agam fhein,
'S ni Ailein, an eiginn, a' bhirleinn !
Chrioslaich e' chlaideamh air a leine ;
Ruith e gu traigh ;
Leum e gun sgath am buillsgean nan tonn ;
Shnamh e gu birlinn Mhic Iain-ghearr ;
Dh' innis e 'naidheachd am briathran
athghearr :—

“A Mhic-Alasdair's fhir-chinnidh,
Air iarrras nan uaislean,
Ruithibh gu luath air an traigh iad ;
Cha dean misneach no toil tuilleadh ;
Cha'n urrainnear dol thar na rinn sibh ;
Tha'n t-sreath fhathast an dubhlan gun
bhristeadh ;

Gluaisibh mar sin gus an traigh,
Cho dlùth's a shnamhas iad, bord ri
bord ;

Sin an t-ordugh a fhuair mise.”
Sheid Mac-Alasdair an dudach ;

Ghabh na Gaidheil gu tìr,
'S na naimhdean lionmhor 'n an deigh.

MAC-ALASDAIR.—Ciod e'nis, a Mhic
Thorr-loisg ?

AILEIN.—Cuiribh teine riutha ; cumaidh
balla lasrach

Eadar sibh fein's na naimhdean ;
Tha na gaisgich sin thall deas gu bualadh
Cho luath's a bhios sibh air an talamh.

An ath shealladh a chunnacas,
Traigh Shunadail am buidealaich dheirg
Bho Dhun-sgolb gu lagan Ghrob-phort,
'S na Lochlannaich a' teicheadh
Do dhoimhne na Linne.

Chaill iad dochas aon a ghlacadh ;
Cha d' fhuair iad ach sgrios gun eirig—
Creuchdan nach druideadh eolas.

Chaidh maithean nam fineachan an
comhairle

Co-dhiubh choinnicheadh iad air an traigh
iad

No 'n leigeil an aird air an aonach.

MAC IAIN-GHEARR. — Tha ceart a's ceart
a reir barail :
Tha na naimhdean dannara lionmhor ;
Fanamaid as an t-sealladh
Gus an dirich iad o 'n traigh,
S iad an duil gu 'n do theich sinn gun
tilleadh.
An uair a gheibh sinn an eangladh nan
glac iad,
Bidh cothrom a' bhruthaich leinne.
Cha 'n urrainn iad an sreathan a shineadh,
'S lann ri lann bidh an strith 's na bealaich.
Cha 'n 'eil fear am shealladh nach triuir
dhiubh !
An uair a gheibh sinn iad air barraibh
Lannan nan ceann Ileach 's coma co
dhiubh
A tha iad lionmhor no ainneamh.
SUKADAL. — Air m' onoir, a Leathainich
threin,
'S firinn o d' bheul na chualas.
A dhaoin'-uaisle, leigibh a nios iad
Air lionadh na madainne
Gun tuilleadh dàil'; fanaibh samhach
Air cul ur n-armaibh.
Air aird' an lionaidh 's a' mhadainn
Tharrainn na Lochlannaich an cabhlach
Ri bile na tràghad, 's an deireadh gu tìr,
Taobh ri taobh mar rathad leathann
Air an coisicheadh da fhichead anguailibh
a cheile.
Sheas iad gun eagal, gun aon 's an t-
sealladh ;
Chaidh iad an ordugh caismeachd
Gun duil ri namhaid. Bruadar foilleil !
An uair a dhirich iad ri bruthach
Nan sgolban glas, — mar gu 'm fosgladh an
talamh
A thoirt anail as ur dha—
Chualas beuc an Leoghainn,
'S na Gaidheil a' brucadh troimh na
glacan,
Claidheamh leathann a's tuadh Abrach
A' plathadh ri gathan na greine,
Crios air leine 's gairdean ruisgte ;
Fhreagair cnuic a's sluic
Do nuallan cath-bhuidhnean nam borb
A' bualadh nan Gaidheal,
'S a' spealtadh luirichean ;
Clogaidean, claiginn a's cnamhan
Nan coimheach iargalt,
'G an gearradh mar bharrach crionaich ;
Gargaich ghnù Lochlann a' tuiteam
Le builean nam fineachan ;
Glacan an aonaich an smùidrich
'N an caochan dearg.
Air bearradh Bhracluinn
Nach b' urrainn na creachadairean alld' a
ghlacadh—
A dh-aindeoin na sheas 's na thuit dhiubh
'S a' chath gun bhuidh ud,
Far nach d' fhuaradh iochd

Ri fear a dh' fhagadh air a leon
De laoiach nan earraibh ioma-dathach—
B' e facal-comhraig nan naimhdean
An garg aonach :
“ Na gheibh, casgair 's na caomhain ! ”—
Dian, dioghaltach, leanailteach,
Chuir iad an cath
Gun troidh a bhuidhinn no 'chall.
Sheas na Gaidheil gun bhristeadh
Mar a chleachd iad, 's nach cualas riamh
An iartras strìochdaidh an talamh nam
beo—
Còir a thug Nadur dhaibh 's gach linn. —
Cha toir ùine dhinne i,
A chlann nam fear ud !
MAC MHAOILEIN. — A Shunadail, tha
iad searbh de ghreadadh nam faobhar ;
Chi mi gluasad ùr.
Tha na fir-bhogha a' teachd gus an
toiseach
Greasaibh gu cul a' bhearraidh, —
Staing-ghrabaidh nam friobhag basmhor ;—
Tha Kurach seolta ;
'S ma ni e bealach leis na saighdean
Buailidh luchd nan sleagh a steach
Cho grad ri oiteig o 'n speur ;
Theid sinne do 'n eug—'s an latha caillte.
Laidhibh dlùth ri cul a' bhearraidh
G' am mealladh gus an saoil iad
Gu 'n do sgaoil sinn 's an ruaig.
An uair a rainig na naimhdean
An druim thoirmisgte, an ruith chuthaich
'S mar a shaoil iad a dh-fhaotainn buaidh
a's tòrachd,
Far an d' eirich na seoid riù, uchd ri uchd.
'S ged a ghlacadh le giorag.
Na biothanaich ghrag,
Nach do thairg 's nach do ghabh
Maitheanas o namhaid riamh, —
Iartras nach cualas 'n an sgeul, —
Thog iad nuallan a' chath as ùr,
Buireadh mortach nan tuadh
A' bualadh le confhadh an duthchais
Na sreath dhluth nach do bhrìst ;
Gun taing do sgrios nam borb,
A' lionadh nam bealach
A dh' fhosgail an sgathadh nach d' fhag
beatha
An deigh builean nan Gaidheal ;
Ròimhan garg cheann-feadhna Lochlainn
A' brosnachadh nan gnùsgach iargalt,
Gus an d' fhailnich anail, cnamhan, as
féithean.
'S na chaidh as diubh,
Mar mhisgear ag iarraidh a rathaid
An uair a bhios a lùithean
A' diùltadh a chumail dìreach,
'S mùn an Diabhuil air ghoil 'n a ean-
chainn.

A CHRIOCH.

Mhic-a-Phì, o leab-fholuich gu leab-fholuich gus an do ghlac e's a' Chaolas-iarach an Eilean-nan-Ròn e, 's an do dhàighnich e'chdìr air Colasa le fuil a namhaid, na leanadh Donnachadh "a charaid foghlumte air an taobh eile" troimh gach toll, a's fròg, a's lùb anns am feuchadh e ri e fein 'fholach. Bheir na paipearan-naigheachd a' sgriobhadh 's an am ud fianuis air barail a chomh-luchd-dreuchd mu Mhac-Neill. Thuir *Jeffrey*, aon cho ainmeil 's a bha 'n am measg, "Gearraidh Donnachadh Mac-Neill troimh chridhe cuise, glan mar sgian gheur." Rinn e gu h-aithghearr ainm dha fein a' dìon phrìosanach. Lionadh iad deagh leabhar gach naigheachd a tha fathasd air an innseadh mu ghleustachd Dhonnachaidh Cholasaidh ann an tilgeadh chùisean - dìtidh bun os ceann, a's air gach seol a's cleas a chleachd e chum a phrìosanach fhaotainn á inean an lagha. Thug a theomachd anns a' chearn so de 'n lagh cliu agus buannachd d' a ionnsaidh. Gu h-àraid 's a' Ghaidhealtachd chaidh 'ainm am fad 's am farsuingeachd. Cha robh Gaidheal a bhiodh "an teanntachd, no an ainfhiach, no fo smuaisean 'n a inntinn," nach feumadh a chomhairle 'chur ris an uasal og a bha 'deanamh ainm dha fein an cuirtean na rioghachd. Anns a' bhliadhna 1820 fhuair e 'n a fhear-tagraidh fo 'n Chrun, agus bha nis am mion-eolas air an lagh, agus an t-seoltachd a chleachd e cho buadhmhor a' tilgeadh chùisean-dìtidh, air an cleachdadh an cur ri cheile chùisean anns nach faigheadh neach eile failinn. Tha na cùisean-dìtidh a tharruing e 'n an riaghailt fathasd air son soilleireachd agus dìongmhaltachd. Bha nis a chas 's an fhàradh, agus a lion ceum a's ceum, gun tuisleadh, gun mhear-eachd, rainig e 'mhullach. Rinneadh 'n a Shiorramh air Peairt e's a bhliadhna 1824, agus deich bliadhna

'n a dheigh sin, thaghadh e gus an dara aite 's an lagh fo 'n Chrun; agus bha, mar so, 'cheud aite cinnteach dha co luath 's a bhiodh e falamh.

Tha 'n rioghachd air a riaghladh le aon bhuidheann no buidheann eile, agus is ann aig a' bhuidheann a tha 'n cumhachd a tha comas gach dreuchd 's gach oifig fo 'n Chrun a lionadh. Thilg Donnachadh Mac-Neill o 'n toiseach a chrannchur leis a' bhuidheann ris an can iad 's a' chainnt eile na *Tories*. Feudaidh tusa agus mise, ma dh' fhaoidte, a bli 'saoilsinn gur i bhuidheann eile is fearr a dh' oibricheas a chum leas na rioghachd, ach cha 'n abradh neach do 'm b' aithne Donnachadh Mac-Neill nach b' ann le coguis shaor a roghnaich esan a' bhuidheann ris an do lean e cho dileas re a bheatha. Ach gleusta agus seolta 's mar bha e air son cuis fir eile, cha robh e cho dana air a shon fein. Is i mo bharail gun robh e daonnan car narach—ni bu deise gus a sholas a mhuchadh na 'chur far am bu leir do gach neach e. Tha e air 'aithris gur beag nach do chaill 'fhaiteachas, anns a bhliadhna 1834, 'aite dha. Ach fhuair e 'dhuais, agus air bàs Sir Uilleam Rae 's a' bhliadhna 1842, rinneadh Fear-tagraidh na Ban-rìgh dheth. Nochd a chomh-luchd-dreuchd an earbsa 'n a chumhachd 's an tlachd d' a phearsa le 'thaghadh gu bhi 'n a cheann orra fein 's a' bhliadhna 1843. Chuir a Shiorrachd fein, Earra-ghaidheal, do Pharlamaid e's a' bhliadhna so, agus re nan ochd bliadhna a shuidh e 's a' Pharlamaid thug e dearbhadh air farsuingeachd 'inntinn a's air a run gu bhi cothromachadh an lagha ri feum an t-sluaigh—air am bheil againn mar fhianuis "Lagh nam Bochd" (1845), maille ri iomadh atharrachadh feumail air doigh - riaghlaidh an lagha, agus air deanamh soilleir coraichean fear-ainn.

Ann a' bhliadhna 1851 dh'ardaich eadh gu bhi 'n a bhreitheamh e; agus, anns an ath-bhliadhna, an uair a bha 'chairdean an cumhachd, chuireadh air ceann na cuirt an Albainn e. Bha e 'n a ard-bhreitheamh an Albainn re chuig-bhliadhna-deug, gus an d'ardaich eadh do thigh uachdarach na Parlamaid e's a' bhliadhna 1867, fo ainm Baran Cholasa agus Orasa—a' cheud fhear-lagh an Albainn a fhuair an t-urram o'n a dh'aonadh an dà rioghachd ri cheile. Shuidh e 'n Tigh nam Morairean a' toirt seachad a chomhairle luachmhoir agus a' co-chumadh gach Achd a thigeadh fa chombair na h-ard Chomhairle ri fìor-leas a luchd-duthcha. Chaochail e ann an deireadh a' cheud mhios de 'n bhliadhna so, air a chaidh gu goirt leis gach neach d' am b' aithne e, a's air 'iundrainn gu mor le ard-mhaithean na rioghachd air son a ghleustachd, 'fhoghlaim a's a sheirc.

Air feasgar aillidh Earraich 's a' bhliadhna 1867, sheas mi an tigh na Parlamaid an Duneideann. Bha 'n luchuirt aluinn sin air a lionadh o thaobh gu taobh—cha robh aite-suidhe ri 'fhaighinn. Thionndaidh uaislean a's mnathan-uaisle a' bhaile-mhoir am mach. Bha na breitheamhna gu leir, sgrèdaichte ann an eideadh an dreuchd, 'n 'n an aite. Bha gach dreuchd's an lagh—fir thagraidh, sgriobhadairean, cleirich—an t-ard's an t-ìosal, an sean's an t-og—cruinn an sud. Bha Donnachadh Mac-Neill a' gabhail a "chead deireannach" do 'n chuirt anns an do shaothraich e fad leth-cheud bliadhna. Cha robh aite fosgailte dha's an lagh nach do lion e le mor-mheas dha fein, 's le onoir d' a dhuthaich. Re nan cuig-bhliadhna-deug a bha e air ceann lagh Albainn, dhearbha e air gach doigh gu'm b' e da-rìreadh a b' airidh air an inbhe urramaich sin. Dh'ardaich

e an lagh agus chuir e urram air. Agus bha e nis a' fagail nan luchuirtean sin anns an do chaith e 'bheatha, air a ghairm le ordugh a' Chruin do luchuirt a b' urramaiche gun teagamh, ach do thir choimhich, am measg choimpirean ùra, a lionadh 'n a shean aois—bha e tri deug a's tri fichead—aite nach deach'a lionadh riamh roimhe,—breitheamh Albannach's an ard-chuirt an Lunainn. Chunnaic mi a dhealbhair a chrochadh 's an "Talla 'm bughnath le (Mac-Neill)"—urramnach d' thugabhraithrean re a bheatha do neach riamh ach dhàsan a mhain. Chuala mi 'chliu 'g a seirm le beoil o'm bu bhinn a thigeadh moladh. Rinneadh luaidh air a dhillseachd 'n a dhreuchd;—air an earbsa a bh'aig sluagh Albainn 'n a bhreith chothromaich;—air an tlachd a bh'aig ard agus ìosal, sean agus og, do 'n uasal a bha anns gach ceum da bheatha,

“Mar shruth ris na sàir;
Ri laigse nan lann cho ciuin
Ri aiteal gaoith air raon an fheòir.”

Chuala mi anns gach beul, “Ma's e 's gu'n teid fear-lagh a chur do Shasunn, cha 'n airidh neach eile air an urram fhad's is beo Mac-Neill; ach

‘Co nis a thogas an claidheamh,
No 'ni a' chathair a lionadh.’

Ciod a ni a' chuirt as eugmhais Cholasa.” Chunnaic mi rugha an gruaidh an t-seana bhreitheamh; chuala mi a ghuth critheach a' freagradh na soraidh chairdeil a chuireadh leis; agus shaoil mi gu'n do thuig mi cuid de na smuaintean a bha 'luasgadh 'inntinn 'n uair a bha e 'gabhail a chead de 'n aite a bha ceangailte ri 'chridhe le cho iomadh snaim. Bha mi taingeil gu'm faca mi 'n sealladh 's gu'n cuala mi 'n guth;—thaisg mi le cheile ann am chridhe iad, oir “bha m' uail as m' uachdaran mor.”

D. M'K.

D U A N A G L E A N N A N A C H D .

(With translation by the Author.)

AIR Fonn—" *Tha durachd mo chridhe leat.*"

O, theid mi do 'n choill leat,
 Mo mhaighdean deas, òg ;
 O, theid mi do 'n choill leat,
 Mo mhaighdean deas, òg ;
 'S cha chum eagal maoir
 'Bhi 'g ar glaothaich gu stòl
 Mi fein gun dol do 'n choill leat,
 Mo chaomh chailin òg.

'S e miann daormunn suaraich
 'Bhi 'cnuasach gach lò ;
 'S e miann an-laach cruaidh-chridh-
 each
 Ruagadh a's leon ;
 'S e miann ain-tigh'rn aibhreach
 An tuath chumail fò ;
 'S e mo mhiann-sa 'bhi 'gluasad
 Le m' luaidh 'choill nan cnò.
 O, theid mi do 'n choill, &c.

Mar ghrian-ghath do chuailein,
 'Thug buaidh air an òr ;
 Do mhiog-shuil mar dhrùchd,
 Madainn chiuin air an lòn ;
 Doghruidh's do bhilean bith-bhlath,
 Bho 'm millse thig pòg,
 Dh' fhag fann taobh deas nan ùbhlán
 A's ùr-bhlàth nan ròs.
 O, theid mi do 'n choill, &c.

Nach ann m' an tig an aois oirnn
 A shaoileas tu 's coir
 Dhuinn flaitheas 'dheanamh 'n t-
 saoghal,
 'S an gaol chumail beo ?
 'S bho 'n is gearr an ùin'
 Eadar glùn 's caisil-chrò,
 O, caitheamaid i, rùin,
 Ann an sugradh 's an ceòl.
 O, theid mi do 'n choill, &c.

Ma 's e 's gu 'm beil e 'n dàn duinn,
 Mar dha dhuilleag òg,
 Craobh mhor na beatha-s' 'fhagail
 'D é 'm fàth bhi fo bhròn ?
 Tha 'n gliocas fein a' glaothaich,
 Gur faoineachd mar sgleò
 'N uair threigeas togradh gaoil sinn
 'Bhi 'n gaol air 'bhi beò.
 O, theid mi do 'n choill, &c.

DOMHNALL MAC-MHUIRICH.

We'll go, lassie, go,
 To the green wood alone ;
 We'll go, lassie, go,
 To the green wood alone :
 In spite of kirk and elders
 And frowning Mess John,
 We'll go, lassie, go,
 To the green wood alone.

Give misers their treasures
 To count o'er and o'er ;
 Give mad-brained ambition
 His red fields of gore ;
 Give tyrants such slaves
 As ne'er pant to be free ;
 Give me the calm eve
 In the green wood with thee.
 We'll go, lassie, go, &c.

No gold with thy bright flowing
 Ringlets can vie ;
 No dew drops can rival
 The light of thine eye ;
 No wild budding rose
 Whence the bee honey sips
 Can equal the sweets
 Nor the glow of thy lips.
 We'll go, lassie, go, &c.

Since youth is the season
 That Nature has given,
 To taste what this life has
 That savours of heaven.
 Let us seize on its joys,
 Dearest maid, ere it flies,
 Nor spend our gay spring-time
 In groans and in sighs.
 We'll go, lassie, go, &c.

I ask not long life,
 Since by sages I'm told,
 That age is like winter,
 Unpleasant and cold ;
 But let the vital stream
 In my veins cease to move,
 When no longer I feel
 The warm raptures of love !

DONALD MAC-PHERSON.

1847.

ALASDAIR SGIOBALTA, TAILLEAR LAG-AN-DROIGHINN.

Thachair do mhinistear òg, aighear-
 ach a bhi 'cur seachad oidhche
 gheamhraidh ann an Tigh-osda Lag-
 an-droighinn. Cha robh a bheag

aige r'a dheanamh, 's bha e a'
 faireachdainn na h-uine fada. Chuir
 e fios air fear an tigh-osda dh'
 fheuchainn an robh duine tuigseach,

cracairiche math, no fear a dh'innseadh sgeulaohd anns a' bhaile, a gheobhadh e a chur seachad an fheasgair leis. Thuirtear fear an tighe gu'n robh,—an t-aon duine a b' fhearr a dh'aithris naidheachdan, no a ghabhail oran na'm b'eiginn e, eadar Maol-Chinntire agus Tigh-Iain-Ghroid, — b' e sin Alasdair Sgiobalta, an taillear. Dh'iarr am ministear air fios a chur air Alasdair ma tà; rud a rinn fear an tighe, 's cha d'fheith an taillear an dara cuireadh: is duilich leam gur iomadh nair a rachadh e an rathad ceudna gun chuireadh idir. Coma co dhiùbh, thainig Alasdair's chaidh a sheoladh a stigh do sheomar a' mhinistear. Chaidh am botul a thoirt air bonn agus lan slige a chur leth ri goile an tailleir g' a chur air fonn seanchuis; 's Moire! cha robh sin duilich! An taice nan sgeulachd chaidh an taillear. Bheireadh am ministear dha an deàrsach eile as a' bhotul, "eadar dha naidheachd," mar their iad—'s faodar a bhi cinnteach nach robh e 'deanamh dearmaid air fhein's a' cheart am—gus mu dheireadh an d'fhàs an companas cho cridheil's gu'n robh aon air bith d'an dithis—gu sonraichte an taillear—deas air son gnìomh cnimsich sam bith. Mar bha 'n t-olc's a' mhinistear, ars' esan ri Alasdair, "Innsidh mi dhuit ciod e'nì mi—bheir mi dhuit *gini* òir air na cumhnantan so: gu'n leum thu air d'ais's air d'aghaidh thar na cathrach so fad leth-uair—gu riaghailteach, socair—a' glaoth-aich am mach aig a' h-uile leum, 'Is mise Alasdair Sgiobalta, taillear Lag-an-droighinn;' ach ma bhruidhneas tu aon fhacal eile, no ma stadas tu de d'leum gus am bi an leth-uair thairis, caillidh tu do dhuais."

Chuir neonachas na tairsge a thug am ministear dha, ioghnadh air an taillear, 's bha e tiota beag ann an ag am bu choir dha aontachadh

leatha, 'ach ars' esan ris fhein, "Tarrainnidh mi snathainn no 'dha an Lag-an-droighinn m'an coisinn mi 'urad; agus bidh latha's bliadhna m'an tig a' cheart tairgse am charaibh a rithist—gabhaidh mi rithe." "Is bargan e," thuirtear esan ris a' mhinistear; "cha 'n 'eil ann ach sinn fhein, agus cha 'n 'eil na cumhachan duilich a choimhlionadh;—is mairg a theirteadh Alasdair Sgiobalta riuf mur leumainn fad leth-uair, no fad latha na'm b'eiginn e, thairis air cathair!—is iomadh leum a b' airde, agus theagamh a b' amaidiche a thug mi air son duais a bu shuaraiche" Thug am ministear am mach 'uaireadair agus thilg an taillear dheth a chota. A' cur a laimhe air cul na cathrach, thoisich e air leum, 's e gu farumach ag aithris nam facal a chaidh iarraidh air, "Is mise Alasdair Sgiobalta, taillear Lag-an-droighinn!" An deigh da so dol air aghaidh fad mu thuaiream choig mionaidean, thug am ministear tarrainn air a' chlag's thainig seirbheiseach a stigh.

"Ciod air an talamh a bu chiall duibh," thuirtear am ministear; "a leithid so de dhuine cuthaich a chur a stigh leamsa? Nach do shaoil mi gu'm bu duine tuigseach a bha ann; an ann toileach amadan a dheanamh dhìom a bha sibh?"

Alasdair.—"Is mise Alasdair Sgiobalta, taillear Lag-an-droighinn!"

Seirbheiseach.—"Air chinnt, a mhinistear, cha 'n 'eil fhios agam ciod a dh'fhairich e; cha 'n fhaca mi riabh roimhe e'dol air aghaidh mar so—Alasdair, Alasdair! ciod is is ciall duit?"

Alasdair.—"Is mise Alasdair Sgiobalta," &c.

Seirbheiseach.—"Beannaich mise! Alasdair thaillear, cuimhnich c' àite bheil thu; nach 'eil meas agad air an duin'-uasal a chuir fios ort? C'arson a tha thu a' deanamh burraidh dhìot fhein?"

Alasdair.—"Is mise Alasdair Sgiobalta," &c.

Fear-an-tighe (a' tighinn a stigh le cabhaig).—"Ciod an ainm an Fhreasdail a tha 'so?—tha an duine air mheara-chinn—nach ann agad 'tha 'n dearg aghaidh, dhuine, dol a thoirt maslaidh do dhaoine'-uaisle ann am thigh-sa le 'leithid so de chluich-eachd!"

Alasdair.—"Is mise Alasdair Sgiobalta," &c.

Fear-an-tighe (ri aon d' a sheirbheisich).—"Ruith air son a mhnatha, oir cha 'n urrainn domh cur suas le so. A chairdean, tha e soilleir gu bheil an duine air dearg lasair a' chuthaich; agus tha dochas agam nach tig dìmeas air mo thigh an lorg a' ghnothaich so."

Alasdair.—"Is mise Alasdair Sgiobalta," &c.

Bean Alasdair (a' ruith a stigh).—"O! Alasdair, Alasdair, ciod a thainig ort? Nach aithne dhuit mise—do bhean fein?"

Alasdair.—"Is mise Alasdair Sgiobalta," &c.

Bean Alasdair (a' caoineadh).—"Mur 'eil umhail agad domhsa, cuimhnich air do leanaban aig an tigh, agus thig dachaidh leam."

Alasdair.—"Is mise Alas——"

Cha b' urrainn d' a mhnai an gnothach a sheasamh na b' fhaide; leum i's thilg i a lamhan m' a mhuineal, 's chroch i ris air a leithid de dhoigh 's nach robh comas aige air leum tuille a thoirt. Is ann an sin a bha a' ghleachd—esan an geall air a' ghini, 's a' feuchainn ri ise 'thilgeil dheth; ach chunnaic e nach gabhadh so deanamh, 's gheill e dhi.

"Droch bhàs ort! òinseach gun tùr," thuirt esan gu muladach; "cha do bhuidhinn mi riabh gini cho furasda na 'n leigeadh tusa leam."

Feumar 'innseadh gu 'n robh an t-òsdair moran na bu toilichte leis a' mhineachadh a chaidh a thoirt air

a' chùis na bha bean an tailleir. A chur saod air Alasdair bochd thug am ministear dha gu saor an gini a bu ghle mhath a choisinn e.

MAC-MHARCTUS.

Rudha-nam-faoileann,
A' Bhealtainn, 1874.

—o—

COMHRADH.

EADAR MURACHADH BAN AGUS COINNEACH CIOBAIR.

MUR.—Is minic a chual'sinn, a Choinnich, "Nach tig an cota glas co maith do na h-uile fear," ach gun teagamh sam bith is maith tha 'n cota glas a' tighinn dhuit-sa, fhir mo chridhe, agus gu mo slàn a bhitheas tu g'a chaitheadh. Ach ciod i do naidheachd, agus ciamar tha Seonaid choir, agus an teaghlach gu leir o'n chunnaic mi mu dheireadh thu? Is mi tha toilichte d' fhaicinn. Dean suidhe an sin, agus cluinneamaid gach ùrachd a tha agad ri aithris.

COIN.—Ma ta, a Mhurachaidh, far greim air do laimh, agus innis domh do chor, agus cor gach sean agus og 'n ad fhardaich. Cha bheag mo sholas tachairt riut an duigh, a charaid ionmhuinn, agus mar an ceudna co trath 's an la. Mur 'eil cabhag ort, cuiridh sinn beagan uairean uine seachad cuideachd, a chum gu 'n tig sinn air na cuisean a thachair air feadh an t-saoghail o'n chunnaic sinn a cheile roimhe, agus tha nis iomadh seachdain o sin.

MUR.—Mo lamh-sa dhuit, a Coinnich, gu 'n suidh mise gu socaireach fhad 's a thogaireas tu, chum gach ur-sgeul a chluinntinn, agus comhradh taitneach a bhi againn mu na nithibh a bha agus a bhitheas. Ach, a' charaid, cha laidh mo shuil air do chota glas, oir is maith e. Cha 'n 'eil teagamh agam nach i obair Seonaid choir tha 'n sin, agus is

lachd-mhor a dh'fhag i e; agus rinn an taillear, ge b' e co e, a chuid fein de'n ghnòthuch gu snasmhor, ceanalta.

COIN.—Tha thu gle cheart, a Mhurachaidh, oir roghnaich Seonaid na h-urad de rusgaibh nan caorach a bh' agam air an Leitear-Bhuidhe, chum an trusgan so a dheanamh do charaid araidh d'an ainm Murachadh Ban. Le 'lamhaibh fein chard, agus cho-thlam, agus shniomh i e. An sin, thug i do Dhomhnall Breabadair e; a ris chuireadh air a' bhord-luaidhe e, gus an d' rinneadh e co tiugh ri cluais laoi. An deigh sin ghearradh 'n a dha leth e, agus leis an darna leth rinn Fionnladh Tailleir suas e mar a tha thu'g a fhaicinn, agus tha 'n leth eile aig Seonaid anns a' chiste dheirg, agus a sin cha tig e gus an teid Murachadh Ban g'a iarraidh.

MUR.—Direach, glan, ceart, a Choinnich, tha Murachadh Ban fada fada an comain Seonaid, tha gun teagamh; cha'n'eil fios co a dheanadh a leithid ach i fein; ach tha i tuilleadh's ceanalta, coir, air an doigh sin, agus bu dual athar agus mathar dhi sin, mar is maith tha fios agam-sa. Tha ise a' dearbhadh an t-sean-fhocail a deir, "Gu 'm bheil gride nan sinnsear anns an t-sliochd."

COIN.—Cha tig e dhomh-sa gun 'aideachadh gu saor, a Mhurachaidh, gur gleusda, tapaidh, dileas, agus glic a' bhean Seonad. Tha i dleas'nachail d'a companach agus da cloinn, cairdeil do 'n bhochd, suairce ris na h-uile, agus air gach seol 'n a deagh bhean-tighe. Na 'm biodh i a chaochladh sin, bhriseadh i mo chridhe, oir is minic a chual thu "Gu 'n ceannsaich gach fear an droch bhean, ach esan aig am bheil i."

MUR.—Ro fhirinneach, a Choinnich, ach chaomhain am Freasdal thusa o gach trioblaid agus briseadh-cridhe air an doigh sin; agus tha

fios aig an t-saoghal gur i Seonaid a rinn duine dhiot, a Choinnich. Mu'n do phos thu, tha cuimhn' agad fein, nach robh annad ach sliomair mor de bhalach luidseach, neo-chuimhir agus slaodach 'n ad phearsa agus 'n ad sgeudachadh. Seadh, a charaid, tha deagh fhios agad nach robh anns an am sin aite sam bith cho taitneach leat, agus anns am bu trice am bitheadh tu, na tigh-osda Dhonna-chaidh Thaileir. Ochan is iomadh sgillinn gheal agus ruadh a dh'fhag thu's an tigh sin; agus is iomadh la agus oidhche a chuir thu seachad ann, air bheag buannachd do d'chorp no do d'anam. Ach air sin gu leir chuir Seonaid grad chrioch, agus cha b' ann 'n a thrath. Is cianail ri'smuaineachadh air a liuthad teaghlach's a tha air an creachadh le amaideachd ceannard an teaghlach anns an tigh-osda. Tha e ciontach do pheacadh a ta 'n a mhathair-aobhair do gach peacadh. Tha e a' milleadh a chliu agus a chodach, a' cur as do 'n chloinn aige leis an ocras, agus 'g an sgeudachadh le luideagaibh suarach agus salach. Tha e 'toirt air falbh gach sithe agus suaimhneis's an t-saoghal a ta lathair, agus 's an t-saoghal a ta ri teachd, agus 'g a sgriosadh fein, le 'shuilibh fosgailte, eadar anam agus chorp.

COIN.—Ma ta, a Mhurachaidh, cha 'n'eil duil agam nach deanadh tu ablach mhaith de ministear, oir cha b'fhearr na sin a b'urrainn seann Mhaighstir Dornnull againn fein a chur a mach as a'chupaid aige. Gidheadh, feumaidh mi 'aideachadh le taingeileachd, gu 'm bheil Seonaid bhochd airidh air gach cliu a tha thu a' caradh air a ceann. C' uin a thig thu do 'n Ghoirtean-Fraoich a dh-fhaotuinn do chotaglais oir cha chuir Seonaid 'n ad ionusaidh e gus an teid thu g'a iarraidh? Thig, a charaid, ann an uine ghoirid le run gu fantuinn

maille ruinn re dha na tri oidhchean, agus gabhaidh Fionnladh Tailleir do thomhas, agus ni e do chota gu freagarrach dhuit mu 'm fag thu an tigh againn.

MUR.—Tha mi fada, fada 'n ad chomain, a' Choinnich choir, agus tha mi moran uis mo na sin an comain Seonaid air son a' cuimhneachain agus a caoimhneis do m' thaobhsa. Bheir mi oidhirp air dol a shealltuinn ort an uair a bhios comas agam, agus air fuireach maille riut fhad 's a cheadaicheas mo ghnothuichean domhsin a dheanamh; agus cuiridh mi litir do 'n Ghoirtean-Fraoich la no dha mu 'n ruig mi, a dh-innseadh an ama air am feud duil a bhi agad rium.

COIN.—Mo bheannachd agad, a Mhurachaidh, bheir an naidheachd sin solas nach beag do Sheonaid, an uair a dh'innseas mise sin dhi; ach na cuir dail ro fada 's a' ghnothuch air eagal gu 'm bi sinn a' call ar foighidinn.

MUR.—Ach a nis, a Choinnich, air duinn na cotaichean glasa, agus an turas d' on Ghoirtean-Fraoich a chur air doigh, cluinneamaid ma 's e do thoil e, ciamar tha do mhaighstir mor, Sir Seumas, agus ciamar tha an spreidh Eireannach, a' tighinn air an adhairt 's an duthaich so, a tha gu tur coimheach dhoibh, agus air iomadh seol ni 's gairbh' agus uis creagaiche na bha na machraichean comhnard' agus reidh air an d' araicheadh og iad, ann an seann Innis-Fail?

COIN.—Direach “an eatorras, mar a bha 'm baile am Baideanach.” Tha Sir Seumas fein gu slan, fallain, ach cha 'n 'eil aon chuid an crodh no na caoraich a' tighinn air an aghaidh mar bu mhaith leinn. Chaill sinn na h-uiread de na caoraich le gue thuaineal a thainig 'n au ceann; agus tha 'n crodh a' fuireach caol, seargta, agus neo-bheothail. Cha 'n 'eil iad

idir 'g am faicinn fein aig a' bhaile; agus na 'n tugadh an diugh dhachaidh an de dh'fhagadh Sir Seumas an tuath 'n am fearainn fein, agus cha ghabhadh e gnothuch ri sgriob dheth 'n a laimh fein; is e nach gabhadh.

MUR.—Tha mi ga d' dheagh chreidsiun, a Choinnich, agus o 'n toiseach cha robh a' chaochladh barail agam; oir, cha 'n fhaca mi riamh uachdaran a' soirbheachadh an uair a ghabhadh e am fearann aige 'n a laimh fein. Chan 'eil e ceart sin a dheanamh, agus chan 'eil, cha robh, agus cha bhi beannachd 'n a lorg. Ach is iad na laghanna seilge sin a chuir eadar Sir Seumas agus an tuath agus b' fhearr da gu mor an diugh na 'm biodh e air lanchad a thoirt doibh air gach gearr agus cearc fhraoich, gach fiadh agus earb air an oighreachd a smaladh as, na dealachadh ri deagh thuath mar a rinn e. /

COIN.—Ro cheart, oir is fhad o 'n chual sinn gu 'n “teagaisg cleachd agus fein-fhiosrachadh na h-amadain,” agus theagaisg iad gu dileas Sir Seumas, ge b' e co d' an aidicheadh se e. Gu cinnteach fhuaire e a chorragan a losgadh, agus bithidh tacan maith mu 'n slanaichear iad, oir bha na leoin guineach agus searbh.

MUR.—Cha robh ni sam bith co taitneach mu 'n ghnothuch gu leir ris an toilinntinn a thug do thuras Eireannach dhuit fein, a Choinnich, an uair a chual agus a chunnaic thu iomadh ni a thug lasgan gaire ort, ged nach d'fhuaire mise cothrom ort fathast chum a bheag de na nithibh sin a chlunntinn. Ach is e nis an t-am, agus sooraich thu fein re sealain gus an aithris thu dhomb beagan tuilleadh dhe 'n tapachd a dh' fhiosraich thu.

COIN.—Ni mise mo dhichioll, ma ta, air sin a dheanamh. Bha mi aon la air feill, agus co a bha ri m'

thaobh ach saighdear a bhuineadh do'n aite sin. Bha e 'n a sheasamh agus a cas-labhairt, gus an robh e air a' chnairteachadh mu dheireadh leis na-ficheadaibh sluaigh a bha 'g amharc air an aid aige le toll peileir innte. "Seallaibh air an toll so," ars' esan, "agus tha sibh 'faicinn na 'm biodh i'n a h-aid le crun iosal, chaidh am peileir troimh 'n cheann agam."

MUR.—Is maith a thubhairt an saighdear bochd, ach ciod tuilleadh?

COIN.—Air la eile, bha duine beag, luideagach 'n a sheasamh goirid uam, agus dhluthaich coimhearsnach dha fein ris, a thubhairt "Cha deachaidh thu do bhaile Chorc an diugh, a Phat." "Ochan! cha deachaidh, a ghraidh-geal mo chridhe, oir dh' innis duin'-uasal domh gu'n robh dubhradh gu bhi air a' ghealaich an so an nochd, agus dh' fhuirich mi gus am faicinn e."

MUR.—Mo bheannachd air Pat bochd! bha duil aige nach robh gealach idir ann an Corc, mar a bha far an robh e, agus dh' fhan e gu glic gus am faiceadh e an dubhradh. Ach am bheil cuimhn' agad air dad tuille.

COIN.—Air la araidh bha Eireannach a' gabhail na slighe an deigh lorg mhor mhaide a ghearradh a' coille oig a bha ri taobh an rathaid. Chomhlaich an t-uachdaran e anns an endann agus thubhairt e ris, "Fhir gun naire, innis domh air ball, c' ait an do ghearr thu an lorg sin, oir is maith a' chraobh a mhill thu? C' ait an do ghearr thu e?" Thionndaidh Pat a ghnuis ris an duin'-uasal, agus a' cur a chorraig ri barr a' mhaide, thubhairt e, "ghearr mi dìreach tarsuing an sin e."

MUR.—Cha robh an duin'-uasal air a dheanamh a' bheag ni 'bu ghlice leis na ceistibh a chuir e ris a' bhalach bhochd. Ach cha 'n 'eil sin co maith ri Eireannach a chunnaic

mise 'g iarraidh oibre air tuathanach a bha goirid o Ghlaschu. Sheas an duine bochd ri taobh an tuathanaich, a thubhairt ris—"Cha ruig thu leas, a bhalaich, cha ruig thu leas a bhi 'cur dragh' orm-sa, oir fhuair an dithis mu dheireadh a bha agam as an duthaich agadsa bàs air mo laimh, agus b' eiginn domh an cur fo'n talamh air mo chosdas fein, agus agus cha bhi gnothuch agam ri auam tuille as an tir sin, uime sin, bi falbh ma ta." "Ochan! a dhuin'-uasail, cha'n eagal domh-sa, gu firinneach, cha'n eagal domh-sa, oir gu cinnteach gheibh mi teisteanas o gach maighstir aig an robh mi riamh nach d' fhuair mi bàs aig aon diubh. Is mi nach d' fhuair, agus feudaich sibh mo chreidsinn a dhuin'-uasail urram-aich."

COIN.—Cha d' rinn an tuathanach gu ceart mar d' thug e obair do'n duine bhochd an deigh gach dichill a rinn e gu dhearbhadh gu'n robh e beo. Gun teagamh is ro iongantach freagairtean nan Eireannach air amannaibh. Chual' mi mu dhithis shaighdear a bha ann roimh so aig an robh mor-speis d'a cheile. Bha'n t-aon 'n a Albannach, agus an t-aon eile 'n a Eireannach. Mu'n deachaidh iad sìos do'n chath, rinn iad cordadh r' a cheile na'n rachadh a h-aon diubh a leonadh gu'n cuidicheadh an t-aon eile leis. Thachair e ann am blar fuilteach gu'n do leonadh an t-Albannach le peileir air an leis, agus ghrad ghlaodh e ri 'charaid Eireannach air son cuideachaidh. Thog Pat suas air a ghuaillibh e, agus d' fhalbh e leis chum an leigh. An uair a bha e air an t-slighe sguab peileir eile an ceann dhe'n Albannach bhochd, gu'n fhios, gu'n aire d'a chompanach. Chunnaic an leigh an t-Eireannach a' giulan na cloaich gun cheann, agus thubhairt e ris, "C' ait am bheil thu 'dol le sin, a Phat?" "C' ait am bheil mi 'dol?

Co a chual riamh a leithid, c' ait ach chum an leigh, gus an leighisear an duine truagh a leonadh co searbh?" "Ach, a' charaid," deir am fear eile, "am bheil thu 'faicinn gu'm bheil thu 'giulan ciosaich gun cheann?" "Ochou! mo thruaigh an gnothuch cianail! tha mi 'faicinn sin a nis, ach smuainich air na breugaibh eagallach a labhair an droch-fhear rium; oir co cinnteach ris a' bhas, dh'innis e dhomhsa gur ann a leonadh e le peileir ann an lag na sleisde."

MUR.—Is e fìor Eireannach a bha 's an fhear sin gun teagamh, a Choinnich, an uair a bha e an duil gu'n robh comas aig fear gun cheann labhairt ris, agus na breugan a chur an ceill da. Ach chuala mise mu Eireannach eile a bha cheart co iongantach ris an t-saighdear sin, agus innsidh mi dhuit m' a thimchioll.

COIN.—Tha sin ceart, a Mhurachaidh; ach rach air d' aghaidh, agus cluinneamaid cìod a thachair.

MUR.—Bha Eireannach bochd, luideagach aon la ag imeachd air a shocair, agus a' gabhail an rathaid-mhoir a' feadaireachd dha fein. Ghrad chomblaich e tarbh mor, fiadh-aich, aig an robh suilean a' lasadh mar theine leis a' chuthach a bha air. Ann am priobadh na sula, leum e air an duine thruagh, thog e suas air adhaircibh e, agus le aon bhras-upag, thilg se e thar garadh-cloiche a bha ri taobh an rathaid. Air do 'n Eireannach bhochd eirigh air a chosaibh mar a b' fhearr a b' urrainn e, thilg e suil air an ainmhidh fheargach agus chunnaic se e le 'shroin air an lar, a' sgriobadh agus a' reubadh suas na talmhainn le 'chois thoisich, mar is cleachd le bruit's an staid sin a dheanamh. Rinn Pat bochd snodh-gaire, 'n am da a bhi 'crathadh a chuid luideag, agus a' tionndaidh ris an tarbh, thubhairt e, "A bheist ghrannda, chrosda, mur faicinn thu a' strìochdadh, a' sgriobadh, agus a'

deanamh mor-umhlachd air an doigh sin, air m' onoir gu'n saoilinn gu'n robh thu ann an da-rìreadh, an uair a thilg thu mi thairis air a' gharadh."

COIN.—Nach b' e am blaomasdar gun 'cheill e, le bhi 'n duil gu'n robh an tarbh a' deanamh umhlachd dha, an uair a bha e 'n a chas-fheirg, a' sgriobadh suas an rathad-mhoir. Bu mhaith dha nach deachaidh e's an am a dheanamh suas na reite ris an ainmhidh fheargach, oir bu ro chinneach gu'n tilgeadh se e an dara uair thar mullach a' gharaidh, mur deanadh e na bu mhiosa air.

MUR.—Moran taing dhuit, a Choinnich, is neonach, ach istaitneach do sgeulan Eireannach, agus tha mi an dochas nach do theirig iad uile fhathast, agus gu'm bheil la maith eile a' teachd. Ach cìod an carbad a chaidh seachad le leithid de ghleadh-raich? Seall a mach agus faic.

COIN.—A Mhurachaidh, 's e carbad Shir Seumas a th' ann. Cha 'n fhac' mi riamh ni 's fearr. Stadaidh iad aig an Tigh-gheal a bheathachadh nan each. Gheibh mise dhachaidh maille riu, agus caomhnaidh sin iomadh ceum coiseachd dhomh. Greas ort do 'n Ghoirtean-Fraoich, a charaid ionmhuinn, agus altaichidh Seonaid do bheatha. Gabh mo leisgeul air son a bhi 'dealachadh riut co cabhagach, ach comblaichidh sinn an ath-ghoirid. Slan leat! le moran bheannachd dhoibh-san gu leir aig a' bhaile. Slan leat!

ALASDAIR RUADH.

Is fhasa gu mor fuireach samhach, na gun fhacal a thuilleadh 's a chòir a labhairt.

Cha labhair neach air bith gu tèarainte ach esan a tha 'sireadh a bhi 'n a thosd.

Cha 'n 'eil neach air bith tèarainte 'n a mhaighistir ach esan nach ob a bhi 'n a sheirbheiseach.

Cha ghabh neach air bith toil-inntinn thèarainte ach esan aig am bheil teisteanas deadh chogais.

Is mor an gliocas gun bhi cas an gnìomh, no dìorasach 'n ar barail fein.

LITIR O FHIONNLADH PIOBAIRE G'A MHNAOI.

A Mhairi, a Ghraidh,—Is bliadhna leam gach la o'n a dhealaich mi riut fhein agus ris na paisdean. Tha mi 'n tras' ann an Glaschu mor nan stiopall, baile na gleadhraich. O! nach robh mi aon uair eil' am shineadh air bruach na h-aibhne far nach cluinninu ach torman nan allt, bairich nam bo, agus ceilearadh nan eun. Tha mi 'nis, mar a gheall mi, 'dol a dh-innseadh dhuit mar fhuair mi a mach.

Tha cuimhn' agad fhein mar a dhealaich sinn. Thog mi orm le bocsa na pioba gu beul a' chaolais; 's ann an sin a bha 'n othail: Marsali Mhor agus na buanaichean a bha leatha cho aoibhinn, aighearach, 's ged nach biodh iad ach a' dol do'n choille-chno. Co 'bha 'm broilleach na cuideachd ach Para Mor le 'eile-beag 's le 'bhoineid, mar a b' abhaist da—cuaille de bhata daraich 'n a laimh—maileid de bhian gaibhre air a dhruim. “Failt' ort, Fhionnlaidh Phioaire,” ars' esan, “gu'm meal thu do bhrigis.” “Ma ta,” arsa mise, “tu-haist oirre—'s i so a' cheud uair a chuir mi orm i; na'm fuir'eadh i shuas cha bu ghearan e; ach tha mi cheana cho sgith dh' i 's a bha da bhliadhnach eich de'n ghad, a' cheud oidhch' a chuireadh air e.” A mach ghabh sinn an coinneamh soitheach na smuide, a' Mhaighdean-Mhorairn-each, mar a their iad rithe. Bha i 'teannadh oirnn o Mhuile, a' cur nan smuid d' i. “Tha i so a' tighinn,” arsa Para Mor, “an aigeannach mhaol ghranda, le 'gleadhraich, 's le 'h-upraid; cha b' iognadh leam ach a' Mhaighdean a radh rite; b' i sin a' Mhaidhdean gun mhodh, gun eisimeil.” Tharruing i oirnn, le caoiribh bana fo 'sroin—a' slachdraich, agus a' sloisreadh na fairge foipe, 'bha 'g eirigh 'n a h-iomairean bana cobhragaich a nunn gu h-Aros.

Thainig i 'nuas oirnn a' bagradh ar smaladh fo 'cuibhleachan. Fa dheir-eadh stad a' bheist—a's cha luaith' a stad na cuibhleachan o'dhol mu'n cuairt, na 'thng feadan fada caol, a bha suas ri taobh an t-simileir mhoir, aon ran as a shaoil mi 'sgaineadh mo cheann. 'S ann an sinn a bha 'n uinich 's an othail an dol ri cliathaich na Luinge, a h-uile beul 's a' bhata fosgailte 's an aon am—gun urram fear d' a cheile. Ma 's i Marsali Mhor thug i 'mach a' Bheurla sin nach do chleachd i o'n a bha i 'n uraidh air a' Ghalldachd; co ach ise—bha 'Bheurla 's a' Ghaidhlig am measg a cheile. “Dean fodha,” ars' au dara h-aon;” “nach iomair thu, a mhic do mhathar,” ars' an t-aon eile: “a stigh an ramh braghad shuas, buille 'g a deireadh shios.” “*Cani, cani* illean,” arsa Marsali Mhor—“gu reidh,” ars' a h-uile h-aon. Mur bhith mo naire, 's mar a bha mi ceangailte 's a' bhrigis, bha mi 'mach a shnamh gu tir. Fa dheireadh thainig ball cainbe le fead mu 'r clusaibh, agus ghlaodh gach neach, “Cum an gu gramail, Iain Bhain.” Thug a' Gheola aon sathadh aisd' a nunn gu taobh na Luinge, agus shaoil leam gu'n robh sinn thairis. Fhuair mi 'suas, ach cha 'n fhios domh cionnas; a's cha mho bha 'fhios agam c'ait' an tionnda'inn.

“Tha thu 'n sin Fhionnlaidh,” arsa Para Mor, “mar bho mhaoil am buailidh choimhich. Thig leam dh' amharc mionach na Maighdinn so fhein, a dh' fheuchainn an tuig sinn mar tha 'bheairt innleachdach ag iomairt.” Ach, ma chaidh, 's ann an sin, a Mhairi, a bha 'm fire, faire!—Sailthean iarunn agus slatan a' gluasad a nunn agus a nall, a sios agus a suas, air an ais 's air an adhart, gun tamh, gun stad; cnagan agus gobhlan agus eagan a' freagairt d' a cheile. Cuibhleachan beaga 'n

an deann-ruith mu na cuibhleachan mora. Duine truagh shios am measg na h-acfhuinn, a' cur na smuid deth, far nach saoiladh tu am b' urrainn do luch dol gun a milleadh; ach bha esan a' glasad air feadh na h-upraid, cho neo-sgathach 's a rachach Para Mor no mise am measg nan caorach; ag armadh gach acfhuinn, achlais, udalain, agus feadain le h-olaidh agus le h-im.—“A dhuine thruaigh,” arsa Para Mor, “'s ann agam nach 'eil suil ri d' aite; is daor a tha thu 'cosnadh d' arain.” “C'ar son ars' esan?” 's e 'tionndadh suas a shul a bha 's namh ann am fallus. Ged a labhradh a' gheimhleag iarainn a bha 'n a laimh, cha b' urrainn duinn barrachd ioghnaidh a bhi oirnn na 'n nair a chuala sinn an duine so a' labhairt na Gaidhlig. “Nach do shaoil mi,” arsa Para Mor, “gur Sasunnach, no Eirionnach, no Gall bochd a bh' ann.” Thainig e nios, a' siabadh an fhalluis o'ghnuis le bad corcaich a bha 'n a laimh; agus thoisich e air beachd a thoirt dhuinn air an acfhuinn. Ach 'eudail, b' i sin an fhaoineis. “An saoil thu, a Phara Mhoir,” a deir mise, “nach anns a' cheann a smaointich an toiseach air so a bha 'n innleachd?” “Coma leam e fhein a's 'innleachd,” arsa Para mor. “Is mi-nadurra, peacach an innleachd so fhein, a cur sruth' agus soirbheas an Fhreasdail gu 'n dulan, a' dol 'n an aghaidh gun seol, gun ramh.—Coma leam i;—cha 'n 'eil an innleachd so oneasda. B' fhearr leam a bhi ann an geola dhuibh Acha-na-craige—Eoghan an Rudha airan stiura' ruith le croinn ruisgte, troi' Bhuinne-nam-biodag, na 'bhi innte—tha mi 'g radh riut nach 'eil an innleachd so oneasda.”

Mar a bha sin a nuin gu ceann Mhusdail chuala mi fhein sgall pioba air mo chul, agus air dhomh tionndadh co bha 'n so ach balach ronnach de mhuinntir Thirithe, a' gleusadh a

phioba, an fhad 's a bheireadh duin' eile cuairt aisde. “Ma ta,” arsa Para Mor, “‘Is ceannach air an ubh an gloc.’ Cia mar tha so a' cordadh riut, Fhionnlaidh,” ars' esan? “Is searbh a' ghloir, a deir mise nach fhaodar eisdeachd.” Chluich e, fa dheireadh, “Bodach-nam-brigisean,” agus mu 'n do sguir e dh'i, bha mi cho sgith dheth fhein 's da cheol 's a bha mi de 'n bhrigis lachduinn.

Co 'bha 'n deireadh na Luinge, ach Alastair ruadh Mac-au-Abraich, Tighearna Chola. Mhothaich e dhomh fhein, agus smeid e orm—cha robh maith a dhiultadh—bha moran uaislean shios leis air clar deiridh na luinge: Sasunnaich, Goill, agus Frangaich. Cuid diubh a' leughadh, cuid 'n an cadal—cuid a' meanaich, cuid ag itheadh. Fear dhiubh le gloin' amhairc fhada, riomhach r' a shuil, mar gu 'm biodh e 'dol a losgadh air Caisteal Dubhairt; mhothaich mi fear fada caol, glas-neulach le speuclair air a shroin, 'us bioran ruadh 'n a laimh leis an robh e 'tarruing dealbh a' Chaisteal. Bha baintighearna mhor, riomhach 'n am measg agus measan leibideach de chu beag, molach 'n a h-uchd, ris an robh i a' briodal, agus 'g a phogadh; agus da mhaighdean og leatha, air an robh rud nach faca mi riamh roimhe, brigisean geala anairt, fo 'n chuid eile d'an aodach. Thug mi fhein a mach a' phiob mar a dh' iarr iad, ach a' cheud sgall a thug i, theich gach aon diubh ach aon Sasunnach mor, reamhar, a shuidh mu 'm choineamh le dha mheur 'n a chluasaibh, agus sgraing air mar gu 'm bithinn a' dol g' a itheadh.

Ma bha ceol am measg nan uaislean, bha ceol agus dannsadh an ceann eile na Luinge. Ach mar 'bha sinn a' dol sìos gu Eiseal, chaidh an ceol air feadh na fiddle. Bha 'n fhainge 'n a mill agus 'n a gleantaibh; thoisich soitheach na amuide fhein ri

dannusadh. Cha robh ran a bheireadh am feadan mor as nach saoiladh tu gu 'n robh muc-mhara r' a cliathaich. Cha chluinneadh tu 'nisach osnaichean o gach aite. Bha 'n Sasunnach mor a bha 'fochaid air a' phìob, 's a cheann thar beul-mor na luinge, an impis sgaineadh. "An tuilleadh teanaidh ort," a deir mise; "neo'ar thaing mur 'eil pluic piobair' a nis ort fhein." Rainig sinn an Crìonan. Is priseil, arsa Para Mor, a' chas air tìr; a' chend fhocal a thainig as a cheann o'n a chaidh sinn seachad air beul Loch-faochann.

Air an la maireach rainig sinn Glaschu, aite ris an abair iad am *Broomielaw*; b' e sin Ceithe na h-ùpraid. Luingis na smuide a' falbh agus a' teachd lan sluagh, mar gu 'm biodh an saoghal a' dol do Ghlaschu, agus an saoghal a' teicheadh as. O nach d' fhas mi bodhar leis a' ghleadhraich a bha 'm chluasaibh, cha churam leam gu 'n caill mi mo chlaisteachd tuille. Bha sreath dhaoine* air an tarruing suas fa chomhair nan soithichean le ball cainbe mu ghuala gach aoine diubh, agus braiste riomhach air 'uchd. Bha iad so a' smeideadh oirnn mar a bha sinn a' dol gu tìr, a h-uile beul fosgailte mar gu 'm biodh iad a' cur failt' oirnn; gach lamh sinte, agus gach snìl sìubhlach mar gu 'm biodh iad ag iarraidh luchd-eolais. Bha aon fhear, gu h-àraidh a shocraich a shuìl orm fhein, agus air dhomh amharc air gu geur, a dh' fheuch an cuimhnichinn co e, chuir e 'lamh r' a aid, agus chrom e 'cheann cho modhail, shìobhalta, 's nach b' urrainn domh gun an fhailt a fhreagrach; aon an prìoba na sula bha e air clar na luinge, agus thog e leis bocsa mo phìoba agus maileid Para Mhoir, cho ensaidh 's a ghlacadh *Guidseir* Thobar-Mhoire buideal uisge-bheatha,

* Portairean a' cheithe.

gun chuireadh, gun chead. "Air d'athais," arsa Para Mor. "An cuala tu riamh, mo ghille maith, mar thuirt Clag Scain, 'An rud nach buinda.'" "Leanaibh mis a dhaoine uaisle," ars an duine, agus e 'falbh ceum romhainn. "'S ann 's a' bhaile mhor fhein," a deir nis, "a tha 'm modh. Is fad' o'n a chuala mi, gu 'm bi gill' aig an fheannaig fhein 's an fhoghar." Dh' iarr sin air e g' ar toirt gu tigh Eoghain oig, far an d' rinn iad ar beatha gu cridheil. Slan leat, a Mhairi, a ghraidh, air an am. Cuiridh mi litir eile ad ionnsaidh ann an uine ghoirid, 'n uair a gheibh mi cosnadh. Cha 'n 'eil thu fhein agus na paisdean tiota as mo chuimhne. O! bi furachair mu Lachann beag, mo chuilean gaolach. Am Freasdal a bhi maille riut guidhe durachdach, d'Fhir-phosda ghradhaich,

FIONNLADH MAC-AONGHAIS.

—Bho 'n Teachdaire Ghaidhealach.

DUAN OISEIN DO 'N GHREIN.

O thusa fein a shiùbhlas shuas,
Co cruinn ri làn-sgiath chruidh nan triath,

Cia as a ta do dhearrs' gun ghruaim,
Do sholas 'ta cho buan, a ghrian?

Thig thusa nach a' t' àille threin,
A's fal'chidh reultan bhuainn an triall;
Theid gealach bhreac gun tuar bho 'n speur,

'G a cèiltinn fein fo stuaidh 's an Iar.

Tha thus' a' t' astar mor a mhaing;
Oir co 'tha dan gu bhi a' d' choir?
Bho 'n chruchan tuitidh 'n darach ard,
A's caithidh carn fo aois, a's sgorr;

Seadh traighidh agus lionaidh 'n cuan,
A's caillear shuas an ré* 's an speur:
Tha thus' a' t' aon a chaidh fo bhuidh,
An aoibhneas buan do sholuis fein.

'N uair dhubhas trom mu 'n domhan stoirn,
Le torunn† borb as dealan beur,‡
'N sin seallaidh tus' a' t' aill bho 'n toirm,
'S fiamh ghair ort fein 's an taimrich ghéir.

* A' ghealach. † Tairneineach. ‡ Uamhasach.

Ach dhomhsa tha do sholus faoin,
'S nach faic mo shuil a chaoidh do ghnuis,
A' sgaoileadh cùil a' s òrbhuidh ciabh
Air aghaidh àillt' nan nial's an ear,
No 'n uair a chritheas tu 's an Iar
Aig dorsaibh ciar do shuain air lear.

Math dh' fheudt' gu 'm bheil thu mar
mi fein,
An àm gu treun, 's gun fheum air àm;
Ar bliadhnaibh 'tearnadh luath bho 'n
speur,
A' siubhal cas le cheil' gu 'n ceann.
Biodh aoibhneas orts', a thriath gun
bheud,
'S tu neartar, òg, fo ghleus nach gann.

Is dorch', mi-thaitneach làith' na h-
aois —
Mar sholus faoin an rè gun chàil;
I'sealltainn sìos bho neòil air raon,
'S an liath-cheo 'gluas' air taobh nan
carn,
A'ghaoth bho thuath air réidh neo chaoin,
'M fear-siubhail aosd fo bheud's e mall.

LACHLUNN MAC THEAR- LAICH OIG,

AM BARD SGIATHANACH.

Is lionmhor feart agus cumhachd-
inntinn a leigeadh ris, agus a dh'
fhoillsicheadh leis na Bardaibh
Gaidhealach. Gheibhear moran 'n
am measg a bha ro chomharraichte,
cha 'n e mhain air son deas-bhriath-
rachd agus oirdheirceas cainnte,
ach mar an ceudna air son geiread,
grad-leirsinneachd, agus dian-thuigse.
Rugadh na feartan so maille riutha,
agus bha iad, uime sin, nadurra
dhoibh. Mar bu trice cha do
tharruing iad a bheag sam bith de
na buaidhibh a shealbhaicheadh leo,
o fhoghlum, o theagasg, no air sheol
sam bith o bhardachd nam filidh
Greugach, no Romanach, no Sasun-
nach, do bhrìgh gu 'n robh iad gu
tur aineolach air gach ni a sgriobhadh
leo sin fa-leth. Bha 'n luchd-dan a
sgriobh 'n ar rioghachd fein's a'
Bheurla anns gach linn air ais,
eolach air na Bardaibh Greugach
agus Romanach, mar a bha Homer,

Virgil, Horace, agus moran eile,
agus bha iad a' feudainn cuideachaidh
o gach samhladh agus riochd-cainnte
a bha air an gnathachadh leo sin
anns na seann linntibh. Ach bha
na uithe so uile, mar gu 'm b' ann
glaiste air luchd-filidh na Gaidh-
ealtachd; agus an deigh sin, c'ait
am faighear ann an cainnt sam bith
bardachd a bheir barrachd air moran
de na danaibh a dhealbhadh's a'
Ghaidhlig? Tha Oisean mar gu 'm
b' ann leis fein, eadar-dhealaichte o
na h-uile, air son maise agus
freagarrachd nan samhladh a ghnath-
aicheadh leis. Ach gun ghuth
a thoirt airsan, nach aillidh na
samhlaidhean a ta air an dealbhadh
leis a' Bhard-Aosda, le Donnachadh
Ban, Dughall Buchanan, Nighean
Alasdair Ruaidh, Rob Donn, agus
na ficheadan eile? Cha 'n 'eile creag,
no beinn, no sruth, no cuan, no
craobh, no luibh, no gaoth, no ceo,
no ui sam bith ann an oibridh a'
Chruitheir mu 'n cuairt duinn, air
nach d' rinneadh greim chum an
luinneagan aillidh a dheachdadh le
maise agus beothalas!

'N am meag-san, uime sin, a rinn
iad fein cliuiteach agus comharraichte
air son fìor dhuantaireachd bha am
Bard Sgiathanach, Lachlunn Mac
Thearlaich Oig. Ged nach 'eil mor-
eolas aig an t-saoghal air, agus ged
nach 'eil ach beagan a lathair de na
danaibh a chumadh leis, gidheadh is
airidh Lachlunn coir air 'aite fein
fhaotuinn am measg nam Bard.
Rugadh e am an sgiorachd an
t-Srath, anns an Eilean Sgiathanach,
's a' bhliadhna 1665. Bu mhac e
do Thearlach Og, Mac Thearlaich
Mhic Ionmhuinn, 's a' Cheann-
Uachdarach. Bha Fear a' Chinn-
Uachdaraich 'n a thuathanach co-
thromach, measail, agus 'n a fhoirbh-
each eaglais. Bhaedluth annandaimh
ri Mac-Ionmhuinn, Uachdaran an
t-Sratha. B' i bu mhathair do

Lachlunn, Mairi Nic-Leoid, nighean Iain Mhic-Leoid, fear na Droighnich, 's an eilean cheudna. Bha paranta Lachlunn ro mheasail 's an eilean, agus rinn iad an dichioll air gach foghlum 'n an comas a thoirt dasan, agus do 'n chuid eile dhe 'n teaghlach. Anns an linn sin cha robh sgoilean ach gle ana-minic air an suidheachadh 's an Eilean Sgiathanach; agus chum leas a' theaghlach a chur air aghaidh, fhuair Fear a' Chinn-Uachdaraich oganach as an Taobh-deas chum teagasg a thoirt d' a chuid cloinne. An uair nach robh Lachlunn ach fathast 'n a leanabh, nochd e gu soilleir gu 'n robh caileachd agus gride na bardachd 'n a chridhe. Aig aois ochd bliadhna nochd e treoir agus beothalas-inntinn nach faicht-eadhach gu tearcannam balachanaibh nìread eile na h-aoise sin. Bha e cridheil, sundach, geur-bhriathrach, agus ro dheidheil air ceol agus bardachd. An uair a rinn a pharantan an dichioll chum gach foghlum 'n an comas a thoirt do 'n cloinn fein aig a' bhaile, chuunaic iad gu 'n robh Lachlunn a' toirt barrachd air cach, agus air an aobhar sin, air doibh a bhi cothromach 'n an staid fein, runaich iad Lachlunn a chur aig aois shea bliadhna deug gu Inbhir-Nathrunn, baile beag mu chuig mìle deug an ear air Inbhirnis, far an robh sgoil ro ainmeil a dh-ionnsaidh an robh oganaich air an cur as gach cearnadh mu 'n cuairt. Dh' fhan e anns an sgoil so ro thrì bliadhna, far an robh e cliuiteach, cha 'n e mhain air son tapachd a bhuidhean-inntinn, ach mar an ceudna air son an durachd agus a' bhuan-sheasmhachd leis an robh e 'g an gnathachadh, agus 'g an ath-leasachadh. Cha b' fhad gus an d' thug e barrachd air gach oganach eile a bha maille ris, agus gus an do choisinn e deagh-ghean a luchd-teagaisg gu leir. Dhasan cha b'

urrainn a bhi diomhain; agus an uair a bhiodh a chompauaich ri nìreadh agus cluiche air na raointibh, gheibhte Lachlunn gu dian aig a leabhar fein. Bha e mar so a' gnathachadh a mhionaidean tainh ann a bhi 'deanamh dhuanag 's a' Bheurla; agus bha cuid dhiubh gle bhiodheach. Ach do brìgh nach b' i a' Bheurla cainnt a mhathar, cha robh na luinneagan sin airidh a bhi air an samhlachadh ris a' bhardachd ghrinn a rinn e 's a' Ghaidhlig. B' olc an airidh da-rìreadh nach do sgriobh e sìos ach fìor neoni de na nithibh taitneach a rinn e 's a' Ghaidhlig, oir na 'm biodh iad gu leir air an gleidheadh, agus air an clodh-bhualadh ann an aon leabhar, thogadh iad an ughdar fein suas chum na h-ard-inbhe sin an measg luchd-filidh na Gaidhealtachd, air an robh e gun teagamh co ro airidh.

'N a phearsa bha Lachlunn Mac Thearlaich 'n a dhuinemor, sgiamhach calma, agus cha bu lionmhor iad a chuireadh a dhruim ri talamh. Gidheadh, bha e ciuin, macanta, agus stuama. Bha e comharraichte air son daimheileachd agus fìor chairdeis. Bha tlachd aig na h-uile dha, agus bha a bheatha air a h-altachadh anns gach cuideachd. Bha e uasal 'n a nadur, gidheadh, iriosal 'n a ghiulan do ghnath. Bha gach ceann-cinnidh agus uachdaran air feadh na Gaidhealtachd eolach air, agus cha do mheas iad gu 'n robh cuideachd no comunn sam bith a chruinnicheadh air son aoibhneis no cridhealais, idir ceart agus iomlan, mur biodh Lachlunn Mac Thearlaich Oig a lathair maille riu.

SGIATHANACH.

(*Ri leantuin.*)

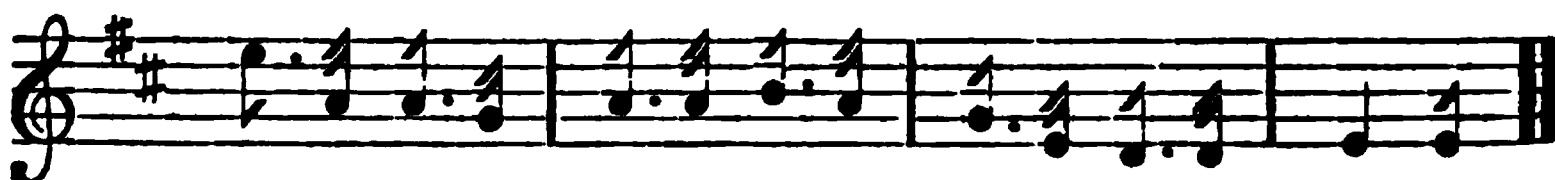
Is e an t-earchall a's miosa a thig an car duine, a bhi eu-comusach air 'earchall a ghiulan.

KEY D.

AN RIBHINN DONN.



. R | r., m : s., m | r., d : d., D | s., s : d¹., t | 1 : 1. D¹



| r¹., s : s., f | s., s : l., S | f., r : d., d | r : r. ||

O's runach leam mo ribhinn donn
'S a'ghleann taobh thall nam fuar-
bheann—
'S an fheasgar chiuin theid mi le m' run
Gu doire dluth nam fuaran.

Mo sheang-choin-seilg tha 'n garbhlach
fhiadh,
'S mo chridhe cian tha 'n combnuidh,
'S a'ghleann's an eisd mo Mhairi ghrinn
Ri ceilear binn nan smeorach.
O's runach leam, &c.

Tha eoin an t-sléibh air sgeith mu'n
cuairt,
'S cha duisg iad fuaime mo lambaich,
A's mis' am phramh an sgath nam bruach,
'S mo smuain mu'n ghruagaich ghradh-
aich.
O's runach leam, &c.

'S i's aotruim' ceum's is dearraich' suil,
'S a gair' tha ciuin a's caoimhneil,
'S a guth tha dhomhs' mar sholas ciuil,
'S mi falbh nan stuc's an oidhche.
O's runach leam, &c.

A ciabhan fainneach's aillidh sgeimh,
'S a braighe's gle-gheal boidhche,
Fo osna 'cleibh ag eirigh seimh,
Mar fhaoillinn bhain air Lochaidh.
O's runach leam, &c.

A cridhe aobhach's aotrom sunnd,
Mar mhang aig surd an reidhleinn;
Ach caomh a's tlath mar bhlath fo
dhriuchd,
'S fo mhaise chiuin a' Cheitein.
O's runach leam, &c.

Mo ribhinn ghraidh a's aillidh sgeimh,
'S do'n araidh beus a's boidhche,
'S a' mhaise dh' fhas air gradh nan eud
Cha treig i'n Inbhear-Lochaidh.
O's runach leam, &c.

Ged gheibhinn lu-chuirt's crun an Righ
A d'iunnais dhiobrainn coir orr';
'S tu bheann's a' bhan-righ 'bheirinn leam
Gu tamh aig bonn nam mor-bheann.
O's runach leam, &c.
A. M.

CUMHA RAO.

Air dhomh an t-oran a leanas
fhaicinn deireadh na bliadhna anns
leabhar ris an abrar anns a' Bheurla
an "Sunday Magazine," dh'eadar-
theangaich mi e le run a chur a dh-
ionnsaidh a' Ghaidheil; agus a nis
air dhomh cead fhaot'inn o fhear-
ullachaidh an leabhair sin a chur
air adhart, tha mi 'g a sgrìobhadh do
bhur n-ionnsaidh. Chaidh an t-oran
a dheanamh le bean bhoichd ann an
aon de na h-eileanaibh fiadhaich anns
am bheil daoine ag itheadh feoil a

cheile le mor bhlas. A reir a'
chunntais a chaidh a thoirt, bha
Rao agus a fear-posda ro chaomh
mu cheile gu aon latha mi-shealbhar
a dh'iarr i air am falt a bhearradh
d'a ceann. An nair a chunnaic e
an craiceann cho geal, bhriagh thuirt
e gu'm feumadh e a ceann fhaotainn
ri itheadh gun dàil, agus thoisich e
ri teasachadh na h-àmhuiun, agus ri
sgaoileadh dhuilleagan na craoibh
pailm air a h-urlar. Thoisich Rao
air deanamh a' chumha so dhi fein:

bha fios aice nach robh dol as ann di; agus bha a piuthar-cheile a' gul ri 'taobh, oir bha an tiuneas partanach (cancer) oirre, 's bha *Rao* ro ghrinn rithe. An uair a bha an àmhuinn teth, mharbh a' bhrùid an-ìochdmhor a bhean bhoichd, agus ròsd e a ceann, a riarachadh 'anamian graineil. Chuir e an corr d' a feoil am falach fo chraoibh. An uair a bha e an sin leis thainig da bhrathair *Rao* g' a faicinn; dh' inuis a piuthar-cheile an sgeul boichd dhoibh, agus chaidh iad air tòir na beiste. Bha e a' cur falach craoileig lan de fheoil a' bhoireannaich bhoichd; leum iad air gu grad, agus mharbh iad e, agus ròsd iad a cheann-san anns a' cheart àmhuinn 's an d' ullaich esan ceann *Rao*. Is fheudar dhomh ainmeachadh gur ann 's na h-eileanaibh a tha 's a' Mhuir *Phacific* a thachair so, gun fhios nach abair am fear-eachdraidh a thig an deigh an fhir a mhuinntir *New Zealand* air an robh Macaulaidh a' sgrìobhadh, gur an aig bun Beinn Nibheis a chaidh *Rao* itheadh, 's gur ann an Gaidhlig a rinn i an cumha bronach, boichd so, na thachras seann aireamh d' an *Ghaidheal* air anns am faic e

CUMHA RAO AIR A SON FEIN.

Freumh.

Mo thruaigh, cia minic a bha againn comhradh diomhair!

Guil, guilibh air mo shon!

Slan leibh, tha sin a' dealachadh gu sìorruidh,

O guilibh air mo shon!

'S tric bha againn comhradh diomhair leinn fein,—

O nach gabh thu truas diom?

Tha mo thim air fas gearr,

'S dlùth an oidheche bhuan domh,—

O guilibh air mo shon,

'S sinn a' dealachadh gu sìorruidh!

Guil, guilibh air me shon!

Ho rinn an o—ho ro io ro!

Ceud mheas.

O guilibh air mo shon,

'S mo ghrian 'dol sìos air cul nam beann-tan.

O nach gabh thu truas diom?

'S mi 'faicinn ann an sud an amhuinn,
A's esan a' gearradh a' chonnaidh
Aròsdadh mo chuirp bhoichd gu biadh dha.
O guilibh air mo shon,
A's sinn a' dealachadh gu sìorruidh!

Dara meas.

O guilibh air mo shon!

Bu shona sinn aon uair comhla

Ann an conaltradh grinn a' ghraidh,

'S sinn gun dealachadh, gun dòlas,—

Mise, rùn m' athar *Rongovi*;

A's thusa, chliambainn chiatach,

Tri mìosan na gorta móire,

Bha 'g a chuideachadh gu gnìomhach.

O guilibh air mo shon,

A's sinn a' dealachadh gu sìorruidh!

Treas meas.

O guilibh air mo shon,

A's mi mar iasg air a tharruing

A doimhne na fairge oillteil,

'G a thionndadh thairis a's thairis

Air grìosach na h-amhuinn teinntich.

Mo cheile, tha thusa cho sgiamhach

Ri eideadh de chraobh a' mheas-arain,

'N uair a ghealaichteadh ri grian e.

O guilibh air mo shon,

A's sinn a' dealachadh gu sìorruidh!

Ceathramh meas.

O guilibh air mo shon,

Gabh thusa truas diom, O mo cheile;

Tionndaidh o d'smuaintean an-ìochdmhor

'S paisg a ris ri d' bhroilleach fein mi.

Guil, guilibh air mo shon!

- Ho rinn an o—ho ro éile.

Tha an t-oran agam sgrìobhte mar an ceudna anns a' chànan anns an deachaidh a dheanamh, ach o nach leugh moran e cha chuir mi gu 'r n-ionnsaidh e.

A' guidhe deadh shoirbheachaidh do 'n *Ghaidheal*, is mi

Bhur ban-charaid dhileas,

MAIRI NIC-EALLAIR.

Duneideann, Mìos Maigh, 1874.

Is esan an duine a's saibhre am measg an t-sluaigh, a tha taingeil air son a chrannchuir fein, agus lan thoilichte leis na nithibh a ta e a' sealbhachadh.

Tha fìor obair na h-eanchainn chum deagh shlainte agus beatha fhada, ach air an laimh eile, tha saruchadh na h-eanchainn a' tarmachadh tinneis agus bais.

CUMHA DHAIBHIDH AIR SON
SHAUIL AGUS IONATAIN.

Tha mais' an t-sluaigh air beanntaibh
garbh

Ghilboa sinnt' gun treòir ;
Oir thuit ar gaisgich chumhachdach
An àird' an tréin' 's an glòir :
Na cluinnte 'n Gat no 'n Ascelon
Gur h-ìosal cinn nan sonn,
Mu 'n dean na h-òighean Philisteach
'N ar bròn-ne uaill le fonn.

A shléibhtean àrd Ghilboa,
Na sìleadh oirbh gu bràth,
'S an èarrach frasan gealltannach,
No drùchd 's an t-Samhradh bhlàth !
Oir 's ann an sin 'chaidh sgiath an rìgh
A thilgeadh sìos le tàir,
'S a luidh, am measg nam mìltean marbh,
Corp uasal, ungt' an t-sàir.

Bha bogha buadh'or Ionatain
Air thoiseach anns gach càs ;
'S air thùs bha claidheamh millteach
Shanil,
'S na lorg chaidh sgrios a's bàs ;
Mar fhìr-eòin luath, mar leògh'naibh
treun
Maraon bha 'm beatha chaomh ;
'S a nis 'n an suain tha 'n rìgh 's a mhac,
Neo-sgairte, taobh ri taobh.

A nighnean Israeil, deanaibh caoidh
Air son nan gaisgeach mòr,
A dh' eudaich sibh le sgàrlaid,
A's a chrùn ur cinn le h-òr !
O ! Ionatain, mo bhràth'ir, ad dhéigh
Is goirt mo dheòir 's mo chràdh !
Oir b' iongantach, thar gaol nam ban,
'S bu taitneach dhomh do ghràdh.

Cionnus, mo chreach ! air beanntaibh àrd
Ghilboa 'thuit na sàir !
An àird' an glòir 's am mòralachd,
'S am builsgan dian a' bhlàir !
Cionnais a thuit na cumbachdaich
Air faiche dheirg na strì,
A's sinnt' r' an taobh an sgiath 's an
t-sleagh,
Am bogha 's lann, gun chli !

Eadar. le MAC-MHARCUI.

Ginidh Subhaile maise, ach ginidh
Dubhaile duaichneachd. Sinidh Subhaile
beatha an duine a mach, ach greasaidh
Dubhaile e gu bàs.

MAIGHDEAN GHOURI.

(*Bho 'n Bheurla.*)

A mhaighdean og, an teid thu leam,
An teid thu leam, an teid thu leam ?
A mhaighdean og, an teid thu leam
A nunn gu Carsa Ghouri ?

Air feasgar Samhraidh 'n am a' Cheitein,
Cian ro bheag roimh laidhe greine,
Thainig oigh 'n a h-ùr-ghùn ceutach,
Thar an t-sleibh do Ghouri.
A mhaighdean og, &c.

Cha robh am chrìdh' dhi aon ni cearr,
'S mu 'braighe geal gu 'n chuir mo lamh,
A's thuirt mi ri am briathraibh graidh—
“ An teid thu sraid do Ghouri ? ”
A mhaighdean og, &c.

Is maiseach ceud-fhas ros 's an drùchd,
Fo dhearrsa grein' air madainn chiuin,
Ach b' àill' Catriona na gach flur
A dh' fhas o thùs an Gouri.
A mhaighdean og, &c.

Ni mi sgiamhach thu le sìoda,
'S bheir mi thu do chuir mo shinnsear,
'S ni mi ban-tighearn' àillidh dhiotse,
Air na chì thu 'n Gouri.

Le pogaibh milis a beoil cubhraidh
Sgaoil rugha deirge 'n a gnùis ghil ;
Chagair i gu malda ciuin rium—
“ Theid mi, ruin, gu Gouri.”
A mhaighdean og, &c.

Thug na seann daoine an deoin doibh,
'S thainig sagairt gu am posadh ;
Feuch a nis a' mhaighdean og,
Le sìoda 's srol an Gouri !
A mhaighdean og, &c.

Chuireadh a' cheist air duine glic
roimh so, — “ Ciod is aois duit ! ” Fhreagair
e, “ Tha mi ann an slainte. ” Chuireadh
a' cheist air a ris, “ Cia co saibhir 's a
tha thu ? ” Fhreagair e, “ Cha 'n 'eil mi
ann am fiachaibh. ”

Cha d' rinn aingidheachd riamh am
màth a's lugha do 'n duine. Cha 'n
urrainn i neach sam bith a dheanamh ri
's saibhre, ni 's sona, no ni 's glice. Cha 'n
ardaich i duine ann an suilibh nan subh-
ailceach, agus tha i uamhasach ann an
sealladh nam firean. Uime sin biodh
aingidheachd air a seachnadh leis na
h-uile.

THE GAEL,

ENGLISH DEPARTMENT.

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HIGHLAND KILTS ON LOW- LAND LEGS.

(FEILEACHAN GAIDHEALACH AIR
LUIRGNEAN GALLDA),

A Railway Reminiscence.

SIR,—Under the above notable heading, there appeared in the *Aberdeen Journal*, in February, 1861, the following amusingly graphic description, written by an observant traveler to the editor of the periodical named, concerning the signal discomfort, through the medium of a wordy interchange of sentiments, inflicted by an emulative and jealously patriotic "Gaidheal" on a triumvirate of outlandish peregrinators, who, strangers to the Highland commonwealth (as the test of language indisputably demonstrated), had, notwithstanding, arrogating a nationality in costume to which they had no birthright, presumed to array themselves in the "ancient garb our fathers loved," and were thus, like the daw in the fable, bedecked in borrowed feathers. As the story loses nothing of piquancy through lapse of time, inasmuch as not a few erratic specimens of the same assumptive nondescripts may still be met with on either side of the Grampians—the reputed boundary line of the Highlands—and as it may be new to most of your readers, I venture to lay the *sgeul* before you, in the hope that you may kindly grant it space in the pleasurable pages of the *Gaidheal*. The astute and irrepressible mountaineer who so zealously upheld our Celtic integrity, and effectually cowed the kilted dis-

simulators, must have been of a kindred temperament with the renowned Highland heroes, Lieutenant-General Sir Alan Cameron—"Ailean an Earachd"—and Colonel John Cameron, "the gallant grandson of Lochail, valiant Fassifern," both of whom are related to have been actuated with Celtic enthusiasm of the most ardent kind. The former of these chivalrous men, when raising the 79th Regiment, and with the determination to have it virtually, as well as nominally, Highland, enlisted none but Gaelic speakers, which distinctive Celtic qualification procured for his battalion the appropriate appellation of the "Cia mar thà-s." Our loved and loving sovereign, whose well-known predilection for the land of Gaelic and everything therewith connected, some months ago, commendably conferred upon the 79th the regal title of "The Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders." "Fassifern," as tenaciously jealous for the honour of the dress, as was his clansman for the language, of Highlanders, was wont to affirm that "a Southron in the kilt reminded him of a hog in armour;" and, on the first intrusion of an English ensign, bearing the whimsical surname, Mudge, into his corps, the Gordon Highlanders, or 92nd Regt., "whose banners bright are streaming high, with deeds of daring crowned," the recreant "Sasunnach," whose antipathy to the kilt rendered him odious, had the effrontery to address the Commander-in-Chief, suggesting the abrogation of the Highland uniform in the 92nd, which was

the means of procuring Mudge's summary dismissal; a consummation with which Cameron and his Highlanders were greatly pleased.

Without further trenching on your space, I remain, yours faithfully,

"MAC A' GHAIÐHEIL."

Glaschu,
Mios a' Chéitein, bliadhna, 1874.

Would you allow me to describe a scene which I witnessed lately in a railway carriage, for the behoof of such of your readers as are ardent admirers of the Highland garb—of course, I mean chiefly those who can speak Gaelic; for, to any other, the favour for the "Garb of Old Gaul" must be a mere boyish, ball-room fancy, stagy, and disappearing with the first show of beard. The other occupants of the carriage, besides your humble servant, were a bluff, big-whiskered, square-built personage, in rough plaid check, and three young men of divers configuration—one fat and squab, one thin and tall, and one in no wise particular. But these three were distinguished very much indeed by their attire, which was the Highland dress, in which they seemed very ill at ease, or a good deal fuller of it than even it was of them. The bluff, big-whiskered personage eyed them for a few minutes alternately with the pages of an Edinburgh newspaper. He then remarked to me that it was a fine day, and after some friendly conversation, "Fáilte oirbh!" said he to the Highlanders opposite, giving the usual salutation of the hills. No answer. "Am bheil Gàilig agaibh?" which, being interpreted is—"Can you speak Gaelic?" asked the big-whiskered Celt, with an air of great interest. No answer, but evident discomfiture on the part of the kilts. "Bruidhnidh gach fear air am bi féileadh, Gàilig! E!" (Everybody that wears a kilt speaks Gaelic! Eh!) remarked the whiskers, half by way of question, half by way of general statement, turning round to me, as if for confirmation of his views. The whiskers continued looking at the three, *seriatim*, at every substantive. "Breacan, sporan-molach, luirgnean ruisgte, agus cha'n urrainn duibh uiread agus 'Fáilte oirbh' a ràdh ann an cainnt nan Gàidheal!"—(Tartan, hairy purse, bare legs, and haven't Gaelic enough to say 'God bless you!') That's a very free translation, but

never mind. The curl of the whiskers translated it to the gentlemen opposite, who now began to talk very loudly together. But the Celt went on with his soliloquy. "Cha dean na's lugha gnothuch na biodagan agus ageanan dubha!" (Nothing less will do than dirks and skeandus.) The kilts looked out at the window in a great absorption of that negative interest known as indifference. "Laoich na Feinne air tighinn a nuas o na speuraibh, 's cha'n eil smid' theangadh an sinnsir 'n an cinn!" (Some of Fingal's heroes come down from the skies, and not a syllable of their fathers' tongue in their heads.) The three kilts now looked fierce; but as the whiskered soliloquist was, to all appearance, addressing the lamp in the roof of the carriage, they could say nothing; and he went on—"Dagachan, adharcan-fùdair, clachan à càrn-gorm! 'N uair chuireas Criosduidh clogaid an Turcaich air, bithidh e mòr da rìreadh!" (Pistols, powder-horns, cairngorms! When a Christian puts on the helmet of the Turk,* verily it will be a big one!) The kilts seemed half inclined to bolt for it, at the risk of breaking their necks. At length one of them asked the whiskers if their owner meant to be impertinent? "Impertinent! Oh dear, not at all," was the reply. "Nothing more *pertinent* in creation than Gaelic to the Highland dress. In fact, the impertinence, gentlemen, derivatively speaking, is entirely opposite. It's a weakness I have got. I can't help speaking Gaelic in the presence of a kilt and hose. If I have said anything offensive, for any sake tell me, and I'll apologise on the spot. What was it?" "Your manner, sir—your conduct in every respect. I shall complain at the first station," was the reply of one of the party, to which the others gave a fierce acquiescence. "Manner, manner," said he of the whiskers, "I thought it had been the matter. If it was only the manner, then it was no matter, as, of course, you know—possibly, at least, that 'Ilka lan' has its ain laigh, ilk kin' o' corn has its ain hule," and I'm a poor body of a Highlander who can't help his Highland manners, and you should be the last people to find fault, seeing that you go about as Highlanders yourselves, eh!" "You have no business with what way we go about, I presume," said the kilted interloquitor. "Oh, Lor', no?" was the rejoinder, "not the smallest, but I have a right to speak to myself in my mother tongue, or to this gentleman, who seems highly edified by

my conversation." I could not help laughing, as, of course, the unfortunate kilts had not had their feelings specially hurt by any remark in particular; and, as for that matter, provided I was amused, I did not care much how, as all were equally strangers to me. The Celt, evidently, felt in no way disposed to give in, but continued, "An d'fhairich sibh riamh faile an fhraoich? Am faca sibh riamh ruadh-bhoc? No, am breabadarean Ghlaschu sibh a mach air là féill?" (Did you ever smell heather? Saw ye ever a red buck? or are ye Glasgow weavers out on a holiday?) The kilts all looked intensely on their newspapers. "Feil-eachan oirbhse! Itean cholamain air a' chathaig!" (You with kilts. Daws with doves' feathers!) The whole three looked as though they were about to fall foul of the whickers at once, and pull them out by the root; but the owner went on without withdrawing his eyes from the lamp. "Luirgnean! ab, ab! 'Ulean, ma ghabhas sibh mo chomhairle, cumaidh sibh ur luirgnean sgarrach am falach fo bhrigis Ghallda, an ath uair a thig sibh air chuairt?" (Legs! ab, ab!—expression of contempt—if you take my advice, you will hide your foul legs under Lowland breeks the next time you take a trip) said the Celt, with a look of solemn admonition, addressed to the lamp in the roof as hitherto. Immediately the whistle sounded, and no sooner did the train halt than the three kilts disappeared, quick-stick, looking dirks, shean-dus, and broadswords as they passed the hirsute expostulator.

"Well," said I, "I think you have been quite hard enough on these gentlemen." "Hard! oh, no," was the reply. "What did they know whether I was hard or soft, barring an unpleasant impression that they were the subject of my remarks?" "But," said I, "they are perhaps Volunteers, and if so, they scarcely deserve to be laughed at." "Well," said he, "I should not like they were Volunteers, by any means. But, even then, what's the use of tagging theatrical bosh to that glorious movement? I'm a Volunteer myself, and I can make allowance in London, for instance, for a larger sprig of heather than is quite real, where you can't get a deuced look at heather, thistle, or Scottish fir, except at Convent Garden Market. But, in Scotland, to get up that sort of thing is all bam; and, let me tell you, when sedentary people take to wearing kilts in winter in the towns, they'll soon bless

the inventors of the braccæ, even although these useful articles did come in with the Lower Empire."

CREAG-AN-DARAICH.

CELTIC MUSIC.

Not the least important of the monuments of the Celtic race is their music. What an interesting fact, that a race which has run its course in its old home should leave behind it, in its music, a language of grief so affecting; that other people although strangers to its fate, listen with deep emotion to the heart-rending sounds that this fallen race sends forth like a dying swan. It is even more extraordinary, that from among these tones of grief the ear is sometimes pierced by a cry of merriment, sounding like mockery amidst the usual strain of sorrow; it is like the sun breaking through the rain clouds. Such is the music which we inherit from the Celtic race.

Their thoughtless and warm-hearted gaiety, like an inseparable nature, has not been changed by the iron weight of adversity, which has not been able to do more than impart to the merry strain of their tunes, that longing which constitutes their chief charm and most prominent characteristic. It is indeed so prominent that the melodies of this race sound to our ear like the songs of memory. Their fond memory of bygone happier days is characteristically expressed with more or less force in the music of all Celtic races. Both rhythmus and harmony combine to effect this. The first by the long drawn Trochee | — — | which drags itself through all Celtic melodies, and the latter by the equally characteristic sixth major. These are common to the music of all Celtic nations, and notwithstanding the varied development which

the science may have taken in the different branches of this race, these two characteristic marks sufficiently indicate the common origin and kindred nature of the Celtic melodies wheresoever found. Music seems in truth to be interwoven with the whole existence of the Celtic people. It civilized and humanized the race, accompanied it to power, and now mourns over its grave. An emanation of the theocratic institutions, it formed one powerful link in the chain which held together the whole Druidic system. The Bards were from the first most important agents in supporting the sacerdotal and in counteracting the chieftain power, and it was with a jealous eye that the priestly caste watched over the education of those powerful movers of minds and hearts in order to concentrate all light and might in their own body, and to prevent the stray wandering of a single ray that might illuminate with another brilliancy than their own, the gloomy hemisphere of their reign. In vain their watchfulness;—the light came from another side. The Druids fell, but not the Bards, who became more deeply rooted in the hearts of their countrymen, and even after the introduction of Christianity, maintained throughout the Celtic portion of the British Isles their exceptional position, continuing to oppose the power of the chieftains, as we see from the unceasing efforts of the latter to break their galling influence. Amidst all this internal strife, and the long bloody wars with the Anglo-Saxon race, the Celtic music—which, like the whole Druidic institutions; according to Cæsar, had its chief seat in our island, to whose schools all neophytes resorted—attained the highest degree of perfection. At an age when the soft lays

of the troubadours were not yet heard amid the wild turmoil of turbulent and contending nations, before their language had been moulded, the British and Irish bards poured forth their heart-stirring war-songs and rhapsodies.

The purest of the Celtic musical compositions which are preserved to us, are those of the Irish bards, and in their melodies we hear most distinctly that mingling of half laughing and half sobbing sounds which seem to be the voice of the race, while the Scotch tunes laugh more merrily and the Welsh sob more mournfully. The emphatic sixth major is the leading feature of the Irish music. It is there in its original purity, and so strikingly introduced, that it does not need an acute ear to distinguish at once by its guidance an Irish melody from every other.

In the Scotch music we must particularize two very different kinds,—the real Highland tunes, and what we should call the Scoto-Irish melodies on account of their close resemblance to the Irish airs, which is often so great that many of them are claimed by both nations. There was frequent intercourse between the Irish and Scotch bards, in which the former, as the most cultivated, obtained the upper hand, and modified the original character of Scotch music. In the Highlands only, where their influence never penetrated, it remained pure. Notwithstanding this amount of Irish influence, we can easily distinguish Scotch from Irish tunes; a peculiarity in the rhythmus marks the difference. Thus in the most pathetic of Scotch tunes the playful change and inversion of the original Celtic rhythmus, an essential and exclusive Scotch conventionality, is occasion introduced. This is never to be

found in Irish airs, as they preserve the pure Celtic Trochee throughout, without the slightest alteration.

The most striking examples of this playful Scotch rhythmus occurs in the unquestionably Highland pibrochs and strathspeys, and these are the real representatives of genuine Scotch music, which may be said to ring with wild laughter, admirably embodying the merryheartiness of the Celtic character. The alterations and inversions in the rhythmus go so far as to produce a new rhythmus, a union of the Antispastus of the ancients | : ~ | — ~ : | alternately with the Choriambus | : — ~ — ~ : |. This rhythmus is enhanced by the abrupt close of most Highland tunes with the fifth, deluding, as it were, even at the last moment, the ear, which is waiting for the key-note as a rest from that shrewd playfulness that has harassed it through the whole tune. These tunes, full of exuberant joyous spirit and wild enthusiasm, would almost look like a satire, when charged upon our sober, cautious, and calculating northerners, were we not often reminded by many a half humorous, half self-constrained look, that the spark of Celtic wit still lurks beneath the serious and shrewd faces of the Scotch people.

In Scotch music we observe, perhaps more conspicuously than in any other music, the influence of the musical instrument on the music itself.

Musical instruments are to music what tools are to a handicraft employment. They are invented and perfected according to the development of music; but as the tools influence the handicraft, so musical instruments in their turn react on the character of music, and impart to it a distinctive character, leading

even to considerable modifications in its general features, and thus form an important agency in the whole development of the art. We have only to remind our readers of the connexion between the grand Erard pianos of seven octaves and the new pianoforte schools. We need scarcely ask, could the one exist without the other? We can thus trace the action of musical instruments in the national music of all countries, and in most instances we can discern in the character of the music, the nature of the instrument which serves to express it. In every Spanish air we hear the sighing of the mandolin or the clinking of the castanet, in the Venetian we have the dreamy sound of the guitar, in the Swiss the echo of the bugle, —and who could mistake in Scotch music the drone of that old worthy the bagpipe? It seems growling at the follies of the small reeds, while it accompanies their mad leaps with its uniform and benignant hum, and largely contributes to the humorous effect by the contrast it presents to the quick high notes of Scotch tunes. To the bagpipe we must attribute in a great measure the predominancy in the Scotch music of fifths and thirds, besides the emphatic sixth major.

The third and last pure branch of Celtic music is the Welsh. Although of a kindred if not the same origin as the Irish and Scotch, its connexion with them must have been early severed, for it has assumed a distinct character. We learn from Hanmer's Chronicle, (p. 197,) that in the latter end of the eleventh century, Griffith ap Conaw, Prince of Wales, who had resided a long time in Ireland, brought over with him into Wales "divers cunning musicians, who devised in manner all the instrumental music upon the

harp and crowth that is there used, and made laws of minstrelsy to retain the musicians in due order," Notwithstanding this importation the diversity between the Welsh and the other branches of the Celtic music remained.

It is true many Welsh tunes possess to a certain degree the two characteristic marks of the pure Celtic muse, the emphatic sixth major and the trochee in their rhythmus, but these particularities do not form the distinctive feature. Another peculiarity essentially Celtic is also retained, and much more prominently than in the Irish and Scotch music, although they preserve it to a certain degree, namely, the frequent and successive repetition of the same note, and this principally at the fall of the rhythmus. This is a characteristic which Welsh music has in common with many French airs. Without entering into disputes about the origin of old Britons and their connection with the Gauls, we may point out this singular fact as indicating national music to be one of the keys which will help to open those long hidden but not lost records of bygone races, that lie buried as secretly if not as deeply as those fossil remains from which the genius of Cuvier and Owen have re-constructed an extinct world of animal life. In Welsh music we perceive the character of that hard struggle which the old Britons sustained for centuries, first against the Romans, and then against the Anglo-Saxon race; and we have only to listen to one of their many spirited and warlike tunes, to understand the policy, or as some may call it, cruelty, of Edward I. after the conquest of Wales, when he raged more against the Welsh bards than against the Welsh chieftains. He very well knew that

those inspired martial sounds were more calculated to stir up the energy of a patriotic people than all the prosaic commands of a chieftain. This military spirit has imbued Welsh music with its energetic character, and speaks, louder than a thousand tongues, of those brave deeds and that burning patriotism which awed even Cæsar's invincible legions, and which only fell after a stern death-struggle, before the expansive force of a more powerful race.

As Welsh nationality yielded to the superior spirit of the conquering race so did Welsh music,—and although, as we have observed, the prominent Celtic character is distinctly visible, many of their tunes now exhibit strong touches of a foreign hand and mind; this influence is chiefly observable in the occurrence of the seventh at the concluding cadence, one of the prominent features of the Teutonic music, and which is never found in pure Irish or Scotch airs.—*North British Review*, Feb., 1854.

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NEWS OF THE HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS.

HERRING FISHING.—The fishing continues unsuccessful at Stornoway. At some of the Lewis out-stations a fair fishing has been made; at others, little or nothing. The catch in the Hebrides this season is now very far short as compared with the catch at this date last year.

THE FREE CHURCH IN THE HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS.—Dr. Maclauchlan's report contained information as to the state of the Churches in the Highlands. The Free Church, he said, had still about 170 congregations in which the Gaelic language was preached. It might be true that the language was in a state of decay, and that gradually it would disappear, but it was still the language of the homes, the hearts, and the religion of nearly 300,000 of the people of this country, of whom the great mass belonged to the Free Church. The

providing of a Gaelic-speaking ministry for these people fell to a large extent on this Church, and hitherto she had been enabled, notwithstanding the difficulties she had had to encounter, to do so with remarkable success.

WEST COAST FISH TRAFFIC AND THE HIGHLAND LINE.—Advantage is being largely taken of the facilities afforded by the Railway Company for the conveyance over the Dingwall and Skye and Highland Lines of herrings from Stornoway, Lochmaddy, and Loch Boisdale, to the London fish markets, and to the East Coast ports, for shipment by steamer to the continental markets. Since the commencement of the fishing—about the 20th ult.—the Company's steamer, which runs weekly between Stornoway and Strome Ferry, has carried about 660 barrels of of herrings, which were conveyed by mail and special trains from Strome to Leith and Aberdeen, for shipment to the Elbe and the Baltic. Private steamers, which run almost daily between Loch Boisdale, Lochmaddy, and Strome, have conveyed nearly 1200 boxes of herrings for the London markets. These boxes are taken from Strome by the 6 a.m. train, go South by the 10.18 a.m. from Inverness, and arrive in London at 4 a.m. on the following morning.

APPLECROSS.—This place on the West Coast of Ross-shire, as its Gaelic name, "Comaraich," implies, had the privilege of sanctuary, which is said to have extended six miles round the monastery, and the monkish chronicles record several instances of the Divine vengeance being visited on those who violated it. The modern name of the place is simply the anglicised form of its ancient designation, viz., "apur," or "aber" (mouth of a river), and "crossan," which would seem to have been by a coincidence the early name of the stream flowing through the glen, and not connected with "crois" (cross). It being so named, however, what could be expected but that the popular mind should have associated this monastery in some way with the holy cross and apples? Accordingly, we find a tradition, probably of quite modern growth, that every apple on a certain tree in the monks' orchard had a cross marked on it.—*Good Words.*

THE GAELIC LANGUAGE.—In the Free Church Assembly, the report of the Publication Committee stated that strong representations had been made to the Committee with respect to the issuing some publication in the Gaelic language,

giving information of the work of the Church. Conflicting views on this subject had been frequently expressed, and these arose from the diversity of the circumstances in which different portions of the Highland population existed. With the view to get up the facts of the case, queries had been addressed to the ministers in the Highlands, and replies had been received from many. The result was, that while in some Highland districts such a periodical as that described would be of no use, in others (for example, in the bounds of the Synod of Glenelg), very considerable benefit would, in the opinion of the ministers, be derived from it. It was estimated that, beginning with a quarterly periodical, the total cost of getting up any quantity likely to be required would not materially exceed £100 a year. Against this sum would be placed to the credit of the undertaking the amount received from sales.

PROPOSED NEW CHURCH AT BEAULY.—A proposal has been made to erect a building in connection with the Established Church at Beauly, the parish Church being two and a-half miles distant from the village. The Home Mission Committee approved of the proposal, and reported as follows to the General Assembly:—Until now there has been no Protestant place of worship in the flourishing agricultural parish of Beauly, which the opening of the Highland Railway has brought into importance. It is feared that many of the villagers will become irregular in church attendance, if not wholly negligent of religious ordinances, unless a church be planted in the midst of them. A project has been started for erecting a place of worship in Beauly, to hold 350 sitters, and to cost from £900 to £1000. The parish minister of Kilmorack, whose church is about two and a-half miles distant, has undertaken to have service in the Beauly Church every Sabbath, without asking the Committee to assist in supporting a preacher. They have, therefore, cordially granted 15s. a sitting towards the proposed building.

HIGHLANDERS IN AUSTRALIA.—In the Free Church Assembly, Dr. Adam suggested that a deputation, consisting of one clergyman and one layman, should visit Australia and New Zealand. Dr. Begg said he had no objection to that, but he would like, at any rate, that they would be Highlandmen—(Laughter)—because some of the most eminent men in colonies were Highland men. (Applause). Out there the Highlandmen were far

greater than they were in Lochaber; yonder a Macnab and a Mackellar had stood on two mountain tops and claimed all the land they saw—and more than that, they had got it—(Laughter)—and were now eminent men. (Applause.) He (Dr. Begg) had stayed with a descendant of the Campbells who had half a million sheep, the clip of whose wool was £100,000. These were true Highlandmen. (Applause and laughter.) He therefore thought it would be well if some such men as Dr. Kennedy could be got to act on the deputation to be sent out to these colonies. (Applause.) The *Highlander* suggests, as a counter suggestion, that a deputation of Highlanders should be invited from Australia and New Zealand to inspect their native Highlands. Men who had enjoyed a large measure of freedom in the colonies, and who have prospered there, notwithstanding great difficulties with which they had to contend, might be able to show them better than any others, how the difficulties at home may be overcome, and what ought to be done to insure the prosperity of the their kindred in the old land.

MONUMENT TO A HEROIC GOLSPIE FISHERMAN.—We observe in the North of Scotland Granite Works here, a very neatly executed obelisk of Peterhead polished granite, which is to be placed over the grave of Adam Macdonald, who, as our readers are aware, perished in endeavouring to save the lives of three young lads who were in his boat, and which was partially capsized off Golspie on the night of January 24, 1873. The monument is about nine feet high, and bears the following inscription:—"In memory of Adam Macdonald, fisherman, aged 24 years, who, on the night of January 24th, 1873, swam ashore more than a mile for help to save three youths left on his boat, which had been partly capsized by a squall. They were rescued, but he, the whole support of his aged parents, perished on Golpsie Links. In admiration of his heroism, this stone is erected by voluntary subscriptions."

ISLAND OF LEWIS EMIGRATION TO CANADA.—On Saturday, 23rd ult., the steamer *Fairy Queen* called at Ness, near the Butt of Lewis, and took on board about thirteen families of emigrants bound for Canada. They came into Stornoway in the afternoon, where they were joined by several more, making in all about eighty. The men were all of the labouring class, and presented a very good appearance. They left in the afternoon for

Liverpool in charge of Mr. Angus Nicholson, Emigration Agent of the Canadian Dominion. Mr. Nicholson has been very successful in this district, having sent away quite a large number within the past three years. A number more are expected to follow this year. Those who have already gone are reported as doing well, and sending home very favourable reports. We have seen several of their letters from the provinces of Quebec, Ontario, and Manitoba, and all were very encouraging.

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THE USE OF BOWS AND ARROWS.

Among the last instances of bowmen in the Highlands were two which occurred in the reign of Charles II. After a long and protracted feud between the Lairds of Macintosh and Lochiel, commencing in a claim of the former to lands held by the latter, Macintosh, to enforce his claim, raised his clan, and, assisted by the Macphersons, marched to Lochaber with 1500 men. He was met by Lochiel with 1200 men, of whom 300 were Macgregors. About 300 were armed with bows. When preparing to engage, the Earl of Breadalbane, who was nearly related to both chiefs, came in sight with 500 men, and sent them notice that if either of them refused to agree to the terms which he had to propose, he would throw his force into the opposite side. This was a strong argument, and not easily refuted. After some hesitation his offer of mediation was accepted, and the feud amicably and finally settled. The other instance happened about the same time, in a contest between the Macdonalds of Glencoe and the Breadalbane men. The former being on their return from a foray, in the low country, attempted to pass through Breadalbane, without giving due notice, or pay the accustomed compliment to the earl, who had a short time previously been raised to that rank. A number of his lordship's followers, and a great many others who were assembled at the Castle of Finlarig, to celebrate the marriage of a daughter of the family, enraged at this insult, instantly rushed to arms, and following the Macdonalds with more ardour than prudence, attacked them on the top of a hill, north from the village of Killin, where they had taken post to defend their cattle. The assailants were driven back with great loss, principally caused by the arrows of the Lochaber men.

AN GAIDHEAL.

*“Mar ghath soluis do m’ anam fein
Tha sgeula na h-aimsir a dh’ fhalbh.”—OISEAN.*

III. LEABH.] TREAS MIOS AN T-SAMHRAIDH, 1874. [29 AIR.

SILIS NIC-COINNICH SEANN SGEUL GAIDHEALACH.

V.

Cha robh focal tuilleadh ri radh mu Oighrig aig an am ud; ach bha dian-chonaltradh am measg nan uaislean a thaobh na casaid a thog i’n an aghaidh. Ged bha an dithis a bu chiontaiche dhiubh a’ gabhail orra, an lathair a’ Mhoraire, a bhi caoin-shuarach mu’n chasaid ud, chiteadh ’n an gnùis gu’n do chuir i campar agus buaireas orra nach b’ urrainn iad a chleth; agus gu’n robh iad le cheile fo eagal gu’n robh stoirm a’ tarmachadh mu’n timchioll a bhristeadh gun dail le maoin fhuathasach air an cinn. Bha am buaireas ud ri ’fhaicinn gu ro-shoilleir air gnùis aog - neulaich Charnaich. Bha Carnach uile gu leir ’n a dhuine iongantach—bha e fearail, calma, cruaidh-chridheach agus misneachail; dileas d’ a cheann-foadhna, agus baigheil teo-chridheach ris an iomlan de’n fhine; ach cha robh riamh anns an duthaich ghrisreagaich ud aon chreutair eile a bu mho bha fo bhuaidh thrailleil ant-saobh-chreidimh. Bha lan chreideas aige anns an taibhsearachd, agus gheibhteadh e a’ sior-mheachranachd ris gach neach a bha ’g aideachadh a bhi ann an seilbh air an tiodhlaic dhiomhair sin. Cha rachadh e aig am air bith de’n bhliadhna, air thurus-cuain, a dh-fhaicinn chairdean agus luchd-cinnidh dha, a bha ’chomh-

nuidh ann an Eirinn, gun sìd agus soirbheas fabharach a cheannach bho bhuidsich ainmeil a bha ’s an Eilein-Sgiathanach. Bha e ’creidsinn ann an tannasgan, bòcain, spioradan-mara agus tire, agus anns a’ chumhachd a bh’ aca tharais air beatha agus agus crannchur dhaoine. Uime sin, air do bhagraidhean Oighrig a bhi’ comh-chordadh rifaoin-bheachdan saobh-chreidhmheach a bha ’luidhe air ’inntinn roimhe so, rinn a faistneachd mu na bha an dàn dha, deargadh cho domhain air a chridhe agus gu’n robh e coltach ri duine as a chiall. Bu leoir e gu a reusan a thoirt uaithe, a bhi fo eagal gu’n robh fianuis aogaidh, neo-thalmhaidh gu ’thighinn bho taobh thall na h-uaigh a dhearbhadh r’a aghaidh, ann am fianuis a’ Mhoraire, an gnìomh bruideil an-tromaichte d’an robh e ciontach. Cho robh e freagarrach dha fuireach ni b’ fhaide air falbh bho ’theaghlach fein, agus mar sin, thoisich e ri deanamh deas gu tilleadh dhachaidh; ach chuir am Mhoraire gu naire e air son a chladhaireachd. “Ma tha thu ’dol a theicheadh air falbh o’n chaisteal air an doigh so,” ars’ Eidirdeil, “is beag nach bi e comh-ionann dhuit ri saor-aideachadh air do chionta.” Air a’ bhonn sin, chuir e air ’fhocal e nach gluaiseadh e null no nall bho’n Chaisteal gus am faicteadh ciod an fhinid gus an tigeadh casaid-ean agus faistneachd Oighrig. Air an ath oidhche as deigh do Oighrig

a bhi air a ceasnachadh, thug Carnach mac a bhrathar a leth-taobh, agus thuirt e ris gu 'n d' thainig e gu codhunadh nach robh 'nis leigheas a b' fhearr air a' chuis, na lan aideachadh a dheanamh air an cionta, gun tuilleadh dalach; ni ris nach aontaicheadh Bar-a-mhuilinn air chor san bith, "oir tha mi dearbh chinnteach," ars' esan ri brathair 'athar, "gu 'm bheil bron a' Mhoraire cho domhain agus cho geur, agus na 'n aidicheamaid ar cionta, gu 'n crochadh e sinn le cheile, gun bhreith, gun deuchainn, gun dail, gun soradh; agus a thuilleadh air sin," ars' esan, "ciod is fiach focal caile shuaraich nach faca ciod a thachair, ach aig astar fada uaipе, an aghaidh teistеas ceathrar dhaoin' uaisle a bha 'n an snil-fhianuisean air. A Charnaich, cha 'n aidich sinn idir e; air dhuinn ar beatha 'chur an cunnart air son leas ar cinnidh, seasamaid gu daingean guala ri guala gus a' chuid is faide mach."

Bha an dinneir car anmoch air an fheasgar ud, agus air do 'n Mhoraire 'thoirt faineар gun robh a chairdean, a reir coslais, iosal 'n an spiorad, choitich e am fion orra cho snilbhir agus cho fialaidh 's a b' urrainn e. Bha Carnach anabarrach neo-fhoisneach agus mion-mhothachail, ach rinn am fion ni bu mhiosa e. Bha a shealladh fiadhaich, neo-shuidhichte, agus a ghuth air uairibh ard, sgalanta, agus air uairibh eile mabach, iosal, critheanach. Shileadh a shuilean gu frasach 'n uair a chluinneadh e am focal bu lugha mu bhàs na ban-mhoraire. Anns an t-suidheachadh bhuaireasach so bha fheadhachas an fheasgair a' dol air 'aghaidh, agus dìreach mu 'n am 's an do ruith an gloine-ùine an naoith-eamh uair, chaidh stad a chur air an cridhealas le aoidh iongantach a bhrìst a stigh orra gun sireadh, gun iarraidh.

B' oidhche dhorcha i ann an treasamh mìos a' gheamlraidh. Shìolaidh an stoirm ghailionnach ud a mhair moran laithean, gu fèath agus ciuine. Bha an speur fo mharbh-bhrat dorchadais. Bha an iarmailt coltach ri seomar-bais, 'n uair theid an ospag dheireannach seachad; agus bu leoir e gus a' chuideachd a luasgadh agus a lionadh le uamhunn agus le iongantas, gu 'n tìgeadh aoidh talmhaidh sam bith a dh-ionnsuidh a' Chaisteil mu 'n am ud, air oidhche a bha cho dorchа agus cho ùdlaidh. An uair a b' airde fuaim agus farum a' chonaltraidh am measg nan uaislean mu bhord a' Mhoraire, chualas maoth - bhuille sgaiteach, sgiobalta aig an dorus-mhor; aig nach buaileadh uair sam bith, ach luchd-tathaich urramach, ard-inbheach. Is cinnteach gu 'n robh rud-eigin anabarrach sonruichte ann am fuaim na buille ud; oir ma-dh' fhaodta nach cualas riamh buille eile de 'n t-seorsa, aig an robh a leithid de bhuaidh air cridheachan agus air aghaidhean dhaoine, a bha cho misneachail, cho fearail agus cho chalma ri aoidhean Eidirdeil. Chuir a' bhuille ud grad-chasg air farum na poiteireachd; bha gruaim dhorcha, iomaguineach air gach gnuis; gach suil air an dorus, oir le meud na h-oillt agus an eagail a thainig orra cho obann, cha b' urrainn aon dhiubh sealltuinn dìreach 'san aodann air aon eile. Chualas ceuman aotram, sùbailte air an staidhir, agus a' tighinn dìreach gu cul dorus an t-seomair, far an do stad iad gu samhach car tiota—agus b' i sin an tosdachd uamhasach do na h-uaislean a bha air an taobh a stigh. Ri h-uine, chaidh an dorus 'fhosgladh gu h-athaiseach, agus dh'èalaidh Oighrig Nic-Coinnich a stigh gu seimh, le a h-aodann cho glas-neulach ri tannasg; air a sgeadachadh le brai'-lin gheal, agus neapaigin gheal mu 'ceann,

Is math a b' aithne dhi cliu agus gne an duine ud d' an robh sar-fhuath aice. Gun diog a radh, sheall i gu duairceach ann an aodann Charnaich; thog i a corrag ri 'aghaidh; thionndaidh i air a sail; dh'fhosgail i an dorus, agus leig i stigh Silis, Ban-mhoraire Eidirdeil!

Cha'n'eil focal annsan ursgeul so ach smior na firinn—cha'n fhaoin-sgeul mac-meamnach e, no deilbh-inntinn baird no feallsanaich; ach firinn cho dearbhta ri eachdraidh teaghlaich sam bith, an taobh a stigh do chriochan Bhreatann. Is i Silis a bh' ann gun teagamh, agus auns an dearbh eideadh leis an robh i air a sgeadachadh 'n uair a chaidh a tilgeadh 'bharr na drochaid mhaide. Bha a h-aodann glas-neulach; cha robh i idir cho aoigheil no cho failteach 's a b' abhaist dhi bhi; ach a thaobh gach dreach agus cruth, agus comharra-gnuise a bhuineadh dhi, cha bu chomasach do neach d' am b' aithne i an teagamh 'bu lugha 'altrum mu a timchioll. Chriothnaich gach mac mathar a bha mu'n bhord. Ann am priobadh na sul, dh'eirich Carnach, agus a dh'aon sitheadh leum e mach troimh an uinneig a b' fhaisge dha—bha uinneagan sean-fhasanta a' chaisteil air an crochadh le ludagain, agus thachair i do 'n uinneig ud a b' fhaisge do Charnach a bhi leth-fhosgailte aig an am ud. Ciod air bith a b' aobhar dha, dhearmaid Oighrig a crannadh air an fheasgar ud. Mu'n gann a bha Carnach thar na h-uinneige, leum Bar-a-mhuilinn a mach as a dheigh; ach cha do ghluais a h-aon de na h-uaislean eile: bho nach robh lamh acasan, da-rireadh, ann am fuil na ban-mhoraire, chuir iad rompa gu'n seasadh iad ris a' chuis gus a' chuid a b' fhaide mach; ach bha iad uile air an grad-ghlacadh le a leithid de chaismeachd, agus nach d' thug gin

dhiubh fainear 's a' cheud toiseach gu'n deachaidh Carnach agus mac a bhrathar am mach troimh an uinneig; ged a thug Oighrig sgread oilteil dhioghaltach aisde, an uair a chunnaic i fear an deigh fir dhiubh a' dol as an t-sealladh. Ged a mheudaich sgreadail Oighrig breisleach bhuair-easach nan uaislean car tiota, cha b' fhada gus an robh an inntinnean air an dusgadh suas leis an taisbeanadh iongantach a bha fa chomhair an sul. Sheas Silis car mionaid no 'dha air meadhoin an urlair, le a suilean silteach a' dur-amharc ann an aodann a' Mhoraire. Mu dheireadh, thog i suas a suil agus a lamhan ri neamh, agus ann an cruaidh-ghleachd anama, ghlaodh i a mach:—"Ciod e so a thainig orm, no ciod a rinn mi, nach 'eil duine an taobh a stigh de m' thigh fein a chuireas failte no furan orm!" Bha gach teanga balbh, gach suil ris an lar; cha do ghluais, eadhoin Eidirdeil, a fein, lamh no cas, gus an do leum an tannusg 'n a dhail. Ghlac i e 'n a gairdeanan, leig i a ceann air 'uchd agus ghuil i gu goirt. "O, a Dhe m'athraichean! mar is beo mi, is i mo Shilis fhein a th' agam—Silis mo chridhe agus mo ghaoil," thuirt Eidirdeil, agus e'g a fàsgadh gu teann ri 'bhroilleach. Is i Silis a bh' ann gun teagamh.

MUILEACH.

[F.S.—Giulaineadh luchd-leughaidh a' *Ghaidheil* le an teagamhan mu fhirinn an ursgeoil so, gus am faic iad a chrioch anns an ath aireamh. M.]

(*Ri leantuin.*)

Na 'n tionndadh duine a chulaobh a h uile uair a thigeadh a' ghaoth 'n a aghaidh cha tig an latha a ruigeadh e ceann a thurais. Mar sin, esan a leigeas leis fein a bhi air 'amaladh leis gach ni a thig cearr air, cha dean e moran adhartais ann an turas na beatha.

COMHRADH.

EADAR MURACHADH BAN AGUS
COINNEACH CIOBAIR.

COIN.—Tha 'n Goirtean-Fraoich sona an diugh agus Murachadh Ban an taobh a stigh d' a chriochaibh. Cha chomas domh 'innseadh an toilinntinn a ta oirne gu leir gu 'n d' thainig thu, a charaid ionmhuinn, a reir do gheallaidh; agus na 'm bithinn-sa co fileanta, snas-chainnteach ri *Mac-Mharcuis* an aigh, chuirinn-sa do chliu an ceill ann an rannaireachd; ach dhiult na deich oighean sin a ta 'chomhnuidh (mar a bha thu ag innseadh dhomh) air stucaibh ard Pharnasuis, comas na teangaidh dhomh chum sin a dheanamh. Ach an deigh sin uile cha lugha an durachd a th'agam dhuit, agus an solas a ta 'lionadh mo chridhe air son do theachd.

MUR.—Cha 'n fhac agus cha chual mi riamh thu cho deas-bhriathrach agus cho gleusda leis an teangaidh, 's a tha thu an diugh, a Choinnich; is cinnteach leam gu 'n d' rinn thu greim air aon no dithis de na h-oighean sin air am bheil thu ag iomradh, agus aigam bheil tàmhachas, mar a thubhairt thu, air mullach Pharnasuis. Ach ciamar a fhuair Fear a' Ghoirtein-Fraoich eolas air na Ceolraidhean sin, agus co a dh'innis da mu 'n timchioll?

COIN.—A Mhurachaidh Bhain, is neonach leam do cheist. Fhuair Fear a' Ghoirtein-Fraoich eolas air na Ceolraidhibh agus air iomadh ni eile uait fein, a charaid, mar a ta deagh-fhios agad, agus mar an ceudna o mo charaid ionmhuinn an *Gaidheal* ann an Glaschu, agus o 'n *Ard-Albannach* ann an Inbhirnis. Mo mhile beannachd aca maraon! B' iad na diulnaich thapaidh iad, agus is mi fein a ta 'n an comain. Ach, a charaid choir, suidh a stigh ris an teine, agus dean thu fein co soimeach, socrach 's is urrainn thu,

Ma tha do chaisbheart fiuch no àitidh, tha osain agus brogan ni 's leoir aig Seonaid; agus co d' am bu choir di an tabhairt air thoiseach air Murachadh Ban? Ach mo dhi-chuimhne! is luaithe deoch na sgeul, —far nall am botal dubh, agus an t-slige-chreachainn, a Sheonaid, a ghraidh, oir is feàirte do charaid sgailc bheag de dhruichd nam beann, gus am bi goireas ni 's fearr agad deas. So, so, air do shlainte, a Mhurachaidh. Far do lamh, agus na h-uile la leat, “An la a mharbhas tu fiadh, agus an la nach marbh.”

MUR.—Tha nair'orm, a Choinnich, an dragh agus an trioblaid a tha Seonaid agus thu fein a' gabhail do m' thaobh-sa. Da-rìreadh, cha 'n 'eil feum idir agam air bad de na tha umam 'atharrachadh, oir tha mi co tioram ri àrcan, o bharr gu bonn, agus cha 'n aithne dhomh an diugh ciod a dh'fhagadh air 'chaochladh mi, oir tha 'n la taitneach, tiorail, tioram, agus ged tha boglaichean air an t-slighe, gu sonraichte anns a' Ghleann-Mhor, tha deagh shuilean 'n am cheann chum an seachnadh.

COIN.—Cuir riut, a Mhurachaidh, cuir riut, gabh deur beag dhe 'n stuth sin aig Seonaid, agus tog greim dhe 'n aran agus dhe 'n chàise, gus am bi ni 's fear r'a fhaotuinn; dìreach dean thu fein aige a' bhaile.

MUR.—Is druchd nam beann so da-rìreadh, air am bheil iomadh deagh bhuidh. Tha e mar a rinn-eadh e—cha do bhaisteadh e riamh, agus cha 'n 'eil droch fhaile na cise dheth.

COIN.—Cha mheallar gu h-ealamh deagh bhreitheamh, a Mhurachaidh, oir tha thu gle cheart. Tha 'n druthag sin saor o uisge, agus ceart co saor ri sin o 'n chis. Rinneadh e 's a' Ghlaic-Bhuidhe o chionn leth-bhliadhna, le Gilleasbuig Mac Dhonuill-duibh, agus is maith an lamh air an obair e, na 'm biodh

cead na coise aige. Ach tha eagal nan Gaidsear air, agus cha 'n ann gun aobhar. Tha 'n sean-fhocal ag radh. "Nach d'riun Theab riamh cron," ach cha 'n fhior da sin. Theab an Gaidsear Gilleasbuig bochd a ghlacadh an uair a bha e 'deanamh na boinne bige so 's a' Ghlaic-Bhuidhe, 'n a bhothan uaigneach fein. Chunnaic a shuil fein an Gaidsear mar uidh cheud slat o 'n bhothan ; bhuail an t-eagal e ; 'n a chabhaig chuir e soitheach na ruith-shingilte thairis, agus dhoirt e a dharna leth, agus cha bu bheag an dorran sin.

MUR.—An deachaidh an Gaidsear do 'n bhothan ?

COIN.—Cha deachaidh, gu fortanach, oir bha e air a thogail ann an slochd eadar da chreig, air a chomhdachadh le fraoch a bha 'fas os a chionn, agus air a chealachadh co maith 's nach do thuairmeis an Gaidsear idir air, ged a rinn e deagh rannsachadh air a shon, air da a bhi omhoch gu dubh air feadh chreagan agus choilltean na Glaice-Buidhe.

MUR.—Ciod a dh'fhag co dian, deas, diorrasach e 's a' Ghlaic-Bhuidhe, seach aite sam bith eile ?

COIN.—Ma ta, innsidh mi sin duit, a Mhurachaidh, thugadh brath dha gu 'n robh a leithid de bhothan ann.

MUR.—Brath dha ! an e tha thu 'g radh ? Brath dha ! Tha 'n truaigh air a' ghnothuch ; ach tha mi 'n dochas nach 'eil anam co mi-dhileas 's na crìochaibh so, 's gu 'n treigeadh e coimhearsnach, agus gu sonraichte Mac Dhonuill-duibh, mac an deagh athar. Is nair' r'a chluinntinn gu 'm biodh aon neach a bhrathadh a choimhearsnach r'a fhaotuinn anns a' chearnadh so, an uair, ann am bliadhna Thearlaich, nach d'fhuaradh fu a h-aon a bhrathadh am Prionnsa ged a ghealladh deich mile-fichead airgid mar dhuais air a shon.

COIN.—Tha eagal orm, a Mhurachaidh, gu 'radh riutsa, agus cha 'n ann ri Gall, gu 'm faighteadh na ficheadan an diugh am measg nan Gaidheal a brathadh e air son deich mile fichead sgillinn Shasunnach.

MUR.—Ach co a rinn brath air Gilleasbuig Mac Dhonuill-duibh a tha 'n a dhuine cho neo-lochdach ?

COIN.—Co ach duine dona, suarach—creutair beag, crotach, d' an ainm *Leslie* as a' Ghalldachd, a bha an toiseach 'n a charbadair aig Sir Seumas, agus dhealaich e ris air da nighean Cailleach nan cearc aige a phosadh ; agus tha e a nis ann am bothan beag, a' teachd beo, tha mi lau-chreidsinn, air a' mheirle ! Dh'iarr e coingheall an eich bhain air Gilleasbuig coir air là araidh, agus thuirt Gilleasbuig ris, "A phiollain gun diu, tha 'n t-each ban marbh ri taobh a' gharaidh ud thall, ach ged bhiodh e beo cha 'n fhaigheadh tu e." Ghabh *Leslie* so 's an t-sroin, agus air ball rinn e brath air Gilleasbuig ; ach cha robh moran a nasgaidh aig *Tomlin* an Gaidsear de 'n ghnothuch.

MUR.—Ciod a ghne fir a tha 'n *Tomlin* ?

COIN.—Tha sgonn-bhalach mor, drabasda, duaichuidh, a' crathadh le reamhrachd, agus aig gach ceum a' sileadh falluis mar bhuideal eudionach. Bha e 'cur neach 'n am chuimhne nach fhaca mi riamh, agus a chaoidh, a reir coslais, nach faic, agus 's e sin an Tagradair mealltach *Arthur Orton*, a bha 'cumail a mach gu 'm b' e fein *Roger Tichborne*. Chunnaic mi a dhealbh gu tric ann an Eirinn, agus cha 'n fbac mi riamh e, nach do chuimhnich mi air *Tomlin* mor, an Gaidsear dubh agam fein. Ach dh' fhalbh e, agus is comadh co dhiubh, oir cha d'uirig neach poc a chur an toll, no am poll uisge, no poit-dhubh air teine air eagal nam fear sin a tha rannsachadh na duthcha mar brocairean an deigh

nan sionnach. Is anabarrach cruaidh an lagh, a Murachaidh, nach 'eil a' ceadachadh do dhuine gach ni a's toil leis a dheanamh le chuid dhligich fein. Cha 'n 'eil e idir ceart, oir tha e an aghaidh naduir. Cuid duine fein, an ni sin a choisinn e le fallus a ghruaidh ! nach cruaidh ri'smuaineachadh gu'm biodh reachd, no lagh sam bith 'g a bhacadh chum na thogras e a dheanamh leis.

MUR.—Cha 'n 'eil fios agam air sin, a Choinnich oir “tha dà thaobh air a' Mhaoil,” agus tha da bharrail gu bhi air an gabhail de'n chuis sin. Tha cead agad aran a dheanamh dhe 'n eorna agad fein, agus a chur gu feum mar sin, air son maith do theaghlach, ach cha 'n 'eil cead agad, air chor sam bith, uisge-beatha a dheanamh dheth gun fhios, agus gun ordugh an luchd-riaghlaidh, agus tha sin ro cheart. Na 'm biodh an cead so aig na h-uile mhilleadh iad, mar an ceudna, an duthaich le misg agus ana-measarrachd, agus dh'fhagadh iad toll mor, falamh ann an sporran mor na rioghachd, leis na cisean a chumail air ais, a tha 's an am air an tarruing o'n deoch laidir.

COIN.—Tha mi 'faicinn gu 'm bheil moran firinn anns na thubhairt thu, a Mhurachaidh, oir bu mhor am beannachd do iomadh neach mar biodh deur dheth 's an rioghachd air fad. A reir mo bheachd-sa tha e mar shochair eile 'n a aite fein. Tha e ro fheumail air amannaibh—'n a dheagh sheirbhiseach, ach 'n a dhroch mhaighstir. Mo thruaigh an neach air am faigh e ard-cheannas. Gidheadh, mar a thubhairt mi cheana, tha e ann an tomhas cuimseach mar bheannachd aimsireil eile, agus cha chreid mi gur peacadh sam bith do dhuine 'fheumalachd fein a ghabhail deth, mar a ghabhas e de ni sam bith eile a tha toirbheartas an Fhreasdail a' buileachadh air.

MUR.—Cha 'n urrainn mi 'radh, a Choinnich, nach 'eil mi fein gle dhluth air a bhi dhe 'n bheachd cheudna. Ach their cuid riut gur peacadh mor barr na teangaidh a thumadh ann, no am boinne a's lugha dheth a chur 'n ad bheul. Tha iad dian dhealasach 'n am beachd fein, agus cha 'n eisd iad ri reusan no ri tuigse. Tha iad a' deanamh 'mach, do bhrigh gu 'm bheil deoch laidir 'n a h-aobhar iomadh truaigh agus sgrios anns an t-saoghal, gur peacadh do dhuine an gnothuch a's lugha a bhi aige rithe, no eadhon beanntuinn rithe idir. Dh'fheudadh iad co maith a radh gur peacadh greim ubhail a chur 'n ad bheul, a chionn gur e itheadh an ubhail a bha 'n a aobhar air gach sgrios agus amhghar anns an t-saoghal. Aidichidh mi, gibheadh, air an laimh eile, gu 'm bu sholasach an ni do'n Rioghachd Bhreutannaich nan cuir-eadh na h-uile cul ris an deoch laidir sin, agus nach biodh iad idir 'g a cleachdadh, mur comusach dhoibh a gabhail le stuamachd. Ach deanadh iad sin air steidh cheairt, agus deanadh iad e gun ghealladh, gun mhionnan, gun bhoid, gun ni sam bith ach Focal De agus an coguisean fein 'g an stiuireadh. Na biodh iad ag iarraidh cur as do'n aobhar truaighe sin le bhi 'togail air steidhibh meallta, a' carnadh suas bhoidean agus ghealltanasan, agus 'g an sparradh le danachd air an t-sluagh, mar nach biodh Focal Naomh Dhe 'n a riaghailt ionlan agus freagarrach ann fein, air son giulan agus caith-beatha an duine anns an t-saoghal so.

COIN.—Fagaidh sinn mar sin fein e, a Mhurachaidh, agus bu taitneach an ni na 'n gnathaicheadh na h-uile stuamachd agus measarrachd anns na h-uile nithibh, agus gu 'n giulain-eadh siad iad fein ann an cothrom agus ann an ciuineas maille ris gach

neach eile. Bu ghleusda, tapaidh, a thaobh nadair, gun ghuth a toirt air na buaidhibh spioradail a bhuilich-eadh air, an ti a thug a' chomhairle a leanas, o cheann fada, seachad :— “Biodh bhur measarrachd follaiseach do na h-uile dhaoibh.” Tha nadur, reuson, agus taisbean a' deanamh 'mach gu'm bheil staid mheadhonach ann eadar da iomall criche, agus gur i sin an staid a's sona, a's glìce, agus as fearr. Cha 'n 'eil an duine sin glìc a theid dh' ionnsuidh na cuid a's faide a mach, a thaobh ni sam bith. Cha 'n 'eil e glìc do dhuine a bhi tuilleadh's dian 'n a bharail fein, no tuilleadh's balbha. Seasadh e's a' mheadhon thaitneach, eadar dha anabharr, agus na seoladh e tuilleadh's ard no tuilleadh's iosal. Faic ciod an strith tha crochadan an uaireadair mhoir a' deanamh gu seasamh 'n a thamh, eadar null agus nall, nall agus null, na 'n leigteadh leis; agus ceart mar sin tha gach ni thaobh giulan an duine gu bhi measarra, meadhonach, agus stuama.

MUR.—Ud! Ud! Ud! a Choinnich, is tu a dh' fhas geur, foghlumte, agus fiosrach mu gach cuis. Tha mi gu cinnteach ag aontachadh leis gach lide a labhair thu; ach ciamar a thainig thusa gu beachd a ghabhail de na cuisibh sin uile? oir cha tric leo-san aig am bheil e mar dhreuchd a bhi 'gleidheadh nan caorach, an inntinneau fein a chur troimh a cheile le ceistibh diomhra de 'n ghne sin.

COIN.—Thainig mise gu beachd a ghabhail air na nithibh sin o bhi 'leughadh mu'n timchioll's a' Ghaidheul agus ann an leabhraichibh eile. Is mor am fiosrachadh a gheibh neach a ta 'g iarraidh eolais o na sgriobhanuaibh aig *Renton*, an *Runasdach*, *Mac-Mharcuis*, *Cona*, an *Muileach*, agus na ficheadan eile nach gabh tair ged nach 'eil uine agam an ainneachadh aig an am.

Tha *Bun-Lochabar* mar thobar nach traoigh, an comhnuidh lan, agus an comhnuidh a' toirt seachad. Tha *Renton*, air an laimh eile, gun choimeas a thaobh 'eolais air gach buu agus barr, stoc agus freumh, a bhuineas do chanain na Gaidhealtachd. Is taitneach, mar an ceudna, na teagasgan fallain aig an *Runasdach*. Saoghal fada agus deagh bheatha do 'n triuir sin am measg chaich, oir is maith iad uile. Cha 'n eil a bheag agam ri 'radh aig an am mu'n chrentair *Sgiathanach* sin. Tha eagal orm gu'm bheil a cheann air a lionadh tuilleadh's mor le taibhsearachd, giosagan, agus seunachd an eilein sin. Ach 's an am, bheir mi guth maith agus cead a choisè dha, do bhrìgh nach 'eil mi ro chiunteach as. Ach so tha mi 'gradh, a Mhurachaidh, tha eagal orm gu'm bheil thusa a' deanamh tair air dreuchd na buachailleachd, agus ma tha, cha 'n eil barrautas sam bith agad air son sin a dheanamh. Tha deagh fhios agad-sa gu'n robh a' bhuachailleachd 'n a dreuchd ro urramaich anns na ceud linntibh. Bha ar roimh-aithrichean ach beag gu leir 'n an aodharaibh, agus cha do mheas iad e 'n a thamailt an ceud mhac agus nighean a chur a ghleidheadh nan caorach. Agus co a's fearr fios na thu fein, a' charaid, gu'n robh rìgh Israeil fein an toisich 'n a bhuachaill air machraichibh Bhet-leheim; agus cha 'n e sin a mhain ach mar an ceudna Esan air an robh Daibhidh 'n a shambladh a thubhairt le 'bhilibh beanuichte, “Is mise am Buachaill maith, agus is aithne dhomh mo chaoraich fein, agus aithnìhear le 'm chaoraich fein mi.

MUR.—Ud! Ud! a Choinnich choir, tha thu 'nis a' ruith air falbh leis na cliathaibh gu buileach orm. Cha do smuainich mise riamh air tair a dheanamh air do dhreuchd, no

ort fein 'n ad thigh fein, no ann an aite sam bith eile fo 'n ghrein; oir tha barrachd meas na sin agam ort fein agus air do theaghlach. Ach gun teagamh chuir thu iongantas nach bu bheag orm le farsuingeachd an eolais a leig thu ris dhomh o 'n chomhlaich sin mu dheireadh, an coimeas ris na bha agad an uair a thainig sinn an car a cheile an toiseach.

COIN.—Tha taing a thaobh sin dligheach dhuit-sa ad aonar, a charaid ionmhuinn; oir mar b' e thusa, bhithinn-sa an diugh co aineolach ri loth na h-asail fhiadhaich. Is tu a stiuir mi air mo chairdibh urramach na Gaidheil fhogluimte sin a thug gach eolas domh ann an cainnt mhilis mo mhathar.

MUR.—Is comadh leam do bholaich agus do ghoileam, a Choinnich, oir is iad do dhichioll agus do dhurachd fein a rinn an gnothuch air. Ach faic, a charaid, faic ciod a chuir Seonaid choir air mo ghluin, o 'n chaidh thu a mach—mir mor de 'n chlodh ghlas, chum a leithid eile ri d' thrusgan fein a dheanamh dhomh, agus O! nach aillidh an t-eudach e! Nach e tha min, molach, maiseach, agus reidh! Cuir fios air Fionnladh tailleur gus an gabh e mo thomhas, agus gus an dean e mo chota glas air a' shocair. An uair a bhios e deas is furast dha a chur ain ionnsuidh le neach eigin; ach gu cinnteach tha nair' orm air son caoimhneas Seonaid.

COIN.—Nair' thall no bhos, is comadh co dhiubh; ach so agad mar a bhios a' chuis, a Mhurachaidh, cha teid ceann no cas dhiot á so, gus an dean Fionnladh tailleur an cota gu maith 's gu ro-mhaith, ged a ghabhadh e caigeann sheachduin ris. Is tu nach caraich, fhir mo ghraidh, agus bi 'n ad thosd, agus na cluinneam focal tuilleadh as do cheann mu 'leithid do ni amaideach.

Tha greim agam ort, agus cumaidh mi e gu daingeann. Mur urrainn mise annad, foghnaidh Seonaid dhuit, agus cha soirbh an ni dol á liontaibh nam ban. Tiugainn a mach, agus rachamaid a dh-fhaicinn seann chaisteal Shir Seumas, agus a ris bheir sinn suil air a' chrodh Eireannach gus am bi greim dinneir deas aig Seonaid.

MUR.—Ciod a smuainicheas iad aig a' bhaile, a Choinnich? cuiridh iad a mach air mo thoir mur ruig mi dhachaidh gun dail. Cha dean e an gnothuch idir.

COIN.—Cha 'n eagal doibh, oir cha smuainich iad gu 'n deachaidh Murachadh Ban ann an slochd, no air seacharan, o 'n tha deagh fhios aca gu 'm bheil e criounta gu leoir chum an aire a thoirt dha fein. A Sheonaid, an cluinn thu mi? Cuir air falbh Seumas beag a dh-innseadh do Fhionnladh tailleur gu 'm bheil mise 'g a iarraidh am maireach. Biodh e an so aig naoi 's a' mha-duinn, thugadh e a chrios-tomhais leis, agus cuiridh sinn an diulnach air deananaich air a' chlodh-ghlas.

MUR.—“Is dan, misneachail an coileach air a dhunan fein,” a Choinnich, agus cha 'n 'eil e modhail domh-sa a bhi 'cur gu dian 'n ad aghaidh, ach tha a la fein aig gach neach, agus cha 'n 'eil fios nach faigh mise greim ort uair-eigin aig mo thigh fein, agus ma gheibh, cha bheo mise mar toirear ortsa an ni so 'iocadh da fhille, ged nach geall mi aon chuid cota dubh no glas dhuit air son do cheilidh. Rachamaid a nis a shineadh nan cas, agus thugamaid caisteal an Ridire oirnn, agus a ris tilgeamaid air suilean car sealain air an fheudal Eireannach.

COIN.—Rachamaid do 'n chaisteal an toiseach, ma ta, a chum amharc air na seomraichibh greadhnach, agus air gach earuais a chithear

annta, agus an deigh sin, bheir sinn suil air a' chrodh.

MUR.—Cuir ceum ann, a ghille mo chridhe, gus an dean sinn a' chuid a's fearr d' ar n-uine, oir tha 'n la a' dol seachad.

COIN.—Thugamaid an dorus oirnn ma ta, agus a ris an caisteal, air am faigh sinn lan chomus gu rannsachach o h-uilinn gu h-oisinn, air do Shir Seumas fein a bhi ann an Lunainn aig an am.

MUR.—Ochan! a righ! nach ann an so tha na dealbhan—ach co i a' chailleach bheag, bhiorach ud, aig am bheil sron co geur 's gu'n gearradh i caise?

COIN.—Is i sud seann-sean-mhath-air Shir Seumas, agus tha e air aithris gu'n robh i anabarrach crion, coirbte, crosda, re laithean a beatha; agus an uair chaochail agus a dh' adhlacadh i ann an Cladh-nan-cath, gu'n do dhiult a spiorad faire a dheanamh aon oidhche thairis air innis sin nam marbh.

MUR.—Tha e cosmhuil gu'n robh a' chailleach bhochd dùr, rasgach, ceannairceach, an uair bu bheo agus bu mharbh i, ma 's fìor an aithris.

COIN.—Ach ciod bu chiall do'n bharail neonaich sin, a bha moran a' creidsinn, agus a ta cuid a' creidsinn gu ruig an la an diugh?

MUR.—Tha e cianail r' a smuain-eachadh am measg nam beannachd spioradail a tha sinn a' sealbhachadh anns an tìr shona agus shaor so, gu'm biodh aon neach r' a fhaotuinn a bheireadh geill anns a' chuid a's lugha do nithibh saobh-chrabhach mar so, gidheadh tha euid ann a ta 'g an creidsinn; ach ciod a chual thusa mu na nithe faoine sin?

COIN.—Ciod a chual mi, an e tha thu 'g radh? Chual mi an uair a dh' adhlachear duine anns a' chladh, gu'm bheil a spiorad-san mar fhear-freiceadain air na mairbh a ta 's an àit-adhlac sin gu leir,

agus gu'm mair e anns an dreuchd dhuis-neulaich, oillteil sin gus an adhlachear an ath chorp, an uair a ni spiorad a' chuirp sin a dhreuchd a thogail gus an tig an ath adhlac a ris, agus mar sin air adhairt gu sgur. Ach ma 's fìor an sgeul, 's i so an dreuchd ris nach gabhadh spiorad na caillich crosda, greannaich air an do ghabh thu beachd, gnothuch sam bith.

MUR.—Ach c'ait am bheil an saobh-chrabhadh muladach so 'g a chleachdadh?

COIN.—Ann an iomadh ait' air feadh na Gaidhealtachd,—ann an iomadh siorramachd,—agus ann an iomadh sgiorachd! Ach taing do chumhachd an t-Soisgeil, agus do 'n t-solus fhior-ghlan, shoilleir, neo-mhearachdach a tha e a' craobh-sgaoileadh am fad's am farsuing, cha 'n 'eil duil agam gu'm bheil neach sam bith air an la 'n diugh a' toirt geill do'n dian-chrabhadh so; ach cha robh a' chuis mar sin anns na linntibh a dh' fhalbh. Cha 'n 'eil fad o'n chunnaic mi mo charaid coir agus ceanalta, Sim Friseil o Inbhirnis,—duine suairce, stuama, creideasach, agus air an aobhar sin duine air am bheul mor-mheas le a luchd-eolais fein air fad. Thainig againn air labhairt mu na seann chleachdannaibh millteach, mearachdach aig na Gaidheil, agus dh' innis e domh gu'n robh e fein, agus ar caraid an *Sgiathanach* a' comhradh r' a cheile mu na nithibh faoine, amaideach so, agus gu'n robh deagh-chuimhn' aige air daoineibh 'fhaicinn ann an Cill-taraglain, agus ann an Cill-mhoraig, a bha 'creidsinn nan nithe sin ceart co cinnteach 's a bha iad a creidsinn sgriobhanna an abstoil Phoil,—agus cha 'n e sin a mhain, ach bha iad a' creidsinn nach fagadh an t-anam corp gu buileach, agus nach biodh fìor dhealachadh eatorra gus am biodh an corp

air a chur 'u a shineadh 's an uaigh.

MUR.—O! a Choinnich, a Choinnich, an comas domh do chreidsinn? An urrainn e bhi gu 'm bheil na nithe sin fìor?

COIN.—Cha 'n 'eil mise a' creidsinn gu 'm bheil iad fìor, ach tha e fìor gu 'n robh gu leir 'g an creidsinn, mar a chual thu fein, agus mar a dh'innis mi dhuit a chual mi o bheul na firinn, beul Shim Friseil choir, mu 'n chomhradh aige ris an *Sgiathanach*. Cha 'n 'eil, mo thruaigh! comas nan cas aig an duine cheanalta, air neo thigeadh e á baile Iubhirnis, ga d'chomhlachadh chum moran a chur an ceill duit, mar a bha e 'deanamh ris an *Sgiathanach* mu na cleachdannaibh eagallach sin. Na 'm b' e an *Sgiathanach* fein a leigeadh na nithe sin ris domh, cha bhiodh a dhanadas agam a radh nach robh e ag innseadh na firinn, ach theirinn gur ann as a' ghealaich no as na reultaibh a fhuair e eolas air na nithibh sin nach buin do 'n talamh so againn idir, agus uime sin, nach 'eil iad airidh air creideas a thoirt doibh. Ach creididh mi Sin coir, oir cha 'n 'eil e 'toirt geill do chleachdannaibh talmhaidh nach 'eil air an steidheachadh air reuson, no do na nithibh saobh-chrabhach sin a dh'aidicheadh am measg a luchd-eolais ann an duthaich a bhreith.

MUR.—Stad, a' Choinnich, stad, agus dean air do shocair. Tha mi 'faicinn gu 'm bheil thu ancomhnuidh a' cur amharuis agus teagamh anns an *Sgiathanach* a thaobh a reultaireachd an duil, feudaidh e bhi, gu 'm bheil e 'toirt geill do chleachdannaibh nan speuradairean, nan druidhean, agus an luchd-fiosachd, ann an laithibh Dhaniail?

COIN.—Cha 'n 'eil mi 'dol co fada ri sin idir, a Mhurachaidh, ach an deigh sin cha 'n 'eil e cueasda, an

uair tha e ag innseadh dhuinn, gu 'm bheil a' ghealach, nach 'eil ni 's mò ann am meud na guit-fhasganaidh co mor 's gu 'm bheil glinn agus machraichean, creagan agus beanutan innte! Och! mo chreach! Co e an ti, le 'shuilibh fosgailte, a bheireadh an creideas a's lugha do na faonachdaibh sin? Aon ni tha cinnteach, agus 's e sin, nach dean Coinneach Ciobair e?

MUR.—Tha Coinneach Ciobair 'n a dhuine gasda, treibh-dhireach, tuigseach, ach an deigh sin, feumar a shuilean 'fhosgladh gus am faic e na diomhrachdan sin mu 'n bheil e aig a' cheart am 'gu tur aineolach?

COIN.—Chum mo shuilean - sa 'fhosgladh ma ta mur dean an *Gaidheal* agus Murachadh Ban sin a chur air aghaidh, fanaidh Coinneach Ciobair co dall ris a' chloich-niaraidh, agus co da 'n comas cron 'fhaotuinn da an uair tha e 'labhairt a reir an eolais agus na tuisge a bhuilicheadh air?

MUR.—Ro cheart a' Choinnich, ro cheart,—ach is coir do 'n aineolach a bhi iriosal agus tearc 'n a bhriathraibh, oir is glic an ti sin nach labhair ach beagan, agus biodh am beagan sin fein le stuamachd, air eagal gu 'n leig e ris 'eas-eolais fein, oir is trom an eire an t-aineolas. A nis, fhir mo chridhe, tha sgios a's cadal orm le 'r sraid-imeachd. Rachamaid dhachaidh air eagar gu 'n saoil Seonaid gu 'n d' fhalbh na sithichean leinn. Cuairticheamaid dleas 'nas an fheasgair, — cuireamaid sinn fein agus ar luchd-daimhe air curam an Ti Uile-bheannuichte sin a ta 'faicinn agus a' fiosrachadh nan uile, agus le buidheachas agus beannachd, cuir-eamaid ar cinn far am bheil dochas againn am faighear gu slàn fallain 's a' mhaduinn iad.

ALASDAIR RUADH.

—o—

DEARMAD NA GAIDHLIG.

A GHaidheil IONMHUINN,—An toir sibh aite do charaid a tha toileach tighinn 'steach do 'r fardoich 's ag radh "sith agus soirbheachadh do 'n tigh so?" Is tigh leam a' Ghaidhlig, agus is toigh leam an dream leis an toil i, ach cha toigh leam an aimhreit a tha 'n am measg. Oir anns a' cheart àm 's am bheil an aimhreit sin a' dol air a h' aghaidh tha a' Ghaidhlig bho chd a' fulang, 's air a fogradh as an duthaich le cion a bhi air a teagasg 's na sgoiltean—mar gu 'm biodh na brocairean a' dian-chonnsachadh mu co am fear is fhearr coin, agus 's a' cheart àm an sionnach a' toirt leis nan uan.

Cha 'n 'eil facal 'n ar canain is luraiche na "da-rireadh," agus b' fhearr leam gu cinnteach gum biodh e air a chlo-bhualadh air cridhe gach neach a tha 'g aideachadh 'bhi 'n a charaid di. Na 'm biodh sin mar sin, cha b' ann air na nithibh faoin a bhuineas di a bhiodh an aire 'socrachadh, ach air na nithibh cudthromach—na nithibh a chumadh ann am bith i—a chumadh suas le sgoinn i, 's a bheireadh oirre freumh a sgaoileadh gu domhain 's an duthaich. Ciod is fiach a bhi connsachadh m' a timmchioll, ma leigear bàs i; agus cho cinnteach 'sin, bàs gheibh i mur teagaisgear 's na sgoiltean i. Nach 'eil e soillear do 'n h-uile duine aig am bheil toirt-fainear ma bhunaicheas cùisean car tri fichead bliadhna mar a rinn iad re nan tri fichead bliadhna 'chaidh seachad, gur gann a bhios facal Gaidhlig air a labhairt air Tir-mor. Nach muladach an sealladh 'bhios ri 'fhaicinn leis an fhuigheal bheag a bhios ann de na fìor Ghaidheil, na Cinntirich, na Còmhlaich, na Latharnaich na Braid-albannaich, na Liomhanaich, agus muinntir Raineach, na h-Athollaich, na h-Arduilich, na Marranaich, na Baid-eanaich, na h-Abraich, na Rosaich agus na Cataich, gun ach gann aon smid de 'n Ghaidhlig 'n an ceann; bithidh tuille co-fhaireachduinn aca ris na Sasunnaich thioram, fhuara na ris na daoine blath-chridheach, ceolmhor, cairdeil o 'n d' thainig iad. Bithidh na daoine truagh dall, aineolach air ainm gach ni a's aite 's an duthaich.

Ochan nan och ! an caochladh truagh
'S a' Ghaidhealtachd 'thig 's gach taobh
mu 'n cuairt,
Ma theid a canain chaoi 'n a suain,
Le cion an t-sluaigh a labhras i !

Lachd-aiteachaidh nan gleann 's nan stùc,
Thaobh ainm gach ni a's ait 's an du'ich,

An teangaidh Ghalld' cha 'n urrainn lùb',
Bidh iad gun tùr gun aithne orr' !

Ochan nan och ! &c.

Gach creag, a's sliabh, gach stuc, as carn,
Gach lag, a's cnoc, a's slios, a's learg,
Gach glaic, a's tulaich, eas, a's allt,
Bidh iad gu dall a's aineolach !

Ochan nan och ! &c.

Gach dail, a's bail', a's dùn, a's tom,
Gach coille, doire, 's leachduinn lom,
Gach clachan, 's cill, gach innis, 's fonn,
Cha chuir fonn 's an anam ac' !

Ochan nan och ! &c.

Gach coire dubh, gorm, liath, no glas,
Gach fireach ard a's aodann cas,
Gach achadh, 's raon, a's caochan bras,
Bidh iad neo-bhlasd mar Laidinn daibh.

Ochan nan och ! &c.

Gach meall 'tha dubh, dearg, odh'r, no
uain,

Gach sroin a tha fo chaochladh snuadh;
Gach àiridh ghorm, mo chreach ! cho fuar
Seach mar bha 'n sluagh a' fanachd innt' !

Ochan nan och ! &c.

Gach stair* a's drochaid, 's aiseag bàt',
Gach fuaran tobair, lochan, 's fàir,†
Gach lon a's miadan, 's crìoch gach àit,
An cainnt gu brath cha 'n aithris iad.

Ochan nan och ! &c.

Gach rudha, 's àird, gach màm a's maol,
Gach lochan sail, gach traigh a's caol
Gach acairseid a's caladh saors'
Bha 'n cainnt ro chaoi an aithrichean,

Ochan nan och ! &c.

Cha 'n aithne 'chainnt, 's cha tuig a fuaim,
Bho ni no àit a tha mu 'n cuairt,
Oir reic am parantan, mo thruaigh !
Iad uil' le 'n uail' 's le 'n amaideachd.

Ochan nan och ! &c.

Rinn traillean dhiu do 'n t-Shas' nach mhor.
'S an toirt fo chis do chainnt a bheoil;
A Ghaidhealtachd chur iad fo chleoc—
Nach cian an ceo a chaidleas oirr' !

Ochan nan och ! &c.

Beinn-Nibheis ard is flathail snuadh,
Bidh i fo mhuig, 's air 'maladh gruaim,
A chionn a' chanain 's binne fuaim,
Nach cluinn a cluas 'g a labhairt i.

Ochan nan och ! &c.

Beinn-Cruachan fein is guirme snuadh,
Bidh 'cridh' fo chradh ri tuireadh truagh,
A chionn 's nach cluinn i chaoi gu buan
Ach goileam cruaidh nan Sasunnach.

Ochan nan och ! &c.

* Stair—Stepping stones. † Fair—The highest ridge of a hill as seen against the sky.

Beinn-Ghlòdh nan eag—cha beag an t-ioghn'

A cridh' bhi goirt's fo sprochd a' caoin'—
'S nach cluinn i chanain mhilis, chaoin
Bh' aig luchd a gaoil, na h-Athallaich.

Ochan nan och ! &c.

'S Beinn-Labhr', bidh i'n a lasair dheirg—
Ri luchd an fhoghluim bidh i'm feirg,
A chionn's gun mheall an sluagh le'n ceilg,

'G an cur an geimhlean Sasunnach.

Ochan nan och ! &c.

Gach creag a's stachd, gach sgorr a's stuc,
Togaidh am fonn le comh-sheirm ciuil,
Gu tiamhaidh trom le mulad's tùrs'

'Chionn cainnt an dùthch' nach mairionni.

Ochan nan och ! &c.

* M' an tachair sud, a luchd mo speis, *
Grad eiribh suas ri guaillibh 'cheil,
A' boideachadh gu daingean tréun,
Nach strìoehd, nach geill, 's nach tach-
air e.

Ochan nan och ! &c.

Nach ceadaich sibh gu'm bi'n ur dù'ich,
A' chanain ghaoil'g a cur air chul,
Le traillean leibideach gun fhiu,
D'an ainm's d'an cliu bhi fasanta.

Ochan nan och ! &c.

Tha luchd - aiteachaidh na Gaidh-ealtachd, do thaobh na Gaidhlig air an roinn 'n an tri buidhnibh. Tha an aireamh is lugha teth ; an aireamh is mò meagh-bhlath ; agus aireamh mhor fuar. Tha cuid mbath de'n bhuidheann mu dheireadh ni's miosa na bhi fuar—tha iad a' miannachadh da-rìreadh gu 'm basaicheadh i. Ged a tha moran dhiubh sin mor ann an cumhachd's ard ann an ughdarras cha 'n 'eil m'fharmaid riu, a chionn ma's ann de shliochd nan Gaidheal iad, tha rud-eigin gairisneach ceangailte riu ; cha daoine iad idir—cailleachan bochd—traillean truagh ! Tha iad air an atadh's air an seideadh suas le uabhar's le morchuis an cridheachan fein—a' miannachadh bhi uasal, fasanta "cainnt an t-Sasunnaich ann am beul, gu proiseil, féineil, spagluinneach." Fhuair na nithean sin a leithid de bhuaidh orra, a' cur sogan mealltach's breislich 'n an cinn, a dh'fhag iad cho mi-nadurra ri eich a' geumnaich no crodh a'sitirich—seadh, cho mhi-nadurra ris na Frangaich bhi deanamh Shasunnach dhiubh fein. Tha an aiteam ud a' saolsinn gur coir do gach neach amharc orra-sin mar na daoine, ach chaill iad an coir air an ainm—cha'n airidh air an urram iad. Cha duine duine mur'seas e a dhuthaich, seadh agus canain a dhuthcha mar an ceudna.

Do thaobh na muinntir sin a tha meagh-bhlath cha'n 'eil iad sin da-rìreadh miannachadh gu'm basaicheadh a' Ghaidhlig ; tha iad a' saolsinn nach eagal ach a chionn's gu 'm bheil iad a' meas Beurla feumail do'n cloinn air son toirt troimh an t-saoghal, tha iad toileach a teagasg dhoibh ged a bhiodh dearmad air a deanamh air a' Ghaidhlig. Cha 'eil coire's am bith ri 'fhaotainn dait air son a bhi toileach eolas na Beurla a thoirt d' an cloinn, ach 's i a' cheist—co dhiubh is coir a Bheurla bhi'n a ban-oglaich dhaibh, na bhi'n a ban-mhaighstir os an cionn. Aon uair's gu'n tag i gu bhi'n a ban-mhaighstir chuir iad cul ris na Gaidheil. Agus a bharrachd air sin, 'd é am modh is freagraiche air eolas na Beurla 'thoirt do'n chloinn ? Co dhiubh's ann le tur chul a chur ri'n canain fein mar a tha air a dheanamh's na sgoiltean, no le feum a dheanamh dhi mar mheadhon chum ruitheachd air a' Bheurla ? 'S e 'm modh mu dheireadh tha mi dearbhta 'tha ceart ! 'S e am modh so tha 'h-uile duine 'gabhail ann a bhi foghlum chanainean coimheach ; agus a bharrachd air sin, am bheil ni sam bith is mo a mheudaicheadh an eolas air an canain fein na bhi 'g eadar-theangachadh o'n Bheurla 'g a h-ionnsaidh, air chor 's gu'm bheil na Maighstirean-sgoile cearr ann an da sheadh—gun bhi gabhail a mhodh cheart air eolas na Beurla a thoirt d' an sgoilearan, agus ann a bhi cur tur chul ri'n canain fein. Faiceadh na daoine meagh-bhlath sin ma ta, agus faiceadh na Maighstirean-sgoil' mar an ceudna, 'd é gus an treoraich an t'oileaneachadh so—gus a' Ghaidhlig fhogradh as an duthaich. Tha mi a' feoraich, am buanaich sibh ann a bhi 'g a dheanamh ? Ma bhvanaicheas, tha sibh 'g ur combarrachadh fein am mach mar dhream a tha toileach cur as gu buileach do'n Ghaidh-ealtachd, agus gu bhi'n ur cuis ghrain do na fìor Ghaidheil. Gu cinnteach cha bu math leam 'bhi 'n ur caiseart ! Och mise ! Cur as do'n Ghaidhealtachd ! Nach uamhasach an dall cheo a chomhdaich inntinnean nan Gaidheil, 'n uair nach 'eil iad a' toirt fainear an ni eagalaich a tha air a chur an gnìomh 'n an tìr ! Tha iad a' buntainn ris a' Ghaidh-ealtachd mar a bhuineas cuid de dhaoine ris na sean eich gun fheum a bhitheas iad toileach a chur gu bàs cho seamh's is urrainn daibh. Fosglaidh iad cuise's leigidh iad dhi sputadh gus an tuit iad sìos marbh, traighte de fhuil am beatha. Ma's e 's gu'm bheil ni ann ris an feud sinn fuil beatha na Gaidhealtachd a radh

s i a canain. An uair a chailleas i a canain, chaill i a beatha. Uimesin, teann-sibh, teannaibh air falbh a dhaoine gairisneach, an-ìochdmhor, mi-nadurra! An aill leibh mo dhuthaich chaomh a thraghadh de fhuil a beatha gus an tuit i sìos marbh 'n ur lamhan?

Na 'm biodh mo chomas a reir mo thoil, bheirinn urchair dhuibh a chuireadh an comhair ur cuil sibh agus 's e mo mhiann an ni nach urrainn domhsa 'dheanamh, gu 'n dean mo luchd-duthcha e.

Do thaobh na h-aireamh bhig a tha leth dhileas—tha iad ann, ach tha iad tearc. Tha chuid is mo dhiu 'g am faotainn fein air an guilan air falbh le sruth cho laidir 's nach 'eil feum bhi stri ris; ann am beachd nach seas a' Ghaidhlig—gu 'n cuir beagan de linntean as di gu tur—tha cuid de na daoine gaolach sin a' gabhail misnich ged a bhasaicheas i 's a' Ghaidhealtachd gu 'm fan i beo ann an Canada—baothaireachd mhor! Ma thraghas a' mhathair-thobair cionnas a sheasas na sruthanan? Seasaidh a' Ghaidhlig, agus na h-abradh duine sam bith leis an toil i atharrach. Cha 'n urrainn mac Gaidheil tuilleadh maslaidh 'thoirt air fein na bhi 'g radh nach seas i. Am bheil iad dol a sheasamh air an ais mar na daor ghealtairean ag amharc oirre mar an t-uan ann am fìaclan easgraidh an leoghainn agus gun oidhirp a thoirt air a teasairginn, Mo naire! mo naire! an do chaill iad an gaisge? Na cluinneam a' chainnt tuille 'tighinn o bhilean Gaidheil agus a h-uile duine o 'n tig i, biodh e nasal no inbheach, cuiribh 'n a thosd e. Na 'm bitheadh da fhichead gaisgeach treun againn coltach ri Lachann Mac-Ileathain, ughdar "Adhamh agus Eubh" am b' urrainn daibh sin a bhi 'n an tosd? Cha b' urrainn, cha 'n fhagadh iad clach gun tionndadh, gus am mosgladh iad suas an luchd-duthcha ann a leithid de dhoigh 's nach tugadh iad cadal d' an suilean no clo-codail d' an rosgaibh gus am bitheadh i air a teagasg gu coimhlionta ann an sgoiltean na duthcha; agus tha mi dearbhta na 'm biodh sin mar sin, le feum a dheanamh dhi mar mheadhon chum ruitheachd air a' Bheurla, gu 'm biodh ar cloinn 'n an sgoilearean Beurla gu mor ni 's fhearr na tha iad.

Gun teagamh tha daoine eudmhor ann an Comunn Oiseanach Latharn, 's ann an Comunn Gaidhlig Ionar-Nis, ach tha daoine ann ta air atharrach, air chor 's ged a bhiodh a' chiad ehuid ag iomram air an darna taobh, bhiodh cach a' deanamh fodha air an taobh eile; 's mar sin am

bàta a' sior dhol mu 'n cuairt gun an t' àit 's air robh i 'fhagail.

A dh-ionnsaidh bhlair, a ghaigich threin,
Mar chlann nan Gaidh' l ri guaillibh 'cheil!

Ma leanas càch sibh is math, ach mur lean tilleadh iad dhachaidh mar na daoine bha 'g ol an uisge air an gluinean.

Is e Cluainidh Mac-a-Phearsoin, ceann Comunn Gaidhlig Ionar-Nis, Ceann-cinnidh is cliutiche 's a' Ghaidhealtachd, air chor 's ged a threig cach gu maslach canain an duthcha, tha esan air leth. Urram gu 'n robh dha a's saoghal fada, le sonas sìorruidh 's an t-saoghal chein! Mhiannaichinn da-rìreadh gu 'm biodh fìor Ghaidheal cho urramach ris air a roghnachadh mar Cheann-feadhna do na Gaidheil uile, a chionn 's gu 'n do threig an Cinn-chinnidh fein iad. Is mi bhur caraid dileas,

GILLEASB. MAC-IAIN.

An Cragan Soilleir, 1874.

—o—

LACHLUNN MAC THEAR- LAICH OIG,

AM BARD SGIATHANACH.

(Air leantuinn.)

An àm da a bhi mu thri bliadhna fichead a dh-aois, phos e Fionnaghal Chaimbeul, nighean Fir Rannda 's an Eilean Earrach, boirionnach maiseach agus eireachdail. Air da a bhi ro dheigheil air Eilean a bhreith, ghabh e air mal o 'Cheann-cinnidh fein fearann Bhreacais maille ri eilean Phabaidh, ann an sgìreachd an t-Sratha. Re beagan bhliadhnaichean andeigh sinshealbh-aich e mor thoilinntinn 's an tuathnachas so, maille r'a bhan-chompanach cheanalta fein; agus an uair a rinn ise, mar a cheile-san, a dleas' nas fein anns gach cuis, cha do chuir riamh fear cas ann am broig a bha ni bu dillse agus dleasnachail mar fhear-posda, agus mar athair teaghlaich, na bha esan. Ach mo thruaigh! luaineach mar a ta gach toilinntinn thalmhaidh, cha

b' fhad gus an d' thainig crìoch air mor-shonas an deagh dhuine so. Chaochail a cheile ionmhuinn ann am maise a h-oige agus a neirt, agus air do mhor-speis a bhi aige-san d' a mhnai ghradhaich fein, ghrad bhuaileadh e le buille air nach d' fhuair e rianh thairis. Chaill e a mhisneach gu tur. Ghabh e grain air an aite far an do shealbhaich e re uine ghoirid toilinntinn agus sonas co mor, agus chuir e dheth an tuathanachas air fad. Thainig duibhre air inntinn an fhillidh, agus cha b' urrainn e a shuil a thilgeadh air ni sam bith a bheireadh solas d' a chridhe. Chuir e cul ris an Eilean Sgiathanach air ball, thug e Ceanntail air, agus ghabh e seilbh fearainn an sin o Mhac-Coinnich. Cha b' fhad gus am fac e atharrachadh mor eadar muinntir Chinntail agus a chuideachd chairdeil fein Clann-Ionmhuinn an t-Sratha. Bha na cleachdannan agus na doighean aig na coimhearsnaich ura aige co anabarrach fuar, ascaoin, coimheach, agus neo ghineadail 's nach b' urrainn e cur suas leo. Bha iad air gach seol co tur neo-chaomhail 'u an gue, 's nach robh e 'n a chomas gride na bardachd 'u a chridhe a chumail fo smachd. Uime sinn, rinn e na h-uiread de rannaibh sgaiteach, beumach, agus eisgeil an aghaidh muinntir Chinntaile, agus choisinn sin da gu h-ealamh am mi-ghean agus an corruich. Tharmaich iad 'n an cridhe fein fuath agus gamhlas do'n Sgiathanach aonaranach, agus cha robh fìor charaid aige no neach ris am fosgladh e 'inntinn fein 's an duthaich sin air fad. Chuir e seachad ceithir bliadhna air an doigh so, anns nach robh aon la sonais aige, agus an sin runaich e dol air ais dh' ionnsuidh sgìreachd a bhreith. Rinn an Ceann-cinnidh aige solas mor ris, agus shuidhich se e a ris 'n a sheann thuathanachas fein ann am Breacais.

An deigh dha a bhi da bhliadhna dheug 'n a bhantrach, chaidh e air turas dh' ionnsuidh baile Inbhirnis a dh-amharc air seann chompanaich a bha 's an sgoil maille ris, agus a bha fantuinn 's a' bhaile sin. Cha robh e fad an sin, an uair a cho'eignich a chairdean e chum bean-uasal araidh 's a' bhaile a phosadh. Bu bhantrach i de Chloinn-an-Toisich, agus bha 'n t-ainm gu 'n robh i saibhir. Thug e geill d' an comhairle, ach cha b' ann gu buileach le 'thoil fein. Cha 'n e mhain gu 'n robh Nic-an-Toisich gun sgillinn ruadh aice dhe 'n t-saoghal, ach bha i gu domhain an am fiachaibh. Air an ath mhaduinn an deigh a' phosaidh, thaoghail na maoir air, agus thug iad dha gairm laghail gu cuirt a sheasamh air son cuid fiach na mna aige. Bu chruaidh sin uile air Lacklunn coir, a dh' fheudadh a radh, "An d' fhuair sibh mi, O mo naimhdean?" An uair a bha 'n sumain 'n a laimh, ghlac e peann, dh' fhosgail e Biobull a mhnà, agus sgriobh e na briathra a leanas air clar an leabhair naoimh:—

"Tha 'n saoghal air a roinn,
Tha dà dhàn ann;
Tha dàn ann gu bhi sona,
Ach chi mi dàn an donais ann."

Cha luaith 'a rinneadh am posadh truagh agus mi-fhortanach so na theich sonas Thearlaich, agus dh' fhagadh e 'n a dhuine gun sunnd, gun mhisnich, gun chridhe chum ni sam bith a dheanamh mar a b' abhaist da. Bha a' bhean ardanach, uaibhreach, crosda, agus a' sealltuinn, oirre fein mar stuth moran ni's fearr na companach fein. Mar mhuime, bha i searbh, dalma, coimheach, agus ro chruaidh air a' chloinn aige-san, a chaill am mathair chaomhail fein. Bhiodh i an comhnuidh 'g an smachdachadh gun aobhar, 'g am bualadh 's 'g an ciobadh roimh shuilean an athar fein

aig nach robh a' chridhe a bheul fhosladh. Bha so uile anabarrach cruaidh air a' bhard bhochd, agus cha robh aon mhionaid sìthe no suaimhneis 'n a thigh, o'n la sin air an deachaidh ise a stigh air an starsnaich aige. Air la sonraichte chair a' bhean thuairapach so gu searbh a mach air an nighinn bu shine aig a compauach fein, agus thubhairt i ris a' chaileig gu'n robh grain cridhe aic' oirre, agus gu'm bu dubh dhi-se an la sin, air an do chomhlaich i an toiseach gu moch 's a' mhaduinn i. Ghrad fhreagair a' chaileag a muime, agus gu'n teagamh le beagan de gheur-bhriathrachd a h-athar fein, thubhairt i rithe, "Cha 'n ioghnadh leam ged a theireadh tu gu'm bheil fuath agad domhsa agus tha moran aobhar agad a chreidsinn gu'm bheil e mishealbhach mise a chomhlachadh, oir bu mhise ceud - chomhlaiche m' athar thruaigh air a' mhaduinn mhisuaimhuich sin air an d'fhag se a dhachaidh fein chum thusa a phosadh."

Rinn Lachlunn dichìoll air giulan mar a dh'fheudadh e leis gach amhghar agus trioblaid a thainig air, ach bha a spiorad briste, agus chaill e moran dhe 'n t-suilbhireachd-intinn a bha aige a thaobh naduir. An deigh sin uile, bu duine e air an robh mor-mheas aig gach ard agus iosal; agus ged is fad an uine o'n dh'fhag e an saoghal, tha deagh chuimhne air fathast ann an duthaich a' bhreith; agus is iomadh linn a theid seachad mu'n di-chuimhnichear Lachlunn Mac Thearlaich Oig, le 'chinnidh agus le 'chairdibh 's an Eilean Sgiathanach. Tha earrainnean de na h-oranaibh aige fathast air an aithris 's an duthaich sin, agus tha moran de na briathraibh-gliocais aige air chuimhne gu ruig an la an diugh. Is anabarrach grinn an t-oran a rinn e air triuir oigh a

chomhlaich e la araidh an uair a bha e air chuairt air na raointibh. Bha iad ro mhaiseach agus aillidh 'n an cruth, agus cha bu bheag an t-iongantas a bha air tachairt air an triuir d'am b'ainm "Iochd a's Gradh a's Fiughantas." Ach innsear ni's fearr mu 'n timchioll ann am briathraibh Lachluinn Mhic Thearlaich fein, a thubhairt:—

Làtha 'siubhal sleibhe dhomh
'S mi falbh leam féin gu dlùth,
A chuideachd anns an astar sin
Air gunna glaic a's cù;
Gu'n thachair clann rium anns a' ghleann,
A' gal gu fann chion iùil;
Air leam gur iad a b' aillidh dreach
A chunnacas riamh le m' shùil.

Gu'm b' ioghnadh leam mar tharladh dhoibh,
Am fàsach fad air chùl,
Coimeas luchd an aghaidhean
Gu'n tagha de cheann iùil,
Air beannachadh neo-fhiata dhomh
Gu'n d'fhiaraich mi—"Cò sud?"
'S fhreagair iad gu cianail mi
Am briathraibh mine ciùin.

"Iochd, a's Gradh, a's Fiughantas,
'N ar triuir gur e ar n-ainm,
Clann nan uaislean cùramach,
A choisinn cliù 's gach bàll;
'N uair phàigh an fhéile clis do 'n Eug
'S a chaidh i fein air chàll,
'N a thiomnadh dh'fhag ar n-athair sinn
Aig maithibh Innse-Gall!"

Bha Lachlunn 'n a dheagh shealg-air. Gun teagamh cha robh a choimeas 's an Eilean air fad chum nam fiadh a lorgadh, agus na faoghaid a ghiulan air aghaidh. Am measg nan iomadh buadh a bhuineadh dha, bha e 'n a deagh fhidhleir. Cha robh a leithid air son ciuil de 'n ghne so 's an Eilean uile, uime sin, bu lionmhor iad de gach iubh a bha 'taoghal air, agus is esan a bha fialaidh, fiughantach, ceanalta, a thaobh nan uile. Cha biodh toil-intinn a dhith orra, fhad 's a dheanadh filidheachd, ceol, orain, sgeulachdan, agus glic-bhriathran an riarachadh!

Mar dhearbhadh air fìor dhillseachd Lachluinn Mhic Thearlaich, chaidh e re na slighe as an Eilean Sgiathanach air a chois do Inbhirnis, fad an aghaidh toil a Chinn-Chinnidh fein, anns a' bhliadhna 1717, chum an t-ainm aige a chur ri Litirghairdeachais do Rìgh Deorsa I., air son a theachd chum na rìgh-chathrach Bhreatunnaich. Chuir e seachad iomall a laithean ann an Eilean agus sgìreachd a bhreith. Chaochail e aig aois naoi agus trì fichead 's a bhliadhna 1734. Bha 'n duthaich fad fo bhron air son bas an deagh dhuine so. Cha chualas riamh iomradh air uiread a bhi air adhlac 's an Eilean Sgiathanach 's a bha 'lathair 'n am a bhi 'cur Lachluinn do 'n chill. Bha, ach beag, gach Ceann-cinnidh 's a Ghaidhealtachd, agus an luchd-leanmhuinn air an adhlac aige. Chunnacas an sin a charaid Alasdair Dubh a' Ghlinn-Garaidh, agus a chuid daoine, Mac-Dhomhnuill nan Eilean, Mac-Leoid Dhunbheagain, Mac-Ionmhuinn an t-Sratha, Mac - Coinnich na Comaraich, Tighearna Ghearrloch, agus moran eile, maille ri 'n comhlanaibh agus luchd - leanmhuinn. Bu la cudthromach sin 's an sgìreachd. An uair a thogadh an t-adhlac bha seachdnar phiobair le 'n nuallanaibh tiamhaidh a' leantuinn na ciste. Bha Beilig, Blath-bheinn, Marsco, agus na beannta mu 'n cuairt a' co'-sheirm le fuaim na piobaireachd, gus an d'rainig a' mhor - chuideachd Cill-Chriosd, aite-adhlac na sgìreachd 's an d'rugadh esan a chuireadh 'n a shineadh 's an uaigh chumhainn, dhuirch, maille ri duslach a shinnsear o linntibh an cein !

SGIATHANACH.

Mar luing gun stiur feadh thulgadh nan tonn, 's amhuil duine mairnealach nach lean a ghnothach.

MORAIR CHOLASA.

II.—AN T-UACHDARAN GAIDHEALACH.

Bha Cloinn-Neill an inbhe urramach an Earraghaidheal o chionn ceithir cheud gu leth bliadhna. Cha toir eachdraidh sinn ni 's faide air ais ; ach tha seanachas air gu 'n d' thainig da bhrathair de Chloinn-Neill á Eirinn iomadh linn roimhe sin ; gu 'n do thuinich fear dhiubh an Earraghaidheal, 's gu 'n deachaidh am fear eile mu thuath. Tha e air 'aithris gu 'm be am fear mu dheireadh so a bu phrìomh-athair do theaghlach Bharra. Fhuair clann an fhir a dh' fhan an Earraghaidheal coir air Caisteal Suain o Dhomhnallach nan Eileanan 's a' bhliadhna 1422. Corr a's da cheud bliadhna 'n a dheigh sin, 'n uair a bhriseadh cumhachd nan Domhnallach gu tur 's na h-Eileanan, fhuair Duic Earraghaidheal còir air Colasa. Bhuineadh an t-eilean 's an am sin do Chlaun-a-Phi, agus do bhrìgh gu 'n do lean iadsan aobhar nan Domhnallach, thug an Diuc seachad a choir air Colasa do Mhac-Neill air son fearann Airidh-Chonain a bh' aig an teaghlach 's an am. Chaidh Mac-Neill le feachd do Cholasa ; ghlac a's mharbh e Mac-a-Phi ; agus tha 'n oighreachd an lamhan an teaghlach gus an la diugh.

Bha Cloinn-Neill Cholasa 'n an daoine treun, gleusta—baigheil ri 'n sluagh, agus fo mhor-mheas aig an luchd-aiteachaidh. Tha e air aithris gu 'n robh athair Dhonnachaidh 'n a dhuine dreachmhor, tuigs-each, foghlumte. Bha 'mhathair de theaghlach an Dun-mhoir, ainmeil 'n a latha air son eireachdas a pearsa agus beothalachd a h-inntinn. Rugadh do 'n chàraid uasail so teaghlach mor—seisear mac agus ceathrarnigh-ean—agus is fìor e nach robh, da fhichead bliadhna roimhe so, teaghlach eile 'n Albainn a b' eireachdaile na teaghlach og Cholasa. Cha

b' e Donnachadh a mhain a thug dearbhadh air buaidhean ard 's an teaghlach. Chaidh am mac a bu shine—Alasdair—a bhathadh 's an *Orion*'s a' bhliadhna 1846, air a chaidh gu trom an Earraghaidheal 's gu h-araid an Colasa. Chum an ceathramh mac—Calum Og—a suas cliu an teaghlaich mar dheagh shaighdeir. Tha an treas mac—Sir Iain—fathasd a lathair, agus a nis 'n a uachdaran air Colasa. Ann an rioghachdan cein—ann am Persia agus an Russia—choisinn esau mor urram dha fein agus do 'n teaghlach o 'n d' thainig e.

Fhuair Morair Cholasa seilbh air oighreachd 'aithrichean's a' bhliadhna 1844. 'S an am sin, agus fad iomadh ginealach roimhe sin, bha suidheachadh an t-sluaigh 's an eilean sin mar bha e 'm bitheantas air na h-oighreachdan a lean an lamhan nan sean teaghlaichean. Bu lionmhoire daoine na caoraich ann. Cha robh mal trom; bha 'n t-eilean torach, ainmeil air son buntata 's crodh dubh. B' aite Colasa anns an togteadh teaghlach air gle bheag. Rachadh am mal a phaigneadh le ceilp's le gamhuinn firionn, 's an teaghlach a bheathachadh air beagan mine, moran buntata, im, a's bainne. Cluinnidh sin o chuid gu 'm b' i sud an tim shona do Ghaidheil, 'n uair a bha 'n sluagh lionmhor, caoraich gann, 's tighean 's rathaidean-moramar a dh' fheudadh iad. Cluinnidh sinn o chuid eile, gu 'n robh sluagh na Gaidhealtachd's an am ud 'n an traillean, ann an suidheachadh a bha suarach do dhaoine saor a bhith, fo smachd 's fo chumhachd neach a bha dhoibh mar Thighearna 's mar Rìgh. Is i mo bharail gu bheil beagan de 'n fhirinn air an da thaobh; ach tha 'n so ceist fharsainn, air nach 'eil tim a bhi 'leudachadh air an am, 's air a bheil caochladh barail aig na daoine is mo a smaoin-tich mu 'deidhinn.

Bliadhna no dha 'n deigh do Mhorair Cholasa an oighreachd 'fhaotainn, dh' fhailnich am buntata, agus bha mar so, mor-chudthrom air a chur air iomadh uachdaran gu h-araid 's a' Ghaidhealtachd. Bha 'n sluagh liumhor, 's bha 'm beo-shlainn gu grad air a ghearradh air falbh. Chaidh suim mhor airgid a thogail air feadh na rioghachd air son daoine a bha 'basachadh le gort a chumail beo. Thar cuid de oighreachdan sguabadh air falbh an sluagh bochd gu neo-ìochdmhor do bhailte-mora 's do rioghachdan cein. Air cuid eile ghleidh na h-uachdaran, le mor-chostas dhoibh fein, beo an sluagh, choisinn iad mor urram 's an rioghachd air son am fialuidheachd. Air oighreachd bheag Cholasa ghabh an t-uachdaran atharrach doigh air an am chruadalach a bha sud 'fhaotainn seachad. Cha robh e 'creidsinn gu 'm bu ni ceart sluagh a bheathachadh 'n an tamh. Bha e tuillidh 's uaibhreach air son cuideachadh a ghabhail o choigrich; bha e tuillidh 's ceart air son an luchd-aiteachaidh 'iomain air falbh ged a bha 'n uallach air fein. Bha tanachadh feumail gun teagamh do 'n t-sluaigh 's do 'n uachdaran, ach bha e ceart a's freagarrach gu 'm biodh an tanachadh so air a dheanamh gu foighidneach 's gu curamach.

Thoisich Morair Cholasa air a bhi 'cur air aghaidh oibrichean feumail a chum leas na h-oighreachd agus an t-sluaigh. Re fhichead bliadhna, gun sgios gun sgur, bha 'n obair a' dol air a h-aghaidh, agus bha 'n sluagh a' faotainn cothrom air a bhi cumail an teaghlaichean le obair an lamha fein, 's a 'g iunnsachadh dicheall, aghartas, agus eolas a bhiodh feumail dhoibh, ge be aite a 'm b' eigin dhoibh a bhith na dheigh so. Bha ceann glic an uachdaran a' dealbh gach obair a rachadh air bonn; bha 'shuil gheur

a' faicinn na h-obair air a crìochnachadh gu ceart; agus bha 'eiseimpleir o la gu la, 's o bhliadhna gu bliadhna am measg an t-sluaigh 'n a dheagh iunnsachadh air foighidinn, dicheall, gleustachd, agus soirbheachadh. Re na h-uine a dh'ainmich mi chaidh tighean a's aitreibh, gàraidhean a's geataichean, a chur suas a chosd miltean punnd Sasunnach; chaidh rathaidean-mora a ghearradh roimh 'n eilean o thaobh gu taobh; chaidh acarsaid ur a dheanamh; tighean-sgoile ura; an eaglais a chur an ordugh; tigh-ministeir a chur suas, a's ministeir suidhichte 'fhaotainn do 'n eilean; ceudan de dh-acraichean fearainn a thoirt a's ur fo àiteach; innealan a's beairte-treabhaidh a thoirt thar Galldachd, agus Goill 'n an cois a chum an deagh laimhseachadh iunnsachadh do 'n luchd-aiteachaidh; atharrach stuic; atharrach poir; duaisean dhoibhsan a bu sgileile air treabhadh's air àiteach fearainn. Cha robh, gun teagamh, tuaireasdail mor, ach bha obair cinnteach, bha paigheadh cinnteach, 's bha 'n t-iunnsachadh maith. Bha 'n t-eilean o shean ainmeil air son crodh dubha's spreidh, ach fo uachdranachd a' Mhorair dh'fhas e ni b' ainmeile. Cha robh spreidh air Gaidhealtachd a bu trice 'gheibheadh duais aig cruinneachadh, no b' airde reiceadh air feill na treud Cholasa.

Fhuair Morair Cholasa an oighreachd le tighean air dhroch càramh, le aiteachas fad air ais. Rathaidean-mora cha robh idir ann. Bha 'n sluagh lionmhor,—ann am bheachd sa ro lionmhor,—toilichte ann an tomhas, ach a' mhor chuid diubh air dhroch cothrom. Fichead bliadhna 'n a dheigh sin, cha robh oighreachd eadar am Parbh a's Maol-Chinntire anns am faiceadh fear - turuis tuilleadh de chomharan comhfhurtachd am measg an t-sluaigh. Chaidh moran de 'n t-sluagh re na

h-uine sin air imrich do dhuthchannaibh cein—gu h-araid do Chanada; ach bha so comharraichte mu thimchioll na h-imrich á Colasa, nach d'fhag aon an t-eilein an aghaidh a thoil fein gu 'n d'fhalbh a' chuid mhor diubh air costas an uachdarain; agus (ged gheibhear barrachd Cholasaich an diugh air falbh na gheibhear aig baile) gu bheil iadsan a dh'fhag cho maith riusan a dh'fhan, a dh-aon sgeul mu 'n tlachd 's mu 'n speis do 'n uasal a b' uachdaran thairis orra. Cia mar fhuair Morair Cholasa, am measg nan dleasdanas chudthromach a bhuineadh d'a dhreuchd, uiread d'a uine 's d'a aire a chur air leth air son gnothuichean 'oighreachd 's a shluaigh, tuigidh iadsan a mhain aig a bheil eolas air na chuireas duine gleusta nach 'eil uair sa bith 'n a thamh seachad de dheagh obair. Ged nach robh duine 'u Albainn aig am bu mho bha ri dheanamh, no bu churamaiche 'bheireadh aire air a dhleasdanas na esan, fhuair e cothrom air tri miosan de gach bliadhna 'chur seachad an Colasa, agus air a bhi mion-eolach air gach neach 's gach ni a thachradh ann. Bha iomadh uachdaran Gaidhealach, creididh mi, a bu mho 'tharruingeadh speis sluaigh, air bheag eolais, na Morair Cholasa; ach 's i mo bharail gur gaun a bha Tighearna 's a' Ghaidhealtachd o chionn ceud bliadhna a choisinn uiread urrainn agus tlachd o gach neach d'a shluagh fein, 's a choisinn an t-usal ainmeil so o gach Colasach, ge b'e aite an robh no bheil iad. Cha robh Baird an Colasa a sheinneadh a chliu; agus, ma dh'fhaidte, nach cordadh moran d'a dhoigh ris a' chuid mhoir de na Baird Ghaidhealach a sheinn o chionn da cheud bliadhna. Bu duine e aig an robh firinn a's ceartas mar riaghailt stiuiridh air 'oighreachd an Colasa cho maith a's anns a' chuir an Duneid-

eann. Duine cruaidh, cumhnantach, theireadh cuid; ach, a reir mo bheachd sa, cruaidh ris an leisgein a mhain. Ris an dicheall, ris an fheumach, bha e caoimhneil, seirceil, còir. Agus gheibh firinn agus ceartas buaidh thairis air inntinnean agus cridheachan Ghaidheal cho maith 's thairis air duilean a' chruthachaidh mhoir gu leir.

Na 'm biodh uachdarain Ghaidhealach a' buntainn ri 'n sluagh air an doigh so, saoilidh mi nach bu lughaide 'n cliu am measg an iochdarain fa dheireadh. Na 'n cleachdadh iad fas ni b' eolaiche air cor 's air feum an t-sluaigh; a ghabhail orra fein mar dhleasdanas an sluagh a theagasg le 'm focal 's le 'n eiseimpleir gu deagh dheanadas; cothrom a thoirt do 'n dicheall, an uair a bheireadh iad achmhasan do 'n t-slaodaire; agus thar gach ni, a leigeil fhaicinn do 'n t-sluaigh gu 'n robh iad fein 's am fìor-leas gu tric 'n an smuaintean, 's nach fuilingeadh iad eucoir a dheanamh air aon diubh le neach air bith 'n an ainmsan, chluinneamaid ni bu lugha mu thimchioll cruaidh-chas nan Gaidheal, ni bu lugha mu sgapadh theaghlaichean air son aite 'dheanamh do dhaoine 's do fheidh. B' ann mar so a chunnaic mi Morair Cholasa—re fhichead bliadhna — a' dol mu 'n cuairt am measg a chuid daoine. Duine e fein a fhuair urram am measg ard-chomhairlichean na rioghachd nach d'fhuair Gaidheal eile 'n ar latha-ne; ach a lean ri canain 's ri cleachduin 'aithrichean cho dlu 's ged nach fagadh e riamh Colasa. Cha robh duine air 'oighreachd, sean no og, bochd no bearteach, air nach robh e mion-eolach. B' aoibhinn leis an soirbheachadh; bu duilich leis an uireasbhuidh. Gu sunndach, foighidneach, suairce, labhradh e ris an neach a b' isle 'n a chanain fein. Cha chualas riamh focal suarach as a bheul;

cha 'n fhacas riamh cabhag air 'n uair bha gnothuch ri 'dheanamh. Bheireadh e 'thuarasdal do 'n bhuachaille-laogh cho suilbhearra 's cho modhail 's a ghabhadh e mal o 'n tuathanach. Ri gearan nam bochd bha 'chludas an comhnuidh fosgailte. Cha robh truas aige do 'n lundaire no do 'n mhisgeir; ach b' e caraid na bantraich 's nan dilleachdan e,—uachdaran, a dh' aon fhocal, a bha “chum dioghaltais air luchd-deanamh an uilc, ach chum cliu dhoibhsan a ni maith.”

Bu bheatha so, agus b' eiseimpleir so, ann am bheachd sa,—nach 'eil a' creidsinn gu bheil “leughadh a's sgrìobhadh a's cunntas” uile-chumhachdach air son iunnsachadh sluaigh,—a b' eifeachdaiche na obair fichead maighstir-sgoile, agus, le cead na cleire, leth-dusan ministear. Agus bha 'bhui. Am mach á Gaidhealtachd Albainn tha e do-thuigsinn an t-urram agus an speis a bh' aig a dhaoine dha. Fhuair an luchd-lagh an Duneideann a dhealbh air a tharruing, 's cha 'n 'eil uair a choisicheas mi 'n luchairt aluinn 's am bheil an dealbh crochte, nach tog mo chridhe 'n uair a chi mi air a nochdadh an tlachd agus am meas a bh' aig a chomh-luchd-dreuchd air-san a bha cho fada air an ceann; ach cha 'n e so dealbh is mo a bheothaicheas mo chuimhne air maitheas an uasail a nis nach mairionn. Chaidh a dhealbh a tharruing air iartras luchd-aiteachaidh Cholasa o chionn se bliadhna, na eudach clo mar bha e cleachdte ri dol mu 'n cuairt 'n am measg; agus chi mi 'n so comharra nach 'eil tric ri 'fhaicinn air speis iochdarain da 'n uachdaran. Chithear an dealbh so crochte an aite-tuinidh a' ghille oig Cholasaich 's a' bhaile mhor; chithear an tigh an tuathanaich an Colasa e; chithear am bothan na bantraich e, agus chithear aoibh a gnuis roimh a deoir 'n uair a

dh'inneasid' a dilleachdain lagamu'n uasal urramach a dh' fhaodadh a radh, le Fionn o shean,

"Bha 'm feumach riamh ri mo laimh,
'S dh' fhas an lag dana fo m' chruaidh."

Cha 'n 'eil eagal gu 'n teid a leithid so de bheatha air dichuimhn' ; agus cha maith an comharra ma theid "fhad 's a dh' innshear sgeul an Gaidhlig." Chi sinn gu bheil uaislean Earraghaidheal a' cur air bonn cuimhneachan dha an tigh na Siorrachd an Inbhir-aora, agus tha so freagarrach. Tha fios againn gu bheil muinntir Cholasa a' cruinneachadh airgid air son a chuimhne a ghleidheadh ur do 'n dream a thig 'n an deigh 'n an eilean fein, agus tha dochas againn nach 'eil Colasach am muigh no aig baile a chluinneas iomradh air rùn a luchd-duthcha nach "cuir clach 'n a charn." Gun teagamh, as eugmhais carra-cuimhne, bithidh e fìor an Colasa,

"Gus an crìon gu luaithre a' chlach,
'S an searg as le h-aois a' gheug,
Gus an sgair na sruthain a ruith,
'S an deagh mathair-uisge nan sleibhtean;
Gus an caillear an dilinn aois
Gach filidh, 's dan, a's aobhar sgéil,"

nach feoraich an t-aineol "Co Morair Cholasa?" ach gidheadh tha e iomchuidh gu 'm biodh cuimhne an uasail agus speis an t-sluaigh dha air an comharrachadh re iomadh linn do choigrich. Cha suidh oighre 'n a chathair. Cha 'n 'eil 'uir am measg a shluaigh. An tìr choimhich bhasaich e ; an Duneideann dh' adhlaiceadh e. Bu cheol mu 'n cuairt d' a chreathail an Orasa "meaghal mhiol-chon 'cleasadh ard," geumnaich bha-laoigh, 's gaoir a' chladaich ; agus b' e miaun muinntir Cholasa gu 'n laidheadh e "an eilean fuar nan geotha crom" ri taobh 'aithrichean "gus am biodh cadal na h-uaigne crìochnaichte." Ach cha do thachair mar so. Soraidh mhaith, ma ta, agus soirbheachadh

leosan a tha 'deanamh ni 's urrainn doibh air son cuimhneachan a chur air bonn do 'n Ard-urramach Morair Cholasa. D. M'K.

Duneideann, 1874.

SEALLADH O MHULLACH BEINNE AN EARRA- GHÀIDHEAL,

MU DHOL FODHA NA GREINE.

Bho 'n is cuimhne leam beathach no duine b' e mo thlachd a bhi 'siubhal nam beann ; agus is minic a ghabh mi sealgaireachd mar leth-sgeul, chum an srath 'fhagail, agus farsuingeachd a' mhonaidh a ghabhail fo m' cheann. Tha toileachas-inntinn r' a fhaotainn air mullach beinne aird', leis an t-sealladh farsuing a tha uaithe air muir agus air tìr, nach fhaod gun ardachadh-inntinn a dhusgadh a tha air doigh araidh taitneach agus tarbhach. Is ann uaithe so a tha e 'tachairt, gu 'm bheil speis mhor aig gach aon do 'n bheinn a's dluithe do 'n aite 's an d' fhuair e 'arach—baigh a leanas ris fhad 's beo e ; agus thigeadh e dhachaidh a Innsibh na h-aird' an Ear no 'n Iar, cha bhi e fada 's a' choimhearsnachd gun togradh a dh-ionnsaidh an ait' anns an d' fhuair e, ar leis, a' cheud bheachd air farsuingeachd an t-saoghail ; agus bithidh e deidheil mar an ceudna air 'eolas ath-urachadh air gach glaic agus coire a b' abhaist da 'thaghal 'n a oige, 'n uair' a bu luthmhor a cheum, agus a bu bheag a bha 'n saoghal a' cur air a chridhe de churam. B'aluinn an la an an ceitein an t-samhraidh, 'n uair a dh' fhalbh mi gun duine maille rium, le ran fìor mhullach na beinne a ruigheachd, agus sealladh 'fhaotainn air dol fodha na greine. Bha 'n la 's an am sin 'n a fhad agus 'n a bhlàs ; bha gach eun a' seinn aig beinn 's aig baile, agus obair na

cruitheachd fo sholas. Dhirich mi o ghuala gu guala, o choire gu coire, gus an d'rainig mi an t-aite 's an robh an airidh ri m' cheud chuimhne; bha laraichean nam bothan fhathast r' am faicinn; bha cro nam meann 'n a tholman uaine, an t-sobhrach 's an neoinein a' fas air. B' aighearach an sugradh a b' abhaist a bhi 'n so moch-thrath agus feasgar an am bleodhan na spreidhe. Bha 'n t-alltan beag a' siubhal gu seimh troimh 'n ailein, le torman cho tuchanach 's a bu ghnath leis. Shuidh mi car tamuill air a' bhruaich ag iarraidh fionnachd 'n a bhraonaibh tlatha. Cha deachaidh mi seachad air aon tobar a chaisg iota m' oige gun 'fheuchainn, no air air eas no leumuisge gun seasamh air an cul a dh-fheuchainn an robh cho liugha bogha-frois r' a fhaicinn 's a b' abhaist. Mar so chaidh moran de 'n latha seachad, ach rainig mi fa dheireadh mullach na beinne. Shuidh mi 'm fasgadh an liath-chuirn a bh' air a mullach, agus dh' amhaire mi air an duthaich mu 'n cuairt—

“B'aluinn a beinnean 's a srathan;
B' eibhinn dath a gleanntan.”

Bha tir-mor na duthcha ri m' chul, ach bha 'mach calg-dhireach mu m' choinneamh a' chuid 'bu mho a dh-Innse-Gall, an cuan mor le 'chaoil 's le 'luingeas, agus a' ghrian ghlormhor fhein a' tearnadh o airde nan speur ann an ailleachd an fheasgair.

Cha robh eilean eadar Caol-Ile mu dheas, agus an Caol-Sgiathanach mu thuath; cha robh sliabh eadar Beinn-an-dìr an Diura, agus a' Chul'inn ann an Eilean-a'-Cheo, nach robh gu soilleir am bheachd. Bha Muile dorch, le 'chaoil-mara mar abhuinn aluinn ag iadhadh mu 'n cuairt da, direach fo m' shuil. Bha I nan Deoraidh le 'laraichibh briste, ann an uaigneas samhach r' a thaic; *Staffa* ainmeil le uamh' nan tonn mar dhuradan beag a mach air an

fhairge; Tirithe iosal an eorna—Cola creagach—Eig, le 'Sgur ri speur; 's an t-Eilean Sgiathanach, ban-righ an iomlain; agus a mach air an cul gu leir, ann an iomall na rioghachd, an t-Eilean Fada mar mhile sgeir, ag eirigh air aghaidh a' chuain, smuid ghairdeachais ag eirigh o gach aon diubh, 'n uair 'bha 'ghrian a' siubhal seachad os an cionn, 'g am fagail mìle de mhiltibh 'n a deigh. Bu diomhain oidhirp a thoirt air a' choil-ion smaoint a bha taitneach, agus tha dochas agam, tarbhach, a dhuig suas leis an t-sealladh so. Air a' leithid so a dh-am cha ruigear a leas an inntinn a chumail fo smachd. Bu shona a bhiodh daoine na 'n giulaineadh iad, an measg uinich agus othail na bheatha so, caileigin de 'n aigne mhaith sin, a tha uaigneas agus samhchair a shamhuil so de dh-ait' a' tarmachadh. Oir, gu cinnteach, mar is mo a thairngeas sinn air falbh o iorghuill an t-saoghail so, 's ann is mo a ruigeas sinn air an fhonn spioradail sin, trid am bheil an t-anam air a chur air ghleus gu co-chomunn ard a chumail r' ar n-Athair neamhaidh. Na 'm bu mhaith leinn blasad de 'n aoibhneas so, cha bu neo-ionchuidh dhuinn air uairibh comunn an t-saoghail so 'fhagail, agus a radh ris gach imcheist bhuaireasaich a bhuineas dha, mar thubhairt Abraham r' a oganaich, “Fanaibhse an so, agus theid mise suas a thairgseadh na h-iobairt.”

Bha 'ghrian a' tearnadh gu luath; bha dath an oir air aghaidh nan speur; bha a leadan aillidh cheana 's a' chuan, agus an fhairge, mar gu 'm b' ann, a' dunadh mu 'n cuairt dhi. Is blasd' a' chainnt a chleachd Bard na duthcha so fhein, 'n uair a bha 'n sealladh so aige, ma dh' fhaidte, o 'n mhullach cheudna, mar a chi sinn ann an “Dan Oisein do 'n Ghrein an àm luidhe.” Ach bu dall sinne mur gabhamaid beachd

a b' aird' air an t-sealladh sò na dh' fhaodadh esan 'fhoghlum o thuigse naduir. An neach nach mothaicheadh o'n t-sealladh so, gloir an Ti naoimh a chruthaich a' ghrian, agus a sgeadaich an saoghal le 'uile ailleachd, bu bhoichd, gu dearbh, a chor, agus cha chulaidh fharmaid a chridhe; oir, gu deimhin, bu ghloirmhor an taisbeanadh a bha 'n so air cumhachd agus maitheas Dhe. A bhi 'mothachadh do 'n ghairdein threun sin air am bheil an domhan crochta, a' fosgladh air an dara laimh dhiom dorsan na h-oidhche do 'n ghrein, 'g a cur a mach a shoillseachadh taobh eile 'n t-saoghail, 's a dhusgadh nam miltean as an suain; 's a bhi 'faicinn a' ghairdein cheudna a' togail na gealach dhuinne 'n a h-aite, an robh e comasach gun eigh-each a mach, "Is glormhor thusa, O Dhe uile-bheannaichte! tha neamh agus talamh lan de d' ghloir, a Thighearna nam feart; tha thu 'toirt dhuinne gach beannachd 'n a thrath, agus cha 'n 'eil thu, air am sam bith, 'g ar fagail fo an-dochas no dith!"

Chaidh a' ghrian fodha, agus shaoileadh tu gu 'n robh an saoghal a' caoidh; bha 'n druchd trom, mar dheoir na oidhche 'n a dheigh, a' braonadh gu lar. Dh' fhalbh a' ghrian, ach bha fhathast airde nan speur air an òradh le 'dathan aghmhor a' lubadh a nuas gu fann fhathast air an t-saoghal 's 'g a bheannachadh le eadar-sholus an anmoich. Bha 'n ceo a' sgaoileadh sìos air an leacainn, agus bha 'n t-am dhomh 'nis am monadh 'fhagail. Bu bheannaicht' an t-samhchair a bha 'mach air feadh an domhain; bha corr fhuaim ann, ach cha bu chulaidh eagail no uamhais iad—torman nan allt, mar a bha iad a' tuiteam leis an aonach o chreig gu creig—sgriach na h-iolaire, 's i 'g itealaich air bile a' chreachainn ag iarraidh a h-àil air an aisridh chorraich; an fheadag

ghuanach o thom gu tom; gogail a' choilich-ruaidh 'g am dhoichioll o 'n bheinn; a' chearc a' gairm a h-àil fo 'sgeith, agus miogadaich nan gabhar ag iarraidh nam meann. O! cia iomadh mìle beo-chreutair air feadh an t-saoghail, smaointich mi, a tha 's a' cheart am so a' dol gu tamh fo shuil-choimhead an Fhreasdail sin a bha 'faireadh thairis orra, agus a dh' uidheamaich aite taimh do gach aon aca fa leth. Tha suilean nan uile ort, O Dhe; tha thu 'toirt doibh gach sochair 'n a thrath. Agus ma tha Dia mar so a' buileachadh orrasan uiread de churam, an dean e dearmad air mac an duine? "Feuch," a deir Criosd, "eunlaith an athair; cha chuir iad, agus cha bhuain iad, agus tha Dia 'g am freasdal; agus nach fearr sibhse gu mor na iadsan?" Eisd so, O thusa air bheag creidimh; giulain na smaointean so leat do d' leabadh; earb thu fhein ri Dia, leis an dochas a tha 'g eirigh uatha, a's bithidh dochadal taitneach.—*Leabhar nan Cnoc.*

A Chaothain nan solus àigh,
Tha do lòchrains' an trasa fo smal;
Amhuil darag air crionadh gu luath
Tha do phàillinn, 's do shluagh air treig-sinn.

Soir no siar air aghaidh d' aonaich
Cha 'n fhaighear do aon diubh ach larach.

An Seallama, 'n Taura no 'n Tigh-mòr-righ

Cha 'n 'eil slighe, no òran, no clarsach.
Tha iad uile 'n an tulachain uaine,
'S an clachan 'n an cluaineann féin;
Cha 'n fhaic aineol o'n lear no o'n fhàsaich

A h-aon diubh 's a bhàrr romh neul.

'S a Sheallama, theach mo ghaoil!
An e 'n tòrr so d' aos-làrach,
Far am beil foghnan, fraoch a's fòlach,
Ri bròn fo shileadh na h-oidhche?
Mu thimchioll mo ghlas-chiabhan
Ag iadhadh tha chomhachag chòrr,
'S an earbag a' clisgeadh o 'leabaidh,
Gun eagal romh Oisean a' bhròin.

—*Sean Dana.*

KEY F or E. .

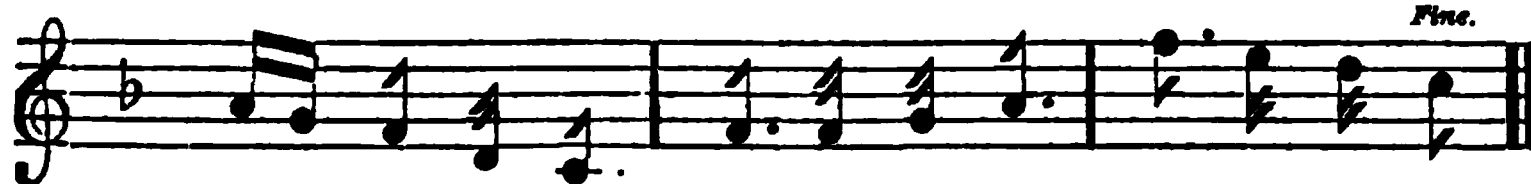
NIGHEANAG A' CHUIL DUINN.



D., d:r, m.-

d¹., t:l, s.-

s., f:m., d



m, r. d:l₁, s₁.-

D., d:r, m.-

d¹., t:l, s.-



s., s:s., l

d¹., l:s., f

m., m:f., l

s., f:m, r.-

Nigheanag a' chuil duinn, nach fhan
thu?
Fhios a's tìr gur mi do leannan.
Nigheanag a' chuil duinn, nach fhan
thu?

Nigheanag a' chuil bharr'inn bhoidhich,
Tha mi 'n tòir ort o chionn tamuil.
Nigheanag a' chuil duinn, &c.

'S ann o'n bha mi beag am phaiste
Thug mi 'n gradh dhuit a bhios maireann.
Nigheanag a' chuil duinn, &c.

'N uair a bha sinn ris a' chuallach,
Thug mi luaidh do d' chuailein barr'ionn.
Nigheanag a' chuil duinn, &c.

'S leis na dh' fhas de dhreach 's de dh-
aoidh ort,
Thalaidh thu mo ghaol gu daingean.
Nigheanag a' chuil duinn, &c.

Gorm-shuil mheallach aig mo ghaolsa,
Mala chaol a's caoine sealladh;
Nigheanag a' chuil duinn, &c.

Gruaidh a's deirge na an caorunn,
'S e fo bhraon am barr nam meangan;
Nigheanag a' chuil duinn, &c.

Beul o'm binne ceol a's gàire,
Deudach aluinn mar a' ghaillionn;
Nigheanag a' chuil duinn, &c.

Muineal geal mar chanach sleibhe,
Broilleach ceutach mar an eala;
Nigheanag a' chuil duinn, &c.

Seang-chruth cuannda, cuimir, éutrom,
'S e gun éislein no gun ainneamh.
Nigheanag a' chuil duinn, &c.

'S tric a fhuair mi treis de d' mhanran,
Air an airidh, anns na gleannaibh
Nigheanag a' chuil duinn, &c.

'S minic bha mi riut a' sugradh
Fo na geugan cubhraidh barraich
Nigheanag a' chuil duinn, &c.

'S ann 's a' mhadainn latha Cásga,
Thug thu dhomh do lamh 's do ghealladh.
Nigheanag a' chuil duinn, &c.

Ach ma dh' fhagas tu an dùthaich,
'S trom mi 'giulan do chion-falaich.
Nigheanag a' chuil duinn, &c.

C' uime rachadh tu gu Galldachd
Dh' fhoghlum fealltachd o na Gallaibh?
Nigheanag a' chuil duinn, &c.

Fan, a ghaoil, an tìr nan Gàidheal,
Far am bheil an abhaist cheanail.
Nigheanag a' chuil duinn, &c.

S. M.

—An t-Ailleagan.

DARA LITIR FHIONNLÀIDH PHIOBAIRE G' A MHNAOI.

A MHAIRI, EUDAIL NAM BAN.—
Gheall mi sgriobhadh ad ionnsaidh,
agus da-rìreadh is faochadh do m'
chridhe conaltradh beag a bhi agam
riut. Cha'n 'eil thu fhein no na
paisdean tiota as mo chuimhne.
Am chadal no'm fhaireachadh tha
sibh fa chomhair mo shul agus ann
am beachd m'inntinn. Is taitneach
leam uaigneas gu bhi smaointeach'
oirbh. Is minic a ghoideas mi
'mach's an anmoch, gu bruach an
uillt, a tha dluth do'n aite's am
bheil mi chum conaltradh diomhair
a chumail ribh; saoilidh mi gur e
torman an uillt againn fhein a th'ann
agus ceileireadh nan eun buchallach
a dh'fhag mi as mo dheigh. Fhuair
mi o cheann oidhche no dha, bàta
beag seileistir a' snamh's an linne,
's ge faoin e r'a radh, shil mo dheoir,
oir thug i mo lurachan gaolach,
Lachann beag, am chuimhne. A
Mhairi, a ghraidh, ma dheonaicheas
am Freasdal dhomh-sa dol dachaidh,
cha bhi e soirbh mo chur a rithist
o'n tigh. Tha mi taingeal nach d'
thainig moran riamh eadarunn, oir
is gann gu'm bheil focal crosda no
ath-ghoirid a labhair mi riut nach
'eil a' tighinn gu'm chuimhne; 's
cha'n eil eam chomasam fuadach; ach
toir thusa eudail maitheanas dhomh.

Bha mi seachdnin ann an Glaschu
mu'n d'fhuair mi cosnadh. Chunnaic
mi Rìgh Uilleam's an t-each odhar
—an Eaglais Mhor, an Tigh-eiridinn,
's am Priosan. Chunnaic mi iad a'
sniomh au tombaca's a' chotain—a'
deanamh nan gloineachan; chunnaic
mi beairtean a' figheadh leo fhein, 's
a' falbh cho ciallach's ged a bhiodh
Iain figheadair e fhein aig ceann
gach snathainn. Stad thus', a
Mhairi, 's mur toir mise dhuit-sa
naidheachd, ma tha e'n dan domh
dol dachaidh. Bha mi ann an
tighean moran d'ar luchd-duthcha,

agus b' iad sin, am bitheantas, na
frogan dorcha anns nach facas riamh
gnuis na greine, cha b' ionann's mo
bhothan boidheach. A Mhairi, a
ruin, biomaid taingeil; cha b'i'n
fhaoineis a chuireadh do'n bhaile
mhor mi; ged nach bi againn ach a'
chearc bhananach, maorach a' chlad-
aich, faile glan nam beann, agus
samhchair bheannaichte, seach mar
tha iad ann an so, air an tachdadh
le toit, 's air am bodhradh le
gleadhraich. Cha d'fhuair mi
fhein cadal socrach, samhach o'n
oidhch' a dhealaich mi riut. Shaoil
leam gu'm biodh fois ann air la an
Tighearna, ach mu'n gann a dh'eirich
mi thoisich na cluig, 's ma thoisich!
's ann an sin a bha'm farum —
fonn air leth aig gach aon diubh—
agus a h-uile h-aon a' stri co a b'airde
pong. A mach bhruchd an sluagh,
as a h-uile cuil agus caol-shraid, a'
taosgadh a mach'n am miltean;
sruth agus saobhshruth, a sios agus
a suas air gach sraid, carbadan air
an ais agus air an adhart, saighd-
earan le'n drumachan tartarach,
agus na cluig a' cur nan smuid diubh.
An e so, deir mise, la na Sabaid!
O! nach robh mise aon uair eile ann
an Uladal fo sgaile 'bharraich ri
taobh an uillt shamhaich, an t-athar
ard as mo chionn, na beanntan mora
mu'm choinneamh—mo dhaoine, mo
chairdean, 's mo leanaban ri m'
thaobh, sith agus samhchair na
Sabaid am mach air an t-saoghal;
fear teagaisg mo ghradh fo sgaile na
creige; anam gach aoin ann am fonn
an Dombnaich, agus an co-thional
caomh, cairdeil a' togail le Somhairle
runach an fhuinn thiamhaidh, a
sheann iad gu tric leis na daoine o'n
d' thainig iad!

'S mor an cothrom a th' aig na
Gaidheil anns a' Bhaile mhor so,
thigeadh iad o'n ear no o'n iar
gheibh iad Gaidhlig an duthcha fhein
ann an eaglaisibh a' bhaile.

An saoil thu 'Mhairi nach do theab Para mor agus mis' a bhi's a' phrìosan an oidhche roimhe. Bha sinn a' dol dhachaidh gu samhach, ciallach, gun fhocal as ar ceann; mise 'giulan bocsa na pioba fo'm bhreacan, 'n uair a thainig triuir no chearthar mu 'n cuairt duinn, agus mu 'n abradh tu seachd, spionar uam bocsa na pioba, agus glacar mi fhein air sgornan. Mar a bha'n tubaist air Para mor, dh'eirich e air cach le 'bhata daraich, agus rinn e pronnadh nam meanbh-chuileag orra. Bha clachbhalg aig fear dhiubh's cha luaithe 'thug e srann aisde, na thainig sgaoth dhiubh mu 'n cuairt duinn, agus giulainear air falbh sinn do dh'aite ris an abrar am *Police Office*. Ait' an uamhais! Tha oillt orm fhathast smaointeach' air. Daoine 'n an sineadh air dall na daoraich thall agns a bhos, a' call fola, a's mallachadh 'n am beul; mnathan (b'e sin an sealladh grain-eil), air an dallanaich, cuid diubh 'caoineadh 's a' ranaich; a's cuid eile 'gabhail oran, agus, Ni-maith d' ar teasraiginn! duine marbh 'n a shineadh air an urlar. Dh'fheoraich mi fhein cho modhail 's a b' urrainn domb, c'ar son a thugadh an so sinn? "Chi thu sin a thiota," deir fear dhiubh's e 'cur a laimhe ann am bocsa na pioba: thug a' phiob ran bronach aisde, agus chlisg e mar gu 'm biodh nathair innte. "Faodaidh tus' 'ille mhaith a radh," arsa Para mor, "mar 'thuirt an sionnach a bha 'g itheadh na pioba, Is biadh a's ceol so dhomh-sa." Ciod a tha agad air, 's ann a shaoil iad gur corp leinibh a bh' againn, ach 'n uair a thuig iad mar a bha 'chuis leig iad as sinn.

Fhuair mi cosnadh, 's a' cheud dol a mach, o thuathanach se mìle am mach a Glaschu. Thug e sinne agus sgaoth Eirionnach, agus dorlach bhan leis. 'N uair a thainig an

oidhche chuireadh air fad sinn a luidhe do 'n t-sabhal. Is fad' o 'n a chuala mi mu leabaidh mhoir na h-airidh, agus da-rìreadh b'i so i; na mnathan air an dara taobh, agus na 'm biodh meas ceart aig na mnathan orra fhein, ghabhadh iad fasgadh an tuim a roghainn air a leithid a dh-aite; ach is iomadh aon a tha modhail narach na's leoir, do reir coltais, 'n an duthaich fheiu (co ach iad, le 'm boineidean connlaich, le 'n gnuis-bhrat uaine a' cleth an aodainn), a tha gle shuarach m'an gnathachadh 'n uair a thig iad gu Galldachd? Ged a bhiodh fichead nighean agam (cha 'n e idir, a Mhairi, gu 'm bu mhiann leam an uiread sin a bhi ann) cha leiginn am feasd gu foghar' iad air an doigh so. Gheibhinn dhoibh, ni 'tha soirbh r' a fhaotainn, cosnadh maith seasmhach ann an teaghlaichean measail; ach an cur am mach am measg Eirionnach agus bheistean, o bhaile gu baile, nar leag am Freasdal gu 'm faiciunse aon a bu mhaith leam gu maith air an doigh so.

Dh'fhag mi tigh an duine ud, agus fhuair mi fhein agus Para mor cosuadh a mhaireas gu Samhuinn, ma chaomhnar sinn, an tigh an duine bheannaichte, mu 'n cuala tu Anna mhor uighean Eoghain 'Ic Ailein cho tric a labhairt—fear *Mr. Ponton*. Tha deadh thuarasdal againn, agus cha bhi e cruaidh orm am mal a chur r' a cheile. An saoil thu, Mhairi, nach faca mise buth ann an Glaschu, far nach robh sion saoghalta ach boineidean connlaich, agus bha mi 'feoraich luach an aodaich sgarlaid a bhios anns na cleocaichean; cha 'n abair mi bheag, ach cum thusa, eudail, suil air na paisdean, agus cha 'n 'eil 'fhios ciod a dh'fhaodas tachairt. Tha tuiltean coimheach againn 's an aite so; bi furachail air Lachann. Slan leat, a ghraidh, na bi fo ionaguin do m'

thaobh ; tha mi gun dith gun deireas. 'S e'm Freasdal a chuir do 'n teaghlach so mi, far am bheil iomadh deadh chleachdadh r' a fhaicinn. Leig fios do 'n Mhinisteir 's Fhear-a'-bhaile mar a dh'eirich dhomh. Cha'n abair mi tuilleadh air an am, ach gur mi,

D' fhear-posda dileas,

FIONNLADH MAC-AONGHAIS.

—An Teachdaire Gaidhealach.

—o—

SEARMOIN GHaidhlig.*

Chaidh an t-searmoin so—bho 'n cheann-teagaisg Ecsod. i, 6, “Agus fhuair Ioseph bàs, agus a bhraithrean uile, agus an ginealach sin uile.”—eadar-theangachadh leis an fhìor Ghaidheal chaoimhneil, cheanalta sin, Mr. Uilleam Catanach ann an Duneideann leis an robh leas a luchd-duthcha riabh air a thoirt fainear ; agus is iomadh Gaidheal bochd do 'n d' rinn a chairdeas dealasach feum agus fuasgladh ann an aimsir airce. Tha cliu an ughdair fad agus farsuing, 's ged “tha e marbh tha e fhathast a' labhairt.” Tha 'n t-searmoin so barraichte am measg feadhnach eile a tha comharaichte air son an teagaisg 's an cumhachd cainnte. A' chuis mu 'm bheil an teagasg buinidh dhuinn, uile gu durachdach a thoirt fainear, mar choigrich 's mar luchd-cuairte air thalamh, chum 's gu 'n deanamaid an aireamh iomchuidh sin air ar laithibh le bhi 'g ullachadh air son ar criche deireannaich. Cha do chaill an t-searmoin a bheag d' a brìgh, d' a cumhachd, 's d' a maise

* DEARBH-SHAMHULT AIR GACH UTLE NI—“AGUS FHUAIR E BAS :” Searmoin leis an Ollamh Ard-urramach R. S. Candlish. Eadar-theangaichte gu Gaidhlig le Uilleam Catanach. Duneideann : Clò-bhuailte le Lorimer & Gillies, an Sraid Chluaidh, 1874.

anns an eadar-theangachadh. Tha a' Ghaidhlig snasmhor agus furasda 'thuigsinn. Tacharaidh beagan fhacal oirnn nach faighear 's an Fhocalair ach b' fhearr do 'n Fhocalair iad a bhi ann no as, ann an aite iomadh facail nach faighear ann an leabhar 's nach cluinnear an cainnt.

Bha aig Iudhaich, aig Cinnich 's aig Criosdaidhean iomadh cuimhneachan seadhar air a' bhàs, 's co dhiubh 's i 'n uaigh 's an lios no chiste mhairbh taice na leapa, no 'n claigionn air bord-taobh seomar na cuirme no searmoin dhruigheach mar i so, a tha mar chuimhneachan air a' bhàs—Rìgh nan uamhas agus uamhas rìghrean—is coma ma 's e 's gu bheil an Spiorad Naomh a' deanamh cuimhneachain air bhith 'n a aobhar brosnachaidh dhuinn gu ullachadh feumail gu codhail a chumail ri r' Dia. Mholamaid do gach Gaidheal an t-eadar-theangachadh so a leughadh no 'eisdeachd gu tric agus gu sonraichte dhoibh-san do 'm bheil a' Ghaidhlig 'n a h-amar araidh no aonarach chum teagaisg dhiadhaidh.

A. M.

—o—

C. SALM.

(Long metre version by J. W.)

Gach uile shloigh air thalamh 'tha,
Seinnibh le iolach àrd do Dhia ;
Le aoibhneas deanaibh seirbheis dha,
'S le binn-cheòl àrdaichibh an Triath.

Tuigibh gur Dia Iehòbha treun ;
'S e 'mhàin a chruthaich sinn 's a dhealbh ;
Mar shluagh 's mar chaoraich fòs dha
féin,
Is leis-san sinn gu léir mar shealbh.

Le buidheachas 'n a làth'r a steach
'N a gheataibh àillidh thigibh dlùth ;
Togaibh, an cùirtibh naomh a theach,
D' a ainm-san moladh àrd a's cliù.

Oir tha an Tighearn maith gu fìor,
Gu bràth cha dìobair tròcair Dhé ;
Bidh 'fhrinn maireannach gu sìor,
Gun chaochladh buan o ré gu ré.

THE GAEIL,

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GÆLIC PHILOLOGY.

NOTES BY THE REV. ALEX. CAMERON

(Continued from Vol. III. page 95.)

373. *Dian*, *Déine*.

Dian (eager, vehement; = *dên*) is akin to Gr. *deinos* (fearful, mighty, powerful) from *deos* (fear). *Déine* (eagerness, vehemence; anc. *déne*) is from *dian*.

374. *Croich* (cross; anc. nom. sing. *croch*) = Lat. *crux*, gen. *crucis*.

375. *Uile* and *all*.

Uile (all) = W. *holl* or *oll* (the whole, all) and is cognate with Goth. *alls* (all), Ger. *aller* (all), A.S. *eal* and *eall* (all), Eng. *all*. Cf. Ebel's Celtic Studies, p. 118, and Diefenbach's Goth. Dictionary.

376. *Spealt* (to cleave, to split) may be compared with Ger. *spalten* (to cleave, to split), Dan. *spalte* (to split).

377. *Ceart*, *ceartas*, *ceartaich*.

Ceart (right, just, fair; anc. *cert*) = Latin *certus* from *cerno*. *Ceartas* (justice) and *ceartaich* (to set right) are from *ceart*.

378. *Obair* (work; gen. *oibre*) is from Lat. *opera*. *Obair*, as pointed out by Stokes (cf. Ir. Glosses, p. 106), is a fem. i-stem.

379. *Càis* and *cheese*.

Càis (cheese) = W. *caws* and is connected with Lat. *caseus* (cheese), Ger. *käse* (cheese), A.S. *cese* or *cyse* (cheese), Eng. *cheese*.

380. *Uchd* (breast; anc. *ucht*) is connected with Lat. *pectus* (the breast), initial *p* being dropped in *ucht* as in *athir*, *iasc*, &c.

381. *Clù* (fame, glory; anc. *clù*) = W. *clw* and is cognate with

Sansk. *gravas* (rumour), Gr. *kleos* (rumour, report, fame) = *klefos* (cf. Stokes' Ir. Glosses, p. 85).

382. *Làmh* (hand; anc. *lám*) = W. *llaw* and is cognate with Sansk. *labh* (to get, to obtain), Gr. *lambanō* (to get, to take hold of), from root *lab* (cf. 2 aor. *elabon*). For *m* = *bh* cf. *nem* (heaven; now *nèamh*) and Sansk. *nabhas*. Cf. Bopp's Sansk. Glossary, p. 331 and Stokes' Ir. Glosses, p. 98.

383. *Làthach* (clay, mire) = *lothach* (mire, mud) from *loth* (mire, mud) connected with Lat. *lutum* (mud, loam).

384. *Nigh* (to wash) is cognate with Sansk. *nig* (to wash), Gr. *nizō* (to wash, to cleanse) for *niggō*. Cf. Curtius' Gr. Etymology, p. 318, 658.

385. *Aithreach* and *aithreachas*.

Aithreach (penitent; anc. *aidrech* (for *aithrech* = *aith-rech*) is cognate with Goth. *idreiga* (repentance). From *aithrech* comes *aithirge* (repentance), of which *ithirge* is another form. *Aithreachas* (repentance) is from *aithreach*.

386. *Treun*, *treise*, and *dare*.

Treun (brave; anc. *trén* = *tresn*) is cognate with Gr. *thrasys* (bold, daring), Sansk. *dhrish* (to be bold), Goth. *Gadaursan* and *daursun* (to dare), A.S. *dyrran* and *dear* (to dare), Eng. *dare*. *Treise* (stronger, braver; anc. *tresa* and *tressa* = W. *trêch*, stronger, mightier) is the comparative from *trén* for *tresn*. Cf. the Cambr. *traha* (daring) with *h* for *s*.

387. *Miosa* (worse).

Miosa (anc. *mesa* and *messa*), a

comparative of which we find the positive in the prefix *mí-*, is cognate with the Goth. *missa-* (evil, ill), Eng. *mis-* (cf. misfortune, mishap). Cf. Ebel's Celtic Studies, p. 118, and Stokes' Ir. Glosses, p. 129.

388. *Fearr* (better).

Fearr (anc. *ferr*) = W. *gwell* (better) and is related to Sansk. *varíyāns* (greater, better), comparative from *varu*, Gr. *areiōn* (better) for *fareiōn*. Stokes points out that the second *r* in *ferr* and *l* in *gwell* represent the assimilated *y* of *varíyāns*. Cf. Stokes' Ir. Glosses, p. 129, and Bopp's Sansk. Glossary, p. 345.

389. *Mò* (more), of which also the forms *móo*, *móa*, *má*, *máo*, and *máa* occur in Old Gaelic, = W. *muwy*, Corn. *moy*, and Bret. *muy*, and is cognate with Lat. *major* for *magios*, Gr. *meizōn* for *megjōn*, Sansk. *mahīyāns*, Goth. *maiza*. The Celtic forms have lost a vowel-flanked *g*. Cf. Stokes' Ir. Glosses, p. 129. The old superlative of *mó* or *má* is *moam*.

390. *Molt* and *mutton*.

Molt (wether; = W. *mollt*) = Low Lat. *multo*, Ital. *montone*, Venet. *moltone*, Fr. *mouton* (wether), Eng. *mutton*.

391. *Beith* (birch; anc. *bethe*) may be compared with W. *bedw* (birch), Lat. *betula* (the birch-tree).

392. *Balbh* (dumb, mute; anc. *balb*) = Lat. *balbus* (having an impediment of speech, stammering, stuttering). Cf. Ebel's Celtic Studies, p. 99.

393. *Bailc*, also written *balc* (a ridge, a land-mark) = W. *balc* and is connected with A.S. *balc* (a heap, a ridge), Eng. *balk*.

394. *Anail*, *anam*, *ainmhidh*.

Anail (breath; anc. *anal*, gen. *anala*, dat. *anail*) = W. *anadl* (anc. *anadyl*) from root *an* and the termination *dl* for *tl* or *tla* (cf. Z. G. C., pp. 769, 820). The root *an* is identical with the Sansk. root *an*

(to breathe) from which comes *anilá* (wind). Gr. *anemos* (a stream of air, wind) and Lat. *anima* (breath, life, soul) are from the same root. *Anam* (soul; anc. *anim*) = Lat. *anima*. *Ainmhidh* (animal; anc. *ainmide*) is from *anim*. Cf. Bopp's Glossary, p. 9, and Stokes' Ir. Glosses, p. 64.

395. *Dile* (flood; anc. *diliu*) = Lat. *diluvium* (flood) or rather *diluvio*, gen. *diluvionis* (flood). Cf. gen. *dilinn*.

396. *Saile* (spittle, saliva; for which *sile* is now used) = W. *halio* = Lat. *saliva* (spittle).

397. *Fàs* and *waste*.

Fàs (empty, vacant, void, hollow; anc. *fás* and *fáss*, the *ss* arising from *st*) may be compared with Lat. *vastus* (waste), Old Fr. *guaste*, Ger. *wüst* (desert), A.S. *weste* (waste, barren), Eng. *waste*. Cf. Z. G. C., p. 787.

398. *Siur*, *piuthar*, and *sister*.

Siur (sister; for *sisur*) = W. *chwaer* (W. *ch* = Gael. *s*), and is cognate with Sansk. *svasār* (sister, Lat. *soror* (sister) for *sosor*, Goth. *svistar*, New H. Ger. *schwester*, A.S. *sweoster*, Old Eng. *suster*, Mod. Eng. *sister*. Bopp refers *piuthar*, gen. *peathar*, to Sansk. *svasār*, *v* and *p* interchanging. Cf. Bopp's Glossary, p. 439, Stokes' Ir. Glosses, p. 68, and Ebel's Celtic Studies, p. 112. For *siur* from *sisur* (the vowel-flanked *s* being dropped) confer Z. G. C., p. 52.

399. *Gath* (a dark, sting, javelin) was in Old Gael. *gai* (adj. *gaide*, armed with a javelin) for *gais*, as *sé* (six) is for *ses*. Cf. the Gaulish tribe name *gaesati* (Gr. *gaisatoi*) from Lat. *gæsum* or *gesum* (a heavy dart or javelin used by the ancient Gauls. Ebel compares Old H. Ger. *gêr* and A.S. *gár* (a dart, a javelin). Cf. Z. G. C., p. 52, and Ebel's Celtic Studies, p. 117.

400. *Geamh*, *geamhradh*.

Geamh (winter; anc. *gaim*) is

cognate with Sansk. *himas* (snow), *him* (frost), Gr. *chêima* (winter, winter-weather, storm), *cheimôn* (winter), Lat. *heims*, Slav. *xima*, Lit. *zëma*. *Geamhradh* (winter; anc. *gaimred*) is formed from *gaim* and the termination *red* or *rad*. Cf. Z. G. C., p. 856.

401. *Samh*, *samhradh*.

Samh (the sun, summer; anc. *sam*) = W. *haf* and is cognate with Old Ice. *sumar*, A.S. *sumer* and *sumor*, Eng. *summer*. *Samhradh* (summer; anc. *samrad*) is formed from *sam* and the termination *rad*. Cf. Ebel's Celtic Studies, p. 118.

402. *Fonn* (land, earth, region, district; gen. *fuinn*) = Lat. *fundus* (field, land, estate).

403. *Banais* (wedding) is a derivative from *ban* (cf. Stokes' Ir. Glosses, p. 68) which was previously shown (Vol. I. 246) to be cognate with Gr. *gunē*, Sansk. *gani*, Goth. *gvens*, A.S. *cwen*, Eng. *queen*.

404. *Seòl* and *sail*.

Seòl (sail; anc. *seol* and *sóol*) = W. *hwyl* and is cognate with Old Ice. *segl*, Dan. *seil*, A.S. *segel*, Eng. *sail*. Cf. Ebel's Celtic Studies, p. 118.

405. *Ar* and *ear*.

Ar (ploughing, also to plough) = W. *aru* (to plough) and is cognate with Gr. *aroō* (to plough), Lat. *aro* (to plough), Goth. *arjan* (to plough, to till), A.S. *erjan* (to plough), Old Eng. *ear* (to plough).

406. *Measg* or *masg*, *cumasg*, and *mix*.

Measg or *masg* (to mix, to mingle; root *misg* or *masg*) = W. *mysgu* (to mix) and is cognate with Gr. *misgō* (to mix), Lat. *misceo* (to mix), Old H. Ger. *miscjan* (to mix), New H. Ger. *mischen* (to mix), A.S. *miscan* (to mix), Eng. *mix*. *Cumasg* (a mixture, contention, strife; anc. *cum-masc* = W. *cymysc*) is from the root *masc* and prefix *com*.

407. *Ain* (fire, heat, brightness, splendour; anc. *áne* from *án*, bright, shining) is cognate with Sansk. *agni* (fire), Lat. *ignis* (fire), Gr. *aiglē* (the light of the sun, radiance) for *agliē* = *agniē*. Cf. Stokes' Goid., p. 155. *G* before *n* frequently disappears in Gaelic.

(To be continued.)

—o—

THE REGISTRAR - GENERAL FOR SCOTLAND ON THE GAELIC LANGUAGE.

The Registrar-General is a very useful functionary, and so long as he devotes himself to the collection and arrangement of our statistics, and even to offering suggestions legitimately within the scope of his labours, few will be disposed to quarrel with him; but we beg to protest against the following pragmatically sage advice which he offers in his recently issued report on the census of 1871. After referring to the great disproportion of the sexes in Scotland consequent on the excess of male over female emigration, he says:—"It is quite plain that female emigration should be encouraged to a much greater extent both to our colonies and our larger towns; but a formidable barrier to the migration of females from the rural districts to our towns exists in the fact, that over a great portion of the north and west of Scotland, and in all the western isles, the Gaelic language is still encouraged, and the population are cut off from emigrating to the towns from a want of knowledge of the English tongue. The Gaelic language may be what it likes as to antiquity and beauty, but it decidedly stands in the way of the success of the natives in life, and shuts them up from the paths open to their fellow-countrymen who speak the

English tongue. The Gaelic language ought, therefore, in the opinion of the Registrar-General, to cease to be taught in all our national schools ; and, as we are *one* people, we should have but *one* language." We hope the School Boards will direct their attention to this matter ; but we should first like to ask the Registrar-General a question or two. Would he kindly inform us how the possession of the Gaelic Language can possibly stand in the way of one's success in life, or shut him out from paths open to English speakers? We were of opinion that it was not the *possession of Gaelic* but the *want of English* that stood in the way of the Highlander when he came among his southern brethren. Not only so, but we are still strongly of opinion that, so long as Gaelic is the prevailing language of so many—so long, indeed, as it continues to be the *only* language understood by a large number of our fellow-countrymen, the surest and shortest road to their attainment of an intelligent knowledge of English is by the teaching of it through, and by means of, the Gaelic language. The Gaelic may be destined sooner or later to die, and give place to the English ; and when the time comes we are quite willing that Highlanders should accept, though regretfully, the inevitable ; but there are circumstances in which it is people's duty to *resist* the inevitable, and we conceive this to be an instance in point, at least, until the Gaelic shall have done its work in imparting to those who can speak no other tongue, an intelligent knowledge of the English language, and the desirability, nay, the necessity, of possessing it as a pre-requisite to success in life. If we might be allowed to offer the enemies of Gaelic a suggestion as to the best way to

give it an early and an honourable death, we would say—Teach it in all purely Highland schools, or rather use it for the purpose of conveying to our Celtic youth a knowledge of what they are taught to read in English ; make the scholars translate from the one language into the other ; and thus when you have enabled them to use the English as the language of trade and commerce—and not a mere parrot language which they may be able to read but *not* understand or wield satisfactorily—then the English will, as a matter of course, assert its power and usefulness, and the Gaelic will retire to its place as the language of the affections, and by-and-bye will cease to exist as a spoken tongue altogether. We are quite disposed to agree with Johnson when he says, "every man is more speedily instructed by his own language than by any other." This is the method which nature suggests, and he who teaches naturally teaches best. But perhaps we do the Registrar-General an injury ; he means well and has the welfare of our countrymen at heart ; and for this kind solicitude we thank him ; but we regret that he should allow himself to be swayed by the prejudice which prevails against the Gaelic language in high places, and should so far yield to it as to make the very foolish proposal which has called forth these remarks. Why, if the vernacular tongue is so very inimical to the best interests of Highlanders, let it be proscribed altogether, nor let one Gaelic word be spoken from Kintyre to Cape Wrath upon pain of death. We are confident, however, that such is not the case ; the mere possession of Gaelic is no drawback, but the want of an intelligent knowledge of the English tongue is a serious hindrance to our

fellow-countrymen, and we would therefore rejoice to see it increase more and more, nor would our pleasure be any the less were we to see the correct grammatical study of the dear old Gaelic take its place beside the study of its Sassenach neighbour. If the English has utility, the Gaelic has beauties of its own that entitle it to be taught and studied quite independently of the aid which it could afford the Highlander in his pursuit of other languages. We shall allow one of its own bardic sons—Duncan Ban—to proclaim its merits:—

“S i's binne bhi 'g a h-eisdeachd
A thuirt beul no 'chuala cluas;
Their Albainn agus Eirinn,
Sasunn fein gur mor a luach;
Aon duin' aig am bi feum oirre,
Cha treig i e air duais;
'S i chuis is fearr gu 'n d' eirich i,
An deigh a bhi 'n a suain.

Bu mhor am beud gu 'm basaicheadh
A' chanain is fear buaidh;
'S i's treis' thoirt greis air àbhachd,
'S gach àit an teid a luaigh;
'S i' fearr gu aobhar-ghaire;
'S i's binne, blaithe fuaim;
'S i ceol nam piob's nan clarsach,
Luchd-dhan, a's dheanamh dhuan.

'S i's fearr gu togail inntinn
Le binn-ghuth comhraidh tlath;
'S i's sgaitiche gu mì-mholadh,
'S is mine 'nochdas gradh;
'N àm cruinneachadh nam miltean,
Le piob, gu iomart lann,
'S i' dhuisgeadh colg air oigridh,
'N nair thogteadh sròl ri crann.”

THE EDINBURGH SUTHERLANDSHIRE ASSOCIATION.

A meeting of the Edinburgh Sutherlandshire Association was held in No. 5 St. Andrew Square, Edinburgh, on the evening of Friday, the 6th ult.

Mr. John Macdonald, vice-president, occupied the chair. The Secretary gave in a report on the competitions, which took place on 15th April last, for prizes offered by the Association to pupils attending the schools in the county of Sutherland. Eight examinations were

held simultaneously in different parts of the county, and these were attended by 39 boys and 13 girls; together, 52 competitors. The questions were prepared in Edinburgh, printed and sent down in sealed packets to clergymen in the various districts, who kindly superintended the examinations on behalf of the Association. The papers in general scholarship had been examined by Mr. Alexander Moody Stuart, advocate; the Gaelic papers by Rev. Thos. Maclauchlan, LL.D. The number of competitors was smaller than in the two preceding years, but this was principally due to the unsettled condition of the educational machinery in many of the parishes, in consequence of the transition from the old system to the new being still incomplete. The subjects of examination were the same as last year, but the questions were somewhat more difficult; and this would partially explain the falling off in the number of marks obtained by the competitors. In the Lairg district the papers show an improved average, and this is also the case in the Durness and Melvich districts; but these are the districts in which the hindrances before alluded to have been least felt. Mr. Moody Stuart's opinion of the papers submitted to him must be gratifying both to the competitors and their teachers. He writes to the Secretary as follows:—

“I believe it is the privilege, if not the duty, of an examiner to express his opinion on the general results of his investigation, and give any hints that may occur to him as likely to be helpful. Judging from the papers that I have examined, I can with pleasure give a decided opinion that there is at present given in Sutherlandshire instruction of a most efficient description in all the different branches of knowledge embraced in this examination, and cannot doubt that these interscholastic competitions are stimulating the pupils to make the most of the advantages they enjoy. Such examinations are the only available means of judging of the comparative proficiency of scholars, and practice in such will be of the utmost service to any who purpose completing their education at any of the Universities. Still, for the encouragement of those competitors who may feel disheartened at the position they occupy, when judged of by the actual number of marks their papers have obtained, I may state that all who have had any experience in examinations are well aware that the best scholar is not

always the most successful competitor, especially if he have not been accustomed to answer long printed questions in a limited time. As to the comparative proficiency in the various branches in which the pupils have been examined, Sutherland boys seem,—like, I believe, all other boys in Great Britain—strongest in Latin and weakest in English, but certainly Highlanders have an excuse for deficiency in English grammar and spelling that Lowland lads cannot plead. The arithmetic papers generally are excellent, and though the average in geometry is, perhaps, not equal to last year, this is owing to the greater difficulty of the questions. The writing of almost all the pupils is remarkably good; and, on the whole, I am satisfied that the scholars of the Sutherlandshire schools will well stand comparison with any in similar schools in Scotland. The girls show, I think, quite as much general proficiency as the boys, but while some of the Latin papers given in by the girls are excellent, I confess I feel it is worthy of renewed consideration whether girls should be examined at all. I think a somewhat difficult paper in English grammar, composition, and etymology might probably, with advantage, be substituted for the Latin paper.

Wishing all success to your Association in its most praiseworthy efforts for the good of the county, believe me, &c.,

(Signed), ALEX. MOODY STUART."

Thirteen boys and three girls competed for the Gaelic prizes. Their papers showed a very marked improvement on former years, although still below the standard that might be expected. The Gaelic prizes have been awarded as follows:—

1. Barbara White, Durness, 65 marks out of 100—20s.; 2. George White, Clyne, 60 marks—Gaelic Dictionary.

The Secretary then stated that he had just received, through Mr. David Grant, a communication from the Secretary of the Caithness and Sutherlandshire Association of Otago, New Zealand, accompanied by a copy of the rules of that Association. It appeared that our Otago countrymen are most anxious to open friendly correspondence with this and similar Associations at home. One of their objects is to welcome and assist new comers on their arrival in the colony, and they ask that the Association here should grant letters of introduction to intending emigrants. The meeting instructed the Secretary, in replying to

this communication, to assure the Otago Association that this Association would cordially assist, so far as in its power, in any measures likely to be beneficial to the natives of Sutherland at home or abroad.

Mr. John A. M'Donald referred to the loss the Association had sustained by the death of Mr. James M'Kay, one of the original members of the Association, and who had all along taken an active and generous interest in its affairs. He moved that Mr. M'Kay's services to the Association be recorded in a minute, expressing a sense of their value, and of the deep regret felt by the members at his early removal from the stage of life. The motion was unanimously adopted.

—o—

NEWS OF THE HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS.

INVERNESS.—The annual inspection of the Inverness Administrative Battalion of Rifle Volunteers took place in the Public Park, Haugh Road, Inverness, by Colonel Dunn, of the 99th Regiment. Clear sunshine in the morning gave place about noon to a cloudy sky, and about two o'clock a slight shower of rain fell, after which we had a cool, pleasant afternoon, highly favourable to the assemblage. After the review the officers and their friends dined in the Caledonian Hotel. Major Lyon-Mackenzie occupied the chair; Captain Macandrew was croupier; and among the large company present, in addition to the officers of the battalion, were Colonel Dunn, the inspecting officer; Mr. Stewart, of Brin; Sheriff Blair, Mr. Waterston, the Rev. Mr. Macgregor, Dr. Wilson, Dr. Aitken, Captain Macpherson, &c. The following was the fare; we hope the guests and waiters understood the Bill:—

AN SOLAR ITHEANNAICH.

Iasg-fhearan Soilleir. Càl Coimeasgta.

IASG.

Leobag.

Bradan.

Taobh-Shoithichean.

Giomach Casda.

Slisnean Mhart-fheoil agus Ballag losgainn.

MILLSARAN.

Lachan Rosda agus Peasair.

Slisnean Mhuilt-fheoil.

Uain Rosda agus Biadh-lus,

Eireagan Earraich.

Teangaidh.

Mart-fheoil Rosda.

Cuileanan Maighiche.

MARAGAN SIRIS.

Slaman Unnein.

Ceathan eug-samhla. Slaman na Banrigh.

Slaman Eighe.

Gach gnè caise.

CAIL-MHEASAN.

AN GAIDHEAL.

“*Mar ghath soluis do m' anam fein
Tha sgeula na h-aimsir a dh' fhalbh.*”—OISEAN.

III. LEABH.] CEUD MHIOS AN FHOGBAIR, 1874. [30 AIR.

SILIS NIC-COINNICH.

SEANN SGEUL GAIDHEALACH.

VI.

Air taobh thall na h-aibhne mu choinneamh a' Chaisteil, bha, a reir dual-chainnt an aite, duthaich eile nach buineadh do oighreachd Chlann-Choinnich. Is i an abhuinn ud a bu chomharradh - criche eotarra. Air an taobh ud de 'n abhuinn, goirid bho 'n Chaisteil, bha ceatharnach foghainteach a chomhnuidh, d' am b' ainn Mungan Mac-Rath—muilleir Lag-a'-mhuilinn. Anns na laithean ud, cha robh muillnean na Gaidhealtachd—le an clachan, le an acfhuinn, le an cuibhlean, le an linnteachan uisge agus le an tuil-dhorsan, air an togail, no air an deilbh cho dìongmhalta, cho snasmhor agus cho ealanta agus a tha iad a nis. Is ioma tuil ghailbheach a chunnaic Mungan; ach bi a bharail, mar theireadh e, “Nach facas riamh o laithean Noah, agus nach faicear tuille gu latha 'bhreitheanais leithid na tuil a thainig le aiteamh na Nollaig air a' bhliadhna ud.” Chuir i Mungan 'n a chabhaig, oir bhruchd i thairis le maoin air callaidean-taobh na linne-mhuilinn air chor agus gu 'n robh am muileann agus gach tigh eile a bhuineadh dha, ann an cunnart a bhi air an sguabadh air falbh. Thug e 'mach a bhean, a mhac agus a nighean, adh-fheuchainn ciod a b' urrainn iad a dheanamh gu bhi 'tionndadh an uisge seachad air a' mhuileann, le bhi a' torradh suas

callaid-dhidein air culthaobh na comhla-uisge, le maidean, le clachan, le sgrathan agus le lùid de 'u inneir as an dun-aolaich.

Bha Mungan a' cur na smuid dheth, a' camadh agus a dinneadh ri cul na comhla-uisge, gach ni a thigeadh gu 'laimh; agus a' smàdadh 's a brosnuchadh a luchd cuideachaidh gu barrachd adhartachd agus dichill. “A bhean gun mhath, siuthad, siuthad, crom do dhruim ris an obair; na biodh eagal ort do lamhan min a shalachadh; bi falbh gu luath agus lion gach poca a tha anns a' mhuileann leis an innear; luathaich do cheum; bi grad-charach. A Sheonaid, a ghleosgaid bhog, luideach, ciod e air am bheil thusa a' smaointeachadh? Mar is beo mi; cha 'n 'eil os cionn deich clachan de 'n inneir agad anns a' phoca sin air do dhruim. Uisdein, a shlaodaire leisg, cha tusa dad is fearr na cach; nach 'eil thu 'faicinn mar tha sinn an impis a bhi air ar sguabadh air falbh as an t-saoghal, mur dean thu barrachd dichill.” “Athair, an bheil urchair anns a' *Cheapaich*?” “Mo mhile mallachd ort, a bheisd gun chiall, gun naire. Is beag na bheireadh orm do chlaigionn a bhristeadh; ciod e a tha dhith ort a dheanamh leis a' *Cheapaich* aig an am so?” “Chi mi coslas eala bhreagha a' tighinn a nuas leis an t-sruth.” “Ruith, cho luath 's a rinn thu riamh; greas ort; tha a' *Cheapaich* daonnan làn, gu tioram, glan; greas

ort, agus cuiridh sinn smuid ris an eala, ciod air bith a dh' eireas do 'n mhuileann." "O! a Mhuire 's a Rìgh! Cha 'n i eala a th' ann, ach boirionnach baite." "Obh! obh! nach mise an duine truagh 'n ur measg. Ciod a thainig ri Uisdean; ciod a tha 'g a chumail cho fada; agus sibhse, a luidean boga, gu tapadh, gu chruadal ri am na h-eiginn, ach caoineadh agus bas-bhualadh." Anns an dol seachad, rinn Mungan greim bais air a' chorp, agus ann am priobadh na sul, shlaod e gu tir e; ach 'n uair a sheall e mu 'n cuairt, bha a bhean agus a nighean a' teicheadh uaithe cho luath 's a bheireadh an casan iad. "C' aite a nis am bheil sibh a' dol, a' chreutairean gleadhrach, neo-smaointeachail. Pillibh agus cuidichibh leam a giulan a stigh. Na cluinneam tuilleadh d'ur donnalaich. So, a nis, glacaibh mo dha laimhse; leigibh sios a ceann, a dh' fheuchainn an cuir i mach pairt de 'n uisge a tha air a giulan; cha 'n 'eil fhios nach faod an deo bhi innte fhathasd."

"O, a Mhungain, na dean sin, cum suas mo cheann; cha 'n eil moran cearr orm; cha deachaidh mo cheann riamh fodha 's an uisge."

"O, mo chreach 's mo dhiubhail!" arsa Mungan, "cho cinnteach agus a theid mise chur air m' fhocal aig a bhreitheanas mhor, is i baintighearna uasal Eidirdeil a tha againn. Gu 'm beannaich an t-Athair Naomh sibh; ciod e a chuir an so sibh; cia mar a thainig sibh; an cualas riamh a leithid!"

"Thainig mi direach mar a chunnaic thu; coma co dhiu, cuir ann an leabaidh bhlath mi, agus innsidh mi dhuit an t-iomlan ri h-uine; oir bha taisdeal eagalach agam a dh-ionnsuidh do thighe-se; turus cabhagach da-rìreadh. Cha 'n 'eil thar mionaid de thim bho 'chaill

mi greim air laimh a' Mhoraire, a' dol thairis air an drochaid-mhaide."

Cha b' fhada gus an robh Silis air a cluthachadh gu seasgair comhfhurtachail ann an leaba bhlath, thioram a' mhuilleir, agus air a h-eiridinn leas gach curam agus frideam a b' urrainn a theaghlach caoimhneil a bhuileachadh oirre. Dh'asluich i orra a' chuis a chumail ann an diomhaireachd gus am faiceadh i iomchuidh i fein a dheanamh aithnichte; ach cha deachaidh i am feobhas cho luath 's a bha duil aice. Thug an clisgeadh uamhasach a fhuair i, caisleachadh goirt d' a caileachd agus d' a h-inntinn. Bha i air a cur thuige gu mor le amharus piantach gu'r h-e am Mhoraire, e fein, a thilg thar na drochaid i. Cha b' urrainn i an t-amharus so, a rinn deargadh craiteach air a cridhe, a dheanamh aithnichte do theaghlach a' mhuilleir; ach chuir i roimpe fuireach leo ann an uaigneas folaichte, gus an cluinneadh i ciod an cunntas a bheirteadh leis a' Mhoraire agus le a chairdean mu thimchioll a bais.

An deigh beagan laithean, thairg i duais mhor do Uisdean, na 'n gabhadh e os laimh dol gu h-uaigneach a dh-ionnsuidh a' chaisteil, agus sanas a thoirt d' a comh-dhalta, Oighrig Nic - Coinnich i 'thighinn g' a faicinn.

"Mo chreach leir!" ars' a mhathair, "Is beag a ruigear a leas duais bheag no mhor a thairgseadh do Uisdein còir airson dol air gnothuch uaigneach gu Oighrig Nic - Coinnich. Tha mo ghille math ni's trice ann an cuideachd Oighrig, na 'chithear 's an Eaglais e; cha bu duais fhaoine a chumadh uaiphe e; agus tha ise cho seolta agus cho cuireideach agus nach d' fhuaradh a mach iad riamh fhathasd, aon chuid leibhse, no le neach eile timchioll a' chaisteil. Theid mise an urras dhuibhse, nach ' ceum air ghàig' le Uisdein dol leis

an teachdaireachd gu Oighrig; ach ma ghabhas e aon ruadh-bhonn copair airson a shaothair, beathaichidh mise e air dubh-bhrochan eorua, gun im, gun bhainne gu ceann mios an deigh so."

An uair a chuala Oighrig bhoichd, sgeul Uisdein, bha a cridhe an impis sgaineadh le aoibhneas, ghuil i gu frasach, agus phaisg i a lamhan geala mu mhuineal garbh a'mhuilleir, phog i e; ach cho robh furas no foighidinn aice airson a bheag d'a bhrìodal aig an am ud; ann an tiota, bha i deas, agus ghoid i air falbh le Uisdein, a dh' fhaicinn a caomh bhan charaid.

Cha bhiodh e comasach caint a chur air na faireachduinnean measg-aichte leis an do choinnich Silis agus Oighrig ri 'cheile, 'n an aonar, ann an seomar samhach Mhungain Mhic-Rath. Aig a' choinneimh ud, dh'innis Oighrig gu saor d'a bancharaid, a mheud agus a b'aithne dhi de gach comh-chordadh, agus de gach innleachd dhorchach agus dhroch-mheinneach a bha air an deilbh le maithean a' chinnidh, gu dealachadh a chur eadar i fein agus a ceile uasal, beo no marbh; agus mar an ceudna, cho daingean agus cho dileas 's a sheas am Mhoraire an aghaidh an uile chomhairiean, a dh-aindeoin gach bagraidh agus dian-iarrtnis leis an do sharuich iad e d'a taobh o chionn bhliadhnachan; gus mu dheireadh an do bhuadhaich iad air gu aontachadh ris an turus chrabhaidh ud gu uaigh Naoimb Bhothain; agus gu'r h-e Carnach, gu sonruichte, le cuid-eachadh mac a bhrathar — Bar-a'-mhuilinn — a thilg thar na drochaid i; agus gu'n do ghiulain iad am Mhoraire eatorra ann an riochd mairbh, air ais do 'n chaisteal; agus nach b'fhada gus an d' thug iad air a chreidsinn gu 'm b' ann le a saor-thoil fein, fo eagal breisleachail, a leum i thar na drochaid mhaide.

Thug am fiosrachadh a fhuair Silis

bho Oighrig, faothachadh agus lansaorsa dhi bho gach amharus leis an robh i air a sarachadh a thaobh neochiontas agus treibhdhireas a' Mhoraire; agus air dhi a nis, a bhi lan-earbsach 'n a dhilseachd agus 'n a ghradh, bha i caoin-shuarach mu gach ni, no neach a dh' fhaodadh a bhi ann an droch run dhi, air uachdar an t-saoghail. Mu 'n do dhealaich i fein agus Oighrig, rinn iad suas eatorra, an oidhche, agus an uair, air an tilleadh i dhachaidh, ann an cuideachd, agus fo sheoladh Oighrig. Thachair so oidhche no 'dha, mu 'n robh Oighrig air a ceasnachadh leis a' Mhoraire, an lathair nan uaislean; agus bha e air a choimhlionadh gu seolta, sgiobalta le tapadh Oighrig, mar a chaidh ainmeachadh cheana, agus mar an ceudna, a' chrìoch eagalach gus an d' thainig e.

An uair a chaidh iad a mach a shealltuinn as deigh nan uaislean a leum troi an uinneig bha Oighrig, gun sgath gun eagal air toiseach na cuideachd, le leus 'n a laimh. Fhuair iad Carnach 'n a shineadh eadar an caisteal agus bruach na h-aibhne; bha e cheana marbh, oir bha e as an amhaich, agus a chorp air a phronnadh gu deistinnach. Goidid o 'n aite 's an robh Carnach 'n a luidhe, fhuair iad Bar-a'-mhuilinn air a dhroch bhruthadh ach cha robh e marbh. An deigh dha dol am feobhas, dh'aidich e do Silis, an t-ionlan de gach innleachd mhall-aichte a bha air an runachadh leis na maithean airson a cur as an rathad. Air dhi a thuigsinn, nach b' ann le falachd no le mi-run d'a taobh fein, gu pearsanta, ach le suil ri leas coitchionn a chinnidh, a bha iad air an gluasad gu feuchainn ri a dealachadh bho 'n Mhoraire, thug Silis saor-mhaitheanais dha; agus le a h-eadarghuidhe as a leth, fhuair e as gun pheanas; ach bha e 'n a eirbleach crubach cho fad 's bu bheo

e. Tha an t-aideachadh a rinn e do Silis, 'n a thaisbeanadh riochdail air dilseachd naislean nam fineachan Gaidhealach d'an iochdarain, anns na laithean a dh' fhalbh. Dh' innis e dhi nach b' ann gus an d' fhairslich orra, an d-igh ioma deuchainn, am Moraire eigneachadh gu dealachadh rithe, agus bean eile a ghabhail 'n a h-aite, a smaointich iad air an turus-chrabhaidh gu uaigh Naoimh Bhothain, a dh-asluchadh air, na 'm b' fhior, ise a bheannachadh le leanabh mic, a bhiodh 'n a cheann-feadhna do 'n fhine ann an aite 'athraichean; ach gu 'r h-e a bha da-rireadh 'n an run, nach tilleadh, aon chuid, i fein no aon de na mnathan-coimheadachd a bha gu bhi comhla rithe beo air an ais bho 'n fheisd chrabbach ud. Cha robh e riamh 'n an run, a bithadh; gus a' mhionaid air an d' fhuair iad i air mullach na drochaid-mhaide. Bha searrag de fhion puinnseanaichte aca, a bha gu bhi air 'd' le Silis agus leis na baintighearnan ard-inbheach eile a bha gu bhi 'n a cuideachd, á cupan-comanachaidh òir; oir mar nach biodh e comasach dhoibh eadar-dhealachadh a dheanamh, chuir iad rompa gu 'n iobradh iad beatha gach aon de na baintighearnan eile, gu iad fein a shaoradh bho amharus d' a taobhse.

Ach is e deireadh mo sgeoil a' chuid is fearr de 'n iomlan. Co aca is ann o bhi a' cadal fad cheithir-ladeng air leaba chruidh fhraoich, no le bhi air a beathachadh re na h-uine ud air brochan-bainne agus im; no co dhiu a bha no nach robh bnaibh-atharrachaidh aig a ghabhadh troi an deachaidh i 'n a cuairt eagalaich air uchd na tuil gu Lag-a'-mhuilinn, air a cailleachd agus air a slainte—coma, co dhiu—mu 'n deachaidh bliadhna eile thairis, rugadh nighean dhi, agus ri h-uine, dithis mhac. Chaith i fein agus a companach uasalfeasgar an laithean ann an sonas agus ann an sìochainnt; chaochail

iad aig seann aois, ann an urram agus ann an ard-bhiuthas; ach tha an gineil gus an latha an diugh, fhathast ann an seilbh dhligeach air cuibhrionn chuimseach de sheann oighreachd fharsuing, iomraideach Eidirdeil. **MUILEACH.**

A' CHRIOCH.

—o—

COMHRADH

**EADAR CUAIRTEAR NAN GLEANN
AGUS EACHANN TIRISDEACH.**

CUAIRTEAR.—An ann a rithist, Eachainn? Cha chreid mi nach 'eil leannan agad 's a' bhaile-mhor; cha 'n urrainnear do chumail as.

EACHANN.—Cha 'n 'eil, cha robh, agus cha bhi! Chaidh laithean mo leannanachd fhein seachad, 's ged bhithinn og 's air toir innatha, da-rireadh cha 'n ann am measg ghuanagan a' bhaile-mhoir a rachainn a shuirdhe; 's olc a fhreagradh iad do m' leithid—ach suidhidh mi le 'r cead air a' chathair—tha mo cheann 's an tuainealaich.

CUAIR.—Ciod so 'dh' eirich do d' cheann, Eachainn?

EACH.—Thig e uaithe ri uine, tha dochas agam, ach cha seasadh ceann iarunn, gun ghuth air eanchainn cumanta an t-aite 'n robh mise 'n dingh.

CUAIR.—C' ait' an robh thu, Eachainn?

EACH.—An robh mi! Ma ta, le 'r cead, cha 'n ann gu droch fhreagairt a thoirt duibh—'s coma c' ait' an robh mi—bithidh latha 's bliadhna mu 'm bi mise 's an aite cheudna 'rithist. Nach robh mi ann am *Paisley* air carbad na smuide; ach c' arson a bhithinn a' gearan; 's ann agam tha 'n t-aobhar taingealachd gu 'm bheil mi beo, 's nach do sheideadh a suas mi am bhloighdean anns na speuraibh. O, b' e bhi 'buaireadh an Fhreasdail, do dhuine sam bith 'n a bheachd, cuid a

chunnairt a ghabhail d' a leithid a dh-aite, fhad 's a tha comas nan cas aige, no dh' fhaodas e suidhe an cairt shocraich, chiallaich, air boitein connlaich.

CUAIR.—An ann mar sin a tha thu 'labhairt mu 'n aon doigh shiubhail a's innteachdaiche 'fhuaras riamh am mach le mac an duine?

EACH.—Cha 'n 'eil ceist nach 'eil i innteachdach; cha 'n ann an sin tha 'n fbaillinn ach an cluinn sibh mi—b' fhearr leam latha 'ghabhail g' a choiseachd no dol an dail na h-upraid cheudn' a rithist. Cha robh mi tiota air falbh innte 'n uair a bheirinn na chunnaic mi riamh gu robh mi aon uair eile air bonn mo chois air fonn, no ged a b' ann suas gu m' amhaich am mach air a' mhuir. Fheara 's a ghaoil! b' e sin an carbad siubhlach; tha mi am barail na 'n gabhadh e air 'aghart uair an uair-eadair na b' fhaide gu 'n robh m' eanchainn mar bhrochan an claig-eann mo chinn.

CUAIR.—Seadh, Eachainn, innis domh mar thachair.

EACH.—Tha mac agam, mar tha fhios agaibh, 's an aite so—gille deanadach, glic, grunn-dail. Tha mi 'deamamh dheth gu 'm bheil suil aige ri mnaoi fhaotainn ann am Paisley, 's cha 'n fhoghadh leis gun mise 'dhol a mach g' a h-amharc. Cha robh mi deidheil air carbad na smuide, ach bha Niall ('s e sin ainm mo mhic), agus buirdeasach og eile, sgaomaire 'mhuinntir an Obain a bha, maille ris, deidheil air feala-dha 'bhi aca air mo thailleadh. A stigh do charbad na smuide chairich iad mi; ag radh rium gu 'm bithinn cho socrach, samhach, fhoisneach 's ged a bhithinn ann an cathair-mhoir taobh an teine. Ghabh mi beachd air a' charbad—chunnaic mi fear na stiurach a' gabhail 'aite, le ailm iarunn 'n a laimh, agus fear eile 's an toiseach mar gu 'm biodh fear-innsidh nan uisgeachan ann, ag

amharc a mach. Bha smuid as an t-simileir 's na h-uile ni samhach, socrach na 's leoir. Chaidh mi 'stigh, agus shuidh mi dluth do 'n uinneig chum sealladh a bhi agam air an duthaich. Tiota beag 'n a dheigh sin chuala mi beuc mor—ran tuchanach ard, agus an sin fead oillteil. “Ciod e so?” arsa mise ri Niall; rinn esan 's an Latharnaeh gaire. “Sud agaibh, athair” arsa Niall, “sitirich an eich iarunn, 's e 'togairt falbh.” “Sitirich na h-oillt!” arsa mise, “leig a mach mi.” Ach bha 'n dorus air a dhruideadh. Thug an t-each iarunn stadag—bhuail an carbad anns an robh mise am fear a bha roimhe, agus bhuail am fear a bha 'nadheigh am fear anns an robh sinne, 's cha mhor nach do phronnadh m' fhiacalan an aghaidh a cheile. Thug e ran eile, agus fead; agus an sin leig iad siubhal a chas da—'s thar e as. Thoisich an stairirich 's a' ghleadhraich. “An i so a' chathair-mhor, a Neill?” arsa mise. Bha e 'dol a nis 'n a shiubnal, 's cha 'b e siubhal an eich, no luas an fheidh; cha tugadh ceithir chasan riamh do bheo-chrentair air an talamh a bhos, no sgiathan do dh-eun 's na speuraibh shuas a chumadh ris. Cha d' thubhairt mi fhein diog—rinn mi greim bais, gun fhios c'arson, air an aite-shuidhe. Dhuin mi mo bheul—chas mi m' fhiacalan, mu 'n cuirinn troi' m' theangaidh iad—dh' fhorc mi mo chasan gu daingeann, 's bhithinn ceart shuarach ged robh mo chlaisteachd 's a' chiste ruaidh ann an Tirithe 's mi fhein cho bodhar ri Iain Balbhan. Chuir Niall a bheul ri m' chluais—“Athair” ars' esan “am bheil sibh 'n ur cadal?” “Uist!” arsa mise “bi samhach.” Chuir an t-Obanach og a cheann ri m' chluais. “Eachainn,” ars' esan, “nach e 'n t-each iarunn fhein an gille?” “Uist!” arsa mise. Bha mi 'nis a thiginn gu seorsa de thur, ghabh mi misneach, ach bha

seorsa de nair' orm ; oir bha bean mhor, shìodach, ribeineach, reamhar, 's a' charbad, agus ge b' ard gleadhraich an each iarunn, bha a guth cho ard, agus a teanga neo-ar-thaing cho luath. Bha 'n uinneag fosgailte; dh' amhairc mi 'mach a ghabhail seallaidh air an t-saoghal, ach ghrad spion iad air m' ais mi. "Thoir an aire dhuit fhein," ars' iadsan, "cum a stigh do cheann, air neo theagamh gu 'm fag thu mìle 'd dheigh e mu 'n ionndrainn thu o d' ghuailibh e." Ghrad tharuing mi air m' ais, 's bu mhaith gu 'n do tharuing, oir chuala mi geumnaich agus ranaich oilteil a' dluthachadh oirnn. Cha robh a' mhucmhara sin riamh air cuan a dheanadh seidrich coltach ris. Thainig seorsa de bhreislich orm—ach ghrad chaidh steud-each iarunn eile seachad oirnn—'n a ruith 's na dheann-ruith, a' seidrich 's a' feadal-aich le boire 'thug orm criothnachadh le h-oillt. Bha na ficheadan carbad 'n a dheigh ach cha deachaidh peileir riamh o bheul a' ghumna-mhoir le luas a bu mho na chaidh iad seachad oirnn. Cha robh duil agam gu 'n robh leud na ludaig eadar an da charbad, 's na 'm biodh iad air a cheile 'bhualadh, c' ait' an sin an robh Eachann? Tharuing mi m' anail. "Tha 'n sud aon rudha fodh-ainn," arsa mise rium fhein. Dh' fheuch mi 'nis beachdachadh air an duthaich mu 'n cuairt, ach cha robh so comasach; cha robh a' bheag air am b' urrainn an t-suil socrachadh ach a h-uile achadh, a's craobh, a's cuoc, a's tigh, a' ruith mu 'n cuairt an deigh a cheile; tighean mor' a' tighinn 's an t-sealladh, ach ge b' fhada bhuainn iad cha fhada 'gan ruigheachd—ann am prioba na sula bha sinn seachad orra. Chunnaic mi achadh air an robh moran mhulan a's ruchdan feoir. Bha iad a' ruith mu 'n cuairt, a h-uile h-aon air a bhonn fhein mar ghille-mirein, 's

an iomlan mar gu 'm biodh iad a' dannsadh ceithir - chuir - fhichead Ruidhle thulachain. Dh' fheuch mi an aireamh ach mu 'n do chunnt mi leth-dusan diubh bha iad as an t-sealladh. Bha mi 'nis ga m' fhaireachduinn fhein rud-eigin socrach, agus an t-eagal ga m' fhagail, 'n uair a thainig an dubh-dhorchadas oirnn! Cha robh grian no leus soluis ann, creag mhor dhubh ri cliathach a' charbaid agus an aon fhuaim fhasail, eagalach, air chor agus eadar ranaich an eich iarunn, gleadhraich na h-acfhuinne agus co-fhreagradh mhic-talla 's an uaimh dhuirche tre 'n robh sinn a' dol, gu 'n robh mi uile gu leir fo eagal na bu mho na bha mi fhathast—air mo bhodhradh, air mo dhalladh, 's mo cheann 's an tuaine-ealaich. "Ciod e so?" arsa mise ri Niall. "An Tunnel," ars esan. "B' e 'n donnal e gu dearbh," arsa mise, "an donnalaich a's grainde 'chuala mi;" ach am prioba na sula bha sinn a mach taobh eile 'chnoic—tharuing mi m' anail agus thog mo chridhe. Chaidh sinn a nis troimh dhuthaich aillidh—bha eich, a's crodh, a's caoraich ag ionaltradh—ach cha robh a h-aon diubh, no beochreutair, nach do theich o thaobh an rathaid mar a dhluthaich sinn orra, an cinn 's an earbail ri h-athar, 's cha b' iongantach sin, b' e 'n t-annas e do na bruidean bochda. Bha 'nis, mar a shaoil leam, an anail an uchd an eich iarunn—thug e ran. "Fhalbh," arsa mise, "cha 'n iongantach leam pathadh a bhi ort." Chuala mi beuc—a's fead—bha 'n siubhal a' fas na bu mhoille. "Cha 'n urrainn sud seasamh," arsa mise ri Niall. Stad an carbad. "Leig a mach mi," arsa mise; oir smaointich mi gu 'n deachaidh mionach an eich iarunn air aimhreit, 's gu 'n sgaineadh an coire mor anns an robh 'n t-nisge goileach. "Leig am mach mi," arsa mise. "Air ur socair,

'athair," arsa Niall. Dh'fhosgail duine modhail, agus cuairt oir mu 'aid, an doras. "Thigibh a mach, adhaoin'-uaisle," arsesan. "'N e gu'm bheil sinn aig ceann an rathaid?" arsa mise, "ochd mìle ann an ochd-mionaide-deug!" Chaidh sinn a mach, ach 's gann a b' urrainn domh seasamh leis an tuainealaich a bha am cheann. Cìod a th' agaibh air, ach gu'm faca mi leannan Neill, 's air m' fhocal, caile eireachdail! An uair bha e fhein 's an t-Obauach og ag innseadh mu 'n eagal a bha orm, sheas i mi gu gasda, agus chain i an carbad iarunn gu foghainteach. Sin agaibh mar thachair dhomh.

CUAIR.—Mo mhìle taing, Eachainn! ach cia mar a thainig thu air d' ais?

EACH.—Thill mi 's an doigh cheudna; cha dealaicheadh iad rium, cha robh feum a bhi'cur'n an aghaidh. Chaidh mi stigh, sheachainn mi 'n uinneag, dhuin mi mo shuilean, dh'fhorc mi mo chasan. "Chuir an leann a dh'ol mi," arsa mise, "cadal orm, leigibh leam." Dh'fhalbh sinn; thoisich mi air Laoidh Mhic-Cealair agus gach laoidh eile bha agam air mo theangaidh 'aithris; ach mu'n d'fhuair mi leth rompa bha sinn aig ceann ar turuis, agus a rithist tear-winte air sraidibh Ghlaschu. Sin agaibh, a Chuairteir runaich, eachdraidh mo thuruis do *Phaisley*.

CUAIR.—Agus a nis, Eachainn, nach aidich thu gur mor an t-sochair na h-innleachdan sin? Is eiginn gu'm bi daoine 'siubhal o aite gu h-aite—tha de ghnòthnichean a nis eadar ait' agus aite, eadar duin' agus duine; de mhalairt 's de dh-iomairt de gach seorsa, 's gur anabarrach an t-sochair a tha daoine 'faotainn uapa. Cha'n urrainnear Lunnuinn agus Glaschu 'tharruing na 's dluithe d' a cheile na tha iad — Lunnuinn a shladadh a nuas, no Glaschu a sparradh a suas; cha 'n 'eil e comasach an t-astar a dheanamh

na 's giorra na tha e; ach ma gheibhear an t-astar a dheanamh anns a' cheathramh cuid de 'n uine 'b' abhaist da 'ghabhail, nach e sin an t-aon ni 's ged a bhiodh iad air an dluthachadh r' a cheile? Tha leth-chend mìle 'nis mar bha deich mìle ri linn m' oige. Siubhlaidh daoine 'nis ann an ceithir-uaire-fichead astar a ghabhadh seachduin o cheann fhichead bliadhna, agus cha chost e 'n deicheamh cuid a dh'airgiod; agus nach mor an t-sochair sin?

EACH.—Cha leir dhomh fhein gu'm bheil a' chuis mar a tha sibh ag radh. Ma tha cothrom aig daoine 'nis air dol o aite gu h-aite nach robh aca, cìod e sin? Am bheil iad na 's lugha cost aig deir-eadh na bliadhna? An aite sin tha iad a' cost a dheich uiread 's a bha na daoine bho 'n d' thainig iad—tha iad a dheich tricead o 'n tigh. Mur biodh cothrom aig ceatharnaich air dol gu Galdachd ach air bonn an coise, no aig na h-uaislean ach air muin eich le *Valise*, no maileid leathraich air cul na diollaid, mar a b' abhaist, cha bhiodh uiread de dh-or's de dh-airgiod dhaoine 'g a chost a ruith o aite gu h-aite, 's bhiodh iad a' cheart cho maith dheth aig ceann na bliadhna.

CUAIR.—Faodaidh tu a radh gu'n robh an duthaich cho maith dheth 'n uair nach robh drochaid, no rathad-mor an righ, no cairtean, no baracharotha 's an tìr; am ministear fhein a' marchachd do 'n Eaglais, 's a bhean air pillein air a chul, 's a da laimh m' a theis-meadhoin; agus an tuath air chul srathrach, le taod connlaich.

EACH.—Ma ta cha 'n 'eil fhios agam nach robh, agus moran na b' fhearr. Ged labhradh sibh fad bliadhna, cha toir sibh orm a chreidsinn nach 'eil bochdainn, agus fuachd, agus dith cairdeis a' tighinn a stigh

do dhuthaich mar tha na cleachd-
ainnean ura, Gallda sin a' tighinn
oirnn. Nach taitneach an ni marc-
achd air muin eich, no gu socrach.
ciallach, athaiseach, air cairt, agus
mar a thubhairt mi, boitein conulaich
fo dhuine, agus sealladh a bhi aige
de'n t-saoghal aillidh mu'n cuairt
da, gun sgath no imcheist, seach a
bhi air a ghlasadh a stigh 'n a' leithid
a dh-aite's an robh mise; bruach
ard air gach taobh dheth, agus an
ait eile a' ruith mar nathair fo 'n
talamh; agus cridhe duine 'bualadh
'n a uchd, mar gu'm bu mhaigheach
bhochd, ghealtach e's am mhiol-chu
as a deigh. Coma leam iad!

CUAIR.—Am bheil truas idir agad
ris na h-eich bhochda? Nach
deistinneach an ni 'bhi air do
tharruing air carbad cheithir each,
agus mothachadh mar tha iad air an
liodairt — air an claidh — air an
sarachadh — air am murt — cuid diubh
a' tuiteam, mar a chunnaic mi, gun
phlosg air an rathad-mhor fo sgiurs-
adh eagalach, neo-iochdmhor nam
beistean a tha'g an iomain. Tha
solas orm gu'n d' fhuaradh am mach
dough anns am bi na h-eich ghasda
air an caomhadh. An ceann uine
ghoirid bithidh malairt na duthcha
air a giulan air na slighean iarunn.
A bharrachd air so tha iad ag
isleachadh luach gach seorsa teachd-
an-tir, agus iomadh ni eile dhuinne.
Faic thusa na carbadan iarunn a
a tha air toiseachadh an diugh fhein
eadar Glaschu's Ionar-Air; nach
anabarrach am fosgladh tha e
'deanamh? Thig iasg a's uibhean,
a's im, a's meas, a nuas a nis o gach
aite eadar sinne agus Ionar-Air;
bruchdaidh gach baile 'mach na th'
aca r' a sheachnadh; thig iad a nuas
's a' mhaduinn leis gach goireas a
shaoileas iad a ghabhas reic, agus
pillidh iad dachaidh's an fheasgar le
'fhiach'n an sporan! Am bheil soch-
air an sin?

EACH.—Cha leir dhomh gu'm
bheil. Gun teagamh is sochair e
do Glaschu; tha 'h-uile cearn a'
dortadh a stigh na tha aca r' a
sheachnadh, a reamhrachadh a'
bhailé-mhoir so, agus tha 'bhuil:
tha e 'fas's a' fas—tighean ura—
oibrichean ura—sraidean ura—gus
nach eil fhios c'ait' an stad iad—
soithichean smuid' o gach eilean, o
gach cearn an Eirinn's an Sasann—
a' toirt luchd air muin luchd a
bheathachadh sluaigh mhoir an aite
so; agus a nis, carbadan iarunn a'
slaodadh a stigh gach ni. Tha sin 'n
a shochair mhor, gun teagamh, do
Ghlaschu, ach b' e sin “Calum beag
a chur a dhith chum Murchadh mor
a reamhrachadh.” Ciod an t-sochair
do mhuinntir Ionar-Air agus *Irvine*,
agus nan aiteachan sin, anns nach
urrainn doibh a nis cudainn, no
bodach-ruadh, no ubh, no im a
cheannach, gun uiread a dhiol air a
shon's a tha muinntir Ghlaschu a'
deanamh. 'S mor an t-sochair
dhomhsa, da-rireadh, nach toir mo
bhean ubh dhomh air latha Caisg,
ach 'g an gleidheadh air son Ghlas-
chu. Tha mise 'g radh ribh, na 'm
biodh Glaschu, agus a leithid am
mach air a' mhuir, gu'n robh pailteas
's an tir. 'S iad na bailtean-mora
'tha 'g itheadh na duthcha. Nach
'eil a nis lan chinnteach ceud mile
fear a' giulan bidh a lionadh bronna
muinntir Ghlaschu. Tha e 'cur am
chuimhne-sa mnc mhor a bha mo
bhean aon uair a' reamhrachadh.
Cha robh cal no buntata, no fuigheall
eorna no coirce, no mionach eisg,
no ni air an gramaicheadh fiacail
nach robh i a' slaodadh a dh-ionnsaidh
na beiste. Chluinneadh tu na cearcan
a' gogail's a' sgriobadh an dunain
leis an acras—an coileach Frangach,
cha d'riun e guguil fad mios—am
mada' breac, an t-aon chu-uisge's
fearr an Tirithe, 'earball eadar a
chasan, 's a chnamhan a' tighinn

troi' chraicionn — na tunnagan 's "fag, fag" a' ghearan uapa bho mhoch gu h-aumoch, agus so uile chum an torc breac a reamhrachadh. Cho luath 's a mbarbhadh e, b' e sin latha 'n aigh do gach crentair mu 'n dorus; chluinneadh tu na geoidh a' sgeigil gu farumach, na cearcan a' gogail le solas—upraid air gach aon diubh—an coileach Frangach 's a sprogan cho dearg ris an sgarlaid a' guguil gu cridheil—'s am mada' coir a' tathuun gu togarrach—na tunnagan a' snamh air linne nan geadh agus a' mireag gu subhach: agus c'arson? Mbarbhadh a' mhuc mhor; bha na chaith a' bheist air a roinn eadar gach crentaire eile.

CUAIR.—Tha sin gle mhaith, Eachainn, ach c'ait' an deach' an t-airgiod a fhuair do bhean air son na muice?

EACH.—Ma ta chuir sibh ceist orm; sin mi 'tha duilich a fhreagairt; cheannaicheadh sud agus so—gùn ur—currachd ur—*umbrella* ur—soithichean ura creadha 's na fiach-eadan mi eile nach d'ionudraich sinn gus an d' thug am fasan a stigh iad;—tha mi am mearachd—thug i dhomh a' pheiteag so tha orm.

CUAIR.—Ach c'arson nach do reic thu fhein a' mhuc, 's nach do phaigh thu do mhal leis an airgiod?

EACH.—Fhir mo chridhe, thug mi mhuc 'n uair a bha i 'n a h-uircean, do m' mhnaoi. "So," arsa mise, latha bha i 'g iarraidh ni-eigin nam,—“so,” arsa mise, “uirecan; reamhraich e 's reic e, agus ceannaich na tha dhith ort.” “Mo bheannachd ort, Eachainn!” ars' ise. “Chuireadh ann an cro e, thoisich an reamhrachadh; ma bha 'm meog goirt, “thoir do 'n mhuic e” ma bha 'bhlathach tana, “thoir do 'n mhuic i:”—na dallagan a b' abhaist duinn fhagail air a' chladach b' eigin an toirt dachaidh do 'n mhuic. Ann an aon fhocal, bha 'h-uile ni air a

shlaodadh do chro na muice—ach chuireadh a' chorc innte mu dheireadh. “Mo mhuc fhein,” arsa mo bhean; bha i cho bosdail as na bha de shaill oirre 's ged robh i aice air a cich. Chadubhairt mi diog. 'S aithne dhuibh na mnathan, a Chuairteir, cha 'n' eil maith 'bhi' cur 'n an aghaidh—'s mor an t-sochair sith. Ach 's eiginn domh falbh. Slan leibh! fhir mo chridhe—ma chaomhnar mi bithidh mi air m' ais an uine ghoirid le luchd de bhunaichean, agus chi mi sibh. Slan leibh!

CUAIR.—Slan leat! Eachainn. 'S e 'm baile-mor mionach na duthcha, agus is olc a thig do na lamhan 's do na casan a bhi' gearan 'n a aghaidh.—Ach slan leat!

EACH.—Aon fhocal; tha mi 'guidhe oirbh gun iomradh thoirt anns a' *Chuairtear* mu 'n mhuic, air neo cha ruig mise 'leas tilleadh. Slan leibh! fhir mo chridhe.—*Cuairtear nan Gleann.*

—o—

SGIALACHD NA TROIDHE.

Air a thionndadh bho Ghréigais Hómeir gu Gàidhlig Abraich.

LE EOBHAN MAC-LACHAINN.

(DUAN II., *sreathan* 484-492, 638-644, 729-737. DUAN III., *sreathan* 428-449).

URNAIGH NA CEOLRAIDH.

A Cheolraidhean binn an dàin
Tha 'n gorm-lùchuir ard nan réul,
Is dearbh gur leibhse fios na bhà,—
'S fios na thà, 's ann duibh gur léir;
Is fios duibh neamh 's an talamh cian,
'S an dubh-dhoimhneachd shìos fo 'n bhonn;
Ar sùil-ne cha 'n fhaca ni,
Chualas a mhàin brìgh nam fonn.
Innsibh cia lian gaisgeach tréun
A threòirich a' Ghréig gu buaidh:
Cha 'n fhuilgeadh mo ré 's mo neart
Gu 'n àirmhinn-sa feachd an t-sluaigh;
Ged chuirteadh deich teanga 'm cheann,
A's deich beòil gu rannachd dhuan,
Onfhadh neo-bhristeach an càil
'S mo sgairt-chuim de 'n stàillinn chruaidh.
Innsibh leams', a Naoinear Oigh
Tha 'n tighean àrd Iòbh bhith-bhuain,

Gach ceannard a's long a sheòl
Thair an tuinn' gu Tròidh nan stuadh.

AIREAMH NAN ÆTOLACH.

Thoas mac Androemoin chòrr
Ceannard nan Ætolach garg,
A Pleuron is déine taic,
'S Calidòn nan leacainn dearg,
Olen nan ciar-aonach cas,
Sgurr Philéne nam bac cróm
Calchis losal air craig dhuinn
'G a sloistreadh le luinn nan tonn
Æneus gaisgeil cha robh ann,
E fhéin 's a chlann gun bhi buan,
Meleäger, a' chuil òir
Fo thasgadh nam fòd 's an uaigh.
Dh' earb na h-Ætolaich ri 'smachd
Thoais nach bu lag 's an stoirm:
'S bha 'n da fhichead long 'n an sgrìb
Null thair dilinn nan stuadh gorm.

Sluagh Æchalia thamh an tìr
Eurituìs bu rioghail smachd,
Daingneach Thricca 's isle stuaidh
'S mur Ithome nan cruach breac.
Chiteadh 'triall tarsainn an fhuinn
A' mosgladh nam buidhnean tric
Dà mhac Æsculapiuis àigh
Podalir 's Machaon glic
Dh' fhogradh iad so le sgil làmh
Gach aon ghaoid a thàrr an còm;
'S air trì deich àrdraichean slìm
Sguab iad clàiridh mhìn nan tonn.
Sliochd Ormenium làr a' ghlinn
Hiper nan sruth fìor-ghlan, luath,
Aster d' an cul-taice 'n sliabh,
'S Titan nialach nan sneachd buan.
Euripil air cheann nan tréun
Mac Ebhemoin a b' àrd cliù:
'S bha dhà fhichead iùrach grinn
Ag crònan thair druim nan sùgh.

AN FHREAGAIRT A THUG PARIS AIR HELEN.

Thàinig thu bho 'n ghleachd, a shuinn,
A rìgh nach robh 'n ruinn ad chréubh
Bho laimh neartmhoir an fhìor laoi-ch
M' fhear-gaoil mu 'n do ghabh mi 'n téum.
Is tric a chualas uail do bheòil
Mu 'n rìgh Spartach is mòr blagh—
Nach seasadh e riut air blàr,
An neart làmh no 'n còmhraig shleagh.
Falbh, ma tha 'mhisnich ad chóm,
Fògair an tréun gu strìth lann;
Ach 's mór gur seasgaire tàmh
'S gun imeachd air gàbhadh teann.
Nochd thus' thu fhéin air an raon,
'S dearbh gur crìoch do 'n chòmhraig
fhaoin
Nach buail thu 'n t-ath laoch 'n a dhéigh.
Fhreagair Paris: Ainnir thlàth,
Le goirt-thàir na cràidh mo chrìdh'

Fhuair esan a's Pallas buaidh,
Ach buannaichdear leinne rìst.
Leinne tha diathan 's an spéur,
A chogas gu tréun ri 'r taobh:
Ach thusa 's mise biodh réidh,
Fad ar céilidh, am buan-ghaol.
Is àill leam dlùth chaidreamh, a rùn,
Ri d' gheal chneas is ùire sgiamh;
Riabh bho 'n chunnacas do shàr ghnùis,
Mo shannt cha do dhùisg cho dian;
Bho 'n dh' aisig thu 'm luing thair chuan,
A tìr Sparta nam buaidh caoin,
'N eilein Chranaë, glac mu ghlaic,
'N uair dhearb sinn cleas ait a' ghaoil.
Togradh gu feart do dheilbh ghrinn,
An drast thug am inntinn bàrr,
Gach uile bhuaidh a tha 'm chóm
Dearg-laste le fonn do ghràidh.
Ghluais esan gu 'uirigh-phòst'
Mar ri Helen nan òr-chùl:
Dh' iadh i mu 'n òg a glac àigh,
'S mheal a' chàraid an làn rùn.

(Ri leantainn.)

IAIN DUGHALLACH

A BHA ANN AM PICTOU, AMERICA MU
THUATH.

Rugadh Iain Dughallach an deigh
bas 'athar ann an Gleann Urchadain
aig taobh Loch-nis air a' 15mh latha
d' an Mhàrt 's a' bhliadhna 1805.
B' iad a pharantan, Iain Dughallach
agus Oighrig Pheuton agus b' esan
a b' oige de 'n teaghlach, anns an
robh deichnear—coigear bhraithrean
agus coigear pheathraichean. Bha
Iain Dughallach 'athair 'n a ghobh-
ainn-airm, agus bha e 'fuireach ann
an Dun - Eideann maille ris an
Reiseamaid d' am buineadh e; agus
an uair dh' eug e phill a bhean agus
an teaghlach dhachaidh do Ghleann
Urchadain, tìr an duthchais. B' ann
an deigh dhise pilltinn gu Urchadain
a rugadh Iain òg, agus dh' ainmich-
eadh e air son 'athar. Bha a
mhathair 'n a mnaoi dhiadhaidh aig
an robh breathnachadh geur, inntinn
fhallain, agus tuigse, shoilleir; agus
bhuineadh i do Pheutonaich an
Eilein Sgiathanaich a thainig a nuas
o na Peutonaich a bha 'n an
lighichibh ainneil ann am Muile
agus an Ile o shean. Leatha-sa bha

Iain òg air a theagasg o aois a leanabaidheachd ann an eolas nan Sgriobtur agus an eagal an Tighearna cosmhuil ri Timoteus mac Eunice. Bha cuimhne mhath aige oirre, agus is tric a rinn e luaidh air a h-ainm le caomhalachd agus gradh, air dha bhi lan mhothachail air a' chomain fo 'n robh e dhi. Ann an laithibh 'oige bha cothrom aige air an t-Soisgeul a chluinntinn o bheul nan teachd-airean urramach, ainmeil, diadhaidh, Iain Ceanaidheach a' Chaisteil-Ruaidh, agus Iain Domhnullach na Tòiseach. Bha e mar an ceudna a' cumail comuinn ri daoineibh diadhaidh eile, mar a bha Iain Domhnullach ann an Bun-leothaid, fear ceasnachaidh Urchadain a bha ainmeil air son an eolas a bha aige air teagasgaibh an t-Soisgeil. Dh' fhas Iain òg suas an oilean aig casaibh nan daoineibh so, agus mheudaich e ann an eolas nan Sgriobtur ionnus gun d' thainig e air adhart thar moran d' a chomhaoisibh ann an fiosrachadh agus ann an foghlum na diadhaireachd. B' abhaist da mar an ceudna a bhi dol gu Inbhir-nis, Inbhir-narunn, Allt-Eireann, agus Aird-chlach, far an do choinnich e ri Criosdaidhean soilleir, diadhaidh a bha 'n an aithrichibh 's an Eaglais.

Ann am mìos meadhonach an t-Samhraidh (June), 1828 'n uair a bha e corr agus tri bliadhna fichead a dh-aois chaidh e air imrich o thir a dhuthchais gu Nuadh Albainn an ceann Tuath America. Thainig e air tìr am Pictou agus an deigh dha beagan bhliadhnachan a chur seachad thall's a bhos air feadh na duthcha, ghabh e tuineachas fadheoidh air a' Bheinn Ghuirm os ceann Ghlaschu-Nomha far an robh moran d' a choluclid-duthcha d' am bu mhinistear aig an àm sin an t-urramach Domhnull Ailean Friseal, Ministear Beinn Mhic Gill-fhinnein. An sin phos e Seonaid, nighean Ruairidh

Dhughallaich o Urchadain, ris an robh sliochd aige de 'm bheil dithis air mhairionn 'n a dheigh fein—mac d' an ainm Ruairidh, agus nighean d' an ainm Oighrig a tha posda ri Domhnull og mac Dhomhnuill Rois mhic Uilleim Rois o Urchadain. Fhuair Seonaid Dhughallach, a bhean bàs air an 22mh latha dhe 'n Mhàrt 1843, agus bha e ann an staid bantrachais corr a's da bhliadhna, le da leanabh òg air a churam; agus an deigh sin phos e a rithist ann an September 1845, Seonaid Nic-Gill-fhinnein an dara bean, a tha fathast air mhairionn.

Aig àm Dealachadh na h-Eaglais 's a' bhliadhna 1843, agus 1844, thilg e a chrannchur a stigh leis an Eaglais Shaoir, agus dh' fhuirich e innte 'n a bhall dileas, seasmhach gu latha a' bhais. Rinneadh 'orduchadh 'n a sheanair 's an Eaglais Shaoir air a' bhliadhna 1848, 'n uair a bha an t-Urramach Alastair Caimbeul a' searmonachadh eadar Lochabar, a' Bheinn Ghorm agus Abhuinn Mairi. Choimhlionedleasdanasanadhreuchd gu dileas, foghainteach, agus bha e 'n a cheann-iuil agus 'n a chomhairliche d' a bhraithribh anns an t-seisean; agus an uair a bhiodh iad ann an imcheist is ann d' a ionnaidh-san a thigeadh iad daonnan air son seolaidh.

Ann am mìos meadhonach a' Gheamhraidh (December) 1855, bhuaileadh e le teasaich-sgamhain a dh' fhag breoite 'n a shlainte e fad laithean a bheatha an deigh sin; oir cha robh e riabh tuille an duine a bha e roimhe sin ann am fallaineachd agus neart. Thug so air a bhi 'cuimhneachadh gu tric air a' bhas 'g a shamhlachadh fein ri duine a' feitheamh ris an aiseag gus an tigeadh am bàta nall g' a thoirt a uunn thar na h-aibhne. Mhothaich e mar an t-Abstol iarrtas a bhi air suibhal agus a bhi maille ri Croisd ni 'bu ro fhearr dha, oir bha e 'miannachadh

a bhi air choigrich as a' choluinn agus a bhi lathair maille ris an Tighearna; gidheadh dh' fheith e le foighidinn gus an d' thainig an uair. Is minic a chuir e an ceill do'n sgiobair am miann a bha aige air son caochladh cabhagaich mar a fhuair an t-Ollamh *Chalmers* agus an Ollamh *Welsh*. Is cosmhuil gu'n d' fhuair 'urnuigh eisdeachd. Air latha na Sabaid, an 15mh latha de mhios *June*, 1873, bha e aig frith-ealadh sacramaid Suipeir an Tighearna aig Baile-an-tobair air an Abhainn Mhoir (East River, Pictou). Air an 22mh latha d' an mhios cheudna bha e aig a' chomunachadh aig Abhainn Bhairnidh. Air Diluain an 23mh latha chaidh e do Ghlaschu Nuadh agus fhritheil e aig an aoradh, latha na taingealachd an deigh na sacramaid; as a sin chaidh e a thaghal air cuid d' a chairidibh rè na seachdain, agus bha e na bu treise 'n a shlainte na b' abhaist da bhi o chionn bliadhna roimhne sin. Air Diluain an 30mh latha de *June*, 1873, bha e cho treun 's a bu ghnath leis gus an d' thainig am feasgar. Eadar naoidh 's a deich 's an fheasgar chaidh e am mach do thigh a mhic a dh-innseadh dha naigheachd an t-Seanaidh. Mu dheich uairean phill e a stigh agus chaidh e a chadal, ach dhuig e eadar aon agus da uair dheng; dh' eirich e agus shuidh e aig an teallaich anns an ospardaich le dith na h-analach; agus an ceann beagan uine ghiulaineadh air ais do 'n leabaidh e le 'mhnaoi agus le 'mhac. Cha robh e fada 's an leabaidh an uair a thionndaidh e 'aghaidh ris a' bhalla mar gu biodh e ri urnuigh, oir bha fios aige gu 'n robh a chrìoch air teachd, agus air ball thug e suas an deo, beagan roimh aon uair 's a' mhadaun, Dimairt, a' cheud la de *July*, 1873, an uair a bha e corr agus ochd a's tri fichead bliadhna dh' aois. Thriall an Spiorad neo-bhasmhor

a dh-ionnsaidh an t-saoghail shiorruidh.

Tha e air 'ionndrainn leis na h-uile d' am b' aithne e, agus gu sonraichte le coithional na Beinne Guirme, a dh' fhaodas briathran Dhaibhidh mu Abner a ghabhail doibh fein, "Nach 'eil fios agaibh gu 'n do thuit prionnsa agus duine mor an diugh ann an Israel?" Cha 'n 'eil duine eile anns an aite a bhiodh cho mor air ionndrainn leis na h-uile neach; agus dhearbhadh so air latha a thìolaicidh oir chruinnich iad as gach cearna dhe 'n duthaich m' an cuairt, agus bha muiuntir a' choithionail uile a lathair, araon daoine agus mnathan. Bha so a' nochdadh gu 'n robh meas mor aca air an t-seanair a ghairmeadh air falbh as am measg. Bha e eudmhor air son aobhar Chrìosd agus fialaidh do reir a mbaoin agus a chomais. Bha e caoimhneil ris gach neach agus gu sonraichte ris an oigridh, aig an robh mor speis da. Bha e 'n a chomhairliche tairis, dileas do na h-anamaibh sin a bha ag iarraidh na slighe gu Sion, ach nach robh a' faicinn a' cheum gu soilleir. Bha curam mor air mu 'n eaglais agus an uair a chual' e mu bhreith an t-Seanaidh ann an Ceist a' Phosaidh eadar luchd-daimh, rinn e gairdeachas mar a rinn Simeon an uair a thuirt e, "A Tighearna, a nis leig do d' oglach triall ann an sith, oir chunnaic mo shuilean do shlainte." Laidh e sìos air a leabaidh an oidhche sin fein agus ghabh e a chead d' an t-saoghal. Chuir a theaghlach leac air 'uaigh air am bheil na briathra so air an gearradh ann an Gaidhlig—"Air chuimbne gu brath bithidh am firean."

D. B. B.

Cuir do chomhairle ri duine tùrail agus cogaiseach, agus bi air do stiuradh le fear is glioca na thu fein a roghain air do dhoigh fein a leantainn.

LEOMAG.*

Tha ghrian a nis air eirigh,
A's sgaoil o na sleibhtean an ceo ;
'S tha solus suilbhear an latha
A' dusgadh aighir anns gach beo.

Tha 'n uiseag air sgiathaibh lùth'or
A' seinn a ciuil air aird nan speur ;
'S a' chuthag, le 'deise chùl-ghuirm,
A' gairsinn le sùrd air a' gheig.

'Tha na laoi gh a' ruith do 'n bhuaile,
A' freagradh do nuallan nam bò ;
'S a' bhanarach a' falbh gu h-uallach
Le cuinneig a's buarach 'n a dòrn.

Tha 'n tuath'nach as a léine
A' gearradh an fhéir air an raon,
A's buidheann de nighneagan sunndach,
Gu deas 'g a thionndadh 's a' ghaoith.

Tha na h-iasgairean 's a' chladach,
Gu h-ealamh a' sailleadh an eisg—
Chi mi thall 's a bhos m' an cuairt domh,
Gach creutair a' gluasad gu feum.

Ach tha Leomag bho chd 'n a laidhe
An glacaibh a' chadail gu dluth ;
'S gus am buailear an clag-madainn,
Cha 'n fhosgail i baltan a sùl'.

'S duilich leath' a ceann a ghluasad
Bho 'n chluasaig d' an chanach' mhin ;
'S cha leig i 'n t-aodach dheth a h-uachdar,
Le eagal fuachd 'thigh'n air a druim.

Ni i dha no tri de mhianain
M' an cuir i a troidh air an làr ;
'S m' an dean i a h-aodann ionnladh,
'S eiginn do 'n bhùrn a bhi blath.

Bidh botail de ola cubhraidh
'N a steathan dlùth air a' bhord ;
'S bocsaichean cuimir le fùdar,
Tha aice gu sgùradh a beoil.

'N uair a theid i 'n a lan ordugh,
Cha 'n fhaicear cho boidheach 's an tìr.
Am faile 'tha 'sgaoileadh 'n a seomar,
'S e "otto nan ròs" e, air' chinnt !

Ciod an iomhaigh tha 'n a coinnimh,
Anns an sgàthan shoilleir, reidh ?
'N e 'cruth fein a tha i coimhead,
No aingeal sholuis as an speur ?

Tha cneapanan buidhe d' an òmar
M'a muineal geal, mòdhar, min ;
A's ciabhan d' an fhalt is aillidh,
'G an cumail 'n an aite le cir.

Air a broilleach uasal, gasda,
Tha bràiste maiseach d' an òr,

A's saighead chorrnach 'g a ghlasadh,
Leis an spadadh i na seòid.

Thoir an aire ! gluais gu sicir !
'S na bi idir 'tigh'n 'n a coir ;
Chi mi, as aonais fios-fiosaich',
Fuil do chridhe air a smeoirn !

Fire, faire ! co ach Leomag !
'S i thogas a sroin a suas,
O 'n fhuair i urram na bòidheachd
Thar nan oighean 'tha m' an cuairt !

Tha na h-uile uimpe 'seanchus,—
Fleasgaich chalma 's bodaich mhaol ;
'S is lionmhor iad, na gaisgich ainmeil
'Cheangail i 'm failbheagan a' ghaoil.

Ann am measg nan gillean oga
A thainig do Leomag fo chis,
'S aithne dhuibh Fionnladh Mac-Leoraidh
'Tha 'chomhnuidh am braigh a' ghlinn.

Tha Fionnladh 'n a ghille surdail,
Agus grunn-dail anns gach doigh,—
Tha aige fearunn agus feudail,
Le iomadh treud de chaoraich-mhor.

Bha Leomag, air latha faoilich,
Ag imeachd 'n a h-aonar troimh ghleann,
Shil an t-uisge, sheid na gaathan,
'S ard a dh' eirich gaath nan allt :

Thainig na frasan gu minic,
Le clacha-meallain nimheil, cruaidh,
A's dh' fhagadh Leomag 'n a gibein,
An impis a milleadh le fuachd.

Chaidh Fionnladh gu luath 'n a coinnimh ;
Sheas e le 'bhoineid 'n a laimh ;—
"Is doirbh an latha, *Mhiss* Leomag,
A thug sibh, o 'n t-sroin, a nall.

Tha am monadh momha 's fiadhaich,
Is iargalt tha dreach nan speur,
'S cha bhiodh ann ach ni gun chiall duibh
Dol g' a fhiachainn 's sibh leibh fein ;

Thigibh tiota beag gu fagadh,
'S am faigh mi a' chairt 's an t each bànn ;
Dh' easbhuidh suidheachan is boidheach,
Bidh boitein math feoir 'n a màs."

Bha gach ni gu deas 'n a uidheam—
Sud Leomag 'n a siubhal troimh 'n t-sian,
A's Fionnladh 'n a shuidhe lamh rith',
Le 'bhreacan glas, blath 'g a dion.

Thainig i gu ceann a turais ;
Oir cha robh cunnard dhi fo 'laimh ;
'S dh' fhag e i gun chnead, gun fhailing,
Gu sabhailte 'n a h-aite taimh.

* A lazy, conceited girl.

“ ‘S mor an diubhail,” arsa Leomag,
 “ Ma theid Mac-Leoraidh as gu saor.” —
 Thilg i an t-saighead gu seolta,
 ‘S air mo bhòid ! cha robh i maol.

M’ an d’ rainig e ceann an rathaid
 Dh’ fhairich e acaid ‘n a chòm ;
 ‘S an uair a dh’ eirich e ‘s a’ mhadainn,
 Bha ‘osnaidhean fad agus trom.

(*Ri leantuinn.*)

THEODORUS, BUACHAILL ORMAI.

Bu bhuachaille - chaorach Theodorus caomh ; air cluanaibh glasa ghlinn Ormai bha ‘n treud sin ag ionaltradh a bha ‘n earbsa r’ a churam. Co bu stolda giulan na Theodorus ? Co bu chiuine spiorad na e ? Bha gnath ‘s a chaithe-beatha co reidh, samhach ri uisgeachan an alltain bhig, lubaich a bha ‘siubhal a sios le borbhan iosal roimh ghleann Ormai. Bha ‘n t-slighe air an robh e ‘g imeachd do ghnath glan, ‘s cha ‘n fhacas riamh smal no sal air a thrusgan geal. Dh’ eisd a threud le dealas r’ a ghuth, oir bha ‘ghuth taitneach agus binn r’ a eisdeachd, mar cheol o chruit nan teud. Thuit a bhriathran blasda o ‘bheul mar mhill o na ciribh meala. Bha ‘chomhradh mar dhruhd an fheasgair air na lusan maoth. Bu mhacanta, ciuin a nadur—bu chaomh, iriosal aigne Theodorus. Ach ma bha a spiorad macanta, seimh, bha e fein ‘s an am cheudna gealtach, meath-chridheach. Mur b’ urrainn e le briathran tlath an t-uaine geal a dhusgadh o ‘shuain, agus sanas a thoirt da gu ‘n robh an sionnach dluth, cha robh de mhisnich aige a ghuth a thogail gu h-ard agus rabhadh smachdail a thoirt seachad. Na ‘n tachradh do ‘n chaora ghoraich dol air seachran air bilibh nan creagan cas no na sgairnich aird, theagamh gu ‘n comhairlicheadh Theodorus dhi fuireach air a h-ais agus pilleadh ris an treud ; ach air eagal sgath ‘chur oirre, no oillt a dhusgadh ‘n a cridhe —air eagal oilbheum a thoirt di, leigeadh e leatha gabhail air a h-aghaidh mar a b’ aill leatha, agus tuiteam thairis o mhullach nan creag. Labhradh e ris an treud ann am briathraibh coitchionn mu chunnart nan creag ‘s nan tuiltean ; agus co a b’ urrainn a chur an ceill ann an cainnt bu taitneach, mu neart an leoghainn, seoltachd an t-sionnaich, luathas na h-iolaire air toir na creich, na Theodorus, buachaille nan caorach ann an gleann Ormai ? Co b’ fhearr a dh’ innseadh cunnart nan caorach ? agus da-rìreadh bu taitneach, milis a ghloir, ‘s bu cheileireach

an t-òran a sheinneadh e air ‘fheadan binn : ach cha duraicheadh e radh i h-aon seach aon diubh, “Seachain sud, no so.” Cha leigeadh a chridhe miapaidh leis a radh, “Is tusa chaora ghorach, sheachranach.” Bu leisg leis a h-aon seach aon diubh a chronachadh. Cha duraichdeadh e radh “Is tusa cheart chaora a bhrìst am mach o ionaltradh nan treud—‘s tusa ‘sheas air a’ mhadainn so air a’ bhruaich a dh’ iarradh ort a sheachnadh—‘s tusa an t-aon aig am bheil an nadur agus an cleachdadh sin a tha ag aomadh gu cumart, gu truaighe agus gu bas, mur caisgear e.” Chanadh e riu ann am briathran coitchionn, “Bithibh ‘n ar n-earalas an aghaidh an leoghainn agus an t-sionnaich ;” ach cha robh de mhisnich aige na theireadh ri aon chaora seach caora eile, “Tha thusa gu h-àraidh ann an cunnart ; oir tha thu ‘tathaich nan aiteachan anns am bheil an leoghann ‘s an sionnach a’ tamh. Anns an t-slighe sin ‘s an deach thusa air seachran, agus a dh’ iarradh ort a sheachnadh tha namhaid laidir, carach a tha ‘g iarraidh do sgrios.” Do bhrìgh nach do labhair Theodorus gu sgaiteach, smachdail ris na caoraich agus gu ‘n robh e do ghnath ciuin, seimh agus sìothchail, smaointich iad gu ‘n robh anabarr graidh aige dhoibh ; agus uime sin ghradhaich an treud esan gu mor. Bha iad da-rìreadh ‘n an treud samhach, soirbh, neo-lochdach ; agus ged nach robh Theodorus ‘n a bhuachaille eudmhor, durachdach, saothreachail, gidheadh air ioma doigh shoirbhich a’ bhuachailleachd leis. Bha e fein lan toilichte leis na rinn e, gun a thoirt idir fainear na dh’ fheudadh e a dheanamh. Thug e buidheachas do Dhia gu ‘n robh a shaothair air a beannachadh gu mor ; gun eagal, gun mhulad do bhrìgh nach robh i deich uairean ni bu mho air a beannachadh, mar a dh’ fheudadh i ‘bhi, nam biodh esan cho eudmhor ‘s a bu choir dha. Thug e fainear gu ‘n robh buachaillean eile ni bu neo-churamaiche na bha esan. Riaraich so e—bha e lan toilichte leis fein, agus smaointich e gu ‘n robh Dia lan toilichte leis mar an ceudna.

Mar so bhruadar Theodorus seachad a laithean agus a bhliadhnachan, agus bha e fo lan dochas gu ‘m fosgladh e ‘shuilean ann an neamh ‘n uair a thigeadh a bhruadar ‘s an t-saoghal so gu crìch. Lan de na smuaintibh solasach sin, dhirich e air feasgar aillidh samhraidh uchdach na beinne os ceann gleann Ormai, a bheachdachadh air dol fodha

na greine mar a bha i'tearnadh o airde nan speur a chleith a leadain oir air cul a' chuain 's an iar. "O!" deir esan, "is sona da-rìreadh an duine sin a tha 'g imeachd ann am feasgar a laithean, mar a' ghrian ud thall, ann an sith, agus coltach ris a' ghrein sin nach 'eil a' dol fodha ach car tamuill gu eirigh a ris ann an saoghal eile. Mar so deonaich, O! Dhe, 'n uair a thig mo laithean-sa gu crìch, 's is eigin domh triall, gur h-ann mar sin a shiubhlas mise, 'chum 's an uair a thig madainn na h-aiseirigh gu 'n tog mi mo cheann le gairdeachas anns an aite bheannaichte sin far nach bi feum air grian no air gealach—far am beathaich an t-Uan a th' ann am meadhon na rìgh-chaitheach a chaoirich fein, agus far an treoraich e iad gu tobraichean uisge, agus an tiormaich Dia gach deur gu brath o'n suilibh."

Air dha labhairt mar so, chual e mar gu'm b' ann fann ghuth a' teachd air oiteig an anamoich mar bhorbhan iosal am measg dhuilich nan craobh air a chulthaobh. Thionndadh e gu grad, agus chunnaic e urra aillidh, neo-shaoghalta, aig an robh eugmhas agus dreach ni bu shoilleire gu mor na gath or-bhuidhe na greine a bha nis a' dol as an t-sealladh 's an iar. Bha 'n fhaluing a bha uime mar aile glan nan neamh. Bha 'ghuth co tlath ri fuaim thiamhaidh na clarsaich, 'n uair a bhuailleadh an oigh na teudan reidh. Lub Theodorus a cheann gu lar, agus bha e 'n thosd—bha 'anam air a lionadh le uamhas ard agus naomha. Thuirt an t-aingeal ris, "Sith gu robh dhuit," agus mar so, ged a bha Theodorus air a lionadh le urram ard cha robh eagal air a spiorad. "Amhairc a sìos air a' ghleann," ars an t-aingeal, "agus thoir fainear gu maith na chi thu." Thionndaidh Theodorus a ghabhail beachd mar a dh' iarradh air. Bha solus gu mor ni bu dealraiche na gathana na greine air a' mheadhon la a' dearsadh air srath a' ghlinne. Chunnaic e ann an sin aitreabh ard agus dhreachmhor 'g a togail, a thug barr ann an ailleachd air Teampull iomraiteach rìgh Solamh, no Pailiun ainmeil Thad-mor 's an fhasaich. Bha deich uairean deich mìle lamh a' togail na h-aitreabh; agus am feadh 's a bha e 'beachdachadh bha an obair air a crìochnachadh, agus bha 'chlach-mhullaich air a cur a suas le gairdeachas. 'N a dheigh sin bha gach fuigheal agus spruidhleach mu thimchioll an aite air a chruinneachadh, 's air a thilgeadh ann ann an sloc dhomhain a bha air a chladhach air a shon. Bha na sailean agus na lobhtaichean air an robh

an luchd-togail 'n an seasamh fhad 's a bha 'n aitreabh a' dol suas fathasd 'n an aite fein. Dh' fheoraicheadh do 'n ard-mhaighstir cìod a dheantadh riu? "Gabh a' chuid a's fearr dhiubh," deir esan, "agus deasaich iad gu bhi 'n am puist, 's gach aon diubh mar charragh, a stigh 's an teampull far an seas iad gu suthain agus gu brath; ach a' chuid eile cha 'n 'eil feum na's faide agam dhiubh. Fhreagair iad a' chrìoch air son an do chleachdadh iad; agus a nis tilg iad maille ris an spruileach, 's ris an t-salachar eile, agus faic gu 'm bi iad air an losgadh leis an teine a's sgaitiche." Mar a thubhairt an t-ard-chlachair rinneadh. Bha sail an deigh saile air an toirt gu lar—cuid diubh air an caradh air an laimh dheis, gu bhi air an gabhail a stigh gu bhi 'n am puist 's an teampull, agus ciud air an laimh chli gu bhi air an tilgeadh 's an t-sloc. 'N uair a laimhsich an luchd-frithealaidh aon sail araidh a bha 'n sin, 's a bha iad 'g a cur air leth gu 'tilgeadh 's an teine, chrìochnaich Theodorus le oillt—thainig uamhas air 'anam—chlig e mar gu 'm biodh mìle deamhan an deigh a ghlacadh, agus ann an doilgheas 'anama ghlaodh e mach, "O! Dhe uile ghlormhor, caomhain mi ann ad throcair, mar 'eil e nis tuilleadh a's anmoch dhomhsa guidhe air son trochair no aithreachais." Na 'm biodh e tuille a's anmoch," ars' an t-aingeal, "cha robh mis air mo chur ad ionnsaidh mar theachdaire grais. Tha tiota beag fathasd de aimsir air a dheonachadh dhuit anns an t-saoghal so, ged a tha 'm feasgar a' ciaradh mu d' thimchioll, cha deach do ghrian fathasd fodha. Duisg, mosgail agus bi eudmhor—bi glic, saothreachail, deanadach—guidh air an ard bhuachaille barrachd durachd a thoirt duit; agus na di-chuimhnich fhad 's is beo thu an rabhadh a fhuair thu 'n diugh." "O! mo Thighearna," arsa Theodorus, "cìod is ciall do 'n t-sealladh a chunnaic mi 'n so? ged a tha, 'ar leam, seorsa de dh' fhiosrachadh agam air." "An aitreabh a chunnaic thu," ars' an t-aingeal, "sin agad Eaglais Chrìosd. 'S iad ministearan na h-Eaglais sin na meadhonana tha esan a' cleachdadh achum an aitreabh sin a thogail. Tha cuid diubh a bha dileas, durachdach, saothreachail; agus bidh gach aon diubh so 'n a charragh glormhor anns an teampull shuas. Bha cuid eile dhiubh nach robh uile gu leir diomhanach, ach cha d' rinn iad spairn—cha do chleachd iad durachd. Rinn iad beagan ach cha d' rinn iad an deicheamh cuid de na dh' fheudadh iad a dheanamh. Cha

'n 'eil feum tuille orra, 's mar nithe suarach gun fheum tha iad air an diteadh. Mhothaicheadh an cunnart anns an robh thusa—ghabhadh truas dhiot—chuireadh mise ann an cairdeas ad ionnsaidh a chum a sparradh air d' intinn nach dean giulan riaghailteach, gun eud, gun saothair, cuis—gu bheil durachd agus spairn an anama ri bhi air an cleachdadh. As eugmhais so cha dean gach lethsgenl eile feum. Nach do spion mi thu mar aithne as an teine? Imich ann an sith. Cuimhnich do chunnart, agus biodh d'anam's an obair, anns an am a tha romhad."

An deigh do 'n aingeal labhairt mar so chriochnaich an taisbein a chunnaic Theodorus ann an gleann Ormai. Sgaoil an t-aingeal a sgiathan aillidh, airgidach 'n uair a dhirich e suas air oiteag an anmoich gu neamh. Bha 'n fhuaim mar thorman an uillt's a' ghleann 'n uair a thuiteas e sìos eadar gheugan nan craobh o chreig gu creig, gu aigeal iosal a' ghlinne. T.

—*Fear-tathaich nam Beann.*

—o—

AM MAIGHISTIR AGUS AN GILLE.

Bha uair-eigin roimhe so droch thiomannan ann agus bha mòran de sheirbhisich ag iarraidh aiteachan, agus cha robh moran de aiteachan ann daibh. Bha tuathanach an sin, agus cha gabhadh e gille sam bith ach gille a dh'fhuireadh leis gu ceann seachd bliadhna, agus nach iarradh de thuarasdal ach na ghlacadh e 'n a bheul de 'n t-siol, 'n uair bhiodh e a' bualadh an arbhair anns an t-sabhal.

Cha robh gin a' gabhail aige. Mu dheireadh thubhairt e, gu 'n leigeadh e leo an siol a chur anns an ire a b' fhearr a bhiodh aige, agus gum faigheadh iad na h-eich, s an crann aige fein a dheanamh an treabhaidh agus na h-eich aige fein thun a' chliathaidh.

Bha gille og an sin, agus thubhairt e, "Gabhaidh mise agad," 's chuir an tuathanach muinntireas air. 'S e am bargan a rinn iad, gu 'm b' e an tuarasdal a bha gu bhi aige a' ghille, na ghlacadh e de graineanan sil 'n a

bheul, tra bhitheadh e a' bualadh an arbhair, anns an t-sabhal. Agus bha e gus faotunn an siol sin a chur anns an ire b' fhearr a bh' aig an tuathanach, agus bha e gus na chinneadh air an t-siol sin a ghleidheadh agus ciod air bith an siol a ghlacadh e 'n a bheul, 'n uair bhitheadh e a' bualadh an arbhair, a chur comhla ris, agus sin a chur anns an ire a b' fhearr a bh' aig an tuathanach an ath bhliadhna. Bha e gus eich 's crann, no goireis air bith eile a bhiodh feumail da airson cur no buain, fhaotunn o 'mhaighistir; agus mar sin gu ceann 'n an seachd bliadhna. Gu 'm bitheadh aige, seachd geamhraidhean's an t-sabhal a' bualadh, seachd earraich gu cur, seachd samhraidhean cinneis de 'n bharr, agus seachd fogharaidhean buana, agus ciod air bith an tighinn am mach a bhiodh ann an siol a' ghille 's na seachd bliadhna, b' e sin an duais a bha gu bhi aige 'n uair dh' fhalbhadh e.

Chaidh an gille dhachaidh gu 'mhaighistir agus daonnan 'n uair bhiodh e a' bualadh anns an t-sabhal, bhitheadh a' mhaighistir a' bualadh leis. Agus cha d' rug e 'n a bheul, ach air tri graineanan gus and' thainig an t-earrach, agus chuir e iad anns an ire b' fhearr a bh' aig a' bhodach.

Chinn asda sin tri diasan, agus bha air gach dias, tri-fichead grainne math sil.

Ghleidh an gille iad sin gu curamach, agus ciod air bith grainne sil air an do rug e, chuir e comhla rin iad.

Chuir e iad sin a rithis air an ath earrach. Agus aig an fhogharadh a rithis bha toradh aige, cho math 's a bh' aige a' bhliadhna roimhe sin.

Chuir an gille seachd a shiol gu curamach, agus ciod air bith a ghlac e 'n a bheul, 'n uair bhitheadh e a' bualadh 's an ath gheamhradh, chuir e maille ris a' chuid eile e.

Agus mar sin do 'n ghille, o bhliadhna gu bliadhna gus mo dheireadh, a dheanamh sgeul fada goirid, gu 'n do chuir an gille, air a' bliadhna mu dheireadh na h-uile ire threabhaidh a bh' aig a' bhodach. Agus bha corr sil aige r' a chur agus cha mhor nach robh am bodach air a chreachadh. B' fheudar da mal

a phaigheadh do 'n tuathanach a b' fhaigge dha, air son ire's an cuireadh an gille an corr sil a bh' aige, agus pairt de 'n spreidh aig a chreic, achion gruinnid air an ionaltradh iad; agus cha deanadh e baragan air a' cheart doigh ri gille gu brath tuille.—
Sgeulachdan Gaidhealach, le I. F. Caimbeul.

KEY F.

CLACHAN GHLINN-DA-RUA'IL.

.s₁ | d, d. - : m., d | r., s₁ : s₁ . L₁ | d, d. - : m., f | s : s . L

| d¹ ., t : l ., s | s ., m : r . s | d¹ ., l : s ., l | d : d . ||

SEISD.

Mo chaileag bhian-gheal, mheall-shuileach,
A dh' fhas gu fallain, fuasgailt',
Gur trom mo cheum o'n dhealaich sinn
Aig Clachan Ghlinn-da-Rua'il.

Didomhnaich rinn mi 'chomhlachadh,
Bean og is modhar gluasad :
Tha 'guth mar cheol na smeoraiche,
'S mar bhilean ròs a gruaidhean.
Mo chaileag, &c.

'N uair b' fhuileant' briathra mhinisteir,
A' fiosrachadh mu 'r truailleachd,
Bha mise 'coimhead durachdach,
Na seirc tha 'd shuil neo-luainich.
Mo chaileag, &c.

Cha suaimhneas oidhch' air leaba dhomh,
Ga d' fhaicinn ann am brùadar ;
'S am Biobull fein cha laimhsich mi
Gun d' iomhaigh ghraidh ga m' bhuair-eadh.
Mo chaileag, &c.

Ged shuidheas cleir na tire leam,
'S mi 'sgriobhadh dhoibh le luath-laimh,
'S ann bhios mo smuaintain diomhair-each
Air Sìne dhonn a' chuach-fhuilt.
Mo chaileag, &c.

Is caoin a seang-shlios furanach,
Neo-churaidh a ceum uallach ;
Tha 'gairdean bàn gle chumachdail,
'S deud lurach 'n a beul guamach.
Mo chaileag, &c.

'S ro fhaicilleach 'n a comhradh i,
Gun sgilm, gun sgleo. gun tuaileas ;
Gur flathail 'coiseachd sraide i,
Air bheagan stàit no guaineis.
Mo chaileag, &c.

Ged bheireadh Deorsa àite dhomh,
Cho ard 's a tha 'measg 'uaislean,
Air m' fhacal, 's mor a fhearr leam
A bhi 'n Coire-chnaimh am bhuachaill!
Mo chaileag, &c.

O, 's truagh nach robh mi 's m' àilleagan
Air àiridh 'n cois nam fuar-bheann !
Bu shocair sèimh a chaidilinn,
'S i 'm achlais, air an luachair.
Mo chaileag, &c.

Ach 's eagal leam, le m' cheileireachd,
Gu 'n gabh an seisein gruaim rium.—
Ged dh' fhogras iad do 'n Olaind mi,
Ri m' bheo cha toir mi fuath dhuit !
Mo chaileag, &c.

SEANN SGEUL GAIDH-EALACH.

O chionn corr a's ceithir cheud bliadhna, dh' eirich comh-strith mhor eadar na Cuimeanaich agus Clann-an-Toisich, aig an robh oighreachd mhath, goirid o fhearann a' Chuimeanaich, Iarla Bhaideanach agus Athull. Bha Bau-Iarla a' Chuimeanaich, a reir na h-aithris 'n a bana-gheocaire anabarrach; agus a chum an ciocras so a shasachadh b' eiginn di buntuinn gu ro-chruaidh ris an tuath bhochd. Theirteadh gu 'n itheadh i seipein smior gach aon la air a diuneir, a bharr air iomad goireas soghar, annasach eile. Le 'leithid sin de strogh agus de anacaitheamh, chlaoidh i a cuid tuatha co mor's rach robh iad 'n an urrainn na mail a dhioladh, no 'm fearann a shaoithreachadh, ionnas gu 'm b' eiginn di dol a dh-aslachadh faoidhe air a coimhearsnaich shaoibhir. An deigh dhi an duthaich imeachd ag iarraidh faoidhe, dh' innis i d' a fear an soirbheachadh a bha 'n co'-lorg a turais, agus gu 'n d' thug Mac-an-Toisich mor Thir-enedhi da-bha-dheug agus tarbh. An aite a thaingealachd, is ann a dhuisg an fhialachd shomalta so a dhiumb, 'fharmad, agus a chorruch ri saoi-breas a choimhearsuaich. Bha sgath air r' a bheairteas, agus do thaobh sin, chuir e roimhe gu 'n cuireadh e as da; 's a chum sgail a chur air a' ghnìomh mhi-chneasda sin, chuir e 'n ceill gu 'n robh an t-uasal sin tuilleadh 's mor aig a mhuaioi. Air leis gu 'n robh so 'n a dheadh leisgeul, agus 'n a chion - fath freagarach air connspoid. Bha e uis a' feitheamh nam fath chum a run a chur an gnìomh; ni a fhuair e gu grad a dheanamh, le caisteal an duin' eile aig Tomafuir (aite bha goirid o Bhlar-Athull), a chuairteachadh mu mheadhou oidhche, 'n nair a mharbh iad an teaghlach gu h-ìomlan eadar

fhirionn agus bhoirionn, a bha 'n an suain - chadail gun fhiamh, gun amharus. Le so a dheanamh ghabh e sealbh air a chuid fearainn, a bha ni bu mho na bha aig aon duin'-nasal eile bha 's an duthaich.

Bha, dlu do mhur Mhic-an-Toisich, seann duine a chomhuaidh, aig an robh greim beag fearainn uaithe, air nach robh de mhal ach boineid ur nair 's a' bhliadhna; agus thug a mhaighstir an t-seana bhoineid dha an am na te ùir 'fhaotainn; agus air a shon sin theirear Croit-na-boineid ris an fhearann sin gus an latha 'n diugh. Bha ioghladh air an t-seann duine co samhach 's a bha talla muirneach a mhaighstir, 's a' mhadaidh an deigh a' chasgraidh mhuladaich sin, agus chaidh e a dh-fhaicinn an aobhair. Cha luaithe chaidh e stigh na chuunaic e cuid de na cuirp bheubanaichte gun deo air an urlar. Le mor ioghnadh agus uamhunn leis na chuunaic e, laimhsich e gach aon fa leth dhiu, a dh-fbeuchainn an robh iarmad beatha ann an aon sam bith dhiubh, ach bu diomhain a shaothair. Air a lionadh le mulad, thog e suas a' chreathall, a bha bun-os-ceann air an urlar, agus fhuair e 'n leanabh-beag foidhpe, ris an abradh iad am brideach Eoghan, agus le mor sholas thuig e gu 'n robh e beo, ach ro lag le cudthrom na creathlach agus an aodaich. Ghrad rug e air, agus ghiulain e e chum a sheanar a thaobh a mhathar, Mac - Glaisein Ionarbhac, a chuir gu grad air falbh leis e gu dlu charaid de shliochd Dhiarmaid ann an Earraghaidheal, chum nach biodh e mar fhad laimhe do 'n Chuimeanach; far an d' fhuair e a dheadh arach. Bha e 'n a ghnathachadh aig an t-seann duine thug an sin e dol gu tric g' a fhaicinn; ach a chionn gu 'n robh na Cuimeanaich co cumhachdach 's an an

sinn an Albainn, mheasadh feumail a chumail an cleth gu'n robh an leanabh beo, gus an fasadh e suas, agus gu'm biodh e air son 'athar a dhioladh. Ged a bha e car uine lag, gun mhor chinneas, thainig e air aghaidh, agus dh' fhas e gu laidir, eireachdail, agus bha e ro theoma leis a' bhogha, ni a thug mor mhisneach d' a sheana charaid, an duil gu'n tugadh e aicheamhail a mach air son na sean fhalachd. Air am araidh chaidh e g' a fhaicinn, agus chunnaic e co math's a bha e air a' chusbaireachd; thuirte ris gu'n robh broilleach an fhir a mharbh 'athair ni bu leatha na'n comharadh ud — ni a chuir mor ioghnadh air an fhleasgach, nach cuala rianh roimhe iomradh air. Ghrad leag an seann duine ris an diuras, leis gach durachd a bha 'n a chomas, mu thimchioll a chairdean agus 'oighreachd. Dh' eisd an t-og - fhilath le ro - aire ris an sgeul, agus air dha bhi air a bhualadh gu goirt ri aithris a' chraidh, bhruchd e 'mach, le ard bhas-bhualadh, agus a' bras shileadh nan deur; agus thaosg e mach 'inntinn agus a run an uchd an t-seann duine. Air dha a nis a bhi lan-fhiosrach air na thachair, bha fadal air gu dol a bhuaunachd oighreachd 'athar's a sheanar, agus a dheanamh dioghaltais air naimhdean an-ìochdar a thighe. Cha'n urrainnear a chur an ceill an solas a thug e do'n t-seann duine meud na h-ionaguin a bh' air an fhleasgach gu bhi 'triall g' a dhuthaich fein. Dh' asluich iad le cheile air a chairdibh iad a chur ceathuirne leo a bheireadh aghaidh air a naimhdibh, agus dheonaich iad an iarrtas, le ceithir-fir-fhichead a chur air falbh maille riutha, fo'n lan armaibh agus rainig iad tigh Mhic-Glaisein, a sheanair, a chaidh leo agus ochdnar thaghta fo'n lan armaibh maille ris. Uaithe sin

rainig iad coille Uràrd-bhig, far an d' fhuirich iad gu seimh samhach gus an do chuir iad fios a dh-ionnsaidh banaltrum Eoghain. Chaidh e fein g' a h-ionnsaidh, agus rinn e cagar aig a dorus; dh' fheoraich i co a bh' ann aig uair co aumoch? Fhreagair e gu'n robh a dalta Eoghan Mac-an-Toisich. "Tha 'n guth coltach r' a ghuth," a deir i; "ach ma sheideas tu t'anail a stigh troimh tholl na glaise, tuigidh mi 'n sin gu cinnteach ma's tu th' ann." Rinn e sin, agus thuig i gu grad gur e fein a bh' ann; agus bha i ro ait a chionn i ga 'fhaicinn. Chaidh a mhuime chur a dh' fhaighinn sgeoil mu'n Chuimeanach, agus phill i leis an teachdaireachd gu'n deach e le'chuid daoineibh gu drochaid Teilt, mu thimchioll mìle air asdar, a thoirt abhachd dha fein agus d' a chuid daoine. Le so a chluinntinn roinn Mac an-Toisich a chuid daoine 'n an da bhuidhinn, agus bha Mac-Glaisein air ceann an dara buidhinn, a chumail freiceadan air Caisteal Bhlair, agus bha Eoghan air ceann na buidhinn eile maille ris an t-seann duine, nach do dhealaich idir ris, agus chaidh iad air toir a' Chuimeanaich. Co luath's a thuig e gu'm bu naimhdean a bha ga 'iarraidh, theich e dh' ionnsaidh a' chaisteil, far an do choinnich a' bhuidheann eil' e, a mharbh moran diubh mun do thàr iad as, agus lean iad an ruaig a mach Gleann-Teilt, a' marbhadh agus a' leonadh moran diubh. Chaidh an t-sron a chur de dh-fhear aig allt ris an abrar o'n latha sin Allt-na-sroine; lotadh fear eile's a bhroinn aig Allt-nam-marag. Am feadh a bha iad mar so air an rugadh suas ann gleann le Mac-Glaisein, ghabh muinntir Eoghain falach-talandadh orra, agus thachair iad riutha aghaidh-mu-chnoc. Tha e air a radh gur e'n seann duine a bha do ghnath air thoiseach, agus ann am briathraibh smachdail

ghlaodh e, “Sud agad do namhaid, an Cuimeanach agus ma leigeas tu as e toillidh tu bas cladhaire fhao-tainn.” Chuir Eoghan gu grad a bhogha air lagh, agus chuir e’n t-saighead troimh chridhe a’ Chuim-anaich. Thuit e air lic leathain ri taobh na slighe, far an do thog iad, mar bu ghnath, carn chlach mar chuimhneachan air an euchd, ris an abrar Carn-a’-Chuimeanaich gus an la ’n diugh. Their na Gaidheil ris na cuir sin, Cuirn-na-falachd.—*An Teachdaire Ur.*

ALNASCAR.

“Am brúadar so, am faoin-sgeul e,
No ’m faodadh e bhi fìor?”

Cha robh ann an Alnascar ach lunndaire leisg nach oibricheadh car’s nach salaicheadh a lamh cho fhad’s a bu bheo ’athair. Aig am a bhais, dh’fhag ’athair aige coig fichead bonn òir. A chum na cuid a b’ fhearr a dheanamh dhiubh, chuir e am mach iad ann an gloineachan, botail, agus soithichean creatha ro luachmhor agus ro riomhach. Iad so chuir e ann am bascaid mhoir, agus an deigh dha bùth beag a ghabhail air mhàl, shuidh e ann; chuir e a’ bhascaid aig a chasan, agus leig e a dhruim ris a’ bhalla a’ feitheamh luchd - ceannaich. Am feadh’s a shuidh e mar so gu socair ag amharc air a’ bhascaid agus air a’ bhathair phriseil a bha innte, thuit e ann an trom-smaoin anabarrach taitneach; agus chualas e le cuid de na coimhearsnaich a’ bruidhinn ris fhein mar a leanas:—
“Chosd an cliath so dhomhsa mo choig fichead bonn òir—mo chuid an t-saoghal. An uair a reiceas mi na th’aun tilgidh e air a’ chuid is lugha deich fichead bonn òir. Ann an uine gle ghoirid eiridh an t-suim so gu ceithir chiad agus ri h-uine, cinnidh so a rithist gu ceithir mìle.

Cha bhi e doirbh ceithir mìle bonn òir a dheanamh ’n a ochd mìle. Cho luath’s a bhios mo mhaoin mar so air cinntinn gu deich mìle, cuiridh mi dhiom obair ghloineachan as bhotal, agus gabhaidh mi gu malairt ann an seudan agus clachan luachmhor. An sin reicidh mi gach seorsa dhaoimean, neamhnaid, agus usgraichean briagha. An uair a chuireas mi r’a cheile de shaoibhreas na mhiannaichinn, ceannaichidh mi an tigh is eireachdaile a ghabhas faotainn, maille ri fearann, seirbheisich agus feudail. Tòisichidh mi an sin air toil-inntinnean na beatha so a mhealtainn; agus mur dean mise stairirich anns an t-saoghal! Ach cha chum so idir rium; leanaidh mi air gus an cuir mi cruinn ciad mìle bonn òir; agus, le so fo m’laimh, is dùth dhomh bhi ag amharc os cionn barr mo shroine; cha bhi priounsa’s an rioghachd nach bi mi cho miadhor ris, agus iarradh mi nighean an Uachdarain air laimh mar mhnaoi; an deigh dhomh an toiseach a chur an ceill da an cunntas ard a fhuair mi air an eireachdas, an tuigse, agus a’ chrionntachd air son am bheil i comharraichte agus ainmeil. Leigidh mi ris da, aig a’ cheart am, gur e mo run mìle bonn òir a shìneadh dha mar thiodhlac air oidhche na bainnse. An uair a phosas mi nighean an Uachdarain gheobh mi dhi deich seirbheisich a dh-fheitheamh oirre, cho math’s a ghabhas faotainn, ma ni airgid e. ’N a dheigh sin theid sinn le greadh-nachas, agus le riomhaidh gun a leithid a dh-fhaicinn m’athar-ceile. An uair a chuireas e mi am shuidhe air a laimh dheis—rud a ni e gun teagamh, ged nach biodh ann ach a chur urraim air a nighinn—sìndih mi dha am mìle bonn òir a gheall mi, agus an deigh sin, chum a mhor-ioghnaidh, builichidh mi air sporan anns am bi uidhir eile ag radh rud-

eigin mar so:—‘Tha thu a’ faicinn gur duine mi a sheasas ri m’ fhacal—seadh, is gnath leam daonnan tuilleadh ’s a gheallas mi a thoirt seachad.’

“An deigh domb a’ bhan-phrionnsa a thoirt dachaidh chum mo luchuirt, bheir mi an aire mhath gu ’n oileanaich mi i gu mor mheas agus urram a chur orm m’ an toir mi an t-srian d’ ar sugradh agus d’ ar gaol. Chum na criche so cumaidh mi ’n a seomar fein i car tamuill, a’ dol an drast ’s a rithist g’ a faicinn, ’s gun a’ labhairt ach beagan rithe. Thig an sin a mnathan-frithealaidh a dh-innseadh dhomh gu bheil mo mhi-chaoimhneas an impis a cridhe a bhristeadh, agus guidhidh iad orm, le deoir ’n an snilibh, mi ’dhol g’ a caidreadh, agus mi ’leigeil leatha suidhe lamh rium; ach gabhaidh mi orm a bhi do-lùbadh agus tionndaidhidh mi mo chul oirre. Thig a mathair agus bheir i a h-ighean am ionnsaidh ’s mi leam fhein air suidheachan riomhach. Tilgidh an nighean i fein aig mo chasan, a’ sileadh nan deur, agus aslaichidh i orm mi g’ a gabhail air a h-ais a dh-ionnsaidh mo chridhe agus mo ghaoil. An sin ’a chum ’s gu ’m bhi i air a lionadh le lan urram domb, agus gu bhi umhal, iriosal, tàirngidh mi mo chas, agus tilgeadh mi uam i le breab a chuireas an combair a cùil i thun taobh eil ’n tighe.”

Bha Aluascar cho mor air a shlugadh suas leis an taisbeanadh fhaoin so ’s nach b’ urrainn da gun a chur an gnìomh le ’chois an nì sin a bha aige ’n a smaointean; air chor ’s gu ’n d’ thug e gu mi fhortanach breab do ’n bhascaid làn d’ an bhathar bhrisg, a bha gu bhi na bhunait aig a ghreadhnachas gu leir, a thilg i fein ’s na bha innte ’n am pronnas am mach air meadhon na sràide.

Eadar. le MAC-MHARCUS.

Latha Mhartainn-bhuilg, 1874.

BAS A’ MHARAICHE.

Ged a b’ iad maraichean agus cabhlach Bhreatuinn a dhion an rioghachd ri linn cogadh mor na Frainge, agus ged a tha sinn ’n an eiseimeil air son a bhi ’giulan ar bathar-malairt do dhuthchan cein air feadh an t-saoghail, ’s a’ toirt moran d’ ar ionnsaidh chum ar beathachaidh ’s ar sgeadaich; gus o chionn ghoirid ’s beag a chaidh a dheanamh air son leas aimsireil no spioradail nam maraichean bochd. Tha, a nis, tighean mor air an cur suas anns na bailtean-puirt a dh-aon ghnòthach air an son, far am faigh iad tuineachadh an uair a tha iad air tìr, gun chunnart a bhi air an spùinneadh le creachadairean mar bu tric a thachair dhoibh roimhe. A tuilleadh air sin, tha àiteachan - aoraidh agus ministearan air an cur air leth dhoibh. Is e an t-àite aoraidh a gheobhar an cuid de chalaidean, seann long air a deasachadh le lobhta agus suidheachain; agus sean seoladair cràbhaidh a chomhnuidh innte ’s a’ cumail aoraidh moch a’s anmoch.

Chuala mi an sgeul a leanas mu bhàs fir a bha fada an aon de na h-aiteachan-aoraidh so. An uair a bhuail galar a bhais e, thainig cuid d’ a sheannchompanaich g’ a fhaicinn. Dh’ fheoraich iad ciod am beachd a bha aige a thaobh an turais-mhara air an robh e a reir coslais gu seoladh. Fhreagair e, an cainnt na mara, “Tha ’m fearann an sealladh, tha ’m fearam an sealladh” (*Land a-head, land a-head*)! An ath uair a thainig iad bha e na bu laige. Dh’ fheoraich iad ciod an staid ’s an robh e. Fhreagair e, “A’ dol timchioll an rudha, a’ dol timchioll an rudha” (*Rounding the point, rounding the point*). An uair a thainig iad a rithist bu ghann a b’ urrainn da an ceistean a fhreagairt; thubhairt e, “Gach nì gu maith, gach nì gu maith” (*All is well, all is*

well). An uair mu dheireadh a thainig iad g' a fhaicinn bha e gun chainnt, ach cha do chaill e a phurp. Bu leisg leo 'fhagail gun sanas eigin fhaotainn a thaobh a mhisnich agus e cho dluth d' a chrich. An uair a bha iad gu 'fhagail chruinnich e am beagan neart a bha aige 's thuirt e,

mar bu ghnàth leo 'n uair a ruigeadh iad an cala miannaichte, "Leig sìos an acair" (*Let go the anchor*), a's le sin thug e suas an deo.

J. W.

Lag-na-h-abhunn, 1874.

BROSNACHADH BHRUCE

D' A FHEACHD AIR BLAR BHANNOCKBURN.

Fheachd Alb', le *Wallace*, 'shil fo chreuchd,
'S fo *Bhruce* 'chaidh dan gu blar nan euchd,
'Nis iarraibh bàs an àr nan eug,
No buaidh gu treun 's an strith !

'N diugh latha chruais—'s i 'n uair tha làth'r!
Feuch feachd fo 'n cruaidh, fo ghruaim a' bhlàir;
Fench Iomhar 's 'fheachd gu gleachd a' tàr
A dheanamh thraillean dhìbh !

Co thig do 'n strìth, neo-dhileas, claon ?
Co dh' iarras uaigh ach uaine 'n raoin ?
Co striochdas sìos gu diblidh faoin ?—
Air cul an claon-fhear clìth !

Co, 'n càs a Rìgh, a Rìogh'chd, 's a Reachd,
Bheir beum nan geur-lann treun an gleachd ?
Gu buaidh am blàr, no bàs 'n a bheachd !
An gaisgeach leanadh mì !

Air truaigh a's teinn ar n-ainneirt thruaigh !
'S ar sliochd an sàs 'n an geimhlibh cruaidh !
Bho 'r cuislibh tràight' air sgàth ar sluaigh,
Thig saorsa 's buaidh le sìth !

Na coimhich caisgibh, fheachd nan sàr !
'S cruaidh dhaoi gun iochd na thig gu làr !
Thig saorsa fhein o 'r beum am blar !
(Ar n-aghaidh !) Buaidh no bàs 's an strìth !

Eadar. le A. M.

AN T-EARRACH.

An t-Earrach! am ath-urachaidh na talmhainn. Tha 'n t-Earrach a' giulan air a sgiathaibh moran a bharrachd air gorm-dhreach na macharach, agus faile cubhraidh nam blath. Tha 'n t-Earrach 'n a ghealltanais air na nithibh sin a dhuisgeas suas gach dochas, an da chuid a thaobh an t-saoghail so agus an t-saoghail a ta chum teachd. Is ann o ath-philleadh riaghailteach an Earraich a ghabh Cinnich o shean beachd gur eiginn a leithid de ni ri Neo-bhasmhorachd a bhi ann. Ma tha 'n saoghal 'n a laidhe gu neo-mhothachail, marbh, fo chuirtean reota a' gheamhraidh, agus ma thig aiseirigh thairis air, leis an duisgear suas gach luibh agus blath, agus gach eun-cheol agus suilbhearachd, an urrainn e bhi nach eirich an duine sin a ris a tha ann an trom chodal a' bhais, agus nach duisg e suas chum beatha nuaidh, agus chum gach deagh-dhocht ashealbhadh! Tha sinn gu leir a' creidsinn so, do bhrigh gu 'm bheil Focal Dé 'g a theagasg dhuinn; ach tha iadsan, ann an seadh, 'g a chreidsinn nach 'eil fathast eolach air an Fhocal sin, air da a bhi air a sparradh orra le oibribh Nadair mu 'n cuairt doibh. Ach an deigh sin uile, tha an smuainte mu thimchioll na firinn cudthromaich so, air an comhdachadh le sgaile diomhaireachd agus neo-chinnteachd. Biodh na h-uile, uime sin, taingeil air son an Taisbein Naoimh sin a thugadh dhuinn leis an Ti a's Airde, trid am bheile beatha agus neo-bhasmhorachd air an toirt chum an t-soluis.

CRIONNTACHD.

Tha e gu tric a' tachairt gu 'm bi a' cheud fichead punnd Sasunnach a chosnas oganach glic, an deigh gach ni a' chur 'n a aite fein, chum mor bhuannachd dha air son a dheagh ghiulain an deigh laimh. Tha 'n t-suim sin, ged nach 'eil i ro mhor, a' teagaisg curaim agus dichill dha a leanas ris uile laithean a bheatha. Tha e moran ni's fearr air a shon fein gu 'n cosnadh e le saothair a lamh am fichead punnd Sasunnach sin, na gu 'm faigheadh e mar thiodhlac iad o neach eile. Ma chosnas e an t-airgid sin, tha fios aige air an dichill a ghnathaich e ga 'chur r'acheile. Bha a' chuid a's mo dhiubhsan a ta saibhir 'n ar measg aon uair bochd, agus air doibh le 'n dichill onarach fein beagan a chur mu seach, tha meas ni's mo aca air. Bha iadsan a rugadh le spainibh airgid 'n am beul a ghnath buailteach air bliadhnaichean an oige a chur seachad ann an ruiteireachd agus

diomhanas, agus mar is minic a chunncas, cha d' eirich iad suas gu bhi aon chuid 'n an cliudhoibh fein, no 'n am buannachd idir do 'n t-saoghal mu 'n cuairt doibh. S.

LUCHD-CLUICH NAN CAIRTEAN AGUS NA SEOLADAIREAN.

Tha fhios aig neart de na tha 'dol moran feadh na duthcha, gu bheil muinntir ann a tha 'g an toirt fhein troimhe le bi gu foilleil a' toirt an cuid bho 'n mhuinntir shocharach a gheibh iad a chluich leo air cairtean.

Shuidhich càraid dhuibh iad fein ri taobh an rathaid, dluth do bhaile àraid air latha feille. Chuir iad iompaidh air tuathanach 's an dol seachad a lamh fheuchainn. Fhad 's a chluich iad le argiod-geal leig iad leis a bhi buidhinn ach an uair a thòisich iad air na notaichean, chuir iad "car ùr an ruidhle bhodaich;" le 'n ceilg thug iad eutromachadh air a sporan. Air dha dol do 'n bhaile agus innseadh d' a choimhearsnaich mar chaill e 'chuid, co 'thuit a bhi lathair ach sgioba soithich de sheoladair-ean. "C' àite bheil iad?" dh' fheoraich iad. "Cha 'n 'eil iad fhathasd fad as," fhreagair esan. "Tiugainn as an deigh," ars' iadsan; "thig 's leig fhaicinn duinne na daoine thug uait do chuid 's bheir sinn orra' thoirt duit air ais." Air an toir ghabh iad; 's air dhoibh teachd a nios riutha, "Thugaibh a chuid airgid do 'n duine so," arsa na seoladair-ean. So cha robh iad air son a dheanamh, a' reusanachadh gu 'n d' fhuair iad e gu dligheach. Cach cha 'n eisdeadh ri 'n leisgeul, ach le 'n dorn ris an leth-cheann aca, b' eiginn doibh a h-uile sgillinn d' a chuid a thoirt do 'n tuathanach. Cha b' e a mhain sin, ach thug iad orra beagan a thoirt doibh a dh-fhaotainn *dram* air son an dragh a fhuair iad ann an tighinn as an deigh.

J. W.

Lag-na-h-abhunn, 1874.

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ENGLISH DEPARTMENT.

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CONDITION OF THE HIGHLANDS.

The *Aberdeen Free Press* speaks as follows advertizing to an appeal made a few days ago in the public press by Mr. Fraser Mackintosh, M.P., for aid to assist poor Highlanders in emigrating. The writer appears to understand his subject and we fear his remarks are only too pointed and true. He says:—Although the cost of emigration is reduced to something like the small sum required to pay a steamboat fare from Inverness to Glasgow, and to purchase a few cheap articles of outfit necessary for the sea-voyage—in all, we suppose, not exceeding two pounds per individual emigrant, yet even this moderate sum exceeds the means at the command of the unhappy Highlanders. Mr. Fraser Mackintosh says that many of them are utterly unable to provide the necessary outfit, and that aid is required to procure sufficient clothing for them. The amount required to meet the necessities of the case is estimated at a couple of pounds for each emigrant; and to raise this small sum the appeal to the public is made. We agree with Mr. Fraser Mackintosh, in thinking that “it would be an act of great kindness if the sum were contributed, in order to enable the Highlanders to obtain new and better homes beyond the ocean.” Deplorable as the rapid depopulation of the country is, no one would like to see people like those on whose behalf aid is solicited compelled by sheer poverty to carry on longer their hopeless struggle with starvation, when there are

other lands—less beautiful, perhaps, but more kindly—open to them, and where they could speedily attain to a condition far superior to what they have experienced here. The pitiful case to which public attention has thus so pointedly been drawn is, we fear, no exceptional one. We recently had to notice the departure of large companies of Highlanders from the islands of Skye and Lewis—driven on to the step by the same direful necessity which presses on their brethren in the mainland. We may thus conclude that over the Highlands generally the condition of the people is in many cases very far from what it ought to be. Those bodies of Highland men and women would not leave their native glens and break the many tender and tenacious links that bind them to the homes of their fathers, were there not a terrible necessity laid upon them. What that necessity is may be understood by any one who reflects on what the fact of honest and industrious peasants being worth less than forty shillings a head means.

Revelations like these must be somewhat startling to people who have had their information concerning the Highlands supplied to them by the class to whom the country is now greatly given over—sportsmen. According to these gentlemen, the Highlander, who used to be a sort of savage, has been raised immensely in his character and circumstances since he made the acquaintance of sportsmen, and had a chance of becoming a keeper or a gillie put in his way. The evidence

led recently before the Game Law Committee contained a great deal of remarkably distinct information on this point. The member for the county of Inverness—Mr. Cameron of Lochiel—than whom there should be no better authority on the subject, told the committee that he considered the raising of game and the letting of land to sportsmen to be “a very great benefit to the inhabitants.” The Highlanders got themselves engaged as keepers, &c; the shooting lodge had to be supplied with bread and meat by the village baker and butcher; the blacksmith had to shoe the sportsmen’s ponies; the girls got places at the lodge as housemaids; the crofters got a market for their butter, eggs, and milk; and labourers got no end of work making roads, &c. In fact, said Mr. Cameron, “there is hardly any class in the community that does not gain *pro tanto* by the establishment of a shooting lodge where there was none before.” Mr. Horatio Ross, another “great” authority on Highland affairs, had “not the smallest hesitation” in telling the committee that the creation of deer forests had benefited the population of the Highlands to a very large amount, and for this simple reason that the deer forests have brought a very wealthy class of men down to Scotland, and these men have been most liberal in their expenditure.” “Any one,” contends Mr. Ross, “who has lived, as I have done, in the Highlands for so many years, would be able to see a gradual improvement in the people ever since the deer forests and the grouse shootings have been the object of people coming down to Scotland for sport.” Another witness, Sir Dudley Coutts Marjoribanks, was at great trouble to show, that on his estate in Inverness-shire, the people had benefited by the introduction of deer

forestry. He had built ever so many new and improved cottages, and the population had increased to nearly the double during the seventeen years he had possessed the estate. He had paid away £23,000 principally for labour, and wages had risen by one third. The Blacksmiths’ trade had been quadrupled, and Lady Marjoribanks had at Christmas given away to the children at school no less than 60 cloaks. Mr. Edward Ellice of Glengarry gave similar evidence. He said—“I can say that the condition of the people is quite different from what it was 40 years ago. For every half crown which used to be in the country there is a pound at least; the increase of expenditure of money has been very large indeed.”

How are such statements as these to be reconciled with the fact that many hundreds of the Highland people are, in a single season, forced to emigrate for lack of the means of life? How does it happen that while in the olden time a much larger population than at present inhabit the Highlands found meat, clothing, and shelter, sufficient to satisfy their wants, now a-days, when their numbers have been reduced by decades of eviction, and their condition has been so vastly improved by deer forestry, they should be compelled by starvation to seek new homes, but be utterly unable from sheer lack of means to remove from the scene of their misery? If that great institution, Sport, has brought all those blessings to the Highlands in its train which its devotees claim for it, the misery of the Highland emigrants is a hoax. If that misery be real, the benefits bestowed on the Highland people by the sporting system are purely and absolutely apocryphal. The latter conclusion we have not the slightest difficulty in accepting as the sound one.

THE HIGHLANDER'S FUNERAL.

A TRAVELLER'S TALE.

In a wild and gloomy vale which skirts the base of a line of dark mountains in the district of Lorne in Argleshire, and not far distant from the famous pass of Glencoe, with whose fearful tragedy every historical reader must be acquainted, stands, or rather stood—for its ruins only now remain—an humble shieling built of stone and turf, the only building material the valley afforded. If solitude or a sense of the sublime had been an object to its inhabitant, his gratification must have been complete, for a wilder or more romantic site for human habitation could not well be conceived. Reared upon a gentle acclivity, with which the equality of the vale is now and again disturbed, it looks out upon a sheet of water some two miles in breadth, which bears the local name of Loch Lual. A rapid-running stream dashes past it on the north, while, at some distance behind, the bare crags shoot up above the looming mists, assuming the most fantastic forms, and their singularity is increased by the rugged furrows cut out by winter torrents, which have their origin in the top of the mountains. Unlike the principle generally observed in the construction of similar dwellings, it was void of natural shelter, unless a few stunted trees that straggled around it were considered a protection; and when the tempest raged along the vale, the rude structure was wholly unfit to resist its effects, as was amply testified by the rain that oozed through its penetrable roof. Exposed to the piercing winds that blew fitfully from the mountain gorges, it was cradled in the howling blast, and soaked with heavy rains, and, although it outlived their violence, their ravages left impressions of speedy decay. The glen could have no inducements as a residence to any other than the heedless mountaineer, for the stillness and solitude which prevail, instil feelings wide at war with all sociality, and exclude any cheer or comfort which might otherwise exist; and saving an occasional visit from a passing sea-bird, or the sheep that graze upon the hill pastures, there are no indications of life, or the progress of civilisation. The dreariness of the dell may be sometimes broken by the scream of some solitary eagle, as it continues its sweeping flight to its eyry among the rocks.

In this rude hut, along with his aged

sister, resided Ewan Macgregor, the only shepherd on his side of the loch within a circle of twelve Highland miles. Many years ago, when our eyes less lacked lustre, and our tread upon the heath was less feeble and more manly than it now is, we had occasion to pass over this tract of country on a pedestrian tour through the Highlands; and we then met Macgregor for the first time, but his husky voice and stooping gait showed that he was then beyond his prime. It was drawing towards the close of a dark lowering day about the latter end of autumn, when the sere and yellow leaf was twirling from the bough; and though the farmer of the Lothians had his crops safely secured under 'thack and raip,' the ungenial climate of the west prevented the cottar's husbandry being finished until the season was farther advanced. When we halted, the shepherd was putting up his scanty crop into stooks, and from the rank appearance of the stalks, our limited knowledge of agriculture gave us reason to fear that his labour would be but sadly requited in its fruits. Taking a seat upon a rough piece of crag which had rolled down into the valley from its more primitive repose, we saluted the outlaw of Glen Lual, and thereafter entered into conversation with him regarding the objects of interest in that part of the country, and the extreme loneliness of the life he led; and so rarely did he receive a visit from a traveller, that he eagerly indulged in a privilege which seldom occurred with him—a chat with a citizen. An hour or more had thus passed very pleasantly to both—to him on account of the idle gossip which he had got about the doings of a world to which he was so great a stranger, and to us because our limbs required some cessation from the incessant tramp with which we had prosecuted our toilsome pleasures for some days previous—when the sky, which had been foreboding a storm throughout the day, was suddenly overcast, and the rain began to descend. We rose to resume our journey, when the warm-hearted Celt anxiously pressed us to remain with him for the night, and promised that the rudeness of an unkindly couch, and the homeliness of our mountain fare, would be compensated by a hospitable welcome. But few pressing invitations were necessary to induce us to accept of his kindness, for the misty day was merging into a stormy night, and what little of our strength remained would have barely seen us to a more

comfortable halting-place; so, following our host, we were soon seated on a rough oak-root around the red embers of his faggot-fire. When we entered, his sister was away spoiling the errant poultry's nests of the day's eggs; for her domestic brood, wooing even deeper solitude than reigned within her house, sought the fern or the heath for the purposes of incubation. She was a little surprised, on her return, to find her fireside companions, which usually consisted of her brother and sheep-dog Oscar, so unexpectedly increased; but the usual salutations over, and a few mysterious words in their native tongue from our landlord, she hastened to prepare a homely repast to refresh us after our fatiguing march. 'Hunger is good kitchen' is an old Scotch saying, and never was its truthfulness so forcibly felt as when we were seated at that rude table in the wilds of Lorne.

Our appetitive wants being satisfied, we then got an outline of his life from the grey-haired Gael, and the cause of his having chosen that solitary glen for his abode. His father was a small farmer in one of the Hebridean islands, and by industry and frugality had managed to bring up a family of seven children. His lot had been like that of many others of his race; able to maintain himself and offspring beyond, although not far above the reach of want, but never realising that position in life which is generally understood by the name of independence. The subject of our tale was but eighteen years of age when the death of his father scattered a helpless family upon the wide world in search of a livelihood, and, after many emigrations, Ewan ultimately settled in the northern extremity of Ross-shire, in the capacity of a farm-servant. Here he remained a good number of years in Arcadian bliss, until well on in man's estate, when he got himself involved in the intricacies of that passion whose feelings are much more ardent than those of friendship. The object of his love was a cottar's only daughter, and, if Ewan's delineations of feminine beauty and innocence were correct; she must at least have been worthy of the purest affection. But Shakspeare says that 'the course of true love never did run smooth,' and so it seems to have been with Ewan Macgregor. Despite all the troth that was plighted, and the vows that were solemnly made, the fair maiden proved faithless, and slighted her betrothed, she chose a neighbouring rustic

for the partner of her joys and cares. When love is suffered to go unrequited, and laughed at with a sneer of falsity by her who was once all that truth could desire, it speedily evaporates, and is immediately succeeded by a deadlier passion, which changes a man from a loving friend to a dreaded foe. The rejected suitor could ill brook such neglect, and after combating the throbbings of a broken heart for a considerable time, his suppressed troubles burst forth, and in a fit of mad revenge he played the part of an incendiary, by setting fire to their dwelling one night when the newly wedded pair were absent on a visit to the young wife's parents; and sealing his heart against society and its kindred feelings and desires, the love-lorn Ewan fled from the scenes of his mingled joys and griefs, and ultimately located himself in the vale where we found him, and made it the land of his adoption. He built his own house, and brought in the patches of land to a state of semi-cultivation, without deigning to ask the consent of the proprietor, presuming the barren heath was as free to the alien as to the scion of the rightful lord; and he was suffered to remain unmolested in the enjoyment of his self-made possessions. After he had outlived the objects of his malice, or considered himself secure from their retaliation, he invited his sister, the only surviving member of the family besides himself, to reside with him; and uniting the occupation of a shepherd of the flocks which grazed upon the mountains belonging to a neighbouring laird, with the tilling of his cot-land, he lived as when we first met him, 'unknowing and unknown.' Now that the feverish impetuosity of youth had died away, he regretted that he had ever allowed himself to commit such an outrage against one who had shared so largely of his youthful love.

Our host's fireside biography having brought on the hour for retiring to rest, he led us up a rude ladder, into the garret overhead the apartment which had served us for a dining-room, where we found a clean heather bed, upon which we very soon sought repose for our wearied frame; and, despite its ungrateful tendencies, and the storm that now battled around us with all its native wildness, we sprung as lightly from it on the return of daylight as if it had been of fleece or feathers. The poor man's hospitality having been again exercised in purveying for our morning meal, and

which had nearly been the cause of offence because of our proffering recompense in return, we bade him and his aged relative an affectionate adieu, with a promise to see him again, should we ever be in that district; and resolutely betook ourselves to our journey along the beaten sheep-track that winded through the glen. The last time we saw him was standing on an eminence a little distance behind his house, waving his hand, and signalling a long and last farewell.

A considerable interval elapses at this part of our narrative, for a dozen winters and as many summers had fled from the future to the past ere we again visited that lonely glen, and among the many changes which had taken place during that period, the cottage had become a ruin. When we again came within sight of it, part of its walls were a heap of rubbish, and part stood tottering in the blast, while the rotten rafters reared their fragments to the sky. Notwithstanding the short time we had been within its walls in earlier days, and the length of time which had elapsed since then, we recognised familiarities, which, though in ruins, told a tale more impressive than the best woven woof of romance or reality. The cot, ever friendly as a shelter, was now, in its decay, the habitation of some wood-birds who flew away seemingly deprived of a prescriptive right by our intrusion on the unbroken silence of their home. Some few days afterwards, when at a small hamlet on the opposite shore, we learned the subsequent history of our aged friend. The winter after our visit had been too great a trial for old Alice's frame, and after a short illness, she ceased to suffer, by the intervention of death. Two winters more saw the old man's end too. For some days after his death, the villagers on the other side of the loch had not observed any smoke rising from his dwelling, or other indication of things as they used to be, and judging that there must be something wrong or unusual, two men took a boat and pulled across to satisfy their misgivings. On entering the house, the door being only on the latch, they were greeted by the Highlander's sheep-dog, which, on hearing the sound of footsteps, wagged his tail and looked imploringly in the men's faces, as if he wished their assistance in an emergency, of which by the way there was much need. The poor animal was spent with hunger, watching his master, who was found stretched upon his lonely

death-bed. Without any friendly hand to smooth his dying pillow, he breathed his last untended and un comforted. After a little consultation, one of the men rowed home again, to return with some friends the next day and bury the deceased; while the other, with the dog for his companion, remained with the corpse during his absence—a self-imposed task, which, considering the superstition that exists among the 'sons of the mist,' might be deemed too much for one man's courage. Three boats containing twelve individuals arrived next day, and the coffin, which they had brought along with them, having received its tenant, it was laid athwart the stern of the first boat, which was manned with four rowers, and a fifth took his seat beside the remains. A newly cut sapling, with a black rag fluttering at the top, was placed in the bow, as a befitting accompaniment to the whole. Taking the poor dog as a passenger, the boat thus freighted formed the van, the others following in the rear; and in this order they continued for the half of the voyage, till, owing to the heavy swell upon the loch at the time, all the boats were driven to a distance at different points below their intended landing place, where they were obliged to get ashore as they best could, as it was impossible to row against the gale. When the party in the first boat were landing, by some unfortuitous circumstance, or the negligence of the man at the stern, to whose care the remains were intrusted, the coffin slipped over the side of the boat, and, floating out a short distance, suddenly disappeared, and leaving nothing but the surge and rolling wave, found a grave beneath the tidal waters of a Highland loch. The moment the boat lost its inanimate cargo, the dog nobly plunged into the water to the rescue, but his howling and his efforts were alike unavailing, and, before the rowers could again put off, the funeral obsequies of the voluntary exile were finished.

For many a day after, the dog visited the resting place of his old master, mingling his cries with the whistling winds and now he rests beneath a green sward on the verge of the loch, with the native rock for his headstone, upon which some untutored hand has chiselled the simple word "*Oscar*."

If you would relish your food, work for it; if you would enjoy your rainment, pay for it; if you would sleep soundly, take a clear conscience to bed with you.

RESTORATION OF THE RUINS IN IONA.

The condition of these interesting ruins has for some time past been engaging the attention of the Duke of Argyll, who seems fully alive to the desirableness of having steps taken for their effectual preservation. Last year, on the invitation of his Grace, Mr. R. Anderson, architect, Edinburgh, visited the island, and, after careful examination, drew up a report, in which he offered various suggestions for the repair and partial restoration of the buildings. On digging into the mounds at the foot of the walls, Mr. Anderson found several relics of ancient sculpture; and, altogether, saw enough to satisfy him that a thorough search would bring to light many characteristic features of the old cathedral. What he recommended, therefore, was to have the mounds opened up, with the view at once of clearing the ground and of recovering the valuable portion of their contents. The material so recovered he proposed to employ in making good defects in the cathedral walls, thus avoiding the error which was made some years ago in repairing the chapel of St. Oran in such a way as entirely to destroy its architectural character. It seems that repairs are specially required in the west gable, which is at present in a very precarious state. In the chapter-house, again, the vault is thrusting out the walls, and measures must be taken to make the structure secure. As to the cloisters, Mr. Anderson believes that a great deal of the original stonework could be recovered from the rubbish heaps—perhaps, indeed, almost as much as would make it worth while to re-erect a portion of the building. How far these anticipations may be realised remains to be seen; but, in

any case, the removal of the mounds from this and other parts of the ruins would seem to be necessary in order to reach the foundations, which in various places require to be underpinned. Irrespective of more elaborate restorations, should such be resolved on, there is a good deal to be done everywhere in the closing of the cracks, the repointing of the masonry, and the protection of the wall-heads so as to keep out rain from the interior. We understand that Mr. Anderson has received from the Duke a general commission to commence operations, and will accordingly proceed to the island with a suitable staff of workmen. The exact nature and extent of the work to be done will probably be determined, in some measure at least, by the result of the excavations, which are, in the first instance, to be undertaken. The public, however, will confidently look to the noble proprietor to carry the improvements as far as, in respect of amenity or antiquarian interest, there seems any substantial object to be gained.—*Scotsman*.

OLD ROME AND CALEDONIA. THE BATTLE OF GLENLYON—ORIGIN OF THE KILT.

In the valley of the Lyon, in front of the ancient valleys of Fortingall (or Fort of the Gael), a decisive battle was fought between the Caledonians, led by one of their most celebrated Kings (lineally descended, by the way, from Adam, the first King or Chief of Caledonia), and the Romans, commanded by the emperor in person, when the latter, comprising the flower of the Roman armies, fled before the victorious Caledonians with great precipitation, leaving thousands of their tunics (or short coats reaching nearly to their knee),

behind them on the field to facilitate their flight. Among these tunics was discovered that of the Roman Emperor himself, which in the fulfilment of his vow, was at once appropriated by the Caledonian monarch; and from this royal garment was formed the first model of the famous, historical, and graceful Highland Kilt.

The Roman master of the world,
With all his warriors, mailed and gnarled;
With glittering spears and flags unfurled,
Invaded Caledonia.

Within wild Lyon's rocky glen,
Where frowns Schiehallion's lofty ben,
The mighty Cæsar and his men
First met the Caledonians.

"Why come ye here?" inquired the Gael,
"With all your spears and coats of mail?
And why with such high pomp assail
The peaceful Caledonians?"

"We come to conquer," Rome replied,
"What, is our royal right denied?
Shall Rome imperial be defied
By naked Caledonians?"

Must *you*, forsooth, be answered why?
Our banners o'er the world should fly!
Enough! at once submit or cry
Farewell to Caledonia."

"So long as rocks our mountains crown,
And our strong arms can hurl them down,
No power on earth shall win renown,
O'er free born Caledonians.

And more than that, proud Roman, know;
Great Rome herself shall be laid low
Before a foreign cock shall crow,
In sacred Caledonia.

As for our 'nakedness,' perchance
Yourselves in this may help our wants;
We vow in Cæsar's robes to dance
This night in Caledonia."

Before the Roman hosts could utter
The name of Jove, into the gutter
They sank like melted snow or butter,
Beneath the Caledonians.

And ere the sun that day went down
Behind Schiehallion's lofty crown,
From Cæsar's royal robe had grown
THE KILT OF CALEDONIA.

WILLIAM MURRAY.

INVERNESS GAELIC SOCIETY— ANNUAL ASSEMBLY.

The third annual assembly of the Gaelic Society of Inverness was held on Tuesday evening, 28th ult., in the Northern Meeting Rooms. On former occasions the meetings came off during the week of the Wool Market, but this year the committee considered it advisable to postpone it until the week of the Highland Society's Show. In the absence of the Chief of the Society, Sir Kenneth Mackenzie, Sheriff Macdonald, late of Stornoway, was in the chair, supported by the Rev. Mr. Macgregor, Captain Chisholm, of Glassburn; Mr. Macdonald, Balranald; Mr. Jolly, H.M. Inspector of Schools; Dr. Carruthers; Mr. John Murdoch, and Rev. Mr. Wright. While the company were assembling, Pipe-Major MacLennan played at the entrance to the hall, and he opened the proceedings with an air from the platform, "The Chisholm's Welcome."

Sheriff Macdonald delivered an interesting address, during which he said that the Society was decidedly patriotic, and by no means confined its work to the cultivation of the Gaelic language. Nor did they in the least desire to prevent Gaelic people from learning the modern and commercial languages now in use. Quoting from the constitution of the Society, he stated that its objects were to perfect the members in the use of the Gaelic language, to cultivate the poetry and music of the Highlands, to preserve manuscripts, literature, and traditions, and to establish a library in Inverness, consisting of books in any way bearing on the language or interests of the Highlands and Highlanders both at home and abroad. He reminded them that the Highland and Agricultural Society now holding its show at Inverness began its operations on a very small scale, though it now included the whole of Scotland; and he hoped the motto of both Societies would be "Foremost, not only in valour, but in industry." (Applause.) The second volume of the Transactions of the Society was now in print, and would shortly be in the hands of members. At the date of making up that volume, the number of members was 261, and the roll had since increased. The funds were also in a prosperous condition, the Society having from £70 to £80 in hand. He trusted that every member would take a pride in getting another member to join. In this way they would strengthen the Society, and perhaps be

able to do something to promote the teaching of Gaelic in our cottages and schools.

Several songs and recitations were then rendered in good style by various parties.

The Rev. Messrs. Macgregor and Wright also delivered addresses. In the course of his remarks, Mr. Wright said that in many parts of France, and generally in Germany, the writings of Oisean, the great Scottish poet, were better known than they were in Scotland; and this should not be the case. If they were to make any progress as a society, Ossian should be studied more than he is; for unless his writings received fair justice in Scotland, the Gaelic language could not make any progress. Mr. Wright then briefly referred to the characteristics of Ossian as a poet, the value of his poems as literary productions, and that a knowledge of him would be cultivated by the people among whom he should be well known. (Applause.)

Mr. Jolly proposed a vote of thanks to Sheriff Macdonald, for taking the chair.

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NEWS OF THE HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS.

CALL TO THE REV. MR. CAMERON OF RENTON.—The Rev. Alexander Cameron, of Renton, well known to our readers as the author of the able and interesting articles on Gaelic Philology, which have been appearing in *THE GAEL* for the past two years, has received and accepted a unanimous call to the Free Church of Brodick.

The Sutherland and Caithness Railway was formally opened from Helensdale to Wick and Thurso on the 28th ult., and is said to be well patronized, both as to passengers and general traffic. Two trains are run daily each way so as to make close connections with the Inverness trains for the South. The Board of Trade Inspectors expressed themselves well satisfied with the road.

SAD CASE OF DROWNING IN LOCHBROOM.—Two fishermen from Letters, Lochbroom, were recently drowned off Isle Martin. It appears that two boats left Ullapool together, and the night being calm, the crews tied the boats together and rowed quietly along. While lounging on the gunwale of his boat, Duncan Mackenzie, the skipper, tumbled or fell backwards, and seized hold of one of his crew, known as Kenneth Roy's

son. Both fell overboard. The other men were at the oars pulling. John Mackenzie, son of the skipper, jumped overboard, but while attempting to save his father's life, nearly lost his own, and was pulled on board by his companions in an exhausted state. Both men, who retained hold of one another, sank at once, and were not seen again. The rest of the crew returned to Ullapool and reported the sad news. The deceased were both married, and have left large families.

WICK.—A man named Alexander Macleod, belonging to Harris, a hired man on board a fishing boat, was thrown overboard by getting foul of the sheets when setting sail after hauling the nets, and was drowned. Deceased was thirty-two years of age, and unmarried.

AIRS AND MELODIES OF THE HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS.—Mr. Mackenzie, Bank Lane, Inverness, has issued the Highland airs and melodies, compiled and arranged by the late Captain Fraser, of Knockie, with corrections and additions made by his son, the late Angus Fraser, who inherited the musical tastes of his father. Before the publication of this edition, the work was extremely scarce and dear, and Mr. Mackenzie deserves credit for bringing it out in this cheap and convenient form. Those who are anxious for the preservation of our old Highland music should not miss the opportunity of adding this enlarged edition to their collection.

A TRUE HIGHLANDER.—Let me tell you, as shortly as I can, how it happens that I know something about traditions of any kind. I was "raised" in the Highlands of Scotland, and as soon as I was out of the hands of nursemaids I was handed over to the care of a piper. His name was the same as mine—John Campbell—and from him I learned a good many useful arts. I learned to be hardy and healthy, and I learned Gaelic; I learned to swim, and to take care of myself, and to talk to everybody who chose to talk to me. My kilted nurse and I were always walking about in foul weather or fair, and every man, woman, and child in the place had something to say to us. Thus, I made early acquaintance with a blind fiddler, who could recite stories. I worked with the carpenters; I played shinty with all the boys about the farm; and so I got to know a good deal about the ways of Highlanders by growing up as a Highlander myself.—*J. F. Campbell.*

NEW WORK ON GAELIC.

Dr. Charles Mackay is busily preparing for publication, by subscription, his work on "The Gaelic Etymology of the Languages of Western Europe, and more especially of the English and Lowland Scotch and Cant, Slang, and Colloquial Dialects." In his introductory notice, issued to the public by way of advertisement, the learned doctor says—"All philologists who have really studied the subject admit that the Gaelic, like the human race itself, had its rise in the far East, and that it is of greater antiquity than any other language now spoken in Europe. How much it is interwoven with and underlies the vernacular English has only recently been suspected. Two branches of the Celtic language were spoken by the British people prior to the Roman, Saxon, and Danish invasions—the Cymric, or Welsh; and the Gaelic, wrongly called the Erse, spoken to this day in the Highlands of Scotland, the Isle of Man, and Ireland. The proofs are—first, the Celtic names of places in every part of the British isles and throughout nearly the whole of Europe; second, the patronymics of families, not merely Scottish, but English, which are clearly traceable to the Gaelic; and third, the incorporation into the language of a large number of words—used in the vernacular—many of them supposed to be slang or cant, unfit for the purposes of literature; and many others, a puzzle to all philologists who obstinately or ignorantly refused to look for their roots in the only place where it was possible to find them. Cant itself is a Gaelic word, and signifies language; and being used by the aboriginal inhabitants—employed by their Saxon conquerors, as

Johnson suggests, 'in the culture of the ground; and other laborious and ignoble services,' became the language of the people. Johnson cites but four words which he acknowledges to be of Gaelic origin, and six which he calls 'Erse,' unaware that the Erse and the Gaelic are the same language, and that they differ in little except in the orthography. Later lexicographers, notably Mr. Wedgwood, have begun to look into the Cymric and Gaelic for the British substratum of the English language; but the present is the first work that has attempted, either in England or on the Continent, to treat the subject exhaustively, and to trace to its origin the colloquial and unliterary speech of the British people—to show the false foundation of current etymology, and to clear up the obscurity that has so long hung over the words which Johnson and his successors have described as low, vulgar, or without traceable etymology. The work, when completed, will contain a preliminary essay on the rise and growth of the English language, and a summary of the causes which have prevented it from being so essentially Anglo-Saxon as many learned philologists have assumed it to be."

ORDINATION AT LOCHINVER.—The Free Presbytery of Dornoch met recently at Lochinver, and ordained the Rev. Norman Mackay, probationer, to be the minister of the Free Church congregation there. The call has been a harmonious one, and all the proceedings in connection with the settlement have passed over very agreeably. Mr. Mackay, we may mention, is son-in-law of the late Hugh Miller, the Geologist.

It is not high crimes, such as robbery and murder, which destroy the peace of society. The village gossip, family quarrels, jealousies, and bickerings between neighbours, meddlesomeness, and tattling are the worms which eat into all social happiness.

AN GAIDHEAL.

*“Mar ghath soluis do m’ anam fein
Tha sgeula na h-aimsir a dh’ fhalbh.”—OISEAN.*

III. LEABH.] DARA MIOS AN FHOGHAIR, 1874. [31 AIR.

AIR AN DU’IRTICH.

Bha toil mhor agam o chionn iomadh latha dol a dh-ionnsaidh na Du’irtich. Cha robh iongantas ann. Rugadh a’s thogadh mi an sealladh na creige. Chiteadh a’ sgeir o dhachaidh m’ oige, cruinn, maol, a’ snamh gu socrach air uchd a’ chuain mhoir, an uair a bhiodh an aimsir sìochail; ach “’n uair dh’eireadh gail-lionn a’ chuain ard,” bu ghreadhnach agus b’ uamhasach an sealladh a bhi ’g ambarc air na tonnan buaireasach a’ sìor shlachdraich air a’ chreig, ’s a’ tilgeadh an onfha fein ceudan troidh do na speuran. B’ i a’ sgeir aonarach, dhubh ud, se mìle deug a mach ’s a’ chuan, an aon bhòcan air son smachd a chumail air cloinn bhig anns a’ chearn ’s an do thogadh mi. Cha robh taibhse, no manadh, no glaistig, no ban-shith roimh ’n robh a leithid de dh-eagal againn. Mur gabhadh tu do bhiadh an uair a dh’iarrteadh ort, rachadh fhagail air an Du’irtich; ni sam bith a bhiodh a dhith ort, mur biodh toil a thoirt dhuit, bha e air an Du’irtich; agus mur deanadh tu gu h-ealamh gach car a bhiodh air ’iarradh ort, rachadh do chur air an Du’irtich. Tha e duilich leam a chreidsinn gu ’n robh a’ sgeir ’n a culaidh-uamhais ni bu mho do ’n t-seoladair a bu ghealtaiche ’s a’ chabhlach Bhreatunnach, na bha i dhomh fein cuig-bliadhna-fichead roimhe so. Gun teagamh, an inntinn an t-seoladair,

bha ’n Du’irteach co-cheangailte ri oidhchean dorcha, luingeas ’g am briseadh, muathan ’n am bantraichean, ’s clann ’n an dilleachdain; agus dhomhsa cha duisgeadh i ach cuimhneachain air brochain fhuar, leasain gun iunnsachadh, ’s laogh ’s a’ ghart: ach, a charaid, ’s beag t-eolas air nadur nan òg, ma their thu gu bheil coguis chiùrrte agus gu sonruichte broinn fhalamh ’n a ni faoin, soirbh a ghiulan do aois naoi bliadhna de bhalach ’n a chorp shlainte. Bho chionn beagan bhliadh-nachan chaidh tigh-soluis ceutach a thogail air a’ sgeir, agus bha ’so aobhar eile air son dol a chur eolais ni bu dluithe air mo sheana bhana-charaid (no bhan-namhaid). Cha luaithe ’chaidh iomradh air an turas cuain so, na rinneadh suas a thiota dà chuideachd. Chaidh dà bhirleinn chomasach a chur ’n an uidheam; agus bha sinn a’ feitheamh, le uiread foighidinn ’s a dh’fhaodamaid, ri latha freagarrach air son na slighe.

Moch’s a’ mhadainn air an t-seath-amh-la-deug de mhios deireannach an t-samhraidh a chaidh seachad “thog siun na siuil bhaidealach, bharra-gheal ri croinn fhada, fhulangach, fhiughaidh” na *Maighdinn Orasaich* ’s a bana-chompanaich ann am Port-na-feamanta. “Bha soirbheas beag, lom againn mar a thaghamaid fein.” Bha siun earbsach as ar teomachd fein, ’s gu h-araid as a’ *Mhaighdinn*,

“Nach ’eil bata ’n taobh so Chluaidh
A bheir a fuaradh thar a sroin.”

Bha sinn 's a' *Mhaighdinn* seachdnar a chuideachd, a rugadh 's a dh'araicheadh 's an aon sgireachd. Chaidh seisear dhinn iunnsachadh 's an aon sgoil ; 's i an aon t-slat a smachdaich sinn. Bha 'n t-seachdamh air an t-saoghal ginealach roimh chach, ach, mo bheanuachd air, b' e rogha 's tagha an fhir-thurais e, air muir no air tir ; oir

“Ged nach dean e fìdhleireachd,
Sgriobhaidh e a's leughaidh,
'S air m' fhacal, ni e searmoin dhuit,
Nach talaicheadh neach fo 'n ghrein oirr'.”

Bha sinn 'n ar cuideachd cho sunndach, thuigseach, 's a gheibhteadh air latha samhraidh ; air coinneachadh aon uair eile “aig an tigh” a dh-urachadh 's a neartachadh eolas a's tlachd ar n-oige. Chaidh, gun teagamh, gach aon againn roimh “amhuinn theinntich” fein, agus bu shona esan, ma bha e ann, a fhuair an amhuinn air a teasachadh ni bu mho le ordugh an Rìgh na le 'dheanadas fein ; ach an deigh gach dathadh a rinneadh oirnn, bha sinn fathasd an trein ar neirt, le ar misneach laidir, ar cridheachan blath, agus sinn gaolach mu chomunn a cheile air dhoigh nach faighear, saoilidh mi, ach an eileana beaga na Gaidhealtachd a mhain. Rugadh 's thogadh sinn taobh na mara ; bu choingeis leis gach fear againn stiuir, ramh, no taoman ; 's gheibhteadh 'n ar cuideachd sgeul, iorram, no searmoin. Feudar a bhi cinnteach gur iomadh cuimhneachan a chaidh a dhusgadh, naigheachd a chaidh 'innseadh, oran a chaidh a sheinn, ceist a chaidh a chur 's a fhreagairt ; 's gur iomadh focal maith Gaidhlig a chaidh a sgoltadh, re nan tri uairean a thug a' *Mhaighdeann* “a' gearradh a h-astair feadh thonn, gun churam,” o chladach bearnach Cholas a gus an Du'irteach.

Bha uiread othail 'n ar measg a' ruigheachd na sgeire 's ged a bhith-

eamaid a' dol a thoirt a mach baile-daighnich. Bha stri co bu luaithe 'bhitheadh air tir. Chaidh ar beatha 'dheanamh gu cridheil le fir an tigh-sholuis ; 's bu mhor ar moit an uair a dh'innis iad dhuinn gu 'm bu sinn a' cheud chuideachd, a mach o luchd-riaghlaidh 's luchd-freasdail, a chaidh a dh' aon ghnothuch g' am faicinn o 'n a thogadh an tigh. Chaidh an t-slige mu 'n cuairt, 's ol air slainte na Du'irtich 's a luchd-aiteachaidh.

Tha chreag da cheud 's da fichead troidh air fad, deich is se fichead troidh air leud, 's ag eirigh á doimhneachd a' chuain mu dheich troidhe fichead os cionn airde a' mhuir-lain. Cha 'n 'eil tanalach a' briseadh cumhachd na fairge mu 'n cuairt di, ach a mhain tri sgeirean beaga air an taobh an iar a chithear ri isle-mhara. Cha 'n 'eil sgeir air an deach' togail a dheanamh ceithir thimchioll Bhreatuinn air an d'fhairicheadh buille na fairge cho trom. Leis gach àsaig a b' urrainn innleachd a's airgiod a chur an comas luchd-togail an tighe, cha d' fhuair iad air tir air a' sgeir a' cheud bhliadhna a thoisich an togail ach seachd latha fichead, ochd latha deug thar fhichead an ath bhliadhna, tri fichead an treas bliadhna, agus mu thri fichead gach bliadhna 'n a dheigh sin. Chithear a' chreag air a treabhadh 's air a sgolbadh, ged 's cruaidh a gne, le cumhachd na fairge — dearbhadh laidir air cho deanachdach 's a tha buille na tuinne a tha 'briseadh oirre.

Is e tigh-soluis na Du'irtich am fear mu dheireadh a chuireadh suas anns an t-sreath a tha 'coinneachadh luingeis a thig o'n chuan air iar-bhord na h-Alba. Maol-Chinntire, Port-na-h-aibhne, Du'irteach, Sgeir mhor nan ròn, Ceann deas Bharra, Haoisgear, Ceann tuath Leoghais,—gach aon o oidhche gu oidhche a' tilgeadh a mach do 'n chuan a sholus dealrach fein an coinneamh a' mharaiche, a'

cur failte air do dh-Albainn, 's 'g a threorachadh air a shlighe. Tha solus na Du'irtich mu sheachd fichead troidh air airde; solus laidir, *seasmhach* (mar their na maraichean), a' dearrsadh geal ris an airde-'n-iar, an airde-deas, 's an airde-'n-ear; ach dearg ris an airde-tuath. Anns a' bhliadhna 1867 thoisich an t-ullachadh air son na togalach. Anns an ath bhliadhna chladhaicheadh steidh an tighe. Bha chlachaireachd crìochnaichte ann an trì bliadhna eile; agus ann an geamhradh 1872 bha 'n solus laiste, gun sgiorrachadh gun dochann air neach de 'n luchd-obair.

"Ciosnaichear Nadur le geilleadh dhi,"—is fìor an radh so; agus b' fharsuing, geur-sheallach inntinn an fhir a chuir an fhirinn an cainnt. Cha 'n 'eil e farasda dearbhadh is laidire fhaotainn air a' ghnath-fhocal na gheibhear a' beachdachadh air tigh-soluis na Du'irtich. Is e crìoch araid tigh-soluis, an solus is neart-mhoire anns an togail is tearuinte. Is iomadh lagh Naduir air am feumar a bhi mion-eolach, agus d' am feumar geilleadh mu 'n toirear a' chrìoch so gu deagh bhuil. 'S ann air a ghluinean a thug esan buaidh a dhealbh 's a chrìochnaich tigh-soluis na Du'irtich. Tha steidh an tighe domhain 's a' chreig. Chaidh gach clach 's an togail a chladhach, a thomhas, a chuimreachadh, 's oibreachadh an Eilean - Earraid an iochdar Mhuile, far a bheil a nis dachaidh luchd coimhead's luchd freasdail an tighe. Se mìle deug air falbh o 'n 'chreig, chaidh gach clach a chothromachadh, gach aon air son a h-aite fein. Cha 'n 'eil seol no innleachd a fhuarachadh a mach nach robh air a chleachdadh a chum na clachan a cheangal ri cheile air an doigh a bu laidire 's a bu dìong-mhalta. Bha gach aon air an eagadh 's air an ealpadh 'n a cheile, 's air

an tàthadh leis a ghlaodh a bu teinne greim; air chor 's gu bheil an tùr ard a nis cho laidir 's cho seasmhach 's ged a b' aon chlach e o mhullach gu bonn. Agus tha 'n t-eolas 's an t-seoltachd cheudna air an cleachdadh, 's neo-ar-thaing cho buadh-mhor, air son neart a's tearuinteachd an t-soluis.

A' dìreadh gu mullach an tighe, tha os cionn deich troidhe fichead d' an t-slighe air fàradh prais a tha sìnte ri cliathaich an tùir, agus, gu teagamh, is feairrde duine suil a's lamh a's cas chinnteach a bhi aige mu 'n teid e 's an fhàradh. 'N a dheigh so tha 'n tur fosgailte, 's tha 'n dìreadh air an taobh a stigh le seachd staidhrichean—gach te mu dheich no dusan troidh air airde. Tha chuid fhosgailte de 'n tigh air a roinn 'n a sheachd urlair; 's gach aon air a chur air leth air son a ghnothuich fein. Seomraichean cadail a's suidhe do 'n luchd-faire; aitean-tasgaidh air son gach goireas a bhitheas feumail do na daoine, 's gach ni a bhitheas a dhith air son an tigh a chumail laiste agus glan;—gheibhear so anns na urlair is isle. Os an cionn sud tha clag trom a bhithear a' seirm ri àm cèd, 's a chumar a' bualadh le bhi nis 's a ris 'g a thoinneamh mar nithear air uair-eadair; glaineachdan a's innleachdan air son a bhi 'g innseadh teas na side, luathas na gaoithe, ruith na tìm, 's a leithide sin. Am mullach an tighe tha seomar an t-soluis, agus is leoir a radh nach 'eil innleachd no seol air an d' fhuair luchd-eolais greim gus an latha a chaidh an solus a lasadh, nach 'eil cuideachadh is urrainn curam a dheanamh le eolas o 'n am sin, nach 'eil air an cleachdadh air son cumhachd agus cinnteachd an t-soluis a mheudachadh. Le mor-chaoimhneas threoraich am fear-faire sinn troimh 'n tigh, agus le mor - thoinnisg chomharraich e

mach gach aite's gach innleachd a bh' ann.

Bho mhullach an tighe tha 'n sealladh mu'n cuairt farsuing, greadhuach ach neo-chumanda. Chithear Tirithe, "tir iosal an eorna" a' sgaoileadh a mach ris an iar-thuath; 's an ear-thuath chithear I-Chaluim-Chille, sgarte o "Mhuilenan craobh" le caolas mu mhìle air leud, 's a' sealltuinn marchunnaic Calum-Cille feine 'n uair bha e 'seoladh seachad air an Du-irtich tri cheud deug bliadhna roimhe so, 'n a dhachaidh thearuinte do 'n t-soisgeulach aon an linntibh borb, 's cho iosal 's nach faicteadh Eirinn thar a' chnuic a b' airde dheth; air n ear fearann Cholas a luidhe iosal fo bheanntan riabhach Dhiùra; 's "Ile ghlas an fheoir" a teicheadh air falbh a dh-ionnsaidh na h-airde deas. An cuan mor fosgailte o'n airde-'n-iar, le 'thuinn air an la ud, a' glasadh gu seimh mu 'n sgeir a bha ri 'faicinn fothainn corrach, dubh, le birlinn air acair air gach taobh dhi. Ag eisdeachd ri osna throm na fairge air a' chreig, shaoileamaid gu robh an cuan mor, mar ghaisgeach treun, a' leigeadh a sgios, 's a' cruinneachadh tuilleadh neart a chum a bhi ag urachadh a' chath ris a' sgeir, a thòisich air a' mhadainn "air ando chruinnicheadh na h-uisgeachan a ta fuaidh neamh a dh-aon aite, 's an do leigeadh ris an tir thioram." Cia mor an leirsgrios a rinneadh o'n sguabadh an ar-fhaich so 'n toiseach, cia lionmhor beatha a chaidh a chall, cridhe a chaidh a bhriseadh, 's teaghlach a chaidh an culaidh-bhroin, bithidh fios a mhain "an uair a bheir an fhairge uaip na mairbh a bhitheas innte."

B' eigin tearnadh. Sgrìobh sinn ar n'ainm, mar is gnath le luchd-tathaich, ann an leabhar a th' air a ghleidheadh air son a' ghnòthuich so. Sgaoil siun beagan mhionaidean air a' sgeir — gach aon titheach

air son cuimhneachan a bhi dhachaidh leis — mir de 'n chreig, bàirneach, duileasg, ni eigin a ghabhadh toirt air falbh; agus chruinnich sinn a ris a dh-fhagail beannachd chairdeil aig na fir chaoimhneil, thuigseach a tha' gleidheadh an tighe, 's a dh-ol "deoch an doruis." Bha 'n t-am a' chreag 'fhagail. Bha 'n t-slighe buan; cha robh a' ghaoth ach lag, agus na bh' ann cho dìreach 'n ar n-aghaidh 's a b' urrainn di seideadh.

Bha 'n tilleadh fadalach; ach bha chuideachd sunndach. Thuit dallabh-rat na h-oidhche oirnn 's sinn fathasd moran mhilltean o cheann ar turais. Dhealaich sinn fein 's ar bana - chompanach. Dh'eirich a' ghaoth; dh' fhas a' *Mhaighdeann*, a bha cho morasda re an la's an fheasgair, sunndach, curaideach; 's thug mi 'n aire gu 'n d' fhuiling i do 'n fhairge "mholach, cheannaghlach" a beul a phogadh gu tric 's an dorcha. Ged nach "sgoilteadh i cuinnlean caol coirce le fheobhas 's a dh' fhalbhadh i," cha robh i fada 'g ar giulan gus a' chaladh,

"A tha crom mar bhogha air ghleus,
A tha seimh mar uchd mo ghaoil."

Cha robh ar bana-chompanach fada 'n ar deigh. Chaidh an glaine uair eile mu'n cuairt; agus sgaoil a' chuideachd; — am fear a bu ghlice 'n ar measg a' meas gu robh an la air a dheagh chaitheamh, 's am fear a b' oige dearbhta nach di-chuimh-nich e 'n turas fhad 's a ghleidheas cuimhne a h-aite am measg buaidhean 'inntinn.

D. M'K.

Thigearmaid beo air sheol 's nach creid-eirneach a labhras gu h-olc mar timchioll.

Is sonas aon de na nithibh sin a gheibhear, cha 'n ann aig astar fad as, am measg nan coigreach, ach mu 'n chagailt aig a' bhaile.

SAOBH-CHRABHADH ANNS NA H-INNSIBH.

Is ceart a thubhairt an Salmadair gu'm bheil "Aitean dorcha na tire lan de ionadaibh-comhnuidh an fhoirneirt." Cha 'n fhaicear fo 'n ghrein tir ni's maisiche agus ni's oirdheirce air iomadh seol na Innsean na h-Aird-an-ear; gidheadh, cha 'n 'eil tire eile ann, feudaidh e bli, far am bheil nithe 'g an deanamh a ta 'nochdadh truailidheachd nadair an duine air mhodh ni's soilleire agus far am bheil nithe 'g an deanamh a ta ni's leoir chum gach neach aig am bheil an comus, a dheachdadh le dicholl agus deaghdhurachd, gu cur as do 'n t-saobhchrabhadh sin leis am bheil na h-Innseanaich air an toirt co cianail air seacharan. Tha 'n duthaich fein aillidh gun teagamh. Tha gach ni air muir agus air tir, mar gu 'm b' ann ag oibreachadh le cheile chum gach eolas agus toilinntinn a bhuileachadh air an luchd-aiteachaidh. Thairis air an duthaich fhad' agus fharsuing sin gu leir tha ghrian a' soillseachadh le toirbheartas ro tharbhach, agus a' toirt air gach ni ann an nadar a bhi aoibhneach ann an ailleachd a soluis dealraich. An sin, feudar a radh gu'm bheil uile chraobhan na machrach a' bualadh am basan, agus na glinn a' deanamh gairdeachais air gach taobh. Tha gach ni a' cur an ceill gloire an Ti bheannaichte a ta 'riaghladh os an ceann, agus a' toirt gu cuimhne, ann an seadh, dealbh-choslas nan ionad sin far an do ghluais ar ceud sinnseara gun truailidheachd ann am parras. Ach, mo thruaighe! anns a' cheart tir sin, air an do bhuilich an Ti a 's airde iomadh buaidh urramach, tha nithe cianail 'g an cur an gnìomh air an la 'n diugh! Anns an tir sin, a dh'fheadh, a thaobh maise, a bhi 'n a garadh do 'n t-saoghal gu leir,

tha clann air an co-eigneachadh gu bhi 'faicinn am parantan fein agus parantan gu bhi 'faicinn an cloinne fein, a' dol gu muldach a dhith! Tha so a' tachairt, cha 'n ann do bhrìgh nach 'eil lon air na h-achaibh, treudan anns a' mhaiunnir, agus feudal air na roinntibh, ach a' chionn gu'm bheil iad air am buaireadh, agus air an co-eigneachadh le saobh-chrabhadh ifrinneach agus air gach seol, ro dheistinneach chum bas eagallach fhaotuinn le lamhaibh aoin a cheile.

Faicibh an comhlan cianail sluaigh ud a' deanamh cablaig fo ghathannaibh teth na greine gu taobh an t-sruth naomha, agus a' deanamh grad-sheasamh air a bhruaich. Ach faicibh ciod a tha iad a' giulam air an gnaillibh chum an ionaid far am bheil iad a' seasamh ri taobh na haibhne. So agaibh mic agus nigh-eana, gu crabhach, diadhaidh, a' tarruing air an adhairt an athar no am mathar fein, a bhuaileadh le tinneas, chum gu'm bi iad air an tilgeadh mar so le'n sliechd fein do 'n doimhneachd mhoir uisge a ta air am beulaobh, far am bi iad gu healamh air am bathadh, air son leas an anama. Grad ghiulainidh an sruth sios iad far an ithear iad le eunlaith agus le uile-bheistibh nan uisgeachan! Is eagallach an cleachdadh, so. Tha e co mi-nadurra's nach 'eil idir cumbachd aig briathraibh an gnìomh oillteil a chur gu freagarrach an ceill.

Ach faicibh a ris, a' chruach ard sin, air a togail suas, agus air a deanamh de fhiodh tioram, air a sgoltadh as a cheile; agus ciod is ciall do 'n torr sin? Carson a charnadh co cas suas e? Air 'uachdar chithear air an sìneadh taobh ri taobh, corp marbh, breun an athar, agus coluinn bheo na mathar! Tha iad air an suidheachadh an sin gu bhi air an losgadh

cuideachd gus am bi iad 'n an luaithre! Buidheachas do 'n Ti Bheannuichte a ta 'riaghladh os ceann nan uile, tha na torran fiodh sin air an cur as anns gach cearnadh de na h-Iunsibh a bhuineas do 'n Rioghachd Bhreatuinnich, ach cha'n 'eil na reachdan uamhasach sin a dhealbh iad air an cur air cul, ni mo tha 'n spiorad a tharmaich iad air a smaladh as. Na 'm biodh gairdean treun na Cumhachd Bhreatuinnich air a tharruing air ais an diugh, bhiodh air an la maireach mile torr a' lasadh air comh-nardaibh nan Innsean! Far nach 'eil lagh na Rioghachd so a' ruigh-eachd, tha 'n cleachdadh ghraineil so fathast air a gnathachadh mar a b' abhaist. Tilgibh bhur suilean, ma ta air an torr chianail sin, air a dheanamh de chuaitibh tiorma agus corp marbh an athar, agus coluinn bheo na mathar 'n an luidhe air 'uachdar. Mu'n cuairt da chithear 'n an seasamh a' chlann bhoichd, thruagh, a' dil-bheachdachadh air an t-sealladh bhronach. Ach c' arson tha iad 'n an seasamh an sin? An ann a dhusgadh suas truacantais agus co-fhulangais na mathar? Cha 'n ann. An ann chum na lasraichean eagallach a smaladh as le'n deuraibh? Cha 'n ann. An ann gu gach innleachd a ghnathachadh chum cuirp am paranta fein a theasairginn beo no marbh? Cha 'n ann. Ach tha iad 'n an seasamh an sin, chum, ann an ainm nan dia d' am bheil iad a' deanamh aoraidh, gu 'n cuir iad an leus teinnteach ris a' chruaich trid an eirich na lasraichean millteach suas, leis am bheil na creutairean truagh sin air am fagail ann am priobadh na sula 'n an dilleachdanaibh gun athair, gun mhathair, ann an saoghal coimheach, fuar.

An comas do chuilbheartaibh na h-ifrinn fein dol ni 's faide an aghaidh

aitheantan agus iarrtais Soisgeul an Tighearn Iosa Criosd? Feudaidd,—oir tha paranta's na criochaibh iodhol-aorach sin a ni greim air an cloinn fein, agus chum dia eigin a thoileachadh, a thilgeas a mach iad, aon chuid gu bhi air an itheadh suas le fiadh-bheathaichibh na macharach, no gu bhi air an cagnadh beo, slau, le geur-fhiaclaibh uile-bheistean a' chuain.

Ach anns na criochaibh iomallach sin, far am bheil gach dichìoll 'g a dheanamh leis gach Eaglais 'n ar measg fein chum teagasgan an t-Soisgeil a chraobh-sgaoileadh, tha cleachdadh eile ceart co deistinneach, graineil' ris na nithibh a dh' ainmicheadh cheana. Tha e air a dheanamh 'mach, gu 'n do chuireadh, o laithibh Chriosd air an talamh, corr agus ochd ceud deug mile leanabh-uighinn gu bas le 'm maithrichibh fein! O, nach eagallach da-rìreadh an saobh-chrabhadh sin trid am bheil mortadh co uamhasach 'g a dheanamh le mathairichibh air an cuid 'cloinne fein, an duil le sin gu 'm bheil iad a' ciuineachadh an diathan fein, agus a' cosnadh an deagh-ghean d'an taobh. Tha na mathairichean so a' deanamh mach gu 'm bheil a' chlann-nighean a' toirt gach tubaist, donais, agus mi-sheilbh a stigh do na teaghlaichibh aca; agus, uime sin, gur e an dleas' nas d'an diathaibh agus dhoibh fein na leanaba sin a ghearradh as eadar bhun agus bharr! Gu cinnteach is e so ro mheud gach cumhachd agus buaidh a bhuineas do Shatan, thairis air a' chreutair bhoichd, thruagh sin a chaill iomhaigh a Chruiteir fein, agus a rinn e fein buailteach do mhearachd agus do sgrios. Is e dleas' nas nan uile a bhi beachd-smuaineachadh air na nithibh so, agus a bhi 'guidhe air an Dia sin, a tha 'riaghladh os ceann nan uile, gu 'n tionndaidheadh e a' mhuinntir

shaobh-chrabhach sin o dhorchadas gu solns chum seirbhis a dheanamh dha fein a mhain. Eireadh na h-uile suas air ball, chum an dleas' nas a dheanamh d'am fuil agus d'am feoil fein, agus na fagadh iad clach gu'n charachadh chum na criche sin. Tha, agus bha moran de dhaoineibh treun 'n ar duthaich fein de gach creidimh agus eaglais, a nochd iad fein tairis agus eudmhor chum an soisgeul a chur a dh-ionnsuidh nan cinneach so. O, nach bu dian, dealaidh anns an obair mhor agus chudthromach so an diadhair urramach sin Tormaid Og Macleoid, a chaidh e fein do na h-Innsibh, gus am faiceadh e le 'shuilibh fein meud, farsningeachd, agus cumhachd an t-saobh-chrabhaidh a bha 'lionadh na duthcha sin, agus gus an deachdadh e le lathaireachd thaitnich, agus le a chomhairlibh glìce, na teachdairean durachdach agus eudmhor a bha 'cur a' chatha le armachd Dhe an aghaidh dhaimbneachdan nan iodhol-aorach! Ach, mo leon! bha eud cridhe, agus durachd inntinn an deagh dhuire sin tuilleadh 's mor air son a neart agus a shlainte; agus cha 'n 'eil teagamh nach do ghiorrach e a laithean, ann an seadh, agus nach do dh-iobair e a bheatha agus a bhuidhean cumhachdach ann an obair chudthromach so a Mhaighstir neamhuidh fein. O gu'n leanadh na miltean esan 'n a threibhdhireas chum cleachdanna co sgriosach do 'n dnine, agus co eas-urramach do Dhia a sguabadh, le cuideachadh an Spioraid Naoimh, bharr aghaidh na talmhainn!

SGIATHANACH.

—o—

Na creid ni sam bith an aghaidh do choimhearsnaich, ach le deagh-ughdarras, agus le lan dearbhadh. Na cuir an ceill an ni sin a dh'fheudadh dochunn a dheanamh do neach eile, mur bi e 'n a dhochunn ni's miosa do mhuinntir eile a chealachadh.

SPIORAD NA H-AOISE.

SEANN SGEULACHD GHAIIDHEALACH—
LEIS AN DR. MACLEOID, NACH MAIREANN.

Bha ann roimhe so, air chul Beinne-nan-Sian, aireach ghabhar d'am b' ainm Gorla-nan-treud, aig an robh triuir mhac agus aon nighean. Bha buachailleachd nam meann an earbsa ri ailleagan an fhuilt oir. Latha de na laithean, au uair 'bha i 'mach ri uchd na beinne a' buachaill-eachd nam meann, theirinn badan de cheo druidheachd cho geal ri sneachda na h-aon oidhche, agus air dha iadhadh mu ghuala na beinne, chuairtich e an t-ailleagan aonaranach, 's cha 'n fhacas i na 's mo.

An ceann latha's bliadhna 'n a dbeigh sin, thnirt Ardan, mac mor an airich, "A' bhliadhna gus an diugh dh'falbh mo phiuthar, ailleagan an fhuilt oir, agus is boid a's briathra dhomh-sa nach dean mi fois no tamh, a latha no dh'oidhche gus an lorgaich mi 'mach i, 's bithidh mi air cho-dhiol rithe fhein." "A mhic," arsa'athair, "ma bhoidich thu sin cha bhac mise thu; ach bhuineadh dhuit, mu'n deachaidh am focal a d'bheul ciad d'athar iarraidh. Eirich a bhean, agus deasaich bonnach do d'mhac mor, a's e 'dol air thurus fada." Dh'eirich a mbathair agus dheasaich i bonnach mor agus bonnach beag. "A nis," ars'ise, "a mhic, an fhearr leat am bonnach mor aun am feirg do mhathar air son thu dh'fhalbh gun chead, no am bonnach beag le 'beannachd?" "Dhomh-sa," ars'esan, "am bonnach mor, 's gleidh am bonnach beag 's do bheannachd dhoibh-san a roghnaicheas iad." Dh'falbh e: agus ann am prioba na sul', bha e a sealladh tigh 'athar. Chuir e sad a's gach lodan agus o bharr gach tomain; bha e dian-astarach gun chaomhnadh air bonn no eang, no ruighe, no feith. Bheireadh esan

air a' ghaoith luaith Mhairt a bha roimhe; ach a' ghaoth luath Mhairt a bha 'n a dheigh, cha bheireadh i air. Mu dheireadh bhuail acras e. Suidhear air cloich ghlais a dh'itheadh a bhonnaich mhoir; thigeadh fitheach dubh an fhasaich agus suidhear air sgorr creige os a cheann. "Mir, mir, a mhic Ghorla-nan-treud," ars' am fitheach. "Mir cha 'n fhaigh thu," arsa mac Ghorla; "mir no deur cha 'n fhaigh thu uam-sa, 'bheathaich ghrainde stur-shuilich, star-shuilich, lachduinn; tha e beag na 's leoir dhomh feinn." 'N uair bha sud thar bearradh a chleibh, ghluais e 'rithist gu siubhal nan eang—bheireadh esau air a' ghaoith luath Mhairt a bha roimhe, ach a' ghaoth luath Mhairt a bha 'n a dheigh cha bheireadh i air. Chriothnaich a' mhointeach mar a dhluthaich e oirre—thuit an druchd o 'n fhraoch bhadanach ghorm, agus theich an coileach-ruadh do 'n chàthar a b' airde. Bha toiseach aig an fheasgar air ciaradh — bha neoil dhubha, dhorcha na h-oidhche a' tigbinn, agus neoil shioda, sheimh an latha a' triall; na h-eoin bheaga, bhuchullach, bhachallach, orbhuidhe 'gabhail mu thamh ann am bun nam preas 's am barraibh nan dos anns na h-inns-eagan laghach, 's gach ait' a b' fhearr a thaghadh iad; ach ged a bha, cha robh mac mor Ghorla-nan-treud. Chunnaic e tigh beag soluis fada uaithe 's ge b' fhada uaithe cha b' fhada 'g a ruigheachd. 'N uair a chaidh e stigh, chunnaic e seann urra choltach de dhuine mor, toirteil, liath, a' gabhail socair shàsda air beinge fhada air dara taobh an teine, agus gruagach dhreachmhor a' cireadh cul dualach a leadain oir, air an taobh eile. "Gabh a nios, 'oganaich," ars' an seann duine, 's e 'g eirigh; "'s e do bheatha. 'S minic a thalaidh mo leus loinneach, astaraiche nam beann. Gabh a nios,

's leat blàs agus fasgadh, 's gach cobhair a tha 'm bothan an t-sleibh. Dean suidhe; 's ma 's miann leat, cluinnear do sgeul." "'S olach mise," arsa mac mor an airich, "a tha 'g iarradh cosnaidh—thalaidh do leus loinneach mi a dh-iarraidh blàs agus fasgadh na h-oidhche." "Ma dh'fhanas tu agam-sa," arsa 'n seann-duine, "gu ceann bliadhna, a bhuachailleachd mo thri mairt mhaol', odhar, gheibh thu do dhuais, a's cha bhi fath talaich." "Cha b' e mo chomhairle dha," arsa nighean an fhuilt oir 's na cir' airgid. "Comhairle gun iarradh," arsa mac mor Ghorla, "cha robh meas riamh oirre. Gabhaidh mi do thairgse, a dhuine — ann an camhanaich na maidne, 's mise do ghille." Roimh langan an fheidh 's a' chreachann, bhleodhainn gruagach an fhuilt oir 's na cir' airgid, na tri mairt mhaol', odhar. "Sin iad agad a uis," ars' an seann duine; "gabh m' au cul—lean iad—na pill iad—na bac iad—iarradh iad an ionaltradh fhein—'s leig leo imeachd mar is aill leo—fan thus' as an deigh—agus thigeadh aon ni 'thogras ann ad rathad, na dealaich thusa riutha—biodh do shuil orra agus orrsa-san a mhain; agus a dh-aon ni g'am faic thu no g'an cluinn thu, na toir suil air. So do dhleasnas—bi dileas—earb á m' fhocal—bi saoitheach, 's cha bhi do shaothair gun duais."

Dh'fhalbh e mu chul na spreidhe, agus lean e iad. Cha robh e ach goirid air falbh, 'n uair a chunnaic e coileach oir agus cearc airgid a' ruith roimhe air a' bhlar. Ghabh e air an toir; ach ged a bha iad a nis agus a rithist, air leis, 'n a ghlaic, dh'fhairtlich air gramachadh orra. Phill e air 'ais o'n t-siubhal fhaoin, agus rainig e 'n t-aite 's an robh na tri mairt mhaol', odhar ag ionaltradh, agus thoisich e 'rithist air am buachailleachd; ach chu b' fhada 'bha e

air an cul 'n nair a chunnaic e slatag oir agus slatag airgid a' cur nan car dhuibh air an reidhlean, agus ghrad thoisich e air an ruith. "Cha 'n fhaod e bhith," ars' esan, "nach iad so a's usa 'ghlacadh na na h-eoin a mheall mi o cheann ghoirid." Sinear as 'n an deigh; ach ged bhiodh e 'g an ruith fhathast, cha bheireadh e orra. Thug e 'bhuachailleachd air; agus mar a bha e 'leantuinn nam mart maol', odhar chunnaic e doire coille air an robh na h-uile meas a chunnaic e riamh, agus da mheas dheug nach fhac e. Toisichear air e fhein a shasachadh leis na measaibh—thug na mairt mhaol', odhar an aghaidh dhachaidh, agus lean e iad. Bhleodhainn gruagach an fhuilt oir iad, ach an aite bainne cha d' thainig ach nus glas. Thuig an seann duine mar a bha: "Olaich gun fhirinn's gun dilseachd," ars esan, "bhris thu do ghealladh." Thog e a shlacan-druidheachd—buailear an t-oganach, 's deanar carragh cloiche dheth, a sheas tri laithean a's tri bliadhna ri taobh an teine ann am bothan an t-sleibh, mar chuimhneachan air bristeadh focail, agus co-cheangail fasdaidh.

'N nair a bha latha's bliadhna eile air dol scachad, thuirt Ruais ruadh, mac meadhonach Ghorla, "Tha da latha's da bhliadhna air dol seachad o'n a dh' fhalbh mo phiuthar aillidh, agus tha latha's bliadhna o'n a dh' fhalbh mo bhrathair mor; 's boid a's briathar dhomh-sa imeachd an diugh air an toir, agus an co-dhiol a bhi agam." Ceart mar thacair do 'n bhrathair a bu shine anns gach doigh, mar sin thachair do 'n mhac mheadhonach; agus 'n a charragh cloiche tha esan an ceann tighe bothain an t-sleibh, mar chuimhneachan air bristeadh focail, agus co-cheangail fasdaidh.

Latha agus bliadhna 'n a dheigh

so, thuirt am mac a b' oige—Caomhan donn an aigh—"Tha 'nis tri laithean agus tri bliadhna o'n a chaill sinn mo phiuthar aillidh. Dh' fhalbh braithrean mo ghaoil air a toir. 'Nis, 'athair, ma 's deonach leat-sa, ceadach dhomb imeachd 'n an deigh 's an co-dhiol a bhi agam—agus na deanadh mo mhathair mo bhacadh. Guidheam ur cead—na diultaibh mi."

"Mo chead 's mo bheannachd tha agad, a Chaomhain, 's cha bhac do mhathair thu."

"An deasaich mise," ars' a mhathair, "am bonnach mor as eugmhais mo bheannachd, no am bonnach beag le durachd mo chridhe agus deothas m' anama?" "Do bheannachd, a mhathair, thoir thusa dhomh-sa; agus beag no mor a thig 'n a chois, tha mise toilichte—bu bhoichd leam oighreachd an t-saoghail mhoir 's do mhallachd 'n a lorg. Air beannachd mathar, 's mi nach dean tair."

Thog Caomhan donn, mac Ghorla-nan-treud, air: 's mar a bha tigh 'athar's a mhathar 'g a fhagail 's a' cheo, bha 'chridhe lau. Thug e gu siubhal nan eang—ruigear doire nan earb—suidhear fo chraoibh a dh' itheadh a' bhonnaich sin a dh' fhuin a mhathair chaomh dha. "Mir, mir," arsa fitheach dubh an fhasaich; "mir dhomh-sa, Chaomhain, 's mi faun." "Gheibh thu mir, a bheathaich bhoichd," arsa Caomhan, "'s docha gu'm bheil thu na's feum-aiche na mi fhein—foghnaidh e dhuinn le cheile—tha beannachd mathar 'n a chois." Dh' eirich e, 's ghabh e air a thurus. Ghabh e fasdadh aig an t-seann duine; agus dh' fhalbh e a bhuachailleachd nan tri mart maol', odhar. Chunnaic e 'n coileach oir's a' chearc airgid, ach thionndaidh e air falbh a shuilean; lean e 'n spreidh—chunnaic e 'n t-slatag oir agus an t-slatag airgid;

air Seonaid, air am bheil fadal gu leoir, gu d' fhaicinn, agus feuchaidh sinn ciod a dh' fheudas a bhi s' an t-searraig-dhuibh, oir tha e cinnteach gu 'm bheil feum nach beag agad-sa air boinne's air bonnach an deigh do thurais; agus cha mhiste mi fein an t-suil a fhliuchadh an deigh m' aornagain agus mo luidridh 's an t-sloc dhuibh ud. Tiugainn, ma ta, thugamaid an tigh oirnn, oir co cinnteach ris an airgiod bhaistidh, tha Seonaid air call a foighidinn.

MUR.—“Co cinnteach ris an airgiod bhaistidh,” an e a thubhairt thu, a' Choinnich choir. Bha 'n la sin ann, ach am measg nithe eile, dh' fhalbh e. Cha 'n 'eil guth an diugh air airgiod baistidh, ach 'n a aite bheirear seachad mir mor paipeir co leathanu ri dorus a' mhuillinn, air am bheil gach ni mu 'n leanaban air a chur sios; ach is tu fein a's eolaiche air so a chleachd e. Air mo shon-sa dheth, tha 'n la sin seachad, ach cha d' eirich sin duit-sa, fhir mo gbraidh. Ciod, gidheadh, is ciall do 'n t-sloc uamhasach sin anns am bheil thu a' cladhach?”

COIN.—Is comadh lean sin, a' Mhurachaidh, agus cha 'n ann a thoirt droch fhreagairt ortsa; ach cha chuireadh e mor-dhuilichian orm, ged dheanadh e leabadh re seachdain do 'n fhear a's coireach ri bhi ga 'dheanamh.

MUR.—Seadh, ach co e am fear sin?

COIN.—Co, ach Sir Seumas an aigh! So mar a bha 'n gnothuch. Bhrudair e air oidhch' araidh gu 'n robh am fearann aige lan guail, agus nach robh an gual ach beagan shlat sios o bharr na talmhainn, anns a' cheart aite far am bheil mi a' cladhach. Uime sin, dh' orduich e dhomh-sa cumadh an tuill a ghearradh a mach, agus a bhi 'criomadh ris mar a dh' fheudas mi, gus an cuir e comunn laidir ga 'oibreachadh air

an ath sheachdain. Theid e sios, tha e 'g radh, gu doimhneachd thri no ceithir fichead aitheamh; ach ged a rachadh e sios gus an tige a mach air taobh eile pheileir na talmhainn, cha 'n fhaigh e smad guail.

MUR.—Cha chual mi a leithid riamh! An e so aobhar a' bhurachaidh a tha thu a' deanamh, a charaid? Tha 'n obair mor, ach cha 'n 'eil i taitneach, agus gu cinnteach, mar a thubhairt thu, cha bhi i tarbhach.

COIN.—A reir mo bheachd-sa, a Mhurachaidh, tha 'n gnothuch mar so—cha 'n 'eil teagamh agam ann—agus 's e sin, gu 'm bheil bruaillan iongantach ann an eanchainn Shir Seumas riamh o 'n dhealaich e ris an tuath mhor aige, agus o 'n ghabh e na fearanna 'n a laimh fein. Gach la o 'n am sin, bha e cosmhuil ris a' bhuideal a bha cas-ruidhleadh leis an leathad, gun arcan ann, agus a bha sìor chur nan car dheth, ach cha robh car ach car gu call. Mar sin, dh' eirich do Shir Seumas. Bho am an dealachaidh so, cha robh tlachd no rath air ni sam bith a bhuineadh dha. Ghabh e searbh aithreachas, ach cha 'n aidich se e. Dh' fhas e co frionasach, crosda, greunach 'n a nadur ri cearc-Fhrangach, agus cha robh e 'faotuinn fois 'n a inntinn fein a la no dh-oidhche. Cha do fhreagair an spreidh Eireannach 's an tir so idir. Chaidh na h-uiread de na h-eich a dhith air, agus iadsan nach deachaidh, dh' fhas iad co caol, cruaidh ri bulas na poite. Chaill an crodh na laoigh, shearg na caoraich as leis a' ghalar-greidh, agus cha 'n 'eil ach mi-shealbh air gach ni o 'n la dheistinneach sin air an d' thainig eadar e fein agus na tuathanaich cheanalta a bha 'g aiteachadh an fhuinn aige. Cha sugradh mi-ghean agus droch-ghuidhe an duine bhoichd. Cha 'n 'eil teagamh nach iomadh mallachd a ghuidheadh dha leo-san a chuireadh air imirich, gun fhios

aca c'ait an rachadh iad. Agus is iad na feidh, na gearain, agus na cearcan-fraoich bu choireach ri sin. Bu cho maith, tha mi an duil, le Sir Seumas urchur a losgadh air a chuid cloinne agus a losgadh le tuathanach air na h-eoin-ruadha, no air nacoilich-dhubha, abhiodh a' milleadh nan adag, agus a' saltairt air an arbhar fo'n cosaibh. Bu chruaidh a bhi ga'm faicinn mar sin a' milleadh toradh na talmhainn, agus gun chridhe bhi aig neach ite a chur asla le fudar agus luaidh, no le innleachd sam bith eile. Cha'n 'eil mi ga'mheas 'n a pheacadh idir, a Mhurachaidh, urchair a ghabhail ma gheibhear i gun fhios; agus cha ruig duine a leas a bhi fo rugha-gruaidhe ged a bheireadh e cranu á coille, bradan à sruth, no fiadh à fireach. Ach tha 'n t-am air teachd chum gu'm biodh na nithe sin air an socrachadh le lagh na rioghachd. Tha uachdarana-fearainn mar dhaoine air bhainidh a thaobh na seilg. Tha iad caoin-shuarach, coma, ciod an diomhail a ui na creutairean sin air pòr an tuathanaich, agus adh-aindeoin na ni iad de chall, cha mhaithhear aon sgillin ruadh air a shon, air an la auns an togair na màil.

MUR.—Chual mi gach lide a labhair thu, a' Choinnich. Tha mi ag aoutachadh leis gach ni a chuir thu an ceill, agus tha duilichinn orm gu'm bheil Sir Seumas co fada, fada 'n a sholus fein, agus co dian an aghaidh soirbheachadh nan daoine ceanalta a rungadh agus a dh'araicheadh air an fhearann aige. An aite sin, bu choir uail a bhi air, air son muinntir co treun, cliuiteach, gaisgeach a bhi 'n a fhochair, agus ann an seadh a bhi leis fein. Is mor am milleadh agus am mi-shuaimhneas a tha 'n sealg sin a' deanamh. Tha seann oran ag radh :—

“Is aoibhneach an obair an t-séilg,
Is màirg nach faigh comas air,”

Ach cha meas na tuathanaich bhochda 'n a ni ro aoibhneach e, a bhi faicinn nan raon aca air am milleadh leis, an deigh gach cosdais a tha 'n an lorg. Cha 'n 'eil e furas do Shir Seumas seasamh an aghaidh nan nithe sin, oir tha 'n calltach mor agus dorrach, — agus cha lughaid e idir nach ruig a leas duil a bhi aige ri co'-fhulangas sam bith fhaotainn uatha-san a ta mu 'n cuairt da. Their iad :—“Tha chead aige—thoill e gu leir e—is maith an airidh gu'm faigheadh e a cheannsachadh, oir cha d'rinn e baigh ri ard no iosal air an oighreachd aige. Cha sugradh gaoir an duine bhochd.”

COIN.—Is mise tha sgith dhe bhi cluinntinn seanachais de 'n ghne sin gach la tha mi 'g eirigh agus a' gluasad, agus o bheul gach neach a dh'fhosgailas am bilean mu 'n chuis. Tha eagal mor orm gu'm bheil na nithe sin uile a' cur bruaill-ein ann an ceann an ridire oir tha e 'g orduchadh gu'm biodh sud agus so air a dheanamh gun fhios idir c'arson. Nach amaideach an obair so fein, a bhi 'cladhach tuill ann an aite far nach faigh e gu brath fiach na sgillin ruaidh air son a shaothair-each?

MUR.—Cha 'n 'eil thu fad am mearachd, a Choinnich, agus cha mhinic a bha, ach fhad 's a bhitheas tu ri sin cha bhi thu ri ni eile, agus cha 'n 'eil comas agad air.

COIN.—Gle cheart, ach is fhad o'n chual sinn gur “cruaidh a bhi 'breabadh an aghaidh nan dealg.”

MUR.—Tha ughdarras againn gu'm bheil sin ceart, ach an deigh sin, a Choinnich, tha thusa cosmhuil ris a' ghiullan Ileach a bha 'breabadh agus a' bualadh a bhroige ri creig, an uair a ghlaodh e gu'm “bu mhiosa do 'n chreig na dhi.” Mar sin, tha do chuid bhrog-sa a' bualadh nan dealg 'n an smuir, gun dochunn sam bith a dheanamh air do bhrog-

COIN.—Tha mi ga d' thuigsinn gu ro maith, ach cha 'n fhuras idir do dh-fhuil agus do fheoil pheacach giulan leis na nithibh sin. Tha e air innseadh dhuinn, gidheadh, gu 'm faigh foighidinn furtachd, agus air an aobhar sin, feumar foighidinn a ghnathachadh gu 'n fhios c'uin a chuireas “cuibhil an fhortain” car dhi.

MUR.—Is maith nach 'eil fios againn air na nithibh a ta chum teachd, oir n' am biodh, cha bhiomaid sona re aoine la; tha iad gu glic' agus gu trocaireach air an ceiltinn uainn. Ach tha 'n t-am agam-sa, a' Choinnich, an gnothuch a thug air car so mi, a chur an ceill duit.

COIN.—Ma ta, Mhurachaidh, cha 'n fhurast do Choinneach Ciobair mar dean e spairn chruaidh chum do thoil-sa a dheanamh a reir a chomais. Ach, a charaid, ciod a th' air d' aire? oir cha 'n ann gun ghnathuch a thainig thusa do 'n chearnadh-sa, gun fhios gun aire dhuinn.

MUR.—Innsidh mi mo ghnathuch aun am beagan bhriathraibh, a Choinnich, agus 's e so e: tha duil aig Seonaid—a' chaileag is sine againn—ri posadh; agus do bhrìgh gur i a' cheud aon dhe 'n teaghlach a chaidh a mach air an doigh sin, tha sinn a' cur romhainn beagan de na cairdibh a thoirt cuideachd, agus crioman beag bainnse a bhi againn; agus thubhairt a' bhean agam nach biodh rath air a' ghnathuch mar biodh Coinneach Ciobair, agus a dheagh-bhean, Seonaid maille ruinn. Dh' fheudainn litir a chur ad ionnsaidh, agus dh' fheudadh tusa an litir a dhiultadh; ach an aite sin thainig mi feiu, oir air gnuis bhèir-ear breith, agus cha ghabh mi diultadh, cha 'n 'eisd mi ri diultadh, agus cha bhi diultadh 's a' ghnathach idir.

COIN.—Dean air do shocair, a charaid, dean air do shocair, agus na

tig co ro chas orm. Guidheam ort, thoir cead smuaineachaidh agus labh-airt dhomh. Sgeul an aigh! Seonaid og gu posadh! Tha i òg da-rìreadh, coimh-aois Dhomhnuill againn ach aon tri laithean. Ach co tha i 'fao-tuinn?—a' chaileag cheanalta agus, bu dual mathar di sin!—co tha i faotuinn?

MUR.—Tha deagh dhuine, duine sìobhalta, duine ionraic, agus duine cothromach, eadhon Seumas, aon mhac fir Ach-an-t-seilich.

COIN.—Oganach ceanalta, tapaidh, tlachdmhor. Fhad 's a chi suilean dhaoine, tuitidh Seonaid òg air a cosaibh an la sin, agus gu robh buaidh agus piseach a' leantuinn nighean a h-athar agus a mathar, uile laithean a cuairt! Ach c'uin tha 'n la taitneach sin a' tighinn, no am bheil e air a shonrachadh fathast?

MUR.—Ud! Ud! 's e tha—tri seachdain o maireach 's e sin a' cheud Dimairt de 'n ath-mhios; ach bithidh duil agam riutsa agus ri Seonaid air deireadh na seachdain roimhe sin, gun ath-sgeul, gu 'n leisgeul sam bith.

COIN.—Ma bhios Seonaid agus mise ann an slainte, ged tha 'n uidh fada, cha diobair agus cha treig sinn ar deagh chairdean 'n am an solais agus am mor-thoilinntinn. Ud, ud! cha treig; oir le falbh trath ni an t-each dubh an gnothuch air mu 'n tig an oidhche. Is mor an t-aobhar taingeileachd a ta aig fear agus aig bean-na-bainnse maraon, gu 'm bheil an athraichean beo, slan, fallain, oir “is lom tigh gun bhunait;” no mar thubhairt an t-oran:

“Cha 'n 'eil tlachd sam bith mu 'n tigh,
Cha 'n 'eil tlachd no sealbh;
Gean no gaire cha bhi stigh,
Is fhear-mo-thigh' air falbh.”

MUR.—Gu ma h-aighearach dhuit, a Choinnich! dh' aithnich mi gu 'm bu bhard thu, agus a nis thug thu

dearbhadh dhomh gu 'm bheil fonn,
cail, agus ceol 's a' cheann sin.
Feumaidh mi an ath-ghoirid an
t-oran sin a chluinntinn o thus gu
déis, agus a nis feuch gu 'm bi e air
mheothair agad.

COIN.—Ma tha sin chum toileach-
adh dhuit-se, a Mhurachaidh, ni mi
mo dhichioll air an oran sin a ghabh-
ail.

MUR.—Buaidh leat ! rach air
d'aghaidh, ma ta.

COIN.—

SEISD.

Cha 'n 'eil tlachd sam bith mu 'n tigh,
Cha 'n 'eil tlachd no sealbh ;
Gean no gàire cha bhi stigh,
Is fear-mo-thigh' air falbh.

'S am bheil làn-chinnt gur fìor an sgéul,
Gu 'm bheil e fallain, slàn ?
Bhur cuibhle tilgibh uaibh gu grad ;
Cha 'n àm gu sniomh an t-snàth.
Cha 'n 'eil tlachd. &c.

An àm gu sniomh no obair so,
Is Cailean dlùth air làimh ?
A nuas mo bhreacan, 's théid do 'n phort,
Gu 'fhaicinn tighinn gu tràigh.
Cha 'n 'eil tlachd, etc.

Greas, sguab dhomh taobh an teallaich
glan,
'Phoit shomalta cuir air,
A chòta Dòmhnach do dh-Iain beag,
'S a frègan sròil do Cheit.
Cha 'n 'eil tlachd, etc.

Am bróg biodh dubh mar airneagaibh,
An stocaidh bàn mar shneachd,
Gach aon ni 'thoileachadh mo chiall,
'S e 'm faicinn briagh a thlachd.
Cha 'n 'eil tlachd, etc.

Tha dà chearc reamhar anns a' chrò,
A bhiadhadh mios a's còrr ;
Grad-shniomh am muineal 's cur air
doigh,
Gu cùilm dha 's blasda sògh.
Cha 'n 'eil tlachd, etc.

Is cuirnnich bòrd gu h-eireachdail,
Le h-eilein a's le dealbh,
'Chur furain failt' air fear mo ghràidh,
A bha cho fad air falbh.
Cha 'n 'eil tlachd, etc.

O, fair an so mo bhoineid dhomh,
Mo rogha guin de 'n t-siòd' ;

'S do bhean a' Bhàille 'n innis mi
Mu Chailean 'thighinn gu tir !
Cha 'n 'eil tlachd, etc.

Mo bhrògan biorach cuiream orm,
Mo stocnais fiamh-ghorm fann,
A los gu 'n toilich fear mo ghaoil
'Sheas fìor 'n a ghaol gun fheall.
Cha 'n 'eil tlachd, etc.

Gur binn a ghuth, gur min a ghlòir,
Mar àileadh 'anail caoin ;
Tha fuaim a' chos 's e tighinn a steach,
Mar èun-cheol àit nan craobh.
Cha 'n 'eil tlachd, etc.

Gach fead-ghaoth fhuaraidh gheamh-
radail,
Mo chridhe tròm a chraidh,
Air séideadh seach', 's e tear'nt' am
ghlaic,
'S cha dealaich—ach am bàs.
Cha 'n 'eil tlachd, etc.

Ach 'd e chuir dealachadh am cheann ?
'S maith dh' fhéudt' gur fad' e 'n céin ;
An t-àm ri teachd cha 'n fhac aon neach,
An t-àm tha làthair 's leinn fein.
Cha 'n 'eil tlachd, etc.

Biodh Cailean slàn, 's làn thoilicht' mi,
Cha 'n iarr mi 'n còrr gu bràth ;
'S ma bhios mi beò air son a leas,
Gur sona mis' thair chàch.
Cha 'n 'eil tlachd, etc.

An e gu 'n cluinn mi 'ghuth a ris !
Gu 'm faic mi 'ghnùis gun smal !
'S ann 'tha tuaineal inntinn orm,
'S mi 'n-impis dol a ghal.

Cha 'n 'eil tlachd sam bith mu 'n tigh,
Cha 'n 'eil tlachd no sealbh,
Gean no gàire cha bhi stigh,
Is fear-mo-thigh' air falbh.

MUR.—Mile taing dhuit, a Choinn-
ich, air son an orain thaitnich sin
d' an d' rinn thu fìor-cheartas ga
'sheinn. Is minic a chual mi 's a'
Bheurla e, ach am bheil fios fo 'n
ghrein co a dh' eadar-theangaich air
mhodh co grinn e ?*

COIN.—Cha chual mi riamh 's a'
Bheurla e, agus ged a chluinneadh,
cha mhor a dheanainn-sa dheth ; ach
tha e anmoch a nis, a' Mhurachaidh,

* Translated by the late Rev. Dr.
Macintyre, Kilmonivaig.

rachamaid le beannachd an Ti a's airde gu tamh, agus na bi mar chearc air groideil theth, ag eirigh 's a' mhadainn. Direach fuirich ad leabaidh gus an duisg mise thu. Fhir mo ruin, deagh chadal duit. Beannachd leat.

MUR.—(*Anns a' mhadainn.*)—Failte na maidne dhuit, a Choinnich! Ma dh' eirich thu gu moch, cha d' thainig thu gu moch 'n am char-sa. Tha e fada's an la. Mo nair' orm fein! bu choir domh a bhi leth na slighe dhachaidh.

COIN.—Cha bhiodh tu sin ged dh' fhalbhadh tu an uair a thug thu do leabaidh ort, a' Mhurachaidh chòir. Gabh an gnothuch air do shocair. “Cha 'n ann na h-uile la a bhios mod aig Mac an Toisich,” agus cha b' fhearr gu 'm biodh.

MUR.—Cha dean e an gnothuch idir, a Choinnich, oir bu choir domh a bhi dhachaidh air airde an fheasgair. Tha liubhairt agam ri ghabhail moch's a' mhaduinn am maireach á deich fichead caora a cheannaich mi air Feill-Chalamain, gu stoc a chur air aite nam molt air Beinn-a-Chlaiginn, agus feumaidh mi mo chasan a thoirt as.

COIN.—Ciod nach dean fear an airgid, a Mhurachaidh? Ach cha 'n fhalbh cnaimh dhiot gus an teid thu 'mach a dh-fhaicinn a' bheagain cruidh a bhuineas domh-sa.

MUR.—Rachamaid, ma ta, dh' ionnsaidh na buaile a dh-fhaicinn a' bheagain a th' agad, ma 's fìor thu.

COIN.—Beagan da - rìreadh, an coimeas ris a' moran a th' agad-sa thall's a bhos; ach tha thu ag iomairt gu cruaidh chum do chuid a mheudachadh; agus is minic a chual sinn—“Cha chaill's a' bhuinnig, an fear nach cuir a chuid an cunnard.” A nis, a Mhurachaidh, an bheil thu a' faicinn na bà riabhaich ud?

MUR.—Is mi a tha, agus is maith i. Cha tric a chithear a leithid.

COIN.—Tha laogh 'n a cois; tha deagh bhainne aice; tha i cho soilidh ri uain; air a ceud laogh; agus cha 'n 'eil i na ceithir bliadhna a mach. Tha mi ga 'sonrachadh mar chuspair comain do bheann-na-bainnse—Seonaid og—agus bithidh i na toiseach piseach dhi, le mìle beannachd o Choinneach Ciobair 'n a cois.

MUR.—Tha chomain mò's mor; ach chi sinn, mar a thubhairt an dall; agus mu chairdeas Seonaid, cha 'n abair mi, ach a mhain—“gur mise 'bha thall's a chunnaic.”

ALASDAIR RUADH.

—o—

BRIATHRA CAIRDEAL

Cha mhor a' chosdas briathra cairdeil. Cha ghabh e uine fhada chum an labhairt. Cha tog iad leus aon chuid air an teangaidh, no air na bilidh, air an turas a stigh do 'n t-saoghal, ni mo an dean iad dochunn sam bith do 'n chorp no do 'n anam. Ged nach cosd iad moran, ni iad moran. Tha daoine glìce ag inns-eadh dhuinn gu 'm bheil na briathra feargach a ghnathaicheas duine 'n a dhian-chorruich mar chonnadh do lasair na feirge, leis an loisgear ni's seirbhe agus ni's seirbhe e. Ach, air an laimh eile, bheir briathra tla agus caoimhneil a mach toradh cairdeis agus sìthe a reir an gne. Meudaichear caoimhneas le briathraibh caoimhneil, agus sin gu h-ealamb cinnteach. Ni briathra caoimhneil iadsan caoimhneil a dh' eisdeas riu, gun fhios gun aire dhoibh fein. Marbhaibh briathra fuara muinntir eile le fuachd; losgaidh briathra teth iad le teas; lotaidh briathra geur iad le lotaibh; nithear garg iad le briathraibh searbh; agus feargach le briathraibh corruich; ach dealbhaibh briathra caoimhneil an iomhaigh fein air anam an duine, agus is maiseach, aluinn, oirdheirc, an iomhaigh e!

S.

SGIALACHD NA TROIDHE.

Air a thionndadh bho Ghréugais Hómeir
gu Gàidhlig Abraich.

LE EOBHAN MAC-LACHAINN.

(DUAN IV., *Sreath 419 gus a' chrìoch.*)

CIAD IOMARBHAIDH AN DA AIRM:

Labhair e 's 'n a éideadh grinn,
Thòirleum á charbad an sonn;
B' earraghlaiseach, 's e ruith 'n a dheann,
Slinntrich nan arm-pràis' mu 'chóm.
Mar shìor ghluasad nan stuadh gorm,
Gu leir is onfhach fuaim,
'N am maomaibh glas, càirgheal, cian,
Iorghuill nan gaòth dian 'g an ruag.
Ag greannadh air réidh a' chuain,
'S ag garbh-at romh luas na stoirm',
Bristidh gach lùnn le béuchd àrd,
Cur sguim bhàin mu 'n charraignich
dhoirbh;

'S sin mar shìor ghluaiseadh romh 'n lòn
Feachd na Gréige 'n òrdugh-blàir.
Fo 'n aon chéum 'n an tosd a' triall,
'G éisdeachd facail nan cllar àigh.
B' iognadh siubhal sluaigh cho mòr,
Gun aon lide de ghloir-chinn.
Loinntrich 'n an imeachd romh 'n tràigh,
Beairtean mállich nan dealbh grinn.
Chluinnteadh Tròidhich ri àrd ghaoir,
Mar chaoirich fìor phailt an sògh,
A' dìol bainne geal nan tràth,
'N an deich mìltean 's an làn chrò;
Iad a dh-aon deòthas gu léir,
A' freagairt mèilich nan uan;
Is sin mar chluinnteadh 's an fheachd
mhòr

An iomaghlòir bu bhruidhneach fuaim.
Cha b' aonmhiar-cinnidh an sréud,
Idir cha b' aon an téis-bheòil:
Cànain measgnach nan ciad brìgh—
B' ioma tìr bho 'n thàrr an slògh.
Thog Màrs na Tròidhich gu sùrd,
'S Pallas nan gorm shùl a' Ghréig;
Dh' éirich gart, a's oillt, a's fearg,
'S confhadh ruaimleach nan dearg
chréuchd;

Chiteadh còmhstrith 'n goil a fraoich,
'S an fhuil 'g a taosgadh 'n a deann,
Còmhstrith, baobh-chaothaich a' ghrunnd,
Piuthar Mhàrs is pròntach lann.
'S beag an tùs i, 's luath a fàs,
An Tarmasg nach àillidh greann,
'S naibhreach air talamh a triall,
'S àrd am measg nan nial a ceann.
'S cràiteach, goirt an cinne-daond'
Gach taobh 's an saltair a bonn.
A' miadachadh ànraidh bhlàr,
Sgrìos, a's bàis, a's osnaich shonn.

Dhruid gu còmhraig an dà fheachd,
Dhlùthaich beairt ri beairt gu gléus,
Sreathan nan ceann mhàilleach breac,

Ruinnean nan sleagh, neart nan tréun.
Air copaibh sgiathan nan béum,
Dhùisg torunn béuchdach a' bhlàir.
Bha gaithean iarainn 'n an deann,
'S mìltean lann ag iomairt àir.
'N sin dh' éirich sgreadail nan truagh,
'S caithreim bhuadhach àrd 's an spéur;
Cuid ri tur mhilleadh gu dian,
Cuid 'g an spealtadh sìos fo 'n éug.
Og-fhùrain bu ghairsneach dìol,
Thuiteadh sear a's sìar gu dlùth,—
Fuil an cneas 'n a caoiribh dearg,
A' taosgadh thair learg nan lùb.
Amhuil fuar thuiltean nan sìan
'N an dian-ruith le sìos nam beann,
Ag co-thilgeadh nan steall bàn
'S an aon chlais air làr nan gleann.
Am buachaill' air chrith 's an àrd
Ag éisdeachd ri gair nan stuadh;
B' amhuil, 'n uair mheasgnaich an stréup,
Toirm earraghlaisich éubh an t-sluaigh.

Mharbh Antilochus air thùs
Gaisgeach armach, ùr bho Thròidh,
Echepolus nan cruaidh-bhéum,
Measg nan tréun an uchd a' ghleòis.
Thilg e 'n t-sleagh air an òg bhras
Mu 'n cheann-bheairt bu bhabach dos,
Chaidh an calg frith bhacach, glas,
Romh 'chlàr-aodainn le tróm lot,
Spealg an t-iarann an cruaidh chnàimh,
Dhorchaich nial a' bhàis a shùil,
Thuit e sìos mar dhaingneach àigh
A dh' aomas gu làr 'n a bhrùchd.

Thainig Elpenor gun dàil,
Ceann Chlann-Àbais bu mhath cruas,
Ghlac e cas a chuirp gu dàn,
'G a tharrainn bho 'n àrfhaich ruaidh,
Bho stoirm mhilltich nan gath caol,
'S gu 'n coisneadh e 'm faobh 's na h-airm;
Ach, 's sìd an t-seilbh nach robh buan,
'S bu ghèarr 'uail os cionn a' mhairbh.
An àm tarrainn a' chuirp a nùll,
Bheachdaich Agenor an sonn,
Air a leis bha sgiath gun mheang,
A thaobh nochdte 's a cheann crom.
Leig e 'n t-sleagh lloimhaidh romh 'chneas,
Thuit esan gun neart air làr,
Shiubhail an deò às a chorp
Am fuil dheirg an lot a' snàmh.
An sin gu h-àirde dhùisg am fearg
Mar mhadaidhean garg nan toll,
Dhruid iad gu chéile 's a' ghaoir,
'S leag gach laoch a sheis' air fonn.

Chasgradh leis an Ajax bhorb
Oigeir ùr bu taitneach dealbh,
A rugadh am measg nan tréud,
Air bruaich Shimois nan céum balbh,
Air teachd dh' a mhàthair a nuas
Bho uchd Ida nan cruach àrd,
Mar ri h-athair 's ri 'mathair ghaoil,
A shealltainn nan caorach bàn,
Rug i 'n sin an t-òg gun truail',

Simoisius nan gruaidh àigh,
Neart a toil-inntinn 's a mùirn;
Ach b' e chrannchur ùine ghéarr
Bu dìomhain an dragh 's an sùrd
Ag altrum an fhiùrain ghràidh,
Air teachd dha gu cath nan déur
Thilg an Gréugach sleagh a' bhàis,
Buailear 's a' chich dheis an t-àgh
Leis an ruinn bu ghràineil lot;
Shiubhail romh 'n t-slinnein an calg
'S thuit gaisgeach nan arm gun phlosg.

Amhuil 's craobh-chrithinn air lòn
Le stoc sleaghach, còmhnaidh, réidh,
Dosrach ag cinntinn mu 'bàrr,
'S lùisreadh bhlàth air slìos a géug,
'N uair ghearras saor i le loinn
Gu cuibhle a' charbaid ghrinn,
Aomaidh an t-ùr-ghallan àrd,
'S tuitidh sìos air làr a' ghlinn,
A' seargadh fo chaochladh shian
Gun aon mhiagh de sgiamh a cròc.
B' amhuil an t-òg àrmunn tréun
'S e sìnt' air an fhéur gun deò.

Thainig Antiphos le sgaoim—
Tròidheach de chloinn an rìgh,
Thilg air còm an Ajax bhuirb,
Cha robh an sìd ach cuimse chlàth.
Rainig an t-sleagh Leucus còrr,
Og do 'n d' thug Uliisses spéis
'S e tarrainn a' mhairbh a nall
Bho mhl-chàramh nan lann géur;
Chaidh 'n a chruachan an gath
'S dh' fhosgail e lot-bàis romh 'bhroinn.
Thuit e fhéin 's an corp mar aon
Taobh ri taobh air cruaidh an fhuinn.
Mu éug a chompanaich ghaoil,
Dh' at Uliisses le fraoch dian;
Theann-ruith e gu tùs an t-sluaigh,
'S chiteadh bho 'chruaidh foidhleus cian.
Sheas e 'm buillsgein nam paidhe dlùth
'S bheachdaich dùr a null 's a nall;
Stiùir e 'n sin le glaic gun chearb
'S an t-sleagh dhealach thilg le srann.
Sgap na Tròidhich le crith-oillt,
'N uair thilg an saoidh ruinn nam béum,
'S e mac dìolain an t-seann-rìgh
A bhuaill an trì-ghlacach ghéur
Democon air teachd às ùr
O thir nan stéud cruibheach, seang;
Airsan chuimsich an sonn garg,
'S rainig an gath searbh 'n a dheann;
Romh chlaigeann bho dheas gu cli,
Ghluais an calg bu mhillteach toll;
Dhuin an dorcha mu 'shuill dheirg
Thuit e, 's ghliograich airm mu 'chòm.
Dh' oilltich Hector 's na ciad shuinn
Grad-mhaomar a null romh 'n tréun;
Thog na Gréugaich iolach shearbh
Tharrainn cuirp nam marbh bho bhéud,
Bhruchd iad a steach a dh-aon bheum.
Chunnaic Phœbas le fìor fhraoch,
Dhearrs e 'n a làn ghloir bho 'n dàn

'S le àrd-chaismeachd dhùisg na laoiach.
A ghaisgeacha Thróidh nan steud,
Na coisneadh a' Ghréig oirbh geall;
Cha 'n iarann 's cha chlach am feoil
Nach snaoidhear le spòltadh lann,
Tha 'n t-Aicheall gun chuimhn' air féum,
Deagh mhac Thetis a' chùil òir,
Fada thall 'n a luing air tràigh,
Fearg a chuim 'g a chuamh le bròn.
Is sin mar labhair dia nan calg,
Eaglach a' dealradh bho 'n tùr,
'S Pallas ghàir-chathach 'n a léum
A' mosgladh na Gréig' le sùrd.
Fhuair Dioreas dàn an Eig
Bho Phirus làmh-fhéum a' ghleòis
Ceannard-iùil nan Tracach géur,
Ghluais bho Ænos le 'thréun lód.
Ghrad-thug Pirus 'n a ghlaic ghairbh
Sgealb de charraig chraimnich, chruaidh;
Bhuail e aobrunn deas an rìgh,
'S phronn e 'n cnàimh 'n a mhìle bruan;
Ghéarr am meall bu bhaobhail neart
Sreang nam faltan taic a' bhuinn;
Bheuchd Dioreas le sgread-chràidh,
'S thuit e sìos air làr an fhuinn;
Gu chàirdean shìn e 'dha làimh,
'S aileag-bhàis am bràigh' a chléibh.
Bha Pirus a' léum a nall
'S shàth 'n a imleig lann nan créuchd.
As an lot bu chraosach gág,
Thaosg am mionach blàth 'n a bhrùchd;
Dh' fhalbh an sgàil a dh-ifrinn fhuair,
'S dhùin ceathach bith-bhuan mu 'shuill.

Sheas an t-Ætòlach tréun,
Thug duibh-léum gu Pirus àigh,
Lot e fo 'n chich an sonn ùr,
'S chrith an crann 'n a ghrùdhan blàth.
Sheas air a mhuin Thoas garg,
Spion e sleagh nan calg á chóm,
Tharrainn e 'n sin lann nam blàr
'S bhéum gu gràineil sic a bhronn;
Sgap e bheath' air ghaotha luath,
Dh' aindeoin sìd cha d' fhuair e 'm faobh.
Timchioll dhòirt na Tracaich bhorb,
'S fad-shleaghan nan gorm-ghath caol.
Ged bu mhordhach, calma, gnùth
An laoch cliùiteach 's a' chath chruaidh,
Dh' iomain iad e null bho 'n chairbh,—
Bu leisg 'fhalbh, 's bu ghreann-dhubh
'shnuagh.

Is sin mar thuirt an dà fhear-iùil
An teas carraid dhlùth nan sonn,
Ceannaird Thracach nan àrd bhéum,
'S Epeidheach nan éideadh tròm,
Dh' iadh mu 'n sùilean cadal buan
'S dhùin iad fo laimh fhuair a' bhàis—
Léir-sgrìos ag caitheamh mu 'n cuairt,
'S mairbh 'g an cruachadh fad a' bhlàir.

Na 'n siùbhladh aon neach romh 'n
leirg,
'S nach ruigeadh ball-airm a chóm,
'S gu 'm faiceadh e 'n sluagh gu léir

'G iomairt iorghuill ghéur nan conn,
Pallas 'g a dhion air gach làimh
Bho neart gàbhaidh nan ruinn cruaidh,
Mheasadh e foghaint gach seòid
Ionmholt le glòir bhith-bhuain.
B' ioma Tròidheach a b' àrd gléus,
B' ioma Gréngach gaisgeil, còrr,
A bha 'n là sin taobh ri taobh
Sint' an smùr an raoin gun deò.

(*Ri leantainn.*)

[MEARACHD.—Tha sin duilich gu 'n deachaidh sreath fhagail a mach a "Sgialachd na Troidhe" anns an airimh mu dheireadh. Os cionn na còigeamh sreath o 'n iochdar, air taobh-duilleig 174, an deigh an fhacail "raon" cuireadh ar luchd-leughaidh a stigh an t-sreath so—
" 'S dùisg an triath gu caonnaig ghéir."]

—o—

IOMLANACHD.

Bi-sa an toir air iomlanachd anns gach ni, ged nach 'eil e comusach ruigheachd oirre ach gann ann an ni sam bith. Thig iadsan a ta 'g iarraidh iomlanachd, agus a ta 'buannachadh 'n an dichìoll, moran ni 's faisge dhi na iadsan a ta air an co-eigneachadh le 'leisg agus mi-churam gun strith sam bith a dheanamh 'n a deigh.

S.

—o—

AN T-EILEAN.

Bha sinn a chomhnuidh air eilean mor air ar cuairteachadh le farsuingeachd a' chuain. Mar a dh' amhairc eamaid m' an cuairt cha robh sìon ri 'fhaicinn ach na h-uisgeachan agus an speur. Bha sinn gun luingis leis am b' urrainn duinn an t-eilean 'fhagail—a' tighinn beo mar so leinn fein. Bha againn fearainn, a's tighean-malairt, 's gach ni direach mar a tha againn a nis, ach a mhain gu 'n robh sinn air eilean. Aon ni eile: a h-uile drast 's a rithist thigeadh long mhor a dh-ionnsaidh an eilein; thigeadh an sgiobadh air tir agus bheireadh iad air ar coimhearsnaich 's ar cairdean, agus shlaodadh iad air falbh iad as an t-sealladh. An ceann latha no dha thigeadh long eile, 's long eile; agus mar so bha iad a ghuath a' tighinn oirnn gun fhios co as agus a' giulan air falbh seò a's

og, cairdean a's coimhearsnaich, agus cha robh fhios no forais againn ciod a bha 'tighinn riutha. Bha sinn ri gal 's ri caoidh, agus fo gheilt mu 'r timchioll fein, ach cha b' eol duinn ciod a dheanamaid. Mu dheireadh faicidh sinn duine a' ruith gu bras a sios a dh-ionnsaidh na tràighe gu bàta beag a bha e air a thogail aig a chosdas fein. Tha e 'leum a stigh iunte, agus a' sgaoileadh a shiùil bheaga ris a ghaoith, tha e 'cur a toisich ris a' chuan mhor 's a' seoladh air falbh air lorg nan luingeas eagalach, a dh-fhaicinn ciod a tha air tachairt d' ar cairdean. Tha ar suil a' geur-amharc thar a' chuan as deigh na h-eithir aotroim, bho chd gus am bheil i as an t-sealladh, fo amharus an till ar caraid gu brath. Tha na soithichean dubha oillteil a' sior-thighinn mar bha iad roimhe agus a' glacadh air falbh ar luchd-daimh agus ar luchd-eolais a dheoin no dh-aindeoin. Is tric ar suil air a' chuan ag amharc a mach air son ar caraid agus a bhàta beag, agus fo ioghnadh ciod a tha ga 'chumail; oir thuirt e ruinn na 'n amaiseadh e air ar cairdean a chaidh a ghiulan air falbh, gu 'n tilleadh e air ais le brataich ghil am barr a' chroinn. Mu dheireadh faicear am bàta 'tighinn an sealladh. Is i a tha ann gun teagamh sam bith, agus a' bhratach gheal a' crathadh am barr a croinn! Fhuair e ar cairdean. Tha an sluagh gu leir a dian ruith a sios an cladach a chluinntinn an sgeòil. Tha am bàta beag a' tighinn gu tir agus ar caraid a' leum air talamh tioram. Tha na h-uile a' glodhaich a mach, "Ciod an sgeul—bheil naidheachd agad mu 'r cairdean—an d' amais thu orra?"

"Dh' amais."

"A bheil iad beo?"

"Tha iad uile beo."

"A bheil iad sona—ciod a tha iad a' deanamh?"

“O, tha iad gu leir air an giulan do dhuthaich fad as, le soithichean an rìgh. An uair a tha iad a’ ruigh-eachd, tha iad air an cur fo dhearbhadh agus iadsan a sheasas an deuchainn so gu math, tha iad a’ faighinn urrainn, tha iad gu seasgair, sona, ann an tighean-comhnuidh anabarrach àillidh, agus cha tigeadh iad air an ais a’ so air son an t-saoghail. Ach iadsan nach urrainn an deuchainn a sheasamh, tha iad air am fuadach air falbh do’n fhàsaich, agus tha iad ann an cor ro thruagh.”

Ach an tig na soithichean air an ais tuille?”

“Thig; thig iad a rithist agus a rithist agus bheir iad air falbh a h-uile gin agaibh. Ach faodaidh sibh sibh fein ullachadh air son na deuchainn, agus an sin bidh sibh sona, agus cha ruig leas eagal a bhi oirbh falbh.”

Ach ciod—ciamar a ni sinn an t-ullachadh so—ciod a dh’fheumas sinn a dheanamh? O! innis dhuinn gu luath, oir faodaidh na soithichean a bhi againn m’am bi sinn deas.”

“Cha’n urrainn domh innseadh dhuibh a nis; tha mi air mo chlaoidh gu bàs. So dhuibh; am faic sibh an leabhar so a tha mi a’ toirt a mach as mo bhroilleach? Innsidh e dhuibh ciod agus ciamar a tha sibh ri’dheanamh. Tha e so-thuigsinn agus lan eolais. Thugaibh geill d’a theagasgan agus bidh sibh uile sona. Seall-aibh, o nach b’urrainn domh fhaighinn air atharrach, dh’fhosgail mi aon de m’chuislibh, agus sgriobh mi e, ach m’an robh crìoch agam air shìl an fhuil dìreach o m’cridhe. O! gabhaibh e mar chuimhneachan agus mar dhearbhadh deireannach air meud mo gràidh.”

Tha e’sgur a labhairt, agus a’ toirt thairis le sgios agus laigse, tha e a’ tuiteam marbh air an traigh. O! a leithid de charaid!—nach anabarr-

ach an leabhar a dh’fheumas a bhi againn an so!

Tha sibh ga m’thuigsinn, nach’eil! Tha sinne air an eilean: is iad tinnis agus anshocairean na soithichean uamhasach a tha a’ tighinn agus g’ar giulan air falbh; is i an t-siorruidheachd an duthaich chéin gus am bheil sinn air ar giulan; is e Crìosd an caraid caomh sin a chaidh troimh’n uaigh a stigh do’n t-siorruidheachd; is e am Bìobul an leabhar sin a sgriobh e dhuinn g’ar n-ullachadh air son a’bhreathanaìs mhoir; dhòirt e’mach anam gu bàs a chum ar deasachadh mar so gu dol a stigh do’n t-siorruidheachd, agus gu bhi beo ann an sonas neo-chrìochnach. Nach mor an caraid air am bheil iadsan a’deanamh tàir agus dimeas nach’eil a’toirt gràidh do’n Tighearn Iosa Crìosd! Nach ro luachmhor an leabhar sin a tha iadsan a’cur an neo-shuim’s a’dearmad a tha’teachd beo o latha gu latha gun lamh no smuain a thoirt air a Bhìobul!—*An t-Urr. Iain Todd.*

Eadar. le MAC-MHARCUIS.

Rudha-nam-faoileann,
Toiseach an Fhogh. 1874.

Na biodh naire ort’aideachadh gu’n robh thu am mearachd. Cha’n’eil ann ach aideachadh air an ni sin de nach ruig thu leas naire bhi ort—gu bheil tuilleadh tuigse agad’s a bha agad roimhe, gu bhi faicinn do mhearachd, tuilleadh umhlachd gu’aideachadh, agus tuilleadh gràis gu chur ceart.

MAR A SGRIOSAS TU DO MHAC.—1, Leig a thoil fein leis. 2, Leig leis airgid a chur gu buil mar thogras e. 3, Ceadaich da siubhal far an tolich e air an t-Sabaid. 4, Thoir lan chothrom da dol an cuideachd dhroch chompanach. 5, Na gairm uair sam bith gu cunntas e ciamar a chuir e seachad am feasgar. 6, Na leig gu dreuchd no obair e. Lean na comhairlean so agus mur faigh thu saoradh iongantach ni thu bron os cionn leinibh air a thruaillleadh agus air a sgrios. Dh’fhairich na mìltean an deireadh truagh so, agus chaidh iad sìos do’n uaigh le doilgheas agus le bron.

O R A N.

KEY D.

(Fonn "Cumha Airdmeàrnaig.")

SLAN LE BEANTAN AN FHRAOICH AGUS LE GLEANNDARUAIL.

Le Ughdar "Slainte 'Chomainn Chòmhlach." Air a sgrìobhadh anns a' Bhliadhna 1839 air son oganach a mhuinntir a' Ghlinne a bha 'dol do *dh-Australia*.

Air Fonn "Cumha Airdmeàrnaig."

Slan le beanntan an fhraoich
 Dhosach, ghucagach, chaoin,—
 Badan suaicheantais dheadh Chloinn-
 Dòmh'uill,—
 Le shugh meala a's céir,
 'Tàladh 'n t-seillein, 's an fheidh,
 A's 'g an sàsach' dheth fein le sògh ;
 'S a' toirt fasgaidh ri fuachd
 Do chaoraich 's do dh-uain,
 'S, do na cearcagan ruadh, an lòn.
 'S a' toirt fasgaidh, &c.

'S le Gleanndaruail mo chrìdh',
 Rìgh gach gleann tha 's an tìr !
 Far an d'araicheadh mi bho m' òig—
 Gleann nan coilltean 's nan raon,
 Gleann nan glacag 's nan craobh,
 Gleann nan aighean, nan laogh, 's nam
 bo ;
 Gleann nam bradan, 's nan gris,
 Gleann nan eam-lùba min,
 Gleann is pailte 's an cinn gach pòr !
 Gleann nan bradan, &c.

Far am binne na h-eoin,
 Far an grinne na h-òigh'n,
 'S iad gu ceileireach, ceolmhor, còir ;
 Modhail, beusach, gun ghruaim,
 'Teistail, cuirteil, grinn, suairc',
 Tuigseach, foghlumte, stuaim', gun
 phrois ;
 Dreachail, meachair, gun mheang,
 Ann am pearsa 's an cainnt,
 'S iad deas, nosail, gun sgraing, gun
 sgleò.

Dreachail, meachair, &c.

A's na fleasgaich is àill',
 Foinnidh, fearail, lan baigh,
 Uasal, smiorail, air sraid 's aig mod ;
 'S iad ard-inntinneach, dian ;
 'S anns an tìr am mor mhiadh—
 'S iad a sheasadh gun fhiamh a' choir !
 'Reachadh foirmeil 's an strìth,
 'Bheireadh naimhdean fo chis,
 A's nach geilleadh gu sìorruidh beo.
 Rachadh foirmeil, &c.

M' an cuir gleanntan m' an cuairt
 Dhiubh cranndachd an fhuachd,
 Bidh Gleann-daruail nam buadh 'n a
 ghloir ;
 Bidh chraobh-ubhal fo bhlath,
 Bidh an duilleach aig 'fhas,
 'S ceileir cuthaig an sgath nam fròg ;
 Mac 'S-'Illeathain le 'phiob,
 'N àm na grein bhi 'dol sìos,
 A' toirt fuaim as an tìr le 'cheol.
 'S Mac-'Illeathain, &c.

Achaidh-teangain an àigh,
 Soraidh slan leat gu brath !
 S leis gach neach a tha 'tamh air d'
 fhòd ;—
 Slan le cuideachd mo ghraidh,
 Slan le m' athair 's le m' mhath'ir,
 Slan le m' pheathraichean baigheil, og ;
 Slan le m' bhraithrean gu leir,
 Slan le m' chairdean 's luchd-speis,
 Slan le uiseag nan speur 's a ceol !
 Slan le m' bhraithrean, &c.

'S eiginn domhsa nis triall,
 'Dh-fhagail duthaich nan triath,
 Nam filidh nan cliar 's nan seòd ;
 Na h-earba, 's an fheidh,
 Agus iolair nan speur,
 Na h-eala, nam peuc, a's nan còrr ;
 Nan sìthean, 's nan cruach,
 A's nan dùn, a's nam bruach,
 Nan doire, nan cluan, a's nan còs.
 Nan sìthein, &c.

Ged tha 'n dùth'ch so lan bhuadh,
 'S iomadh diomb 'tha rith' fuaight',—
 Cha chum ceileir na cuaich rium lòn,—
 Tha na fearainn ro dhaor,
 A's na tuarasdail saor,
 'S cha 'n 'eil farraid air saothair dhaoin'
 òg ;
 Ach tha siuil ris an long
 'Tha gu m' aiseag thar thonn,
 Gu *Australia*, fonn an fheoir.
 Ach tha suil, &c.

—o—

LEOMAG.

(*Air leantainn o'n aireimh mu dheireadh.*)

Bha Fionnladh 'n a dhiunlach laidir
 A shiubhladh an fhasach mar fhiadh ;
 Ach a nis tha 'neart 'g a fhagail,
 'S cha 'n 'eil aige cail gu biadh.

'S i Leomag a rinn a dhoch'nnadh,
 'S a chumas e 'n a bhoil' a chaoidh ;
 Tha i 'n a smainte 's an latha,
 'S 'n a aisling an cadal na h-oidhch'.

Ann an fheasgar shìochail, bhoidheach,
 'S na h-eoin a' cluich am barr nan gèig,
 An aite 'radh, " An cluinn thu 'n smeor-
 ach?"
 'S e "Leomag" a thig 'n a bheul.

Uair-eigin mu àm na Callainn',
 Chaidh e le caraid gu bàl ;
 Mu 'n chois dheis gu 'n chuir e stocaidh,
 'S mu 'n chois thoisgeil osan gearr.

" Ciod a their mi," arsa Fionnladh,
 "Ris na caochlaidhean tha ann?
 Bheil an saoghal air dol tuaitheal,
 No 'n tuaineulaich 'th' air teachd am
 cheann?"

" Bho 'n latha 'thachair mi air Leomag
 Tha m' inntinn fo sgleo gu leir ;
 Mi 'm bhall-fanoid aig na h-eolaich,
 'S am iongantas ro mhor dhomh fein.

" 'S beag nach saoil mi ann am bhreis-
 lich
 Gu bheil an deas air dol gu tuath ;
 'S an uair a sheideas gaath romh m'
 chlàraidh,
 'S e ceol na clairsich 'bhios am chluais.

" An t-uisge a bha fuar a' sìleadh
 'N a bhoinnean minic o a ciabh,
 Gheobh mi e 'n a shruthean blatha,
 A' siubhal gun tamh troimh mo chliabh.

" Fhad 's a bhunaicheas an latha,
 Tha 'h - iomhaigh ga m' leantainn a
 chaoidh ;
 'S an uair nach leir do m' shuil a faileas,
 Thig a h-anail orm 's a' ghaoith.

" Och gur mise 'th' air mo riasladh
 Le spleadhachas a bhos a's thall !
 'S mur a' faigh mi fois o m' iarguin,
 Cha 'n fhada gus an liath mo cheann.

" 'S iomadh cuspair a tha 'dusgadh
 Na cnuimh ciùrrail 'tha ga m' leon ;
 Tha 'n druidheachd gu cinnteach laidir,
 A rinn mo shàrachadh cho mor.

" Ma theid mi le m' chairt air thuras,
 Bidh mi muladach leam fein ;
 'S ma bheir mi am boitean feoir leam,
 'S ann chuireas e mo bhron am meud.

" Tha rud a nise nach robh roimhe
 An ceann 's an dronnaig an eich bhàin
 Tha 'm breacan fein air fas neonach,
 Leis 'n do chum mi Leomag blath.

" 'S tric mo smuainte air an àille
 A choisinn anns gach àite buaidh ;

Mus a h-i a rinn mi craiteach,
'S i fein a bheir dhomh slainte bhuan.

“A's ciod air son a dheanainn maille?
Tha bhi 'fantainn 'n a ni faoin;
Mar bhios an ceangal n'is tràithe,
'S ann is blaithe bhios an gaol.”

'N sin thoisich Fionnladh gu sgoinneil
Air a thigh a chur air doigh;
Rinn e na seomraichean soilleir,
A cur gloine 'n aite bhord.

Fhuair e brat air son an urlair,
Agus uidheam buird d' a reir;
'S dh' fhalbh e 'n sin le mor dhurachd,
Gus a run a chur an ceill.

Rainig 's chunnaic e an og-bhean,
'S thubhairt e an comhradh fann,—
“Bu mhise am fear sona, soghach,
Na 'n tigeadh Miss Leomag an ghleann.”

Fhreagair i le seorsa gaire,
'S an t-ardan a' cluich 'n a beul,—
“'S cuimhne leam do chailleach mathar,
'S thusa 'n ad ghàrtach 'n a deigh.

“Tha thu gun urram gun chairdean;
'S graisg a tha annaibh gu leir;
Chaill thu do thuisge 's do naire,
A bhalaich is ro dhàine beus.

“Fuich, fuich, ach am fàileadh
'Tha gu laidir 'tighinn am shroin!
Gabh romhad, a bhumailleir ghràinde,
'S odhar le tearr do dha chròg!”

Chunnaic Fionnladh, a's e 'clisgeadh,
An nathair shligneach 's an fheur,
A's sud e a mach an tiota,
Mar gu 'm biodh an t-Olc 'n a dheigh!

Thubhairt e 's e suas am fireach,—
“'S ann domh is mithich a bhi saor;
Ach fhuair mi mo chas as an ribe,
'S dh' fhalbh am bior a bha am thaobh.

“Tha mi nise sunndach, laidir—
Cheart cho slan 's a bhi mi riabh;
'S leumaidh mi cho aotrom mheamnach,
Ri boc-earb a th' air an t-sliabh.

“Bheir mi air Leomag mo bheannachd,
A dh' aisig dhomh mo neart cho luath;
Leighis i chreuchd le tri facail,
A dh' fhairtlich air an *Doctor Ruadh*.”

Bha Fionnlaidh gun dìth, gun dolaidh,
'N a dhuine sona anns a' ghleann;
Fhuair e bean 'bha ciallach, gleidhteach,
'S bu ghlan 'n am beus i fein 's a' chlann.

Cha robh spiocaireachd no gorta
'N taobh a stigh d' a dhorsaibh fial;
Bheireadh e aoidheachd do 'n choigreach,
'S gheobhadh am bochd ann a dhiòl.

Saoil sibh fein nach b' i an tubaist
'Dhiult gu tur an duine coir,
A bheireadh dhi gun dìth, gun dearmad,
Im a's aran agus feoil?

Mar a theid an sgeul am mearachd,
'S fad o 'n ghabh a claigionn gaath;
'S is tric i an toir air faileas,
Nach fhaigh i 'n a glaic a chaoidh.

Tha a suil ri nithe mora,
'S duilich dhomhsa chur an cainnt,—
Saibhreas, a's urram, a's soghachd,
'Dol m' an cuirt mar cheo 'n a ceann;

'S ann mar sin tha inntinn Leomaig,
Lionta le goralas ro fhaoim,
Eich, a's carbadan, a's caisteil,
'S brataichean a' snamh 's a ghaoith.

Air sgiath aotrom a mac-meamna
Siubhlaidh i Albainn gu leir,
'S a h-uile ceann a chi i ruisgte,—
Tha sud mar umhlachd dhi fein.

Ach chaochail a nis na laithean;
Thuit na caisteil ard a nuas;
Threig a neart, a's dh' fhalbh a h-àille,
'S tha sruth an ardain air fas fuar.

Ann am measg nan armunn oga
Cha 'n olar a nis air a slaint';
Cha 'n 'eil iomradh air a bòidhchead,
'S cha 'n fheoraichear mu 'h-aite-taimh.

Tha a maise air a treigsinn;
Shearg, as a h-aodann, an ròs;
Tha 'h-amhach feadanach, féitheach,
'S a smig air eirigh r' a sroin.

Tha ghnuis, a bha roimhe tlachdmhor,
Air fas claiseach leis an aois,
Mar bhalg craicinn tioram, preasach,
Bho 'm fada a theich a' ghaoth.

Tuille cha tig neach 'g a h-iarraidh,
Oir dh' fhalbh gach ciatadh a bha ann;
'S i 'n a briogaid bhochd air liathadh,
Gun urad a's fiacail 'n a ceann.

[Rinneadh an Duan so leis an Urramach
nach maireann, Mr. Eachann Mac-
Illeathain, Lochailse. Anns an aireimh
mu dheireadh, taobh duilleig 187, rann 19,
an aite “gaath nan allt.” leugh, “gaoir
nan allt.”]

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No. 31.

GAELIC PHILOLOGY.

NOTES BY THE REV. ALEX. CAMERON.

(Continued from Vol. III. page 95.)

408. *Ploc* or *pluc* and *block*.

Ploc (any round mass, a piece of earth ; a club ; a block of wood ; = W. *ploc*) is from Old Ger. *bloc*, *bloch*, from which are derived Fr. *bloc* and Eng. *block*. *Pluc* is another form of *ploc*. Cf. Stokes' *Fis Adamnain*, p. 33.

409. *Deamhan* and *demon*.

Deamhan (demon ; anc. gen. plur. *demne*, ac. plur. *demnai*) is from Gr. *daimōn* (a god, goddess) from *daiō* (to divide or distribute destinies). From *daimōn* are derived Lat. *dæmon*, Eng. *demon*.

410. *Dus*, *duslach*, and *dust*.

Dus (dust) may be compared with Old Ice. *dust*, A.S. *dust* from which comes Eng. *dust*. *S* frequently = *st*. Cf. *fàs* and Lat. *vastus*, Eng. *waste*. *Duslach* (dust) is *dus* with the termination *lach*.

411. *Imreasan* (a dispute, controversy ; anc. *imbressan* and in plur. ac. *imbresna*) is for *imm-fris-an*, which is compounded of the prepositions *imm-* (cognate with Gr. *amphi*, Lat. *amb-*, *an-*), *fris* (cognate with Gr. *pros*, with which it agrees also in signification), and the termination *-an* or *-na*. Cf. Z. G. C., p. 884.

412. *Sùith* and *soot*.

Sùith (soot ; in W. *swta*, a borrowed word) corresponds to Ice. and A.S. *sôt*, Dan. *sod* or *sood*, Eng. *soot*.

413. *Locar* (a plane) = Ice. *lokar* (a plane), A.S. *locer* or *locor* (a joiner's instrument, a plane). Apparently borrowed by the Celts from the Norsemen.

414. *Scarbh* (a cormorant) = Old Ice. *skarfr*, Ice. *skarv*.

415. *Sgor* or *scor* and *scar*.

Sgor or *scor* (to scarify, to cut in pieces) is cognate with Old Ice. *skor*, Ice. *skar*, Dan. *skaar* (a cut, a notch), Ice. *skor* (a cutting), Eng. *scar*. Cf. Lat. *scarifico* (scratch, scarify), Gr. *skariphaomai* (to scratch).

416. *Sgrùd* (to search, examine) may be compared with Lat. *scrutor* (to search, to explore) from *scruta* = Gr. *grutē*, *Sgrùd* is probably a loan-word from *scrutor*.

417. *Trosg* (cod-fish) may be compared with Dan. *torsk* (cod-fish).

418. *Trasg* or *trosg* (fast, religious fast) may be regarded as a loan-word from Gr. *thrēskeia* (a worshipping, worship, often with the idea of superstition) from *thrēskos* (religious, superstitious).

419. *Clambar* (wrangling) = Dan. *klammer* (quarrel, contention, strife).

420. *Cloimh* or *claimh* (itch, scurvy) may be compared with Dan. *klæe* (itching, itch).

421. *Trod* (a scolding, quarrel, strife) may be compared with Dan. *trætte* (dispute, quarrel).

422. *Taom* (to pour out, to empty) may be compared with Dan. *tæmme* (to empty), Ice. *tæma* (to empty). Scot. *toom*.

423. *Réis* (a race), may be compared with Dan. and N. H. Ger. *reise* (journey), Eng. *race*.

424. *Ras* (a shrub) and *rasan* (brushwood or underwood) may be compared with Dan. *riis* (brushwood, faggots), Ice. *hris* (copse - wood), A.S. *hris* (small branches), N. H.

Ger. *reis* (twig, rod, sprig), Old Eng. *ryse* or *reis* (a twig or rod).

425. *Ròs* (St. Anthony's fire, erysipelas) = Dan. *rosen*.

426. *Uig* (a nook, a retired or solitary hollow, cove)—Dan. *vig*, creek, cove), Ice. *vik*, A.S. *wic* (a bay, creek).

427. *Ulla* (beard) may be compared with Ice. *ull* and Dan. *uld* (down, hair) cognate with Gr. *oulos* and Eng. *wool*. Cf. Vol. III., 26.

428. *Caineal* or *canal* (cinnamon) = W. *canel*, Dan. *kaneel*, Scot. *cannel*.

429. *Coinein* (a rabbit, coney) = W. *cuning* or *cwningen*, Corn. *cynin*, Dut. *conyn*, Dan. *kanin*, Ger. *kaninchen*, Eng. *coney*. Cf. Lat. *cuniculus* (a coney).

430. *Reòdh* (to freeze; anc. *reud*) = W. *rheuw* (to freeze), and is regarded by Garnett as cognate with Ger. *reifen* (to rime), A.S. *hrim*, Dut. *rijm*, Eng. *rime* (Essays, p. 257). Compare, however, Stokes' Goid., p. 59.

431. *Cruach* (a heap), may be compared with Ice. *hraukr* (a stack, heap). Cf. Holmbœ's Norsk og Keltisk, p. 13.

432. *Spealg* (to make splinters of, to split) is cognate with Dut. *spalken* (to splint), Scot. *spelk*, (a splinter). A.S. *spelc* (a splint), Ice. *spelka* or *spjalk*.

433. *Spàl* (a weaver's shuttle) may be compared with Ice. *spola* (a spool), Dan. *spole* (a spool), Ger. *spule*, Dut. *spoel*, Scot. *spoole*, Eng. *spool*.

434. *Straighlich* (sparkles, flashes) may be compared with Dan. *straale* (ray, beam of light), Dut. *straal* (ray, beam, flash), Ger. *strahl* (beam, ray, flash of lightning), A.S. *stræl* (an arrow, a dart).

435. *Staoig* (a collop, a steak, a piece of flesh) = Ice. *steik* (broiled meat), A.S. *sticce* (a part, steak),

Eng. *steak*. See Highl. Soc. Dict. Cf. Dan. *steg* (roast-meat).

436. *Stannart* (a stint, a limit, a bound, a measuring wand) is from Eng. *standard*. See Highl. Soc. Dict.

437. *Srabh* and *straw*.

Srabh (straw), also pronounced *strabh*, is akin to, perhaps not borrowed from Eng. *straw* (lit. that which is *strewed*), A.S. *streaw* and *streow* (straw), Ger. *stroh*, Dan. *straa*, Ice. *stra*. Cf. next No.

438. *Struidh*, *struidheas*, and *strew*.

Struidh (to squander, to waste) is connected with Dan. *stræe* (to strew), Goth. *straujan* (to strew), Ger. *streuen* (to strew, to scatter), A.S. *streowian* (to strew), Eng. *strew*. Cf. Lat. *sterno* (to spread), Gr. *stornūmi* (to spread, to strew), Sansk. *star*, *str* (to spread). *Struidheas* is from *struidh*.

439. *Strìoch* and *streak*.

Strìoch (to delineate, to draw lines; also, as noun, a line, a streak) = Dan. *streek* (a stroke, a line), A.S. *strica* (a stroke, a line), Eng. *streak*.

440. *Stadh*, more correctly *stagh* and *stay*.

Stadh or *stagh* (a stay, the rope that sustains the mast) = Dan. *stag*, (stay), Eng. *stay*. Cognate with Ger. *stehen*, Lat. *sto*, Eng. *stand*.

441. *Ubraid* (dispute, confusion, contention) may be compared with Dan. *ufred* (war, troubles, disturbances) from *fred* (peace) with negative prefix *u-*.

442. *Frachd* (freight) = Dan. *fragt* (freight, cargo), Ger. *fracht* (a load), Eng. *freight*. Cf. Dut. *vrachten* (to carry).

443. *Geadas* or *gead-iasg* (pike) may be compared with Dan. *gedde* or *giedde* (pike), Ice. *gedda* (pike), Scot. *gedd*.

444. *Tèarr* (tar) = Ice. *tjara* (tar), Dan. *tjære* (tar), Dut. *teer* (tar,

pitch), Old Dut. *tarre* and *terre*, A.S. *tero* (tar, glue), Eng. *tar*.

445. *Tobha* (a rope) = Ice. *tog* or *taug* (rope), Dan. *tog* (rope), Dut. *touw* (rope), A.S. *tow*, Eng. *tow* (to tug a vessel through the water with a rope).

446. *Sèdrr* (a sickle, a saw) = Lat. *serra* (a saw). See Highl. Soc. Dict.

447. *Sìde* or *tìle* (time, season, weather) corresponds to Dut. *tijd* (time, season), Ger. *zeit* (time), Dan. *tid* (time), A.S. *tid* and *tiid* (tide, time, season), Eng. *tide*. For *s* = *t* cf. *sorn* and *torn*, *sabaid* and *tabaid*.

448. *Sgaoth* (a swarm) may be compared with Lat. *scateo* or *scato* (to gush or spring forth, to come forth in great numbers, to swarm with).

449. *Stràille* (a carpet, mat, rug) = Lat. *stragulum* (a carpet, coverlet, blanket) from *sterno* (to spread).

450. *Spadal* (a paddle, a broad short oar, the blade of an oar), if not from Eng. *spattle*, is direct from Lat. *spatula* or *spathula*, diminutive of *spatha* = Gr. *spathē* (any broad blade).

451. *Sùgh* (to suck in, to drain) is cognate with Lat. *sugo* (to suck), Dan. *suge* (to suck), Ger. *saugen* (to suck), Dut. *zuigen* (to suck), A.S. *sugan*, *sucan* (to suck), Eng. *suck*. Cf. Sansk. *chush* (to suck). Cf. Bopp's Glossary, p. 140.

452. *Gloc* (the clucking of a hen) = W. *clwc* (clucking) and may be compared with Dan. *klukke* (to cluck), Dut. *klokken* (to cluck), Ger. *Glucken* (to cluck), A.S. *cloccan*, Eng. *cluck*. Cf. Gr. *klōssō* (to cluck like a hen), *klōgmos* (the clucking of hens), Lat. *glocio* (to cluck as a hen).

453. *Steòrnadh* (steering, by the stars, guiding, directing, ruling) from *steòrn* (to steer, guide, &c.) = Ice. *stjorna* (to direct, govern, reign) from *stjorn* (steerage, rule, management, direction). Cf. Ice. *stjarna* (a star), Dan. *stjerne*, Goth. *stairno*,

Ger. *stern*, Lat. *aster*, Gr. *astēr*, Eng. *star*. Armstrong has an obsolete *steorn* (a star). Cognate with *stiùir* to steer). Cf. Diefenbach's Goth. Lexicon.

454. *Spìd* and *spite*.

Spìd (spite, malice) = Dut. *spijt* (sorrow, grief, spite), *spijten* (to vex, displease), Eng. *spite*. *Spìd* (speed) is from Eng. *speed*.

455. *Spùill* (spoil), of which *spùinn* is another form, = Lat. *spolium* (spoil, booty), akin to Gr. *skulon*, plur. *skùlla* (the arms stript off a slain enemy, spoils) from *skullō* (to skin, flay), Eng. *spoil*.

456. *Spideal* (a spital or hospital) = Eng. *spital* (originally a place for the entertainment of strangers), Ger. *spital* (hospital) from Lat. *hospitalis* (connected with guests), *hosptium* a lodging for strangers, from *hospes* gen. *hospitis* (a landlord, entertainer, host; also the person entertained, guest).

457. *Speuc* (a spike, splinter) may be compared with Ice. *spík* (a splinter), Eng. *spike*.

(To be continued.)

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TREASURE TROVE.

DISCOVERY OF THE "LOGAN GAELIC MANUSCRIPTS."

Sir,—Those who are still alive and who lived in the vicinity of the Serpent's Walk about the beginning of the present century, will remember the old Highlander who lived in the little cottage on the inner side of what was known at that time as "Cubbie's Plantin," but has long been buried in the mass of improvements around where was once the orchard of the Mayor of Cartburn. The little cot which I have referred to was probably one of the outhouses connected with the mansion of the Crawfurds, which at the time I speak of, was a ruin possessed of few features calculated to attract the student of antiquarian or archaeological lore, or induce the artist to transfer them to his canvas; although at a later period an artist of some celebrity did make a

picture of the somewhat artificial falls in the glen on the waterside of these ruins. At the period I refer to Lindsay Logan—for that was the name by which he was known—was regarded by some of the older folks who knew him well as the resident representative of the Crawford family, for he was a person of considerable natural and acquired accomplishments, though there was not much in his outward appearance to denote these; but he was regarded as a person eminently above the average of those he casually associated with, and as his family and origin were alike unknown to even his most intimate friends, this fact was the occasion of all sorts of rumours being hazarded in regard to the one and the other. But those who were not of a very speculative disposition, and disliked all sorts of gossip, were satisfied with a currently received opinion that some one of Logan's family had befriended the Crawford family at a period anterior to the time of Logan's being known to any of the Cartburn people—indeed it was said that Logan Lindsay was his proper name, and that he was virtually a very remote branch or relation of the Crawford's themselves, but whether the bond was one of blood or of charity, the genuine outcome of the connection was that Logan was provided—as he said himself—in a manner sufficiently ample to enable him to spend the few years he had to pass here without taking too much thought of the morrow.

I have called him what he was always considered to be, a Highlander, but his studies and acquirements, and the length of time he had resided in the low country, had almost obliterated any traces of his Celtic origin, so far as neutralizing the guttural and natural sonorous vocalization of the Highlander, and it was only, or chiefly, on account of what has recently transpired that we knew that he was a Highlander at all.

Well, Logan lived in this asylum, and that there were no luxuries no one ever doubted, but that there was some comfort all were satisfied, and from the fact that he spent so much of his time in that humble dwelling, the people judged there was at least some enjoyment to be found there of a kind which was congenial to his temper. I do not remember seeing the old man but once, for at the time of his death my grandmother lived close by, and my grandfather was one of those who enjoyed his friendship and confidence along with a few others, Robin Taylor, Mr. Boyd the gardener,

and the folks at Castle Spunks—at least so my grandmother said—and when he came to my grandmother's—which was not often—he used to address her in a homely and jocular manner, and called her Mrs. Tambour (Barbour was her patronymic), which was on account, I suppose, of finding her continually at work at her tambouring. The object of his calling was not, as is frequently the case among people, to indulge in a raid of gossip on the neighbours, but was, as I afterwards learned, to consult my grandfather, who had a most uncommon memory, in reference to some matters of pre-historic times, and as soon as his object was obtained he seemed satisfied, and would bid my worthy ancestors good-bye, and shortly after they would see him wend his way by the path through the trees, and disappear behind the old ruin which obstructed their view of his quiet old rustic domicile.

It is now nearly fifty years ago. So far as I can mind, it was about the time when Luke Lindsay's first house was built that old Logan took unwell, and he was attended by my grandmother and Mrs. Spens, who used to stay at the top of Cartburn Street, or rather at the foot of Cartburn Brae, and between whom and Logan there ever after existed a deep and solid attachment which only affliction and sympathy call into existence, and which seemed to grow stronger as his days advanced.

I have found it necessary to be thus particular with these few outlines, as they go far to explain what follows, and to make intelligible the remainder of the narrative. It was on a Saturday night, about forty years ago, and about the latter end of November. As my custom was, I had gone to visit my grandmother, and had stayed longer or later than was usual for me to do on such occasions. When I was about to leave we were startled and surprised by hearing some one ascending the stair in a hurried and breathless manner, and without the ordinary and common civility of knocking at the door, rush in, and in a panting and speechless manner hand my grandmother a box, with the request to take care of it, and muttering something about an awful visitation and the safety of Mrs. Spens, he turned and left, descending the stair with a speed altogether unlike his years. This was the only time I had ever seen Logan, for my grandmother, after recovering from her surprise, told me it was him, and she said it was her opinion he

had gone demented, and I mind how sad she and my grandfather were during the short interval of suspense which followed, for in a very few minutes after he had gone away we were attracted by a loud rushing sound as if the trees in the plantation had recovered their foliage and were bending to the blast of a severe and protracted hurricane, which was followed by distant cries of distress, the falling of heavy objects, and a general wail, which left no doubt on our minds that some awful and destructive catastrophe had taken place.

The night was one of fearful terror and alarm and sleepless apprehension, and when the daylight broke over the scene how terrible was the wreck. The floods had descended through Cartsburn Glen roaring and leaping in their wild course, and were dealing death and destruction to everything which opposed their force and fury—embankments, bridges, trees, houses and their inmates were swept away by the mad torrents in their fatal course. And terrible as was the scene of ruin, much more terrible and appalling were the pale, sorrowful, and anxious mothers who were looking for their children, and thrilling was the frantic and despondent wail of satisfaction when some lost one was abstracted from a confused heap of debris a cold and lifeless corpse. Houses which were a few hours before the homes of happy families levelled in the universal wreck, and broken walls and confused and huddled heaps of furniture were to be seen at every turn. There was scarcely a dry eye to be seen as the curious and sorrowful crowd moved from one scene of woe to another, scanning the disaster and terrible ravages of that night of terror. Every place where it was thought possible for a lost one to be was sought and explored—the channel of the burn, the timber-yards at its outlet, every heap and pile of debris and mud which were found in the corners—and though many were found and laid out for identification in the old house at Springkell Street, where the mill now stands, the body of Logan was never recovered, and though his name did not appear in the register of the lost at the time, that was more the result of the uncertainty of his fate than any doubt which existed in the minds of his friends in relation to it, for it was ascertained that he never reached Mrs. Spens' house, and he was never seen after leaving my grandmother's on that fatal night; and he must have been in the

vicinity of Cartsburn bridge about the time the heaviest portion of the flood descended through the glen, which carried so many of the heavy metal moulds from the bank behind the foundry where they used to be piled together.

The box which Logan left in my grandfather's care was found to contain, when opened some time after, a number of manuscripts, some of them very much soiled, and written in what was supposed to be a foreign language. But an uncle of mine, who had been at the herring fishing at Tarbert, had seen something of the same sort in a house there, and affirmed it was Gaelic; but this we considered at the time was said more to give him a character for learning than any truth we attached to the statement; and before this time I had heard of a celebrated doctor who had gone the entire round of the Hebrides without being able to discover any similar example of the language in which he said these were written. But as the box latterly fell entirely into my care and keeping, and as an acquaintance of mine knew one of the directors of the Highland Society lately organised in town, I consented that the contents of the box should be submitted to a scrutiny by some of the Gaelic-speaking members with the view of having them translated into English, provided they thought their labour would be of any service to the society and the public.

It was some time ago that my friend spoke to me of the matter, and it had quite gone out of my memory, when a few days ago two of the directors called at my house, and being shown the manuscripts, declared them to be written in very choice modern Gaelic, and pressed me to allow them to take possession of the papers, which, after a little, I reluctantly consented to, for I was afraid that some one might be compromised by publicity being given to their contents; but I thought that the great time which had elapsed since they came into the family, and the fact that they were written in a language of which I knew nothing, were sufficient to exonerate me on that point; but before leaving the house I asked one of the directors, whom they said was a Commissioner of Police, and who was more communicative than the other, what the papers were about, but this he did not really do; but after a while's delay, during which he examined carefully what he said was the introductory part of the writings, he said the

title was peculiar and idiomatic, but the nearest and freest translation he could give was "The Records of the Burgh." I don't know whether he said so for a joke or not, but he smiled and carried off the box, saying that I would likely possess them shortly in another form; and I thought it was only just and fair to the public to inform them that such papers have been taken possession of by a public body of men, so that they may shortly expect their contents either in lectures or by some other medium accessible to the many who are interested in the existence of papers of such importance as they are said to be.

ARTHUR FREELAND.

—*Greenock Telegraph.*

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THE GAELIC LANGUAGE IN SCHOOLS.

SIR,—Having been informed since coming to make my usual summer residence here, that no measures have been taken, under the New School Board, for the regular reading of the Gaelic language in the schools of the district, I take the liberty in my own name, as a practical educationist of some standing, and in the name of those who love the Gael in this place, to request your insertion of the following reasons in favour of the regular teaching of Gaelic in Highland schools, so long at least as Gaelic shall be preached in Highland pulpits.—Sincerely yours,

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

Altnacraig, 6th August, 1874.

1. Because there is a virtue in the mother tongue, the tongue which we have sucked in with our mother's milk, which has grown with our growth, become strong with our strength, and is interwoven with the whole tissue of our existence, that in the nature of things can belong to no acquired language. Its commonest phrases are rich in the most pleasing associations, and its words possess a hue, a fragrance, and an expressiveness that belong to them only, as the hue and scent of the rose belong to the rose. The man who disowns his native tongue

and adopts another one, does so always with the loss of an essential part of his vitality, for which no adequate substitute can be found.

2. This is especially the case when, as in the case of Gaelic, the mother tongue has for centuries been the origin of expression to a people manly in sentiment, gallant in action, and who have for centuries performed a prominent part in the social and military history of the nation to which they belong. The language spoken by the Scottish Highlanders is the bearer of some of the most patriotic traditions and ennobling memories that are the glory of the British nation, and contains embodied in its literature not a few of the most stirring, pathetic, and graphic lyrics to which British genius has given birth; and, as such, deserves to be kindly cherished so long as it maintains a national existence, and puts forth a spontaneous vitality on the soil. That it will die, as Cornish and other Celtic dialects have done, and that at no distant date, is certain; but this unavoidable destiny which belongs to it in common with all mortal things is no reason why it should be contemptuously disowned on its own soil, and despotically extruded, while alive.

3. But in the Scottish Highlands the Celtic language has a special claim to our regard, as the favourite organ of religious instruction and devotional exercise in the Christian Church; and as this Church in our quarter of the world is mainly Protestant, and asserts the right and duty of every individual Christian to search the Bible for himself, it is a most inconsistent and suicidal procedure to preach from the Scriptures in a language which the hearer is not able to read. He thus ceases to be a Bible reader altogether, and, as a Protestant, makes void in practice the principle on which his dissent from Rome was founded.

4. If it be said that, though the Gaelic Christian loves to hear a sermon in the Gaelic tongue, yet he can always read the English Bible, the reply is obvious, that a knowledge of the English Bible is a far more difficult achievement for a native Celt than a familiarity with his own Gaelic. To a large class of the common people, English will always present itself in somewhat of a forced and artificial character, as Latin does to British schoolboys. The Bible will always strike the deepest roots in the heart when it is planted in the same deep and rich soil from which the mother tongue has

grown. The mother tongue, in fact, and whatsoever belongs to it, is always in a special sense a growth ; every acquired language is more or less a manufacture.

5. The above remarks do not in the slightest degree proceed upon the notion that the English language ought not to form a dominant and distinctive element in the teaching of all Highland schools. From the peculiar position of the Celtic race in the British empire, it is, before all things, essential that every member of the family should be instructed in the language which is the common medium of expression to the community of which he forms a part. But it is an idle and shallow notion to imagine that the study of any foreign tongue necessarily implies the neglect and abandonment of the mother speech. On the contrary, the foreign dialect will then be best suited when it is used as an element of comparison and contrast with the acquired tongue ; and Gaelic and English when well taught ought to help one another in Highland schools, just as English and Latin do in the Lowlands. From Roger Ascham's time (the expert teacher of Queen Elizabeth) down to the present day, no method of teaching languages has proved so efficient in practice as that of translation and free translation, which, applied to Highland schools, simply means that the best method of teaching English is the method by which English is turned into Gaelic to-day that it may be turned back into English to-morrow ; and this method cannot be pursued with any profit unless the learner can read both languages, as well as speak them.

6. In a Protestant country, as above stated, the Bible always will be the book of which a minute personal knowledge will always be the sign of a well-educated person. Now, in this view, it deserves specially to be mentioned that, though the Scriptures in the mother tongue will always furnish the natural spiritual food to the Gaelic Christian, it by no means follows that he will receive a most healthy stimulus to Christian intelligence from the accompanying use of the English version. All persons who have made the experiment know that the discriminating perusal of the Scriptures in different languages is the most suggestive of all commentaries. To a bilingual reader who has had the good fortune to be brought up in a well-appointed school, while the English version will sometimes help to throw light on the Gaelic, the Gaelic will as frequently serve to remove the ob-

scurity of the English. To a young person, for instance, the word "publican" in the English Gospels always requires to be specially explained ; but if, in reading the nineteenth chapter of Luke, which contains the history of Zaccheus, the pupil has had the good fortune to read the Gaelic instead of the English version, he will find instead of the unintelligible and confounding word "publican" the distinctive and expressive word *Cis-mhaor*, or "collector of cess," which requires no explanation. And this one case may serve an intelligent teacher as an example of the manner in which the Gaelic Scriptures may be used as a most suggestive and instructive commentary on the English.

7. In the face of these observations, I confess it is extremely difficult for me to conceive by what arguments the directors of schools in the Highlands can justify themselves for the systematic neglect of the mother tongue which is so frequently observable. There may be practical reasons of some kind, and local differences in special cases, which make the production of this so barren result a necessary evil ; but if any man glories in this evil as a good, I can only say that I pity him, and that he appears to me to be destitute alike of the intelligence which makes a wise man, the patriotism which makes a good citizen, and the brotherly love which makes a good Christian. It is no sign of high intelligence but rather the reverse to despise the wild flowers that grow at our feet, and run hunting after botanic gardens full of flaring exotics, beyond our reach ; it is no mark of patriotism to endeavour to stamp rudely out of existence the special type of one of the most interesting elements of British society ; and the ignoring of the Celtic element in our social arrangements, merely because it is numerically or morally the weaker, certainly does not proceed from an abundance of that Christian love which teaches us, in the words of the great Apostle, not to seek always after high things, but to condescend to men of low estate. I shall therefore await, not without a certain anxious wonder, for an exposition of the reasons which may have induced the directors of public education to neglect the regular reading of Gaelic in the schools of a district where Gaelic sermons are preached to large congregations every Sunday, and how it comes to pass that the poems of Duncan Macintyre are altogether ignored in the educational exercises of Highland

lads and lasses who breathe Highland air and foot Highland heather, within a day's walk of the classic heights of Ben Dorain, and within view of a parish for many years presided over by that wise and good man who, after the Cross of Christ, delighted above all things to inscribe on his banner—"The Friend of the Gael."—*Oban Times*.

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HIGHLAND AIRS & MELODIES.

A double part (the third and fourth) completes the new edition of *Highland Airs and Melodies* compiled by the late Captain Fraser, of Knockie. The part contains Captain Fraser's preface and notes to the original edition, in which there is much interesting information. The work having been published under the auspices of the Highland Society of Scotland, the compiler presented the Secretary with a written statement, explaining from what sources he had collected the airs and melodies. His paternal grandfather, he states, was one of the most extensive graziers and dealers in the North, and carried on partnership with Mr. Mackay, of Bighouse, in Sutherland, his cousin-german. The nature and extent of their business led them to every corner of the Highlands and Islands; and during the period from 1715 to 1845, they were thoroughly conversant with Highland habits and customs of the purest native type. Mr. Fraser was a fine singer, and Mr. Mackay was landlord and patron of Robert Donne, the Sutherland poet. As a member of the original Black Watch, Mr. Fraser had further opportunities of acquiring Highland songs and melodies. He seems to have left a collection to which his son—an officer who scaled the heights of Abram—made considerable additions. His son, the late Captain Fraser, arranged and published the collection; and he also left a son, the late Angus Fraser,

who made some further emendations and additions. It is seldom that musical, or any other kind of talent, survives in one family through so many generations. The collection has long been a favourite, but, as previously stated, copies had become extremely scarce, and Mr. Mackenzie has done a service in publishing this carefully prepared and handsome edition. The Gaelic names, &c., have been revised and corrected by the present editor, Mr. William Mackay, from whose preface we quote as follows:—

"Captain Fraser, the compiler, was born at Ardachie, near Fort-Fergus, in 1773. He subsequently removed to Errogie, in Stratherrick, and for a long time was tenant of Knockie, in the same district. A warm patriot and an enthusiastic lover of music, the Captain early set himself to collect the sweet melodies of his native Highlands—noting down the airs as sung around the hearth on winter nights, or on summer evenings among the shielings of Stratherrick. For several years he served in the Fraser Fencibles; and during a period of seven years spent with them in Ireland, he found considerable scope for his taste in Celtic music, and became acquainted with the compositions of Carolan, the Neil Gow of that country. Besides being a compiler on so large a scale, Captain Fraser was a composer of no mean merit; and as a performer on his favourite instrument, the violin, there were few to surpass him. A gentlemen who, in his younger days, was an intimate friend of the Captain's—Mr. Colin Maccallum, one of the honorary presidents of the Gaelic Society of London—says:—"An uncle of mine, the late Captain Macdiarmid, of the 42nd Highlanders, a first-rate amateur player on flute and violin, was a great admirer of

Knockie's music, and could play it well; but he used to say, that he did not think any person could do the tunes justice but himself. At all events, *I* never heard any one who could make the fiddle *speak Gaelic* so beautifully!

"Captain Fraser gave his music to the world in 1816, but this did not terminate his labours. From time to time, up to the date of his death in 1852, he added to, and made emendations upon, his large collection; and from the materials thus left to him, his now deceased son, Angus Fraser, prepared an amended copy of the work. This valuable copy became the property of the other honorary president of the Gaelic Society of London, and a life member of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, Alexander Halley, M.D., F.G.S., through whose kindness the present editor has been enabled to avail himself of its use. In several cases the emendations have not been harmonised. This omission has been supplied by Mr. George Croal, Professor of Music, Edinburgh, whose cultivated hand has been kindly lent to render the present edition as acceptable as possible to the public. In this edition the original names of the airs will be found in correct Gaelic orthography; and, altogether, the care which has been bestowed upon it will, it is hoped, enhance the value of a work already much prized as a faithful compilation of genuine Highland melodies." — *Inverness Courier*.

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HIGHLAND AND WELSH GATHERINGS.

The Welsh National Eisteddfod took place at Bangor—Lord Clarence Paget presiding. Mr. Watkin Williams, M.P.; Mr. R. Vaughah, Captain Verney, and Mr. Brinley Richards were present. A brief inaugural address eulogising the

gatherings as tending to the encouragement of literature and art was delivered by the president. During the day a gold medal and twenty guineas were awarded—the gold medal awarded for an original musical ode to John H. Roberts, of Bethesda, late of the Royal Academy of Music. Prizes were also awarded for pianoforte-playing, vocalisation, and choral singing. In the evening, the prize ode was performed, Miss Edith Wynne being principal artist. A pavilion 170 feet long by 140 broad, and capable of easily accommodating 4000 people was erected on a hill side near the town, on a site surrounded by large oak trees, sloping down to the high road, and presenting a fine view of the Menai Straits, and the Carnarvonshire Mountains. The seats rising upwards from the platform with the natural condition of the ground and the whole arrangements supplied a striking example of an amphitheatre accommodated to the habits of modern times, with a linen roof to suit the changes of a northern climate. These meetings at which competitions in the ancient music and literature of Wales take place are of periodical occurrence in Wales, and the fact that £500 was offered for prizes at the Eisteddfod indicates the magnitude of the scale on which these assemblies are conducted, and the interest taken by Welshmen in preserving their ancient literature and music in its purity and entirety. Notwithstanding the many centuries during which the Welsh-speaking people have been brought into close contact with their Saxon neighbours, they have never lost their love for their mother tongue, which like its sister tongue the Gaelic of the Scottish Highlands is so full of beauty and expression. Might not the Highlanders of Scotland take a lesson from their brethren in Wales, and by the promotion of similar gatherings help to develop the intelligence and the taste of their own people, and excite in other peoples' minds a deeper interest in the measures possessed by the Gael. It is well to have games and musical competitions, and displays of well dressed men in home-made tartans, but these things would be only enhanced in value by the addition to our programmes of the intellectual elements which form so prominent a part of the Welsh national proceedings.

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AN GAIDHEAL.

*“ Mar ghath soluis do m’ anam fein
Tha sgeula na h-aimsir a dh’ fhalbh.”—OISEAN.*

III. LEABH.] TREAS MIOS AN FHOGHAI, 1874. [32 AIR.

SGEUL AIR MAIRI A’ GHLINNE.

A’ CHEUD EARRANN.

B’ ann air feasgar ceud latha na bliadhu’ uire, mar a bha mi air mo cheum a’ teachd mach a Tigh-eiridinn ann am baile-mor araidh nach ’eil fad’ o ’n ait’ am bheil mi ’chomhnuidh a fhuair mi a’ cheud sealladh de Mhairi a’ Ghlinne. ’S maith a tha cuimhn’ agam air an latha. Bha cridhealas, sunnd, agus gleadhar a’ mach air na sraidibh— aobhneas air gach gnais; ach tre an aitreibh ’s an robh mise, cha robh r’ a eisdeachd ach osnaidhean agus bron, gearan agus caoidh. Chaidh mi le lighiche’n tighe troimh gach seomar, agus da-rìreadh bu chruaidh an cridhe nach faigheadh aobhar smuain agus cuis bhroin anns gach aon dinbh. “Tha cuid de na leap-aichean so,” ars’ an lighiche, “falamh an diugh, anns an robh daoine an de; agus tha moran an diugh ag osnaich ’s an tigh so, a bhitheas ’n an cuirp gun deo mu’n tig an la maireach.” B’ aobhar taingealachd an curam agus an aire ’bha air an taisbeanadh do gach aon. Ged dh’ abradh sibh gu’m b’ iad mo chairdean a bu dilse ’bhiodh ann, cha ’n iarrainn am barrachd caoinh-neis a bhi air a nochdadh dhoibh na ’chunnaic mi ’s an tigh-eiridinn eir-eachdail so. Bha mi air mo cheum a dh’ ionnsuidh an doruis, ’s an lighiche ’dealachadh rium, ’n uair a

mhothaich mi dithis no triuir a’ cuid-eachadh le og-mhnaoi laig, bhreòite, euslaintich, a’ gluasad a dh’ ionnsuidh leapa ’bha air a h-uidheamachadh air a son, ann an seomar beag leth-oireach anns an robh da leabaidh: aon air son na h-og-mhna so, agus an t-aon eile air son mnatha coire, tlachdmhor a bha maille rithe, agus a dh’ iarr cead fuireach oidhche no dha g’ a faire.

Bha ’n dùile bhochd og so cho lag ’s a b’ urrainn do neach a bhith anns an robh an deo. Cha d’ rinn iad ach an cleoc’ agus a comhdach-cinn a thoirt dh’ i, ’s leig i i fhein ’n a sineadh air uachdar na leapa le osna thruim. Dh’ amhairc mi oirre gu dluth. Is ainmic da - rìreadh a chunnaic mi aodann a bu bhoidhche, no gnais a b’ aillidh. Cha robh, gu dearbh, blath na slainte air a gruaidh; bha ’h-aodann geal, ban fo shnuadh a’ bhais: shearg gach deirge, ach aon bhoinne beo ’bha fhathast ag iadhadh an deigh chaich, a’ tighinn ’s a’ falbh ’n a gnais chiuin. Thuig mi gu luath nach b’ ann ’s a’ bhaile-mhor a fhuair an ailleag fhaun so a h-arach—bha fonn nam beann air a cainnt; agus o na briathraibh briste a labhair i, thuig mi gu’m b’ ann an aon de na h-eileanaibh tuathach a fhuair i ’togail. Bha seana bhean thlachdmhor maille rithe, a shuidh taobh a leapa fo imcheist mhoir. Bha gnais fhathail aig an t-seana mhnaoi so, ged ’bha preasadh na h-aois’ agus curam an t-saoghal an

deigh iomadh clais dhomhain a dheargadh oirre. Chunnaic thusa (arsa mise 'm chridhe fhein), latha 'b' fhearr : mur 'eil mi air mo mhealladh, dh'fhiosraich sibhse le 'cheile bhur cuibhrionn fhein de dh'atharrachadh an t-saoghail chaohlaidich so.

Dh'aithnich an t-seana bhean mi. "Deanaibh suidhe," ars' ise, 's i 'comharrachadh a mach cathrach dhomh, dluth do 'n leabaidh. Tharruing i osna throm, agus thoisich i air a suilean a thiormachadh. "Thugaibh maitheanas domh," ars' ise, "tamull beag."

Dh'fhosgail an oigh a bha 's an leabaidh a suil agus dh'amhairc i mu 'n cuairt d'i. "Co," deir i, "'tha 'm choir? Co 'tha lamb rium?" "Mise, 'ghraidh," ars' an t-seana bhean, "do bhana-charaid nach treig thu. Nach aithne dhuit mi, 'Mhairi? Nach labhair thu aon fhocal a thruaghain mo chride; nach innis thu am bheil thu idir na 's fhearr?" Dh'fhosgail i a suil bhoidheach, ghorm. Bha fiamh de ghaire faoin air a gnuis—agus braon a dh'fhallus fann a' teachd a mach air a bathais aird. "Tha mise," arsa Mairi, "mar bu mhiann leam a bhith—tha mi air leabaidh mo bhais; ach O! ann an tigheiridinn am measg choigreach—fada, fada o thir m' eolais—an tir nach faic mise gu brath! Ach nach coma? Cha seas so fada. Tiota beag agus bithidh gach deuchainn shaoghalta gu brath seachad. O! gu 'n robh mise cinnteach a aon ni; agus an sin"—Dhuin i a suil—tharruing i aon osna throm, mar gu 'n biodh a cridhe bochd an impis sgaineadh. Bha a bilean a' gluasad; agus b' fhuasd' fhaicinn gu 'n robh iomaguin throm air a h-anam. B' fhuasda 'thuigsinn air caochlaideachd a gnuise gu 'n robh smaointean buaireasach, troma 'n a cridhe; mar chitear air uairibh

neula dorch, bruilleanach air aghaidh nan speur, air feasgar aillidh samhraidh. "O! mbathair," ars' an truaghan fann 's i 'fosgladh a rithist a sul; "mo mbathair," ars' ise, "na 'm bu leir dhuit mise air an am so—annsachd do chridhe fhein, d' aon duine cloinne, do chaileag bhochd, aonarach! na 'm bu leir dhuit mi 'n so am measg choigreach, gun duine air am bheil mi eolach, no 'dhuineas mo shuilean!" "A Mhairi," arsa 'n t-seana bhean, "nach 'eil mise 'n so? Cha treig mi thu;—nach do gheall mi fuireach leat? Bi samhach, 'eudail; cha 'n 'eil thu gun charaid. C'ait' am bheil do chreidimh? An do dhi-chuimhnich thu an caraid a thubhairt, "Cha treig 's cha dibir mis' thu gu brath?" An do dhi-chuimhnich thu "an caraid a leanas na 's dluithe na aon bhrath-air?"

Phaisg ise 'bha 's an leabaidh a da laimh air a h-uchd, agus dh'amhairc i suas. "Cha do dhi-chuimhnich," ars' ise, "tha esan maille rium; tha mo lan earbs' as; tha, tha; mur bitheadh, bu truagh da-rireadh mise." Tharruing mi dluth, agus le guth cho caoimhneil agus cainnt cho baigheil 's a bha 'm chomas a chleachdadh, labhair mi rithe. Dhuin mi 'n dorus; leig mi mi fhein air mo ghluinibh taobh a leapa, agus chuir mi suas guidhe dhurachdach as a leth. Tharruing mi a h-inntinn gu caoimhneas a h-Athar neamhaidh, a thug fasgadh dh'i an am a h-airce 's an tigh anns an robh i. Labhair mi uime-san aig nach robh aite far an leagadh e a cheann; labhair mi air toillteanas a bhais; gras agus saorsa na slaint' a choisinn e; 'iochd agus a ghradh do pheacaich bhochda; labhair mi air 'aiseirigh 's air an eadar-ghuidhe ghlormhor a tha e 'deanamh as leth a chuid chaorach fein air deas-laimh an Ti a's airde. Labhair mi mu n

Chomhfhurtair, an Spiorad Naomh ; ghuidh mi air son a shòlais, a chul-taic' agus a lathaireachd a bhi maille rithe an am a teinn. Labhair mi rithe mu ghradh an Ti sin a tha 'faire thairis air an eun a's faoine 'tha's an ealtainn ; athair nan dilleachdan, agus leigh mor chorp agus anamannan an t-sluagh. Ann an non fhocal, labhair mi rithe na shaoil mi a bha ceadaichte dhomh a radh ri h-aon air nach robh 'bheag no 'mhor a dh' eolas agam, ach gu'n robh i do reir coslais air leabaidh a bais agus fo iomaguin spioradail.

'N uair a bha mi deas gu falbh, shin i'mach a lamh. "Mile, mile taing," ars' ise. "O's mise 'fhuair am faochadh ! Bha tart air m' anam, agus thug sibhse dh' ionnsuidh an fhuarain mi. Bha m' anam, meat' air seargadh, ach thainig druchd grasmhor air. Tha mi 'n duil gu'm faigh mi cadal—tha sith naomh air teachd air mo spiorad. Mise a' gearan ! O ! am bi mi 'gleachd 'n a aghaidh gus an thilg mi 'n deo ? An tig an t-uabhar so gu brath gu lar ? An Ti a's airde 'thoirt maitheanais domh !"

Thug i fasgadh cairdeil do m' laimh ; agus an deigh dhomh focal na dha a labhairt, dh' eirich mi gu falbh. Lean an t-seana bhean mi dh' ionnsuidh an doruis. "Mile buidheachas, fhir mo chridhe," deir ise, "na 'm b' aithne dhuit co i, bhiodh tu baigheil rithe—b' eolach ur da athair air a cheile."

"Pillidh mi 'maireach, deir mi, ma 's beo mi, g' a h-amhairc ; 's cha 'n 'eil baigh no cairdeas a tha 'm chomas a nochdadh dh' i nach dean mi. Ciod a tha 'cur oirre ? "Tha," deir an t-seana bhean, "cridhe briste ; ach cluinnidh sibh sin 'n a dheigh so."

Phill mi mar a gheall mi, 's fhuair mi Mhairi gu mor na bu laidire ;—bha i comasach air seanachas ; agus

dh' fhiosraich mi le solas gu'n robh i eolach air a Biobull, air a dleasnas d' a Cruith-fhear, agus air obair na Slainte. Fhuair i cothrom maith 'n a h-oige, agus thug deuchainnean, tinneas, agus bochdainn gu trom-mbothachadh i. Bha iomadh sean-achas taithneach againn. Chinn sinn eolach air a cheile ; dh' fhosgail i a cridhe rium, agus cha do cheil i uam na bha 'cur curaim agus bruaillein air a h-anam. "Air son an t-saoghail so," arsa Mairi, "tha mi sgith dheth ; mheall e mi gu trom ; chuala mi iomradh air saoghal a's fearr,—air saoghal aillidh agus sona, agus air na rinn mo Shlanuighear chum a chosnadh dhomh. Saoilidh mi air uairibh gu'm bheil mi a' lan-chreidsinn cairdeis, iochd, agus graidh mo Dhe ; saoileam gu 'm bheil mi tearuinte, nach 'eil fath iamaguin. Anns na h-amannan sona sin tha seallaidhean glormhor air am fosgladh dhomh trid creidimh ; arleam gu'm bheil Dia gu cinnteach agus gun teagamh air bith ann an sith ri m' anam, air sgath na rinn Iosa, agus na tha Iosa 'deanamh air mo shon. Agus O ! anns na h-amannan taitneach sin, bu mbiann leam sgiathan na h-iolaire bhi agam, itealaich air falbh, agus a bhi aig fois. Ar leam anns na h-amannan sin gur leir dhomh Criosd aig ceann na slighe, a dhuais mhor ghrais 'n a laimh, agus a dheas lamh sinte 'm cho-dhail. Seadh, ar leam gu'm bheil mi 'g eisdeachd caithream naomh laoidhean arda nan aingeal, agus am focal aghmhor sin o bheul m' Athar,—*'Thig, na bi fo eagal, tha do pheacaidhean air am maitheadh dhuit : bhasaich Criosd air do shon-sa, c'arson a tha thu fo eagal ? O ! thus' air bheag creidimh, eirich agus thig dhachaidh.'* Ach O ! air uairibh eile tha teagamh, a's amharus, a's eagal, agus eu-dochas ga m' bhuaireadh—stad a' chuisle ard spioradail—tha

marbhantachd agus uamhas 'g am ghlacadh. Tha a' cheist mhor sin, An gabh Dia ri m'anama? a rithist a' dusgadh oillt. Tha mi 'clisgeadh air m'ais o'u bhruaich, agus ag eigheach, 'O! leig dhomh a bhi beo.' So an cor bronach anns am bheil mi. Is sibhse h-aon de theachdairibh an t-soisgeil — labhraibh agus eisdidh mi — dh'fhosgail mi mo chridhe ribh."

'S ann de theachdairibh an t-soisgeil mi, aeo-airidh 's mar tha mi air urram cho mor, agus so barantas mo theachdaireachd, "Imich air feadh an t-saoghail uile, agus searmonaich an soisgeul do gach duil." Agus ma tha thu 'feoraich ciod e an soisgeul? innsidh mi sin duit ann an caint aingil o neamh. "Feuch (ars' an t-aingeal, Luc. ii. 10,) tha mi 'g innseadh dhuibh deadh sgeil mhor-aoibhneis, a bhitheas do 'n uile shluagh:" agus ciod e an deadh sgeul, no an soisgeul, a bh' aig an teachdaire ghlormhor?" "Rugadh dhuibh an diugh Slanuighear"—Slanuighear o pheacadh, o ifrinn, agus o thruaighe. Agus co e a thainig air turus an aigh? "Criosd an Tighearna," "Dia air 'fhoills-eachdh's an fheoil." Dhuit-sa tha an Slanuighear so air a bhreith—dhearbh e 'n a bheatha co e le umhlachd do thoil Dhe—le toillteanas a bheatha agus iobairt a bhais—le 'aiseirigh agus le 'eadar-ghuidhe aig deas-laimh an Athar, choisinn e beatha shiorruidh dhuit-sa agus dhomh-sa, agus do gach aon air feadh an t-saoghal a chreideas ann, a dh'earbas an anamannan ris, agus a tha air an co-eigheachadh gu bhi beo dhasan a ghradhaich iad agus a bhasaich air an son. Creid ann, agus bithidh tu air da thearnadh: earb as, agus cha mheallar thu. So gealladh Dhe; dhuit-sa tha an gealladh so air a dheanamh; earb ann—tha e sgriobhta

le peann siorruidh—air a thoirt seachad fo bhoid nach failnich. Tha fasgadh mu d' choinneamh—teich d'a ionnsuidh; 's e do bheatha—do lan bheatha; thig mar a tha thu—thig a nis—na bi fo amharus—is e d' Athair fhein a tha ga d' ghairm—tha e ann an reite riut—fhuair e fhein iobairt air do shon. Thoir an aire nach cuir thu teagamh aun an Dia, agus nach creid thu namhaid d'anama 'roghainn air; oir's esan a tha 'dusgadh an amharuis thruaigh a tha ga d' chumail o uchd d' Athar.

Thog Mairi a suilean ri neamh, a's phaisg i a da laimh air a b-uchd. "Tha mi 'n duil," ars' ise, "gur e. A Thighearna tha mi 'creidsinn; neartaich Thusa mo chreidimh. O! gu 'n deanadh an Spiorad Naomh gach amharus agus teagamh fhuadach, agus gu 'n tugadh e dhomh-sa lan earbsa laidir, shocrach a charadh air toillteanas mo Thighearna—air obair na saorsa!"

Thubhairt mi rithe gu 'm b'e sin miann Dhe—gloir a thabhairt dha le earbsa as. Air falbh ma ta le d' amharus agns le d'eagal; tha d'eagal a' fuarachadh do ghraidh—tha so a' pasgadh a suas sgiathan a' chreidimh a tha 'togairt sgaoileadh a mach agus itealaich air falbh. Earb ma ta ann am focal, ann an gealladh Dhe, agus dean uail's an t-Slanuighear. Bochd, mi - airidh, truagh, peacach, mar tha thu, creid; agus abair, Bhasaich Criosd air mo shon-sa, agus is leam e—'s leam an iobairt reite 'thug e seachad—air mo shon-sa tha e beo, 's a' deanamh eadar-ghuidhe shuas ann an neamh. Abair, 's i so acair m'anama 'tha air a tilgeadh fad' a stigh do 'n ionad naomh; agus ged tha 'n t-eithear beag, breoite, air a luasgadh, 's air a h-udal air aghaidh nan uisgeachan ann an latha na gaillinn agus ann an oidhche 'n dorchadais, gidheadh cha 'n eagal d'i. Cha 'n eagal bonn:

oir tha 'n acfhuinn ris am bheil i 'n earbsa ceangailte ri Rìgh-chathair Dhe—an acfhuinn luachmhor nach failnich a chaidh! Tog do ghuth ma ta, maille ris an t-Salmadair, agus seinn le caithream taingealachd :—

“O m' anam c' uim' a leagadh thu
Le diobhail misnich sìos?
A's c' uim' am bheil thu 'n taobh 'stigh
dhiom
Fo thrioblaid a's fo sgios?

“Cuir dòchas daingeann ann an Dia,
Oir fathast molam e;
Air son na furtachd a's na slàint'
'Thig dhomh o 'aodann réidh.”

Fhuair Mairi solas. Ged a b' e meadhon a' gheamhraidh a bh' ann, bha e dh'ise mar mheadhou an t-samhraidh agus am seinn nan eun. Dheonaich am Freasdal caomh a beatha 'shineadh a mach; chunnaic mi i gu tric 'n a dheigh so, 's bha i ann an staid shamhaich, shiochail, shona. Bha i ann an caitheamh trom, a' sioladh as o la gu la. Chunnaic mi nach robh an t-ait' anns an robh i freagarrach—'s i 'n eiginn chruaidh a thug air a bana-charaid bhochd a cur ann—cha robh aice na chumadh 'n a seomar beag fhein i—chost i na bh'aice air aghadh an t-saoghail, ach dol a dh'iarraidh na deirce cha b' urrainn dh'i. “Thoir air a h-ais i,” arsa mise, “agus na biodh aon ni a dbith oirre 'tha freagarrach, feumail air a son. 'S a' bhaile-mhor so tha sporan nan Gaidheal furasd' fhosgladh; cha robh snaim chruaidh riamh air 's bean-duthcha no fear-duthcha an airc. Thoir air a h-ais i,” arsa mise, “dh' ionnsaidh do dhachaidh fhein, agus gheibh sinn mu 'n teid a' ghrian fodha 'n nochd, na dh' fhoghuas. Gheibh—'s cha chluinn cach co dha 'tha sinn 'g a iarraidh no co 'bha an airc.” Thug so fuasgladh mor d' a cridhe, ged dh' fhas i co lag ann an

latha no dha 's nach deachaidh againn air a gluasad.

Latha dhomb, le bean-duthcha cheanalta, a bhi 'g a h-amharc's i moran na bu laidire, dh' innis i dhomb a h-eachdraidh, agus oidhirp-ichidh mi a toirt seachad 'n a cainnt bhlasda fein.—*Leabhar nan Cnoc.*

(*Ri leantuinn.*)

—-o—

COMHRADH.

EADAR MURACHADH BAN AGUS
COINNEACH CIOBAIR.

MUR.—Is e duil do chomhlachadh an so, a Choinnich, a thug o'n bhaile mi, agus cha bheag an solas a ta 'lionadh mo chridhe, aon sealladh eile fhaotainn dhìot, a charaid, agus mar an ceunda de Sheonaid, a thainig, tha mi 'tuigsinn, maille riut. Tha mi 'n dochas gu 'm bheile sibh air fad ann an slainte 's a' Ghoirtean-Fraoich.

COIN.—Tha sin gun dith, gun deireas, a Mhurachaidh, agus tha mi 's an earbsa gu 'm bheil an teaghlach agus an crodh air an cosaibh agad fein, agus gach ni eile ag eirigh leat, fhir mo ghraidh. Cha do chuir mi suil ort 's a' bhaile no 's a' mha-chair, o'n chunnaic Seonaid agus mi fein thu re na seachdain sin a bha sinn na d' fhardaich fhialaidh fein air banais Seonaid oig; agus Ochan! b'i bhanaid i! Cha 'n fhas mi a h-aicheadh riamh, agus cha 'n fhaic. Bha an comunn lionmhor, ach bha iad uile co taitneach, beusach, riaghailteach, cridheil—uile mar aon duine, a dh-aon inntinn, agus a' dol gu 'n dulan a thoirt toisich agus urraim do aon a cheile. Tha mi an dochas gu 'm bheil a' chuideachd og a' tighinn air a cheile gu ro mhaith, agus gu 'm bheil deagh-slaime agus gach sochair eile air an sealbhachadh leo.

MUR.—Is og an nollaig a' cheud oidhche, a Choinnich, is mò's trath dhoibh a bhi 'gearan fathast; deanadh iad stad gus am bi iad cuideachd darna leth nam bliadhnaichean o'n phos thusa agus mise, a' Choinnich, agus chi iad an sin gu'm bheil iomadh car, agus cleas, agus cluich-iomart aig an t-saoghal thrioblaideach so, nach fhac iad fathast, agus air nach do smuainich iad riamh.

COIR.—Ro cheart gun teagamh, a Mhurachaidh, ach tha iad 'n an dithis glic, agus ged a bhiodh iad air a chaochladh sin, tha deagh fhear-iuil 'n an fochair,—deagh chomhairliche dlùth air laimh, eadhon Murachadh Ban.

MUR.—Bi'n ad thosd, a Choinnich, agus sguil dhe d' mhiodal agus ghoileam. Cha 'n 'eil Murachadh Ban bochd ach mar a tha e, agus ged bhiodh e ni b' fhearr cha bu mhiste se e. Ochan, cha 'n 'eil. Is lag, neo-iomlan, agus amaideach sinn uile, ma dh' fhagar sinn dhuinn fein, agus mur iarr sinn an neart agus an gliocas sin a ta a dhith oirnn chum ar stiùireadh air sligibh ar dleas'nais fein.

COIN.—Tha sin uile gle cheart, a' Mhurachaidh, ach is maith an gnothuch gu'm bheil cuideachadh iomlan agus freagarrach r'a fhaotuinn a nasgaidh, seadh, gun airgiod agus gun or, ma dh' iarrar e uaith-san a tha 'thoirt air gach ni a bhi ag oibreachadh le cheile chum ar leas aimsireil agus spioradail maraon.

MUR.—Am measg gach uile chuis agus gnothuich, cha 'n fheum sinn dearmad a dheanamh air an dleasnas dha-san o'm bheil ar beatha, ar bith, agus comas ar gluasaid againn, a Choinnich; cha 'n fheum idir, oir cha 'n 'eil fios againn air ciod a bheir aon la mu'n cuairt.

COIN.—Is maith nach 'eil fios againn air sin. Tha e gu trocaireach agus gu glic air a chealachadh oirnn,

oir mur biodh, cha b' urrainn sinn a bhi beo air an talamh. Is gasda, grinn a mhinich Maighstir Iain, an seann mhinisteir coir againn fein, an teagasg sin duiun air an t-Sabaid a dh' fhalbh, air da a bhi 'searmonachadh o'n earrainn a ta 'g innseadh dhuinn gu 'n "Teid sgiamh an t-saoghail so seachad."

MUR.—Am bheil banais mhor gu bhi againn an so an nochd, a Choinnich? Chuir Seumas Mor fios dh' ionnsuidh na mna, a bhi cinn-teach gu 'n tigeadh i maille rium-sa dh' ionnsuidh na bainnse aig Isiobail agus gu'm faiceamaid Coinneach Ciobair agus Seonaid romhainn an so. Agus ged is e mac brathar mo mhathar Seumas Mor, cha tiginn idir an nochd, mur b' e gu 'n cual mi gu 'n robh thusa, a charaid, agus Seonaid gu bhi romham. Fagaidh sinn a' bhanais 's a' chuid a's mo de 'n oigridh, agus theid thusa agus mise do chuil air chor-eigin, a labhairt air cuisibh an t-saoghail, agus na rioghachd.

COIN.—Mar sin bitheadh e, a Mhurachaidh, gheibhear uine air son gach ni; oir mar a thubhairt an duine glic, "Aig gach ni tha trath, agus am aig gach run fuidh neamh. Am gu gul, agus am gu gaire; am gu caoidh agus am gu dannsadh."

MUR.—Is firinn sin, gun teagamh, a' Choinnich, an aghaidh nach urrainn neach ni sam bith a radh.

COIN.—Cha 'n 'eil fios agam air sin, a Mhurachadh, tha e air a radh gu 'm bheil "am ann gu dannsadh," ach cha 'n e nochd e, oir bha mi bacach, crubach fad seachduin leis na riun mi dhe'n dannsadh air banais Seonaid oig agad fein, agus mo lamh-sa dhuit, nach faicear air an urlar an so mi.

MUR.—Na toir boid, a' Choinnich, oir an uair a thainig litir-chuiridh o Sheumas Mor dh' ionnsuidh an tighe gu dol gu banais Isiobail dh' ain-

micheadh gu robh Coinneach Ciobair agus Seonaid gu bhi ann, agus thubhairt an t-seann bhean bhochd agam-sa, gu 'n rachadh i ann dìreach chum aon ruidhil dannsaidh a bhi aice maille ri Coinneach Ciobair. Feuch, ciod do bharail air a' chailleach bhochd agam-sa. Ochan! nach bi 'n oisneach i,—te a dh'fheudadh i bhi 'n a sean-mhathair!

COIN.—Gle cheart, a' Mhurachaidh. Tha bhean choir agad-sa co sunndach, cridheil, geanail, 's gu 'm bheil tlachd aice ann a bhi 'faicinn gach neach sona mu 'n cuairt di; agus mar an ceudna gach og agus aosda a' gabhail toil-inntinn neo-chiontaich dhoibh fein, agus c'ait an deanadh iad sin, mar deanadh iad air banaid e?

MUR.—Is comadh co dhiubh, a Choinnich, fagaidh sinn sin mar a tha e, agus rachamaid a mach car tacain a dh-amharc an t-saoghail mu 'n cuairt, agus a dh'fhaotuinn do naigheachd.

COIN.—Tha deagh naigheachdan tearc agus gann, agus cha tig mo bheul air an droch naigheachd ged bhiodh i ann. Ach ciod i do bharail air a' chogadh rongach sin a thainig o cheann ghoirid gu crìch 's an Roinn-Africa?

MUR.—Seadh dìreach, an cogadh a bha againn ris na h-Ashanteich,—sluagh cealgach, mealltach, dubh air gach doigh, agus lionmhor mar na cuileagan. Cha robh e 'n a chogadh taitneach idir; 's e sin, cha robh moran moralachd, urrainn, molaidh no aird-chliu ri 'm faotuinn o bhi 'ruagadh chreutairean cho suarach, aineolach, agus iodhol-aorach am measg choilltean agus gharbhlaichean na duthcha aca fein; ach an deigh sin, bha e 'n a chogadh anabarach cunnartach a thaobh seoltachd agus foill nan naimhdean, a bha 'g am folach fein thall 's a bhos, agus a'

losgadh an uaigneas air na saighdeiribh againn-ne.

COIN.—Tha sin uile, a' Mhurachaidh, gle nadurra dhoibh r' a dheanamh. Tha e nadurra dhoibh iad fein agus an cuid a dhion mar a dh'fheudas iad, agus an dìchioll a dheanamh gu cur an aghaidh gach cumhachd eile a dh'fheudas ionnsaidh a thoirt orra.

MUR.—Cha 'n e mhain gu 'n robh sin nadurra dhoibh a dheanamh, ach rinn iad e, agus is iomadh mac mathar treun agus gaisgeil a thuit marbh air na raointibh aca, 'n am doibh a bhi 'cogadh nan aghaidh. Thuit aireamh nach bu bheag dhe 'n Fhriceadan Dhubh, a bha riamh co cliuiteach agus gaisgeil o 'n thogadh an toiseach e.

COIN.—Tha mi 'n duil gur fad an uine o 'n thogadh am Freiceadan Dubh an toiseach.

MUR.—Thogadh e air tus aig ceann drochaid Obairfeallaidh 's a' bhliadhna 1740, agus cha robh mac mathar 's a' chuideachd air fad ach clann dhaoin'-uaisle, agus cha robh a h-aon duibh fo shea troidhean ann an airde! Thug am Freiceadan Dubh buaidh anns gach blar 's an robh iad riamh, ach a mhain aig Ticonderoga, agus aig Fontenoi. Agus eadhon anns na h-aitibh sin rinn iad gaisge do chur an ceill,—gaisge, air son an d'rinneadh iad 'n an Albanaich Rioghail anns gach liun ri teachd? Na 'n rachadh eachdraidh an treubhantais agus an tairisneachd a sgriobhadh sìos ann an ordugh, lionadh agus dheanamh e suas leabhar annsam biodh na ceudan duilleag.

COIN.—Cha 'n iognadh, ma ta, ged a bheireadh iad, maille ri 'n comhlannaibh dileas, buaidh air Rìgh Cofi Calcalli, agus ged a chuireadh iad Coomassi 'n a lasair theine.

MUR.—Is iomadh oran-molaidh a rinneadh do na fìor "Albanaich

Rioghail" so, ach 'n am measg sin gu leir, cha 'n 'eil duil agam gu 'n d' thugadh barrachd air a' chliu a thugadh dhoibh leis an Urramach Roibeart Mac-Griogair, a bha aon uair 'n a Mhinisteir ann an Cill-Mhuire, 's an Eilean Sgiathanach.

COIN.—Cha 'n 'eil duil agam gu 'n cual mi riamh an cliu sin, a Mhurachaidh, am bheil a' bheag sam bith dheth agad air do mheomhair?

MUR.—Tha duil agam gu 'm bheil a' chuid a's mo dheth air chuimhn' agam, a Choinnich, ach tha eagal orm gu 'm bheil cuideachd na bainnse 'g ar n-ionndrain air falbh uatha, oir cha 'n 'eil sinn gle chomunnail riutha air sheol sam bith.

COIN.—Ma tha, mo thogair, cha 'n eagal doibh. Cha 'n iad seann bhodaich mar a tha sinne a tha iad ag iarraidh, ach muinntir chridheil, eutrom, og; agus theid mise an urras

nach 'eil guth aca idir m' ar timchioll. Le sin, a Mhurachaidh, cuir seisde ris an oran, agus bhear sinn luchd na bainnse oirnn an uair a thig crìoch air.

MUR.—“Is trian oibre toiseachadh,” uime sin thoir cluas, a Choinnich, agus ged nach 'eil cail agam gu seinn, tha teangadh agam chum na focail a chur an ceill.

COIN.—Tha teangadh agad gun teagamh, a' Mhurachaidh, ach tha mi meallta mur 'eil i gle thioram, cosmhuil, ri mo theangadh fein. Is feairrd sinn ar teangannan a fhliuchadh le boinne beag de dhruchd nam beann, oir tha tart oirnn le cheile, agus tha pailteas an so, agus 's i ar bheatha d' a ionnsaidh. A nis rach an t-adhairt leis an oran-molaidh do 'n Freiceadan Dhubh, a tha mar a thubhairt thu, air fonn an siubhail fein.

MUR.—

MOLADH DO 'N FHREICEADAN DHUBH.

Faigheadh cliu o gach rann fhear, gu ceòlmhor's gu binn,
An Dubh-Fhreiceadan Gaidhealach a dh' àraich na glinn;—
Cuimir, fuasgailteach, finealta, slàinteil 's a' chom,
Fearail, ceannsgalach, cruadalach, tréun, agus trom.

'S gu robh buaidh leis na seòid ghuineach, ghàrg, agus bheo,
Chaidh do bhuillsgein nam Fràngach, mar ghaoth 'dol 's a' cheo;
Is nach d' fheuch fathast cùl do neach riamh nach robh leò;
Oir cha strìochd sliochd nan ghàrbh-chrìoch, a's annta an deò!

'S maith thig breacan-an-fheilidh, gu leir do na sùinn,—
Osain ghèarr air an calpannaibh dòmhail, geal, cruinn;
A's iteagan dorch', air slios gorm-uidheam cheann,
Sud i éididh nam blàr, 's cha bi 'n té fhada theann.

'S gu robh buaidh, &c.

'S ceart a labhras iad canain na h-Alba o chiàn,
Mar a bha i aig Fionn a's aig Oisian gu diàn;
Cha do ghluais chum na tuasaid, 's a' chaidh iad cha ghluais,
Gun am bolg-fheadain mhèur-thollach, fhuaimneach 'n an cluàis!

'S gu robh buaidh, &c.

Cha tearc gàbhadh a's àit, as an d' thainig le buaidh,
Gaisgich chalma na comhraig, 's nan dlùth-bhuillean cruaidh;
Roimh gach diomhanas, sògh, aidhear, 's aoibhneas a thagh,
A bhi 'dionadh an saorsa an duthcha, 's an lagh'!

'S gu robh buaidh, &c.

'S iomadh deuchainn a fhuair na fir àrdanach bhras,
Bho 'n nach geilleadh diùbh làmh, 's o 'n nach tionndadh dhiùbh cas;
Bho 'n nach fhéudadh gun caochaileadh an dualchas n' an cleachd,
Leis an d' fhàgadh gun sàmhladh an sinnsir 's a' ghleachd.

'S gu robh buaidh, &c.

Mar a bhlàth-mhaduinn shàmhraidh, iad ciùin ann an sìth,
Ach mar gheàmhradh nam beann aca, searbh ann an strìth ;
Sgaiteach, gruamach, a' luaithreadh nan naimhdean le féirg,
'G an cas-ruagadh 's gan sguabadh á araichibh dearg !
'S gu robh buaidh, &c.

Cha 'n 'eil ùine ni 's mò a' ruith dhàsan nach géill,
Bidh mar dhearbhadh corp màrbh, gu 'm bu ghànn e de chéill ;
Seachnadh 'n tì leis nach fearr guin an éig, na bhi slàn,
Casadh rìusan a suas, a ta millteach a's dân !
'S gu robh buaidh, &c.

Mar a's gairge an nàmh, mar a's cruaidhe an cath,
'S ann is àirde 'n sin iuntinn luchd-trusgain nan dath ;
Tha 's an doruinn a' fàs anam mòr dhoibh air fad,
Leis an rèub, leis am mill, 's leis an claidh iad gun stad.
'S gu robh buaidh, &c.

'S i so 'n fhirinn gu dearbh, air gach seòl agus doigh,
'S ga co'-dhàingneach' gu dilinn, bidh là f'ontenoi ;
Sud an là a thug ainm dhoibh air tìs anns an fheachd,
Bha an rùn uile-dhìleas do 'n Rìgh 's do gach reachd.
'S gu robh buaidh, &c.

Och ! chaidh 'n sàruch' 's an leonadh; bha 'n ceud charraid teth
Oir aig Ticonderoga, ged chàill iad an leth,
Na sheas bhuadhnaich le còmhnadh na dh' aom gu ro ghrinn !
Rinn a' chonnstridh ud Rìoghail iad, 'nuas feadh gach linn !
'S gu robh buaidh, &c.

Rinneadh gnìomharra leò anns gach tìr chum an deach',
Bhios 'n an ioghna, 's nam mìorbhuil', gu brath do gach neach ;
Cha leig air dearmad an saoghal, an tréun'tas gu sior,
'M feadh 'bhios speis agus mòr-mheas do shaighdaireachd fhior !
'S gu robh buaidh, &c.

Ach co Cheòlraidh no 'n teangair is òirdheirce th' ann,
'S urrainn innseadh mar 'bhuadhaich 's an Eiphit a' Chlànn ?
Luaidh neo-ghann, gathan-lann, sleaghan-chraun, chaidh gu luath,
'M fir do-cheannsach' do chàch, o na h-armuinn o Thuath !
'S gu robh buaidh, &c.

As na gairdeanaibh lùth-chleasach, féitheach, ghrad léum,
Goimh a's bàs a chuir miltean o chàinnt a's o fhéum !
Ghabh na Laoghaich 's an àm mireadh 'n-searbh-chath a's conn
'Dol troimh dhùintean a's àr-chlosach naimhdean le fonn !
'S gu robh buaidh, &c.

'S glan a dh' eirich am buaireas air conulann an àigh,
Oir le léir-sgrìos, chaidh Frangaich a bhualadh gun bhàigh !
Thuit gach aon air an làr dhiubh, 'n a sheimh-chadal buan,
'S thug na Gàidh'l leo 'n sròl aca nall thar a' chùan !
Mar so buaidh leis na seòid, ghuineach, gharg, agus bheò,
'Theid do bhuillsgein nam Frangach, mar ghaoth 'dol 's a' cheò ;
'S nìor fhéuch iad an cùlaobh do 'n dream nach bi leò,
O, nìor strìochd iad gu sìorruidh, a's annta an deò !

COIN.—Is gleusda a rinn am bard | agus is iongantach do chuimhne.
a dhìchioll, agus is gle-mhaith a chuir | Moran taing dhuit, ach bithidh
e a bhriathran an altaibh a' cheile. | tuilleadh againn mu bhardachd an
Agus, a Mburachaidh, is glan a dh' | deigh so, ma chaomhnar sinn. A
aithris thu an t-oran-molaidh sin, | nis, biomaid a' toirt ant-seomair-

iosail oirnn, oir tha mi 'cluinntinn
gu 'n d' thainig am Ministear a chur
na snaim sin le 'bhilibh nach fuasgail
eadhon Murachadh Ban le 'fhiaclaibh.
So, so, ma ta, rachamaid sios.

ALASDAIR RUADH.

—o—

SPIORAD NA H-AOISE.

SEANN SGEULACHD GHAIÐHEALACH—
LEIS AN DR. MACLEOID, NACH MAIR-
EANN.

(Air leantuin.)

Fhuair Caomhan gabhail aig' air
an oidhche sin gu maith carthantach
maille ri madadh na maoile-moire,
ann an uaimh thioraim, gun tighinn-
fodha no thairis—na'm foghnadh sin
a's feoil mhilis, uanach, mheannach,
gun dith, gun ghainne, gun dolum;
agus an am falbh 's a' mhaduinn, gu
leoir air son turuis an latha. “A 'nis,”
arsa madadh na maoile-moire, “slan
leat a Chaomhain! Soirbheachadh
leat ge b' e ait' an teid thu—sonas 'n
ad shiubhal 's 'n ad ghluasad. Thairg
mi aoidheachd, 's cha do dhuilt thu
i; ghabh thu gu cridheil, sunndach
na thairg mi: chuir thu oidhche
seachad ann an uaimh madadh na
maoile-moire — dh' earb thu as—
naisg thu a chairdeas, agus cha
mheallar thu. A nis thoir fainear
mo bhriathran. Ma thig cas cruaidh
no eiginn gu brath ort, anns an dean
luas coise agus gnìomharan eusgaidh
feum dhuit, cuimhnich air madadh
na maoile-moire — miannaich e's
bithidh mise ri d' thaobh.”

Dh' amais an cairdeas agus an
f'hialachd cheudna ris an ath oidhche
o'n t-sar-bhiadhtaiche iomairteach,
shiubhlach, fitheach dubh choire-
nan-creag, air nach luidheadh an
cadal, agus air nach eireadh a' ghrian,
agus am biodh aige na dh' fhoghnadh
dha fein agus dha-san a thigeadh
s' a dh' fhalbhadh. Gu gearr-
leumnach, claptach, sgiathach, rinn

e'n tiul da air choraibh sgeithe
troimh aisridh chasa-gabhar gu còs
sgorra dhionaich creige, far an d' iarr
e air tri trianan d' a sgios agus an
oidhche gu leir chur seachad maille
ris.

Fhuair e gabhail aige 'n oidhche
sin gu maith 's gu ro mhaith comhla
ri fitheach dubh choire-nan-creag,
na 'm foghnadh feoil a's sithionn;
agus an am falbh 's a' mhaduinn
thuir e ris, “A Chaomhain mhic
Ghorla-nan-treud, thoir leat na dh'
fhoghnas air do thuras—cuid a'
choigrich cha d' ionudraich mi rianh;
—agus cuimhnich mo bhriathran
deireannach. Ma thuiteas dhuit a
bhi 'n càs no an eiginn gu brath anns
an dean sgiath laidir agus misneach
nach dibir, feum dhuit, cuimhnich
orm-sa: 's blath do chridhe, 's
caoimhneil do shuil—dh' earb thu
thu fein riumsa—bheathaich thusa
fitheach an fhasaich roimhe so,
agus roinn thu ris do lon—'s mise do
charaid, chuir thu 'n oidhche seachad
ann an cos nan creag—earb asan.”

Air an treas oidhche dh' amais
comhdhail agus biadhtachd nach bu
mhiosa air Caomhan o'n dobhran-
donn; an sgorr-shuileach, an siriche
teoma, eusgaidh, air nach biodh cuid
fir no gille 'dhith fhad 's a bhiodh e
r' a fhaotainn air muir no air tir.
Ged nach robh 'n a gharaidh r' a
eisdeachd ach sgiamhail a's mealan-
aich chat, a's bhroc, a's thaghan, a's
fheocallan, threoraich e e gun sgath,
gun eagal, gun sgiansgar, gu taiceil,
foghanta, raideil—gu roibeanach,
bior-shuileach, mion-eòlach, gu beul
cuirn, far an d' iarr e air tri trianan
d' a sgios agus an oidhche gu h-uile
'chur seachad comhla ris. Neo'-ar-
thaing mur d' fhuair e gabhail aige
'n oidhche sin comhla ri dobhran-
donn an t-srutha, an sior shiubhlach,
na 'm foghnadh iasg de gach seorsa
'b' fhearr na cheile—agus leaba
thioram, sheasgair, mhaith, de

dhreamsgal ard-lain stoirme reoth-airt, a's feamainn-chirein an dubh-chladaich. "Cuir seachad an oidhche, 'Chaomhain," arsa 'n dobh-rann-donn; "'s e lan dith do bheatha. Caidil gu samhach; 's fear faire furachar an dobh-ran."

'N uair a thainig an latha's a bha Caomhan gu imeachd air a thurus, chaidh an dobh-ran air choimhead-achd greis de 'n t-slighe maille ris. "Slan leat! a Chaomhain," ars' esan; "rinn thu caraid dhìom. Ma thig càs cruaidh no teann eiginn ort anns an dean esan a shnamhas an sruth no 'thumas fo 'n fhairge freasdal duit, cuimhnich orm-sa, 's bithidh mi ri d' thaobh."

Fhuair e na trì mairt mhaol', odhar's an lagan's an d'fhag e iad—dh'eirich iad, agus mu airde 'n fheasgair sin fhein rainig iadsan agus esan, gu sabhailte, socair, bothan an t-sleibh. Bha failte 's furan 's an tigh 'n uair a rainig Caomhan. Fhuair e gabhail aige gun airceas, gun chrìne. Dh'fheor-aich an seann duine dheth cia mar dh'eirich dha o'n a dh'fhalbh e, thoisich e air sud 'innseadh. Mhol an seann duin' e chionn nach do ghabh e gnothuch ri aon ni 'chunnaic e gus an d'rainig e tigh nan laoidhean binne, do bhrìgh nach robh annta gu leir ach culaidh-bhuairidh—sgleo faoin a chum a mhealladh. "Fosglaidh mi dhuit dubh-cheist na cuise 'n a dheigh so," ars' an seann duine; "agus leigidh mi ris duit brìgh gach seallaidh a chuir mor-iongantas ort. Bha thu dileas, a Chaomhain. Iarr do dhuais agus gheibh thu i." "Cha bhi sin trom dhuit-sa, tha mi 'n dochas," arsa Caomhan, "agus bithidh e pailt na's leoir leam-sa. Aisig dhomh piuthair mo ghraidh agus da bhrath-air mo ruin a tha agad fo dhruidh-eachd, beo, slàn mar a dh'fhag iad tigh an athar; agus bonn oir no

tastan airgid cha 'n 'eil a dhith air Caomhan." "'S ard d' iarrtas, oganaich," arsa 'n duine; "tha duilgheadas eadar thu 's na dh' iarr thu os ceann na tha ad chomas a chothachadh." "Ainmich iad," ars' Caomhan, "'s leig leam-sa 'n cothachadh mar is fearr is urrainn domh." "Eisd ma ta: Anns a' bheinn aird ud shuas, tha earb shiubhlach a's caoile cas; a leth-bhreac cha 'n 'eil ann; 's ballach, caisìonn a slios, 's a croc mar chabar an fheidh. Air an lochan bhoidheach dluth do thir na greine, tha lach a thug barr air gach lach—lach uaine a' mhuineil oir. Ann an linne dhorcha a' choire-bhuidhe, tha breac tarra-gheall nan gialan dearga, a's 'earr mar an t-airgìod a's gloine snuadh. Falbh, agus thoir dhachaidh an so eilid chaisìonn, bhallach na beinne, lach aillidh a' mhuineil oir, agus am breac a dh' aithnichear o gach breac; a's innseadh mise dhuit an sin mu phiuthar do ghaoil's mu dha bhrathair do ruin."

Dh'fhalbh Caomhan donn. Chaidh gruagach an fhuilt oir's na cir' airgid na dheigh. "A Chaomhain," deir i, "gabh misneach; tha beann-ach do mhathar agad agus beannachd nam bochd—sheas thu do ghealladh—thug thu urram do thigh nan laoidhean binne; imich, agus cuimhnich mo bhriathran dealachaidh—Gu brath na toir geill." Thug e 'n sliabh air—faicear earb na beinne—a leth-bhreac cha robh 's a' bheann; ach 'n uair a bha esan air aon bhearradh bha 'n earb air bearradh eile; 's bha cho maith dha oidhirp a thoirt air neulaibh luaineach nan speur. Bha e 'n impis geill a thoirt, 'n uair a chuimhnich e air na labhair gruagach an fhuilt oir. "O!" arsa Caomhan, "nach robh agam-sa 'nis madadh na maoile-moire 's nan casan luthmhor!" Cha luaithe 'labhair e 'm focal, na bha 'm madadh coir r' a

thaobh; agus an deigh dha cuairt no dha 'thoirt mu 'n bheinn, dh'fhag e eilid chaisionn an t-sleibh aig bonn a chois. Thug Caomhan 'n a dheigh sin an lochan air, agus faicear lach uaine a' mhuineil oir ag itealach os a cheann. "O!" arsa Caomhan, "nach robh agam-sa 'nis fitheach dubh an fhasaich a's laidire sgiath 's a's geire suil!" Cha luaithe 'thubhairt e so, na chunnaic e fitheach dubh an fhasaich a' dluthachadh air an lochan, agus air ball dh'fhag e lach uaine a' mhuineil oir r'a thaobh. Rainig e 'n a dheigh sin an dubh-linne dhorch, 's faicear an t-iasg tarra-gheal, airgiodach, aillidh a' snamh o bhruaich gu bruaich. "O!" arsa Caomhan, "nach robh agam-sa 'n dobhraun-donn a shnambas an sruth 's a thumas fo 'n tuinn!" Ann am prioba na sul' co bha 'n a shuidhe air bruaich an uillt ach an dobhraun coir. Dh' amharc e 'n aodann Chaomhain le baigh—thug e air gu grad as an t-sealladh, agus a mach a dubh-linne dhorch na gealag, thug e 'm breac tarra-gheal a bu loinnriche snuadh, agus leigear e aig cois Chaomhain. Thog e air dhachaidh, agus fagar an earb, an lach, agus am breac boidheach air stairsnich bothain an t-sleibh. "Buaidh a's piseach le Caomhan donn!" ars' an seann-duine. "Cha do chuir a ghuala ris nach do chuir tuar thairis. Thig a stigh, a Chaomhain; 's 'n uair a bhleodhnas gruagach an fhuilt oir 's na cir' airgid na tri mairt mhaol', odhar, fosglaidh mi dhuit dubh-cheist na cuise, agus tairngidh sinn gliocas o fhasdadh agus o thurus Chaomhain."

DUBH-CHEIST NA SGEULACHD AIR A FOSGLADH.

"Cha d'fhag thusa tigh d'athar 's do mhathar gun an cead. Beannachd d'athar 's do mhathair bha 'n ad chois, a Chaomhain. Cha do

dhuilt thu an greim do 'n acrach 'n a airc. Bha beannachd nam bochd ad chois, a Chaomhain.

"Rinn thu fasdadh—gheall thu agus choimhlion thu; 's tha duais nam firean ad chois, a Chaomhain.

"Chunnaic thu an coileach oir 's a' chearc airgid, buairidhnean an uile—an sgleo 'tha or a's airgid a' cur air an t-suil—chuimhnich thu do ghealladh—ghluais thu ann an slighe do dhleasnais—bha sonas air Caomhan. Dh'fheuch am buaireadair thu a rithist fo shamhladh slataig oir a's slataig airgid. 'S iad so do reir coslais a b'usa 'ghlacadh; ach chuimhnich thu do ghealladh, a Chaomhain, agus lean thu an spreidh. 'N uair nach deachaidh aige air do mhealladh le h-or agus airgid, dh'fheuch e do mhealladh le meas boidheach na coille. Chuir e mu d'choinneamh gach meas a chunnaic thu riamh, a's da mheas dheug nach fac' thu—ach thionndaidh thu air falbh.

N' uair nach do bhuadhaich e na bha 'n a bheachd le h-or no airgid, no leis a' mheas a bha taitneach do 'n t-suil dh'fheuch e do mhisneach—an lasair agus an tuil; ach chaidh thu trompa ann an slighe do dhleasnais, agus thuig thu nach robh annta ach faoineis. Chual' thu guth nan dan naomha—fuaime nan laoidhean milis—chaidh thu 'stigh—'s maith a fhuaras tu; ach lean am buaireadair an sin fein thu. 'S maith a fhreagair thu e—'Eisdidh mise 'm focal.' Chunnaic thu 'n t-ionaltradh lom 's an fhalaire ard, mheamnach, le 'searrach mear a' deanamh gairdeachais air. Mar sin gu tric, a Chaomhain, 's an t-saoghal: tha tigh na h-aoidheachd air uairibh gann; ach tha sith, gairdeachas, agus cinneachdainn 'n a thaic. Chunnaic thu an t-ionaltradh fasail, agus gach ceithir-chasach chum basachadh leis a' chaoile: mar sin 's

an t-saoghal, tigh a' bhodaich chrionna; tha pailteis ann, ach cha 'n 'eil aige cridhe 'chum a shealbhachadh—tha gainne am meadhon a' phailteis—tha daol aig bun gach freumha, agus tha gach blath air seargadh.

“Chunnaic thu an lochan boidheach — chuala tu caithream nam buidhnean sona 'bha 'triall gu tir na greine. Sin agad iadsan a thug faineas mo ghuidhe-sa agus a bha glic 'n an latha fhein. Chuala tu tuireadh craiteach na muinntir eile bha 'triall gu tir an dorchadais. 'S iadsan an sluagh gun tuigse, gun steidhe, gun fhirinn, gun dilseachd, a chur an suarachas gach sanas, agus a nis tha iad a' caoidh gu truagh. Cha d'rinn thu tair air caoimhneas agus aoidheachd nam bochd; ghabh thu ann an cairdeas na thairgeadh gu fialaidh; cha do naraich thu an t-ainnis—leis a' so naisg thu an dilseachd. Sheas thu do ghealladh—lean thu an spreidh —choisinn thu do dhuais—dh'earb mi as do mhisnich. Cha do mheat- aich duilgheadais thu; chuir thu do ghuala riutha, 's chaidh leat. Dh' fhiosraich thu nach robh madadh na maoile - moire, fitheach dubh an

fhasaich, no dobhran - donn an iasgaich, gun an feum. Cha d'thug thu geill; agus a nis, a Chaomhan, a mhic Ghorla-nan-treud, eisd rium. 'Aisig, 'ars thusa, 'domh mo phiuthar aillidh agus braithrean mo ghaoil a tha agad fo dhruidheachd.' Fo dhruidheachd, a Chaomhain! Ciod e druidheachd? Innleachd charach nan cealgach, leth-sgeul. baoth nan gealtach. Ciod e druidheachd? Bòcan nan amadan—culaidh-uamhais nan lag-chridheach—ni nach robh 's nach 'eil, 's nach bi. An aghaidh an dleasannaiche 's an fhirein, cha 'n 'eil druidheachd, no innleachd. Do phiuthar, ailleag an fhuilt oir 's na cir'airgid, gheibh thu leat dhachaidh; ach do bhraithrean, ged tha iad beo, rinn leisg a's mi-dhilseachd iad 'n an allabanaich gun dachaidh, gun charaid. Inich thusa chum tigh d' athar, a Chaomhain, agus taisg ann ad chridhe na chunnaic 's na chual' thu.”

“Agus co thusa,” arsa Caomhan, “a tha 'labhairt?”

“'S mise,” arsa 'n seann duine, “Spiorad na h-Aoise. Slan leat, a Chaomhain! Beannachd na h-aoise gu 'n robh air do shiubhal's air d' imeachd.”

BAS PEATHAR.

(*Le Raibeart Pollock, A.M.*)

Bu trom ar n-osnaidhean, 's bu phailt ar deòir;
Oir b' ionmhuinn ise 'dh' fhalbh, 's bu ghràdhach leinn.
Urail 'n ar cuimhne—ùr mar an là dé,
Tha 'n latha Céitein air an d' fhuair i bàs.
Oigrìdh na Cruitheachd bha gu h-aoibhinn, ait
A' briosgail ann an gathan blàth na gréin',
'S a' gealltainn lànachd inbh': a's aoibhinn fòs
Bha sinne, agus lèum an fhuil 'n ar crìdh'
Le aiteas fallain, 'n uair a fhuair sinn sgeul
Gu 'n d' rugadh leanabh: 's thainig fios a rìs
Gu 'n robh an té 'thug breth dha tinn gu bàs.
Cia dlùth air sàiltean aoibhnis, céuna bròin!
M' an cuairt a leaba thionail sinu gu léir,

A's lùb ar glùn an guidhe dhùrachdaich
 Ri Cathair Tròcair, a's le 'r n-urnaighean
 Chaidh osnan agus deura treibhdhireach ;
 Ach 's ann bha sinn a' strìth ri aingeal naomh
 A chumail air an talamh—spiorad deas
 Chum glòir' ; a's Trocair ann a maitheas dhiùlt
 Ar n-iarrrtas faoin : na 's trocairiche ruinn
 An uair a's lugha shaoil sinn ! grasmhor fos,
 Mar 's tric, 'n uair shaoileas siun i bhi fo ghruaim !
 An seomar, a's an leaba 's cuimhne leam,
 Anns an do laidh i, a's na h-aodainn fòs
 A chruinnich dlùth a's muladach m' an cuairt.
 A h-athair, a's a màth'r, a' cromadh, sheas ;
 'S a sìos an gruaidhean aosda thuit na deòir
 Gu lìonmhor, goirt ; a's mar an ceudn' an sin,
 Bha a fear-posda gràidh, 's a braithrean caomh,
 'S a peathraichean, a' caoidh gun chombhfhurtachd ;
 Gach nì 's an tigh fo mhulad bha 's fo bhròn.
 So 's cuimhne leam gu maith ; ach 's mór is fearr
 Am bheachd, 's gu bràth cha di-chuimhnichear leam,
 An t-sùil—an t-sùil a mhàin 'bha soilleir, glan,
 'S a dh'fhàs an soilleireachd mar dhlùth'ch am bàs !
 Amhuil mar chunnaic mi am flùran sèimh
 Ag amharc na bu ghrìnn' 's an aiteal ghréin'
 A thilgeadh air troimh nèul dubh tàirneanaich,
 Gu grad a dh' iadh a nuas, a bhuail, 's a sgap
 Am flùran àillidh, sgiamhach, air an raon.
 Smèid i an leanabh òg a thabhairt dlùth ;
 A's chàirich sinn an naoidhean aig a taobh.
 Dhearc i gu caoin air 'aghaidh, nach d'rinn gair'
 No gal, 's nach d'aithnich có bha 'sealltainn air ;
 Leag i a làmh air 'uchd, a's dh'aslaich i,
 Le sealladh drùighteach suidhichte ri nèamh,
 Do 'n leanabh, beannachdan do-labhairt mor,
 'Bheir Dia a mhàin, aig ùrnaigh-bhàis na dream
 Tha 'fàgail naoidheana 'n an déigh 's an t-saogh'l.
 “ Dhia gleidh mo leanabh ! ” chuala sinn i 'g ràdh,
 'S cha chual' ach sin. Gu dileas mar a gheall,
 Sheas Aingeal a' Chomh-cheangail, deas gu triall
 'N a cuideachd troimh Ghleann Dorcha Sgail a' Bhàis.
 'S a nis a sùilean las, 's cho dealrach dh'fhàs,
 Nach b' urrainn duinne amharc air a gnùis
 Le 'r sùilean déurach làn : dhùin iad gun nèul.
 Chaidh 'n solus às mar réul na maidne gloin,
 Nach teid a sìos feadh nèula dorch 's an iar,
 'S nach folaichear 'measg ghaillionn garg nan spéur,
 Ach 'shìolaidheas air falbh an solus nèamh.

Eadar. le MAC-MHARCUIS.

AN GOBHAINN SANNDACH.

Bha taillear agus gobhainn a' tilleadh le cheile air feasgar araidh á baile anns an robh iad ag obair air an ceirdibh fa-leth. Mar bha am feasgar a' teannadh orra, chunnaic iad a' ghriau a' dol sìos air cul nam beanu, agus a' ghealach ag eirigh 's an airde-'n-ear. Aig a' cheart am chual iad, fad as, ceol binn a bha a' fas na bu chruidhe mar a ghabh iad air an aghaidh. Bha an fhuaim car neo-thalmhaidh, ach bha i cho anabarrach binn's gu'n do dhi-chuimhnich iad an sgios, agus ghabh iad an rathad le ceumaibh sunndach.

An deigh doibh dol beagan astair, rainig iad aoinidh ghriun, far am facaidh iad bannal de dhaoine agus de mhnathaibh beaga, greim aca air lamhan a cheile, agus iad a' dannaadh gu h-aighearach ris a' cheol a chual iad.

Ann an teas-meadhoin na cuairt mu'n robh na sithichean a' dannaadh, sheas seann duine daigeil, beagan na b' airde's na bu shult-mhoire na càch. Bha cota de iomadh dath air a dhruim, agus bha 'fheusag cho geal ris an t-sneachd a' ruigheachd sìos gu 'bhroilleach. Sheas an taillear agus an gobhainn ag amharc le mor-ioghuadh air na dannairean, 'n uair a smeid an seann duine riutha, agus rinn na daoine-beaga bealach dhoibh chum 's gu'n tigeadh iad an taobh stigh d' an chuairt.

Bha an gobhainn 'n a dhuine gaisgeil, le croit bhig air a dhruim, 's leum e stigh 'n am measg gun sgath, ach bha an taillear an toiseach car gealtach, agus sheas e air ais. An ceann beagan uine, ged tha, air faicinn da cho aoidheil agus cho suilbheara's a bha iad, ghlac e misneach, agus chaidh e stigh do'n choisir leis a' ghobhainn. Ghrad dhuin na sithichean m' an timchioll mar mhuinntir air mheara-chinn.

Am feadh a bha so a' dol air aghaidh, tharraing an seann duine 'bha 's a' mheadhon, sgian mhor a bha 'n crochadh r'a chrios, gheuraich e air cloich i, agus a' feuchainn a géiread le barr a mheoir, thionndaidh e agus sheall e air na coigrich air mhodh a thug orra critheachadh le h-oillt.

Cha deachaidh an cumail fada an imcheist, oir rug am bodachan air a' ghobhainn, agus ann am priobadh na sul, ghearr e dheth a h-uile rib fuil a's feusaig le aon sguidse! Thionndaidh e'n sin ris an taillear, agus rinn e 'n cleas ceudna airsan.

Ach dh' fhalbh an geilt an uine ghoirid, oir, an deigh do'n t-seann duine an gnothuch a chur seachad mar so, thainig e agus dh' fhàiltich e gu cridheil iad, a' bualadh a lamh air an guallainn, mar gu'm b' ann 'g am moladh air son cho èasgaidh's a chheadaich iad dha an lomadh. Chomharraich e mach dhoibh an sin dun guail a bha dluth 'laimh, agus smeid e orra iad a lionadh am pòcannan.

Fhreagair iad e, ged nach robh fios fo'n ghrein aca ciod am feum a bhiodh anns a' ghual doibh. An sin thog iad orra's dh' fhag iad na daoine-beaga, oir bha e 'fas anmoch, 's bha toil aca amas air codaichean-oidhche.

Direach mar rainig iad an gleann, chual iad clag a' bualadh da uair dheug. Ghrad sguir an ceol, shiolaidh na daoine-beaga air falbh mar sgàile, 's laidh an aoinidh gu tosdach, ciuin fo sholus fuar na gealaichte.

An ceann ghreis rainig na coisichean tigh-osda aig taobh an rathaid, ach cha robh an sin doigh air an cur suas mur laidheadh iad air boitean connlaich; rud a rinn iad gu toileach, 'g an sineadh fein a sìos, le'n aodaichean orra mar bha iad, agus iad tuilleadh's sgith gu smaointeachadh

air am pòcannan 'fhalachadh d'an ghual. Moch air madainn, fada na butrathailenab'abhaistdoibh, dhuisc cudthrom a'ghuail iad as an cadal, agus'n uair chuir iad an lamhan 'n am pòcannan, is gann a chreideadh iad an suilean air faicinn doibh, an aite guail, gur ann a bha an lamhan lan de dh-òr fìor-ghlan !

Cha bu lugha an t-ioghnadh a bha orra an uair a mhothaich iad gu 'n robh an cinn air an comhdach le falt. Bha iad ann an tiota air fàs beairteach ; ach air do 'n ghobhainn a bhi ro shannach 'n a uadur, lion e an dà phòca leis a' ghual, air alt agus gu 'n robh a dha urad òir aige's a bha aig an taillear.

An deigh so uile cha robh e lan thoilichte, agus chuir e an ceann a chompanaich gu 'm fuireadh iad gus an ath latha, gu 'n rachadh iad air an ath fheasgar agus gu 'm faigheadh iad tuilleadh òir as a bhodachan bheag.

Dhiult an taillear so a dheanamh. "Tha gu leoir agam" ars' esan, "agus tha mi buidheach, riarachte. Cha 'n 'eil a dhìth orm ach cur suas air mo laimh fein, a' mhaighdean àillidh air am bheil mo ghaol a phosadh, agus an sin tha mi am dhuine sona."

Coma-co-dhiubh, a thoileachadh a charaid, dh' fhan e latha eile's an tigh-osda, agus anns an fheasgar thog an gobhainn air leis fhein, le da phoca air a ghuallainn, agus agus rainig e an aoineidh. Fhuair e na daoine beaga a' dannsadh agus a' seinn mar a bha iad air an fheasgar roimhe.

Ghabh iad gu cairdeil a stigh do 'n chròileachau e, thug an seann duine dheth a rithist am falt's an fheusag, agus smeid e ris mar a rinn e roimhe e 'thoirt leis uidhir ghuail's a thogradh e. Cha d' iarr an gobhainn na b' fhearr ; cha 'n e mhain gu 'n do lion e a phòcaunan ach an da

phoca-saic cuideachd, agus thill e dhachaidh lan gairdeachais a' smaointeachadh air a dheadh fhortan.

Ged nach d' fhuair e leaba an oidhche sin, laidh e sìos le 'aodach air mar bha e, ag radh : "Mothaichidh mi an uair a dh' fhasas an t-òr trom ; duiigidh e mi ;" agus mu dheireadh thuit e 'n a chadal air a lionadh le duil chinutich gu 'n duiageadh e anns a' mhadainn lan maoin agus saoihbheis.

Cha luaithe dh' fhosgail e a shùilean na ghrad leum e suas, agus thoisich e air a phòcannan a rannsachadh ; ach ciod a bu mhò a b' ioghuadh leis na am faighinn lan de ghual salach, dubh, mar a bha iad roimhe ! Thilg e 'mach lan duirn an deigh lan duirn ach gun aon chrìoman òir.

"Cha 'n 'eil atharrach air" ars' esan ; "tha agam fathast an t-or a fhuair mi a' chiad oidhche—tha a' chuid sin cinnteach gu leoir ;" ach an uair a chaidh e a shealltainn bha e uile air fàs 'n a ghual a rithist, agus bha e air 'fhàgail gun pheighinn an t-saoghal !

Chuir e a lamhan salach a suas air a cheann ach bha e gun rib fuil agus a smig cho mìn ri boun a choise. Ach cha b' e so fathast crìoch a mhi-fhortain, oir bha a' chroit a bha air a dhruinn an deigh fàs fada na bu mhomha na bha i riabh. An uair a chuunaic e mu dheireadh gu 'n robh e a' fulang peanaidh air son a shanntachd thoisich e air bron's air caoidh gus an do dhuisc e an taillear còir. Chomh-fhurtaich esan e mar a b' fhearr a dh' fhaod e, ag radh ris gu caoimhneil agus gu fialaidh, "Sguir de d' chaidh ; bha sinn 'n ar companaich agus 'n ar luchd-turais le cheile agus a nis is e do bheatha fantainn leamsa agus co-roinn a ghabhail de m' chuidse ; bidh gu leoir ann duinn le cheile."

Sheas e ri 'fhacal ; ach cha d'

fhuair an gobhainn riabh saor 's a' chroit a bha air a dhruim, agus b' eiginn da daonnan tuille boineid a chaitheamh a dh-fholach a chinn mhaoil, sgailcich.

Eadar. le SIUCRAM-CAM.

—o—

SGIALACHD NA TROIDHE.

Air a thionndadh bho Ghréugais Hómeir gu Gàidhlig Abraich.

LE EOBHAN MAC-LACHAINN.

DUAN I.

IOMARBHAIDH AN AICHILL AGUS AGAMEMNON.

SUM.—Bho shean bha a' Ghréig uile air a roinn 'n a dùthchannan, 's i fo fhlaithreachd cheann-feadhna, coltach ris a' Ghàidhealtachd romh bhliadhn' a' chomhaich (1745). Mu dhà chiad diag bliadhna romh thighin Chrìosta, an uair a b' e Agamemnon rìgh Argois, agus Menelaus a bhràthair rìgh Sparta, chaidh Paris, d' am bu cho-ainm Alastair Og mac rìgh na Tròidhe, air chuairt do 'n Ghréig, agus thug e air fuadach leis Helen, bean Mhenelaus, an t-aon bhoirionnach a bu mhaiseach a bha beo 's an linn sin. Ghabh na Gréugaich tàmailt an barrach, agus gu aichmheil a thoirt a mach thog iad de armailt na luchdaich dà chiad diag long-chogaidh; agus leis a' mhòr fheachd so sheòl iad gu rìgheachd na Tròidhe, ris an abrar an diugh Tuirc thuathach Aisia. Bha an cogadh deich bliadhna air chumail; agus mu dheireadh, an deaghaidh ni gun àirimh de ionmhas a chaitheamh agus mòran fala a dhòrtadh taobh air thaobh, ghlac na Gréugaich baile na Tròidhe, 's loisg iad e gu lár.

Tha ciad duan na h-oibre so a' tòiseachadh air an t-seanchus aig toiseach an deicheamh earraich bho thùs na h-iorghuille. Ghlac na Gréugaich cuid de bhailtean - dùthcha na Tròidhe, agus thiomsaich iad mòran cobhartaich. An àm a bhi roim na criche thàinig air rìgh Agamemnon boirionnach òg, àluinn d' am b' ainm Chrìseis, nighean Chrises, sagart Apollo. Thugadh Brìseis, nighean mhaiseach eile, do Aichioll mòr mac Phelenis, ciad lamh-fhéuma na Gréige. Thàinig sagart Apollo do long-phort na Gréige a dh-iarraidh a nighinne air Agamemnon. Ach dhiùlt an rìgh e, agus mhaidh e gu h-asgaein air. Ghabh

Apollo corruich, agus tharrainn e plàigh air an arm Ghréugach, a chionn nach d' thug iad an t-urram dligheach do Chrises. Cho - ghairm Aichioll comhairle nan ceannard, agus fhuaradh a mach bho 'n fhàidh Calchus gu 'n d' thainig a' phlàigh a thoradh na tarchuise a rinn Agamemnon air an t-sagart 's gu 'n do dhiùlt e a nighean da. Tha 'n duan an sin ag cur an céill mar a throd Aichioll agus Agamemnon mu 'n dà bhoirionnach, mar a chuir Agamemnon dhachaidh nighean an t-sagairt, mar a thug e Brìseis bho 'n Aichioll le fòirneart, agus mar a sgaradh e fhéin agus an t-Aichioll bho chéile an teas feirge, an lorg na brionglaidhe.

An deaghaidh do 'n chomhairle sgaoileadh rinn an t-Aichioll casaid ri mhàthair, Thetis, té de bhan-diathan na fairge, a thaobh a' mhaslaidh a dh' fhuilig e bho 'n rìgh. Chaidh ise gu Olympus far an robh Iobh, àrdfhath nan dia's nam ban-dia, agus ghrios i air gu 'n cuireadh e leis na Tròidhich an aghaidh nan Gréugach, mar dhioghaltas. Gheall Iobh d' a réir; ach leis a' ghealladh thug e oilbheum d' a mhnai, Iuno, a thog lasan feirge. Dh' aisig Vulcan réit eatorra; agus chaith na diathan na bha rompa de 'n latha sin an cuilm-éibhneis.

Is e uile aimsir a' chiad duain naoidh latha na plàighe, latha na comhairle, agus an dà latha dhiag a rinn Iobh fuireach an Ethiopia, mu 'n deachaidh Thetis a chasaid ris. Is e an t-ionad-gnìomha an long-phort Gréugach, Eilein Chrìsa, agus sliabh Olimpuis.

ARTHRIS, a bhan-dia nam fonn,
Fearg mhic Phelenis nan glonn àigh--
Fearg mhillteach a chiurr a' Ghréig
Le béud nan deich mìle cràdh; -
Fearg a sguab do 'n uaigh romh 'n àm
Anmannan dheich mìltean sonn,
An cuirp aig àr-choin an fhuinn,
'S aig ianlaith nan spéur 'n am pronn.
B' e sid rùn an Dùilich àird:
Ach ciod bu cheannfàth do 'n strith?
C' uime chog an t-Aichioll còrr
'S ciad-fhlath 'n t-slòigh bu mhòr brìgh?
Co de luchd-àitich nan spéur
A dhùisg àrdan nan tréun borb?
Mac Latona 'sgaoil a' phlàigh
'S lionmhor bàs a thàr 'n a lorg.
Las falachd an dé ga chionn;
Sgap a shaighdean sgrios gun bhàigh,
'S chàrn e marbh air lár an fhuinn.
Ràinig an sagart gun fheall,
Luath-chabhlach na Gréig' air tràigh,
Los inghean fhéin fhuasgladh saor,
Luigheachd nan luach daor 'n a làimh,
Crùn Apollo 's an Colbh òir;

'S dh' aslaich e 'n deagh ghean gu fòil,
Air mic Atreuis ghuidh e 'n tùs,
An dà rìgh a stiùir na slòigh :

A dha cheann-riaghailt na Gréig'
'S fheachda tréun nan cas - bheairt
cruadh'ch,

Griosam air flaithean nan speur
Gu 'n éirich leibh éuchd a's buaidh.
Chionn gu 'n leag sibh Tròidh 'n a smùr
'S gu 'n till sibh gu 'r dùthaich slàn.
Fuasglaibh m' òg nighean 's glacaibh
duais

Air fiamh dia nan luath ghath bàis.

An sin dh' éubh le aon-ghuth na laoi
Modh dligheach do 'n Aosda dhiol,
Gu 'n grad-ghlacteadh 'n luigheachd
chòrr

'S gu 'n deònaichteadh a réir a mhiann ;
Ach, dh' aindeoin, cha d' impich cridh'
Agamemnon, rìgh nan sonn,
Dh' fhògair e 'n seanfhear bho 'ghnùis
Gu neo-chiùin le bagradh trom.

As m' fhianais a sheanfhir bhaoth,
Bhàrr an raoin gun stad bi triall ;
Rist, ma thilleas, tuig nach féum
Crùn no colbh an dé gu d' dhìon.
D' inghean cha leigim fo sgaoil,
Seal mu 'n crìon an aois a blàth,
'S i 'n lùchairt Argois nan rìgh,
Fada cian bho thir an gràidh,
Cur leaba mo thaoibh air seòl,
'S air bhrat sròil a' dealbh nan gréis.
Mar sin na tog brionglaid fhaoin,
Ma 's miann leat dol saor a's béud.

Chrith an liath, a's gheill air ball,
Dh' fhalbh e 's osna gu trom, trom,
Romh 'n oitir bhàin le céum fann,
Aig slios ioma-shloisreach nan tonn.
Ag imeachd grathuinn bho 'n t-sluagh
Thairg e suas an ùrnaigh dian
Do àrd Phœbus nan colg còrr,
Mac Latròna b' òrbhuidhe ciabh :
Ardrìgh a' bhogh'-airgid, éisd,
D' an rùn Cilla 's céutach bàrr,
Tenedos do d' neart gu 'n géill,
'S Chrisa 'g éibhneas fo d' chaoin bhlàs.
Riabh, ma chroch mi 'd theampall àigh,
Lus-chrùn ùr a b' àillidh dealbh ;
Riabh ma chnàmh air d' altair ghrinn,
Sléisdean ighmhor bhoc a's tharbh ;
Eisd rium, Apollo nam buadh,
Air m' anshocair chruaidh dian fòir ;
Taosg do shaighdean calgach, géur,
'S dioghail air a' Ghréig mo dheòir,
Chual Apollo 'n acain-bhròin ;
An fhearg mhillteach bhòchd 'n a chliabh ;
A nuas le cruaidh Olimpùis àird,
Thùirling e 's bu ghàbhaidh thrìall.
Bogh' air ghléus mu 'ghuailnean àigh,
Balg fo làn-uidhim ri thaobh,
Fhluinnteadh 'n a imeachd, 's gach ceum,
Fuainn ghliograch nan réub-bhior caol.

Mar oidhche nan sian a ghreann,
'S e teannadh a chòir nan long ;
Thilg e chiad urchuir 'n a deann,
Thorchuir an tùs 'iùthaidh ghrag
Mnileideon is geal-choin luath,
Fad a's liad a' chaimp 'n a dhéigh,
Fhrois e 'n t-éug am measg an t-sluaigh.
Bu lionmhor air lom a' bhlàir
Teintean-soillse cràmh nam marbh ;
Naoidh làithean gun mhearachd gleòis,
Sgap Apollo 'n dòrlach searbh.
Cho-ghairm air an deicheamh là,
Deagh mhac Pheleus an làn-fheachd ;
An diol le Iuno bu truagh ;
B' ise ghluais an smuain 'n a bheachd.

(*Ri leantainn.*)

—o—

MAC NA BANTRAICH.

SGEUL FIOR.

Ann am baile beag araidh anns
an taobh-deas bha Sgoil-Shabaid,
agus bha moran cloinne 'g a taoghal.
Am measg chaich bha balachan
beag, tapaidh, aon mhac a mhathar,
agus bu bhantrach i. Cha 'n 'eil
teagamh nach do mhilleadh e,
gidheadh, le bhi 'toirt a thoil fein da
anns gach ni, agus le bhi 'g a fhagail
gun smachd a chur air, ge b' e ni a
dheanadh e. Is tric tha na miltean
dhe 'n oigridh a' dol air seacharan,
agus a' clonadh gu tur air falbh o
shlighe na firiun trid mi-churam
sgriosail am paranta fein. Nach
tric a chual sinn uile an sean-fhocal
—"Ni na big, mar a chi na big ;"
ach tha e ceart co fìor gu 'n nochd
an oigridh, an uair a ruigeas iad gu
inbh agus aois, an deagh-ghiulan
sin a sparradh orra ann an laithibh
an oige le 'm parantaibh fein. Nach
glic an ti a thubhairt, "Teagaisg
leanabh a thaobh na slighe air an
coir dha imeachd ; agus an uair a
bhios e sean, cha treig e i."

Bha mac na bantraich na dhroch
ghille, steidhichte air a bhi 'deanamh
an uilc—fiadhaich, reasgach agus
droch-bheirteach ! Chuireadh chum
na sgoil e, ach cha robh sin chum
feum sam bith. An ait dol do 'n

sgoil, rachadh e air falbh maille ri droch chompanaich gu bhi ri milleadh agus ris gach olc a thigeadh na 'char. Is ann a thaobh meas a bhi air a mhathair a cheaduicheadh dha a bhi sa sgoil ach mu dheireadh cha do ghabh neach sam bith suim deth, agus runaich a luchd eolais cead a choise a thoirt dha, gus an tugadh a shroin fein comhairle air. An sin, thug e an t-aite so, agus an t-ait ud eile air, a' dol a null's a nall, gus mu dheireadh an do dhruideadh a mach e leis na h-uile air son a dhroch ghiulan fein. La de na laithibh, air da a bhi fann, sgith, ocrach, agus eagal air dol dhachaidh dh'ionnsuidh a mhathair, o'n bhris e a cridhe, ghabh Uilleam bochd anns na saighdearaibh, agus chuireadh e gu cogadh America. Ged a chaidh e do 'n arm, agus fad air falbh o dhuthaich a bhreith, cha d' thainig caochladh idir air chum maith, ach d' fhan e ceart co coirbte, aingidh, agus malluichte's a bha e rianh. Bha a mhathair bhochd fathast air a caomhnadh gu bhi ri caoidh air a shon, agus gu bhi 'guidhe air an Tighearn' trocair a nochdadh dha. Air di a bhi fo mhor thrioblaid-inntinu air son a mic amaidich, chual i mu shaighdear eile, mac tuathanaich 'n a coimhearsnachd fein, a bhuineadh do 'n aon chuideachd ri Uilleam, agus a bha gu seoladh gun dail thar fairge chum dol dh'ionnsuidh na reismid. Dh' fhalbh i, agus cheannuich i Biobull beag chum a chur leis an t-saighdear mar thiodhlac luachmhor d' a mac. Cha 'n 'eil teagamh nach do fhliuch si e le 'deuraibh, agus nach do chuir i mile beannachd agus deagh-dhurachd 'n a lorg. Chuir an t-oganach truagh a cheana gu dian an aghaidh gach inmleachd agus strith a rinneadh le 'mhathair chum 'ath-leasachadh, ach co a's urrainn a radh nach cuir gras an Tighearna eifeachd anns a'

chuimhneachan graidh so chum an t-oganach a chasgadh'n a bhras-ruith gu leir-sgrios. Rainig an saighdear gu tearuinte, agus ghlac e a' cheud chothrom chum mac na bantraich fhaicinn, agus thubhairt e ris, "Uilleim, fhir mo chridhe, chunnaic mi do mhathair mu 'n d' fhad mi Alba." "Seadh," ars' Uilleam, "am beo a' chailleach chrosda?"—agus chuir e a' cheist air mhodh co minadurra 's a nochd gu 'n robh e comadh co dhiubh bha i marbh no beo. "O! Uilleim, Uilleim, an ann mar sin a tha thu 'labhairt mu d' mhathair chaoimheil fein? Bha i beo, ach gle dhiblidh, fann, tuirseach, agus air cromadh gu lar le bron; ach chuir i tiodhlac beag leamsa ad ionnsuidh le moran bheannachd."—"Tha mi 'n dochas," deir an t-oganach, "gur e airgid a chuir i thugam, oir is mise tha feumach air." "O! mo ghille maith," deir an saighdear, "is tiodhlac e a ta ni 's fearr na airgid, agus ma ni thusa feum cheart dheth, fendaidd e 'bhi dhuitse ni 's luachmhoire na uile airgid agus or na cruitheachd,—is e Biobull a tha ann, Uilleim, an Biobull, Leabhar naomh an De bheo." Thilg e a shuilean air an tiodhlac luachmhor le tair nach gabhadh cealachadh, ach cha dubhairt e guth. Dh' fhan e 'n a thosd, a' tilgeadh a shuilean iomluasgach air an lar. "Chuir do mhathair 'ad ionnsuidh aon iarrtas deireannach," deir an saighdear, "agus ghuidh i ort an Leabhar so fhosgladh gach la, agus earrann deth a leughadh, ged nach biodh ann ach aon rann."—Ghabh e an Leabhar, agus laimhsich se e, mar gu 'm biodh aon chuid eagal no nair air a mheur a chur air, no 'thogail 'n a laimh. Dh' fhan e tamull 'n a thosd, agus a' togail a chinn, thubhairt e, "Cha 'n 'eil e na ni mor gun teagamh aon rann a leughadh gach la ma bheir sin

comhfhurtachd idir do'n chaillich sin a's mathair domh. An ceann tacain dh'fhosgail e an Leabhar, agus thubhairt e, "Is iongantach an ni gu'n do thuit mo shuil air an aoin earrainn a bha riamh am chomas ionnsachadh 's an Sgoil-Shabaid, agus 's iad so na briathra, — "Thigibh am ionnsuidh-sa sibhse uile a ta ri saothair agus fo throm uallaich, agus bheir mise fois diubh." Tha so ro iongantach da rìreadh! Ach co e so tha 'g radh, "Thigibh am ionnsuidh-sa?" "Nach 'eil fios agad," deir an saighdear ri Uilleam, "gur e Iosa Criosd Mac Dhe a tha 'toirt a chuiridh so do dhaoineibh truagh, peacach, saruichte, mar a ta thusa agus mise?" Dh' fhalbh an saighdear, agus air da sealltuinn air ais, chunnaic e mac na bantraich le 'lamhaibh air a shuilibh, agus na deoir a' tuiteam sìos 'n an tuilbhe gu lar! O'n la sin thoisich e air na Sgrìobtuirean a rannsachadh, agus cha b' fhad gus an robh e co comharraichte air son a naomhachd 's a bha e riamh air son a pheacanna. Bhunaich e tuille an deigh sin 'n a dhuine cliuiteach, measail, agus diadhaidh. Cha b' fhad an uine, gidheadh, gus an d' thugadh e a tir lan amhghair agus broin gu rioghachd a ta "neo-thruaillidh, neo-shalach, agus a chaidh nach searg as." Chuireadh cath deistinneach beagan an deigh sin, agus air do'n t-saighdear a bhi air a chaomhnadh chaidh e seachad air an araich fhuiltich air a comhdachadh le closaichibh 'n am marbh, agus chuunnaic e Uilleam mac na bantraich 'n a shineadh gu 'n deo fo chraoibh! Ghlac e am peileir mu 'n amhaich, ach bha e a' leughadh a' Bhiobuill a reir eolais an deigh dha 'bhi air a leonadh, o'n bha e 'n a luidhe tharais air, agus bha e fosgailte aig a' cheart earrainn a dh' ainmicheadh a cheana. Thug an saighdear leis am Biobull, agus cha

do dhealaich o ris fhad 's bu bheo e. Chuir e litir dh'ionnsuidh Ministear na sgriorachd far an robh a' bhantrach a chomhnuidh, chum gach ni a chur an ceill di mu thimchioll a mic. Rinn an Ministear sin, agus bha cridhe na bantraich lan solais a thaobh an atharrachaidh a rinneadh, le gras De, air mac a graidh, agus thug i cliu do 'n Ti a's airde agus dh' fhag i fein gu sona an saoghal beagan an deigh sin, le dochas gu 'n robh Uilleam air thoiseach oirre ann an rioghachd na gloire. Gu robh Focal naomh an Tighearna, uime sin, air a bheannachadh do na h-uile a ta mi-churamach, mar a bha e, gun teagamh. do 'n oganach struidheil air an d' thugadh a nis iomradh.

SGIATHANACH.

—o—

CAOIDH CHRIMINE.

O thaibhse, bho airde nan nial,
Cromaibh a dh'iarraidh ur Deirg!
A's thigibh, oighean an Trein, o'r
talla,
Le ur-fhalluinn leibh do m'ghradh!
C' uime, Dheirg, an robh ar cridh'
Air an sniomh co dlu'n ar com!
A's c'uim' a spionadh thusa uam,
'S an d' fhagadh mise gu truagh trom?
Mar dha lus sinn 's an druchd ri gaire,
Taobh na creige 'm blas na greine,
Gun fhreumh air bith ach an aon,
Aig an da lus aobhach aoibhinn.
Sheun oighean Chaathain na luis,
Is boidheach leo fein am fas!
Sheun a's na h-aighean eutrom;
Ged thug an torc do aon diu 'm bas.
Is trom trom, 's a cheann air aomadh;
'N t-aon lus faoin tha fathasd beo,
Mar dhuilleach air seargadh 's a'
ghrein—
O! b' aobhinn bhi nis gun deo!
A's dh'iadh orm oidhche gun chrìch;
Thuit gu sìor mo ghrian fo smal.
Moch bu lannair air Mor-bheinn a
snuadh,
Ach anmoch chaidh tual an car.
'S ma threig thu mi, sholuis m' aigh!
Tha mi gu là bhrath gun ghean.
Och! mur eirich Dearg a phramh,
Is duibh-neul gu brath a bhean!

'S dhaichnidh do dhreach ; fuar do chridh' ;

Gun spionn' ad laimh, no cli ad chois.

Och ! 's balbh do bheul a bha binn ;

Och 's tinn leam, a ghraidh, do chor !

Nis chaochail rughadh do ghruaidh,

Fhir nam mor-bhuadh anns gach cath ?

'S mall, mar na cnuic air 'n do leum,

A' chas a chuir eilde gu stad.

A's b'annsa Dearg seach neach fo 'n ghrein !

Seach m'athair deurach, 's mo mhathair chaomh.

Tha 'n suil ri lear gu tric 's an eigheach ;

Ach b'annsa leamsa dol eug le m' ghaol !

A's lean mi 'n cein thar muir a's glinn thu,

'S laidhinn sinte leat 's an t-sloc ;

O ! thigeadh bas no torc do m'reubadh,

Neo 's truagh mo chàramh fein an nochd.

A's rinneadh leaba dhuinn an raoir,

Air an raon ud cnoc nan sealg ;

'S ni 'n deanar leab' air leth an nochd dhuinn,

'S ni 'n sgarar mo chorp o Dhearg !

Tuirlibh, O thaibhse nan nial,

Bho ionadan fial nam flath !

Tuirlibh air ghlas-sgiathan ur ceo,

A's glacaibh mo dheò gun athadh !

Oighean tha 'n tallaibh an Trein,

Deilbhibh ceo-eideadh Chrimine ;

Ach 's annsa leam sgiobul mo Dheirg ;

Ad sgiobuls', a Dheirg, biom !

—*Dan an Deirg. —Jerram.*

—o—

BEINN VESUVIUS.

Anns a' bhliadhna 1717, ann am meadhon a' cheitein, rainig mi (arsa Easbuig Berkley) mullach beinne *Vesuvius*, anns am faca mi fosgladh farsuing as an robh smuid co mor a' teachd a nios, 's nach robh e am chomas doimhne no cumadh an t-sluichd fhaicinn. Anns an dubh-aigean oillteil so, chuala mi fuaim eagalach, a' teachd a nios, mar gu 'm b'ann, a meadhon na beinne, agus air uairibh cosmhail ri tairneanach no fuaim ghunnacha-mora, no leachdan creadha a' tuiteam o mhullach thighean air a' chabhsair. Mar dh'atharraich an soirbheas air uairibh dh' fhas an toit ni bu lugha,

a' taisbeanadh lasair dhearg, a bha mu'n cuairt do bheul an t-sluichd, ballach dearg, agus air uairibh buidhe. An deigh dhuinn fuireach corr a's uair, 's an smuid a bhi air a h-atharrachadh leis an t-soirbheas, bha againn air uairibh sealladh aithghearr air an t-slochd mhor so. Ann an iochdar an t-sluichd, bu leir dhomh gu h-araidh da aite-theine dhu d'a cheile ; bha 'n t-aon air an laimh chli mu thuaiream tri slatan air leud, as an robh lasair ruadh, a' tilgeadh os a cheann doirneagan chlach a bha dearg-theith, le toirm anabarrach : agus an uair a thuit iad air an ais, rinn iad an stairich choimheach sin a dh'ainmich mi cheana. Air an ochdamh la de cheud mhios an t-samhraidh, dhirich mi moch 's a' mhaduinn an dara h-uair gu mullach na beinne so, agus fhuair mi beachd agus sealladh ur air an aite. Bha 'n toit ag eirigh suas co direach reidh, 's gu 'n d'fhuair mi lan-shealladh air beul an t-sluichd, a bha, a reir mo bharail, mile mu'n cuairt, agus mu cheud slat air doimhneachd. O'n a bha mi 'n so mu dheireadh, bha carn mor cruinn air cruinneachadh ann an iochdar an t-sluichd. Thachair so o na clachaibh a bha air an tilgeadh suas, agus a thuit a ris air an ais anns an t-slochd. 'S ann 's a' mheall ur so a bha 'n da theine a dh'ainmich mi. Bha 'n dara h-aon diubh, gach tri no ceitheir de mhionaidibh, a' tilgeadh an aird le fuaim uamhasaich, aireamh anabarrach de chlochaibh dearg, teinnteach, air a chuid bu lugha tri cheud troidh os mo cheann ; ach do bhrigh nach robh gaoth ann thuit iad sios anns a' cheart ait as an d' thainig iad. Bha 'n t-aon eile lan do stugh leaghta dearg, teith, mar chi sibh ann an tigh deanamh ghloineachan, air ghoil agus tre a cheile, ag at 's a' gluasad mar thonuaibh na fairge, le toirm bhras, ghoirid. Air uairibh

chuir an stugh goileach so thairis, agus ruith e sìos air taobh a' chuinn, dearg-theith mar thainig e mach, ach chaochail e 'dhath 's a choslas mar chruadhaich agus mar chinn e fionnar. Na 'n atharraicheadh a' ghaoth, 's gu 'n seideadh i chum an taobh air an robh sinne, bha sinn an cunnart a bhi air ar marbhadh leis na mill leaghta a bha air an tilgeadh o 'n aigean; ach o'n a bha 'ghaoth freasdalach, fhuair sinn cothrom air sealladh beachdaidh a ghabhail air an ait iongantach sin car uair-gu-leth a dh-uine. Air a' chuigeamh la de mhios meadhonach an t-samhraidh, chunnacas an sliabh so fad an rathaid o bhaile-mor Naples, a' bruchdadh thairis; agus trì laithean 'n a dheigh sin dh' atharraicheadh an fhuaim thorrunnach a thainig as, air chor 's nach e a mhain gu 'n do chrithich gach uinneag, ach mar an ceudna gach tigh, a bha sa' bhaile, chrìothnaich iad o 'n steidh. O'n am sin dh'at e thairis, agus air uairibh san oidhche chitheadh mill theinnteach air an tilgeil-fad' os a ceann anns na speuraibh. Air an deicheadh la 'n uair a shaoil sinn gu 'n do sguir i, thoisich i as ur, ag at agus a' beuchdaich gu h-oillteil. Cha 'n 'eil e 'n comas do neach beachd a's firinniche bhi aige air an fhuaim a thainig uaiphe, 'n uair bu choimhiche i, na smuainteachadh mar gum biodh doinionn ghailbheach a' gheamhraidh, toirm atmhor a' chuain mhoir, torrunn speur, agus callaid ghunnacha-mora, air an aon am, a' deanamh co'-fhuaim eagallaich le cheile. Ged a bha sinne da-mhile-dheug air astar, bu chulaidh-uamhais an fhuaim. Chuir sinne romhainn dol ni bu dluithe air an t-sliabh, agus thug triuir no cheathrar againn bàta leinn, agus chaidh sinn air tir aig bun na beinne. Mharcaich sinn an sin ceithir mìle mu 'n d' thainig sinn a dh-ionusuidh an stugh leaghta

a bha sruthadh a nuas 'n a chaoiribh dearga air sìos na beinne. 'S ann a nis a chinn an stairich agus an fhuaim uamhasach thar tomhas. Anns an neul a bha os ceann beul an t-sluichd, mhothaich mi gach dath a bhiodh ann am breacan. Bha maraon rughadh dearg, uamhasach anns an speur, os ceann an aite far an robh an stugh teinnteach a' tearnadh. Bha, mar gu 'm biodh, abhuinn mhor de stugh leaghta a' ruith a nuas o mhuillach gu bonn na beinne, agus le neart nach b' ùrrainnear a chasgadh, a' milleadh, a' losgadh, agus a lomsgrios gach fion-lios, gach craobh olaidh, agus gach tigh a thainig 'n a rathad; agus sgoilt am beum-sleibhe so as a cheile air gach taobh mar bha creagan agus cnuic a' cur grabaidh air 'n a dheannruith mhillteach. Bha 'n sruth bu mho dhiubh mu leth-mhìle air leud agus cuig mìle air fad. Dhirich mi suas beagan ri taobh na h-aibhne teinntich so; ach b' eiginn domh grad-theicheadh air m' ais, a thaobh 's nach mor nach do thachd faileadh a' phronnaisc mi. Am feadh a bha sinn a' dol air ar n-ais mu thrì uairean s a' mhaduinn, chuala sinn beucaich na beinne, a' ranaich gu h-oillteil fad na slighe; agus chunnaic sinn i a' tilgeadh os a ceann steallan lasrach agus clachan teinnteach, a bha, mar a thuit iad air an ais, cosmhuil ri rionnagan drileannach a thuiteas o theine ealanta a ni daoine le fudar. Air leam gu 'n robh na clachan teinnteach sin air an tilgeadh mìle troidh dìreach anns an athar os ceann mullach an t-sleibh. Anns an t-suidheachadh so dh' fhuirich e re sheachd no ochd de laithibh. Air an ochdamh-la-deugde'n mhios cheudna, sguir gach coltas de 'n t-seorsa so, agus bha beinn *Vesuvius* mu dheireadh gu ciuin samhach, gun smuid, gun lasair.—*Leabhar nan Cnoc.*

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PROFESSOR BLACKIE ON THE LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE OF THE SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS.

We are indebted to the *Oban Times* for the following report of an interesting lecture delivered by Professor Blackie, on the invitation of the Tobermory Mutual Improvement Society, in the Sheriff Court Room, Tobermory, on Tuesday evening, 29th September. The subject of the lecture was "The Language and Literature of the Scottish Highlands;" and the attendance, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, was large. The Professor divided his discourse into three parts—the first part, philological; the second part treating of Ossian and the Ossianic poems; the third part of the other lyric poets and general literature of the Gael. Under the first head he treated of the Gaelic language as one of the oldest and most interesting members of the great Aryan family, which had spread over the world in so many fruitful branches, from the Ganges to Mount Hecla; and pointed out specially, as the distinctive peculiarity of the Celtic branch, the habit of modifying the root for grammatical purposes by softening the initial consonant, or what is technically called *aspiration*. By virtue of this peculiar law, *m* for instance, and *b* in certain cases, are changed into *v* (written *mh* and *bh*) when they commence a word. This change takes place not only in tenses and cases for the purpose of flexion, but in many cases from a sort of infec-

tious influence asserted over the following word by that which precedes; and this influence depends on a certain fine perception of vocalic euphony peculiar to the Celtic race. Under the second head the Professor classed the Ossianic poems published by Macpherson under the same category as the Homeric poems, which are now read under the name of Homer. The Greek and the Gaelic poems alike were put together from materials floating for centuries amongst the people, and gathered into a unity by the shaping power of a presiding genius; only the lecturer thought he had good reasons for believing that the genius of Homer had more to do in moulding the old Hellenic ballads into their present epic shape than Macpherson had in moulding the materials which he found in his manuscripts, or collected from the recitation of the people. There was nothing indeed contrary to the evidence collected—principally by the Highland Society some sixty years ago—in supposing that Macpherson was nothing better than he professed from the beginning, viz., a mere collector, compiler, and editor of existing compositions; and, as an editor, entitled to use such liberties of occasional excision and interpolation as were understood to belong to the editorial function. Under the third head the lecturer briefly indicated the great wealth of excellent lyric poetry which the Celtic intellect in the Scottish Highlands had poured forth, and of which some idea might be got from a cursory inspection of "Mackenzie's

Beauties of Gaelic Poetry." It was, he held, a great mistake in persons who dwelt in the Highlands to allow these rich fields of natural and noble sentiment to lie unreaped—crops of healthy feeling and elevating thought which belong as peculiarly to the Highlands as the deer in the glen, the salmon in the river, and the purple heather on the moors. He hoped the day was not far distant when this discreditable neglect would transform itself into a diligent culture; and he might yet live to see the day when the valuable records of Celtic literature—Scottish, Irish, and Welsh—should be expounded by eloquent teachers in Edinburgh and Glasgow with as much fervour and taste as were now devoted to the most cherished monuments of the Greek and Roman intellect. The

Greeks were wise, and the Romans were strong; but men with Celtic blood in their veins had a natural vocation to give to Celtic learning, Celtic song, and Celtic traditions of all kinds the first place in their hearts above all competitors. The Professor concluded by reciting poetical translations from the Gaelic poets, which he had executed this summer, including specially the three first sections of Macdonald's vigorous and Æschylean poem called "The Launching of the Birlinn;" a humorous song characterising the drinking habits of last century, called "Callum o' Glen;" and the following English version by himself of a modern Gaelic song in praise of the island of Mull, by our own respected contributor, Mr. M'Phail, Architect, Hill Street, Glasgow.

THE ISLAND OF MULL.

FROM THE GAELIC OF DUGALD MACPHAIL.

O the Island of Mull is an isle of delight,
With the wave on the shore, and the sun on the height,
With the breeze on the hills, and the blast on the Bens,
And the old green woods, and the old grassy glens.

Though exiled I live from the land of my race
In Newcastle a gray and a grimy old place,
My heart, thou fair island, is ever with thee
And thy beautiful Bens with their roots in the sea!

O the Island, &c.

There was health in thy breeze, and the breath of thy bowers
Was fragrant and fresh 'neath the light summer showers,
When I wandered a boy, unencumbered and free
At the base of the Ben 'neath the old holly tree!

O the Island, &c.

Where the Lussa was swirling in deep rocky bed,
There the white-bellied salmon, with spots of the red
And veins of dark blue, in young lustihood strong
Was darting and leaping and frisking along!

O the Island, &c.

And a deft-handed youth there would gallantly stand
With a triple-pronged spear, smooth and sharp in his hand,
And swiftly he pounced, like a hawk, on his prey—
And glancing and big on the grass there it lay!

O the Island, &c.

And the red hen was there 'neath the wood's leafy pride,
 And the cock he was crooning and cooing beside ;
 And, though forest or fence there was none on the Ben,
 The red deer were trooping far up in the glen !
 O the Island, &c.

O then 'twas my joy in the prime of the May
 To list to the sweet-throated birds on the spray,
 And to brush the cool dew from the low-winding glen,
 When the first ray of morning streamed down from the Ben !
 O the island, &c.

Bright joys of my youth, ye are gone like a dream,
 Like a bubble that bursts on the breast of the stream ;
 But my blessing, fair Mull, shall be constant with thee,
 And thy green-mantled Bens with their roots in the sea !
 O the Island, &c.

THE LAIRDS OF ARGYLL.

Recurring to the valuable Parliamentary return of owners of lands and heritages in Scotland, we find that there are 144 landowners in Argyllshire who bear the Highland designation of "Mac" prefixed to their sur-names. Eleven of these are Macdonalds, but of that once numerous and potent clan only one—the laird of Largie—is entitled to be ranked among the larger proprietors. His estate consists of 12,775 acres, the rent of which amounts to £4025 a-year. There are nine Macdougalls on the list, seven Macintyres, seven Mackenzies, and nine Mackays. The Macgregors (Clan-Alpine—the royal clan, as they styled themselves) have been completely stripped of their patrimonial estates in Argyllshire, and are now, indeed, "landless—landless." The Campbells—to whom the letters of fire and sword issued against this ill-fated tribe were entrusted—contrived to obtain possession of the territory from which the Macgregors were expelled. Glenstrae, the residence of Alister Macgregor, the luckless chief whom the Earl of

Argyll betrayed by a Highlandman's promise, "keeping," like the witches in Macbeth, "the word of promise to the ear but breaking it to the hope"—is now swallowed up in the vast Breadalbane estates, and so is "Caolchùirn and her towers," on Loch-Awe. The Macneils on the roll—seven in number—all possess respectable estates. Colonsay and Oronsay, the patrimonial inheritance of the chief of the clan, on the death of the late Lord Colonsay, devolved on his brother, Sir John Macneill, and yield him a rental of £2172. The Macneills of Taynish, who received a charter of the lands of Taynish, and of the island of Gigha from Alexander, Lord of the Isles and Earl of Ross, early in the 15th century, are now represented by T. Macneill Hamilton of Raploch and Taynish. The gallant Lieutenant-General Roderick Macneill, who fought with distinction in the Peninsula and at Waterloo, was the head of the Macneills of Barra, whose estates have passed into the hands of strangers. The Macalisters claim to be descended in a direct line from

Alaster, eldest son of Angus More, Lord of the Isles, A.D. 1284, who was forfeited for his resistance to Robert Bruce in the War of Independence. Their ancient patrimony of Loup has passed into other hands, but they still retain Glenbarr, returned at £2617, and Crubisdale which yields L.540 a-year. The Maclaines of Lochbuy still retain a fragment of their territory, returned at £2067 a-year; and there are other ten Macleans on the roll, including Ardgour—the 14th, in direct descent from the founder of the family—whose estate yields him £2514 a-year. But the Duart Macleans have disappeared from among the landowners of Argyllshire, and their patrimony, with the old castle of Duart and the celebrated stronghold of Ardtornish, have passed into the hands of a Liverpool merchant. The Stewarts of Appin, so renowned in song and story, have all passed away, and their territory is in the hands of the daughters of the late Mr. Downie of Appin—a model M.P. of the old school, whose opinion might be changed by the speeches delivered in the course of a debate, but his vote never. Their kinsmen, the Stewarts of Ardshiel, have also disappeared; but a minor branch of this house, the Stewarts of Fasnacloich, still possess a small estate, returned at L.736 a-year. The ex-Vice-Chancellor, Sir John Stuart, is a cadet of the Ballochulish family, and his nephew, Mr. Stewart of Achnacone, is the owner of 2200 acres in Appin, yielding L.252. Another Stewart is laird of Coll, and has a rental of L.4118 a-year. The Lamonts are the oldest, and in ancient times they were the most numerous and powerful clan in Cowal, and, unlike most other Highland clans, they can prove their lineage by charters, and not by the genealogies of the sennachies. They

affirm that the Stewarts, Maclachlans, and Campbells obtained their first possessions in Argyllshire by marrying the daughters of the Lamont chiefs. Like the other clans in Cowal, Lorn, and Kintyre, they were gradually despoiled of their territories by the greedy "Campbells," and they presented a formal accusation against the celebrated "Gilleaspuidh Gruamach," that in 1644 he had assaulted and taken Castle Toward, their principal stronghold, and put to death 200 of its inmates. In spite of spoils and forfeitures, they still retain a remnant of their ancient patrimony. The chief of the clan, Lamont of Lamont, has an estate yielding L.2959, and Lamont of Knockdhu has L.1775 a-year. There are a considerable number of new men on the roll of Argyllshire lairds, some of them self-made men, who having, by dint of industry and economy, amassed a fortune, are proud to return as lairds to the district which they quitted as bare-legged Highland laddies. Others have merely sought a good investment for their money, while a third and more numerous class, comprising English lords and squires, bankers, lawyers, merchants, and manufacturers, have become Argyllshire landlords from the love of sport and a desire for recreation. The most extensive proprietor in the class of new men is Mr. Malcolm of Poltalloch, who owns 82,579 acres, which yield a rent of L.18,200 a-year; Mr. Hunter of Hafton has L.3569; Mr. Finlay of Castle Toward has L.2867; and Mr. Kirkman Finlay of Dunlossit has L.2882 a-year. Colonel Buchanan of Drumpellier owns 18,000 acres, valued at L.2575 a-year. The Earl of Morton's estate of Ardgour consists of 46,883 acres, but it is returned at a rent of only L.1685. Mr. Scarlett of Gigha has

L.2288; Mr. Pender, M.P. for the Wick Burghs, L.1474; Mr. Rankine of Otter, L.1552; Mr. Muir of Inistrynich, L.1259; and Mr. Hall of Tangy, L.2500 a-year. Skipness, an ancient possession of the Campbells, is the property of the heirs of the late Robert Graham, the eminent merchant and manufacturer in Glasgow, is valued at L.1876. Four of the ubiquitous Smiths have made their way into Argyllshire, and one of them owns Acharanich, yielding a rental of L.1800 a-year. Ardshiel, the patrimony of the chief who led the Stewarts of Appin in the '45, has fallen into the hands of a Yorkshire lawyer, M.P. for Leeds. A Northumberland baronet (Sir John Orde) has emigrated to the shores of Loch Fyne, where he possesses an estate of L.1218 a-year; another baronet, a cadet of the ancient Border family of Riddell, owns 54,418 acres at Suinart, in Ardnamurchan, worth L.3672 a-year. Altogether, there are 581 landowners (of one acre and upwards) possessing 2,030,148 acres, the gross annual value of which is L.359,181; and 2283 owners of less than one acre, yielding L.70,970 a-year. The grand total is 2864 landowners possessing 2,030,948 acres, of the gross annual value of L.430,151.—*N. B. Daily Mail.*

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PROFESSOR BLACKIE AND A GAELIC CHAIR.

The appeal which Professor Blackie has just addressed to the "members of the Argyllshire Gathering," on behalf of a Celtic Professorship, is both earnest in tone and weighty in argument. The learned Professor, though not a Celt, is yet more enthusiastic in support of the study of the Gaelic tongue than the sons of the Gael themselves. For years he has advocated a Gaelic Chair; and

now, filled with all the fervour which the fresh pastures opened up by his Gaelic studies have awakened, he makes another rousing and, let us hope, a final because successful appeal. We have already insisted in our columns upon the importance of such a chair, adducing in support of this, as Professor Blackie now does, the value of comparative philology whose study it would aid, the benefit which would accrue to the Highland pupil through its occupants acquiring by it a more thorough acquaintance with the Gaelic tongue, and the poetical and antiquarian lore which it would more completely open up. It is certainly "a blot on the fair scutcheon of our national intelligence," as he urges, that there should be professors in German universities eminent for their knowledge of Celtic philology, and none in ours; and we do not wonder, therefore, at his present vigorous exertions to have this blot wiped out. It may also be urged that it is exceedingly desirable that our Highland population should not lose their native tongue. Though a knowledge of English is necessary, from its being the language of our literature, science, and commerce, yet its diffusion need not supplant the Gaelic; and our Highlanders should make a vigorous effort to preserve it. The language of a people is one of the traditional roots which connect them with the past, and supply the nourishment to their love of kindred and country. The old Gaelic poetry and the old Gaelic traditions should no more be sealed to the children of our northern hills than the old Gaelic music, if they would perpetuate, as it is important they should, their ancestral life. Now, we are persuaded that the chair which is proposed would aid in maintaining the Celtic tongue.

We do not know whether such a response will be given from the Highland counties to his appeal as the Professor expects. The £10,000 which is needed is not a very formidable sum to such a constituency as the Celts represent. If there were only a hundred more like the scion of the clan Mackay, who has generously subscribed a hundred guineas, the thing would be done. We hope, for the credit of the Gael, that generous donors will not be wanting.—*N. B. Daily Mail.*

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THE GAELIC LANGUAGE IN SCHOOLS.

The question raised by Professor Blackie in your issue of the 8th inst. deserves the earnest and thoughtful consideration of all who desire to see the Education Act worked to the best advantage in the Highlands of Scotland. To the genial and learned Professor, as well as to most of those who turn their thoughts to Highland education, it cannot but appear a strange anomaly that Gaelic is not read in more than a few dozen schools; that in these schools the reading (the only "R." taught) is confined to a free translation—made many years ago—of Dr. Andrew Thomson's old-fashioned series of school books and the Gaelic Scriptures; that the "bards" whom the Professor so warmly admires, and Oisean, for whom every Highlander—especially when he goes South—is ready to do battle, are not and never were read in Highland schools. Perhaps the Gaelic-speaking population of Britain are the only people who hold as the first article of their educational creed the ignoring of their mother tongue.

It may be doubted, however, whether many would advocate the reading of Gaelic upon the grounds so ably advanced by Professor Blackie. It is true that there has been manifested of late years a considerable amount of activity by well-meaning people for the revival and, if possible, the perpetuation of the languages; but most Highlanders, I imagine, are too sensible of the advantages of an English education to encourage any movement which may tend to prolong the existence of the Gaelic in the land. They believe that there are forces at

work through the operation of which Gaelic will cease to be a spoken language; and for the sake of coming generations they desire that the end should come as speedily as possible. It is not so clear, however, as your correspondent "**A Celt**" puts it, that "if the Gaelic language is 'contemptuously disowned' and 'despotically extruded' from our schools it will happen as a natural result that the next generation will be entirely an English-speaking one." For my part, I do not believe that the schoolmaster is the only or even the chief means for bringing about this very desirable consummation. Nay more, paradoxical as it may appear, my experience has led me to believe that the more the schoolmaster, in a purely Gaelic district, "contemptuously disowns" and "despotically extrudes" the language, the more he will retard, instead of accelerating, the process of extirpation.

Let me take the case of my native parish—a secluded parish of Argyllshire, not frequented by tourists, and till lately not approached by a steamer. About thirty years ago the schoolmaster gave the command, "Let there be no Gaelic." Since that time Gaelic has not been read in the school; four generations of scholars have disappeared off the school-roll; the earlier generations (many of them) "have married and had infants, whose baby lisplings have been in Gaelic;" these infants have now become the pupils of the school, and they know as much and as little of English as their parents did thirty years ago. This is not a solitary case. Let "**A Celt**" visit the schools along the Western sea-board (including the islands) from Cape Wrath to the Mull of Kintyre, and he will find, except in the villages and their neighbourhood, much the same state of matters. He will find that in almost all these schools Gaelic seemed to be taught ten, twenty, thirty, or forty years ago. He will find that generation after generation of school-going children have left these schools able to read English—unable to read Gaelic. He will find further, if he pursues his enquiries, that the great bulk of these children, now men and women, never read an English book since they left school; but that most of them read their Gaelic Bibles, which they learned to read, not at school, but at home of an evening if their parents could teach them, or by following the minister as he read the Bible in the church. Even of those who went south, "**A Celt**" would be

surprised to learn from ministers in charge of Highland congregations in Edinburgh and Glasgow how few of their Gaelic hearers read an English book or newspaper.

The fact is, that the Gaelic "area" has diminished surprisingly little for the last two hundred years. English has, however, made considerable inroads within the area, especially during the last generation or two. Tourists, sportsmen, steamers, and railways—these have been the chief means; but stray farmers, shepherds, and tradesmen with families from the south have been more instrumental in disseminating a knowledge of English among the people than schoolmasters; while in some districts a factor with expatriating proclivities has dispensed with the necessity for any artificial language. The educational history of the Highlands for the last two generations does not support the opinion of "A Celt," that to cease teaching Gaelic is to cease speaking it. The teaching, except in a few exclusively Gaelic schools, practically ceased a generation ago, and we see the result. That the language, as a spoken language, is doomed, no one can doubt, but the process of extinction is slow. The schoolmaster has not, by ignoring it in the school, effected much during the last forty years. What, then, should be the attitude of School Boards towards the language, in the interests of the generations immediately succeeding, who are, to all appearance, destined to be Gaelic speaking?

It might be urged that even if the teaching of the Gaelic in the schools should lengthen its span of life by a generation, five generations (say) of intelligent Gaelic-speaking men and women would be more conducive to the best interests of the country than four generations of ignorant Gaelic speaking, with the fifth English speaking, and probably as intelligent as the newly-born usually are. But is it not actually the case that an intelligent knowledge of English is best imparted by making a judicious use of the language which the children already know? This certainly is the method followed everywhere except in the Highlands and in the South of Ireland when teaching a foreign language. What is there in the relation between Gaelic and English which forces the Highland schoolmaster to pursue a method different from that of all known teachers? Surely our teachers committed a grave mistake some forty years ago

when they "contemptuously disowned" the language of the children as a means of education. It has been ascertained that a class of Gaelic-speaking children able to read easy narrative in English can learn, in twenty to thirty lessons, to read with intelligence one of the Gospels in Gaelic. If these children were taught systematically a Gaelic lesson—say, once a week—and were compelled to write out at home an English translation of a part of it; if they were led persistently in this manner through a course of Gaelic reading embracing, in prose, extracts from such works as "Campbell's Tales," and "Macleod's Dialogues," and in poetry, Buchanan, the easier parts of Ross, Macintyre, &c., with selections from Smith and Macpherson's collections of ancient poetry, they would, apart altogether from the English reading lesson, at the age of thirteen, leave school with a far greater command of English than the average Highland boy or girl possesses under the present system, and they would carry with them besides a taste for reading which would continue through life, and which would not be confined to Gaelic literature. Surely an hour a week might be spent in making the experiment, since the other system has so completely failed. Objections have frequently been urged of late years against the teaching of religion in the common school, because religion would be apt to be associated afterwards with "pains and penalties" in the pupils' minds. With what feelings the average Highland boy and girl remember the dreary days and years spent in conning over pages which remained through life unintelligible jargon, they alone can tell!

This method of teaching English through the medium of Gaelic to Gaelic-speaking children is not, I am well aware, in favour with the teachers of the North. They do not believe in its success. I would respectfully ask them to consider whether the system of ignoring Gaelic has succeeded. I think those of them who have laboured where English is not spoken will admit that it has not. Is it not worth while to try a system which appears so reasonable? It has been tried in some instances, and, to my own personal knowledge, with a considerable measure of success. I have been told that the late James Munro produced valuable results by the use of it. The system was eloquently advocated by the late Dr. Norman Macleod. It is difficult, if not impossible, to instil a taste for

reading by reading only a language which is understood at the best but imperfectly; and I believe that the schoolmaster will not become a powerful instrument for extirpating the Gaelic language till he makes his scholars readers. The fact is, that it is not at all uncommon to find the best Highland teachers encouraging their more advanced pupils to learn Latin in order to enable them the sooner to acquire the English. If the pupil ever becomes a scholar, he will find out for himself that the road he has been made to travel is a very circuitous one; and he will fall back upon the "disowned" Gaelic in order to perfect his knowledge of both English and Latin.

It is frequently said by those who have known the Highlands best and longest that the present youthful generation are not so intelligent or so cultured as those who preceded them. If this be the case, may not the extrusion of the language as a means of education be, in part at least, held accountable? Before the unintelligible reading now in vogue became so general as it is, a considerable amount of literary information was conveyed by the ear. The practice of recitation and story-telling has all but ceased; and it is doubtful whether it has been replaced by customs intellectually more healthful.

I should be sorry to think that an intelligent knowledge of their native literature, scanty though it be, would tend to make our Highland youth "mere dreamers and song-makers," or "would unfit them to play their part on the world-wide field of action." Certain it is that those of our race who have given the best proofs of energy and success in the world have, in many cases, been known to read the little there was of Gaelic literature worth reading, although they never got a Gaelic lesson in school.

We all admit that the great aim of Highland educationists should be to give our Highland peasantry the best possible English education. Whether this end can best be attained, as I hold, by the judicious and persistent use of the Gaelic language in the school or not, the importance of the question, at the present stage of our educational history, can be denied by none. It is certain to receive thoughtful consideration and full discussion at Highland School Boards and elsewhere; and the thanks of all enlightened Highlanders are due to Professor Blackie for having so energetically opened the discussion in your columns. D. M'K.

Edinr., Aug. 26, 1874.—*Oban Times*.

GAELIC LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE.

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE ARGYLE-SHIRE GATHERING.

GENTLEMEN, — We have just brought to a happy conclusion the exercises and festivities belonging to one of those great local Associations which contribute so much to strengthen that bond of unity whose functions it is to gather into a common organism the several groups of which a prosperous Empire is composed. No man that took part in those exercises, whether of a more weighty or of a more light description, but will bear witness to the potency of their virtue in fanning the flame of a healthy life in this district. My masters, the Greeks, always took a special pride in such sports; and no man who knows the history of his species can doubt their efficiency as amongst the best elements that go to the making of a great nation. But in the roll of the exercises so felicitously exhibited on the green fields of Oban on Wednesday last there was one notable omission. The race and the dance, the music and the manufactures, the physical strength and the adroitness of the Celtic people were represented, but not their intellect. The Gaelic language possesses treasures of popular poetry second to none possessed by any people of Europe. The works of Duncan M'Intyre and M'Donald of Ardnamurchan will bear comparison with similar efforts of the best poets in any language; not to mention the admirable grace, humour, and wisdom of the prose works of the good father of the good Norman M'Leod, and the rich mines of early Celtic history that are preserved in the chronicles of the old Irish masters. And yet, somehow or other, by sad neglect and a concurrence of untoward circum-

stances, the venerable language of the Gael, in whose picturesque phrase the sublime scenery of our country has been so admirably photographed, is systematically neglected by those who should naturally cherish it. This most unreasonable and unnatural neglect is the cause of the sad blank in the department of the Celtic language and literature which your festive gatherings in Oban and our learned exertions in the University of Edinburgh equally present. There are Professors eminent for their knowledge of Celtic philology in German Universities, but none in Scotland. The existence of this blank is a blot on the fair scutcheon of our national intelligence, which ought to be removed; and I appeal to you, as intelligent Celtic gentlemen, to give me a helping hand in its immediate removal; if you do so, you will, at very little expense, achieve a five-fold good—you will co-operate with Dr. Muir, the founder of the Sanscrit Chair, Edinburgh, in the creation of a great school of comparative philology in the metropolis of Scotland; you will elevate the tone of the Highland pulpit, by giving to the native preachers a more masculine hold of the venerable language which they wield; you will advance the teaching of English in the Highland schools by that aid which every practical teacher knows can be given only by the apt comparison of the mother tongue; you will enrich the intellect and warm the fancy of the people in the North by cherishing those gallant memories, and fanning those generous sentiments which it is the mistaken policy of some to obliterate and extinguish; and, finally, you will gain for yourselves by one stroke the love of the Highland people, and the respect of all the great scholars and large thinkers of Europe. The plan that I propose to you

for the creation of a Chair of the Celtic Language and Literature in the University of Edinburgh—which is decidedly the most worthy thing that you could do to fill up the blank in the programme of your gatherings—is a very simple one, and capable of being realised immediately by a very moderate amount of Celtic zeal, and a little decent human co-operation. Suppose there are two hundred members of the Association—I don't know the exact number, but it must be somewhere thereabout—let each one of these subscribe five pounds; and we have a thousand pounds for the County of Argyle. The example of intellectual zeal thus shown by a high-minded aristocracy in the West cannot fail to spread a noble contagion; Inverness-shire, as a special Highland County, will follow with another thousand pounds; Perth, Ross, and Sutherland will do the like; and Elgin, Nairn, Cromarty, Aberdeen, and Banff as counties possessing only a small area of a Celtic population, will club together to make a sixth; in this way we have £6000 sterling, which, with £4000 added from private and personal sources, will easily produce £10,000, the sum wanted for the respectable endowment of such a Chair.

I have only further to mention that my appointment by the University Council of Edinburgh to the office of Convener of Committee for the foundation of a Celtic Chair in the Metropolitan University, forms my natural apology—if, indeed, any apology be necessary—for making this public appeal to you on the present occasion. I have also to state that I have received from a gentleman of the clan Mackay, at present resident in Shrewsbury, a letter guaranteeing a subscription of a hundred guineas towards the proposed object in the name of the

Clan ; and I shall put down my own subscription for Fifty Pounds the moment I receive any notice of co-operation from gentlemen of rank and position, who are naturally called upon to take the lead in such a movement.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

Altnacraig, Oban, Sept. 12, 1874.

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THE SCOTCH HERRING HARVEST.

So far as can be ascertained—the chief statistics will not be published till July 1875—the present year's herring fishery is likely to prove more successful than the three richly productive seasons which have preceded it. On the north east coast of Scotland, from whence the greater portion of our supply of herrings is derived, the annual fishing may be held as closed. The most striking record in the mass of figures detailing this year's herring harvest is the comparative downfall of the great fishery at Wick. For many years Wick has been looked upon as the herring metropolis of Scotland. It was at Wick that the largest fleet of boats used to assemble, and it was in the Bay of Wick that the most productive finds of herrings used to be obtained. But apparently that town is in future destined to hold a second or perhaps even a third rate place as a herring fishery port. It is significant, at all events, that this year only 710 boats have fished from Wick, and, as the boats fishing there had only taken an average of 94 crans as against the average of 218 crans taken at Fraserburgh, it is not at all likely that the number of vessels fishing from Wick will increase next year. The fleet of boats engaged by the Fraserburgh curers is only twenty-eight in number less than the number now at Wick, while the fleet fishing from Peterhead is larger than that of either port, numbering as it does 750 boats—the average take of fish being 198 crans. Very large averages were also obtained at Aberdeen—no less than 209½ crans. The total capture on the north east coast during the four years preceding the current fishing was respectively—in 1870, 343,762 crans ; 1871, 350,486 crans ; 1872, 375,029 crans ; 1873, 479,312 crans. The present year's catch will be 528,206 crans. These enormous quantities of fish represent a great money value, and

are drawn from the sea without let or hindrance. All who choose may embark in the adventure. But, although the average looks well on paper, some boats have this season, even where the aggregate "take" has proved so wonderful, met with very poor success ; and at Wick, with its average over the whole fleet of nearly a hundred crans of fish, it is pretty well known that half of the boats have not, during the six weeks of the fishing, taken above a third of the quantity named. On most of the nights on which the boats are able to go to sea a very poor average is obtained ; sometimes it is only a cran, but on perhaps two nights of the season, the shoal, or a spot of it, may be so exactly hit that a third of the whole fleet will be loaded to the gunwale with herrings in the finest possible condition for the market. Two hundred and fifty of the boats may have taken each of them a hundred crans—not a bad night's work—but then they may fish for twenty years and never have such luck again. All fishery adventures are doubtful, and this is particularly the case with the herring fishery. This year Peterhead and Fraserburgh may divide between them herrings to the value of half a million pounds sterling, next year they may not take a single fish. This, of course, is putting an extreme case, but it is simply put by way of illustration ; although it is not the first time that a great shoal of herring has deserted a given locality and gone away, leaving not a fish behind. Nor is it at all an uncommon incident of the fishery for one boat to capture on a particular evening forty or fifty barrels of herring, while several of the boats fishing close at hand do not take sufficient fish to afford a breakfast to the crew who handled the nets. The successful fishing which has just terminated on the north-east coast of Scotland has, however, one drawback—a large percentage of the fish have been of inferior quality, or, as they are called, "spent" herring ; in other words, they had fortunately fulfilled the grandest instinct of their nature before they were captured. But if all our herring were to be taken before they spawned, what would become of future supplies ? In the herring fishery "full fish" are of the greatest value ; they bring on an average a much higher price than "shoten" herring ; and so long as this is so, it is vain to talk of instituting a close time for these fish, which, in the aggregate, are the most valuable product of the British seas.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

AN GAIDHEAL.

*“Mar ghath soluis do m’ anam fein
Tha sgeula na h-aimsir a dh’ fhalbh.”—OISEAN.*

III. LEABH.] TREAS MIOS AN FHOGHAI, 1874. [33 AIR.

SGEUL AIR MAIRI A’ GHLINNE.

AN DARA H-EARRANN.

“Rugadh mise,” arsa Mairi a’ Ghlinne, “ann an Eilein a’ Cheo—’s ard e bheanntan gorma—’s fàsach, uaine a ghlinn bhoidheach. Ged is lag, diblidh mi ’n nochd tha fuil dhaoine treuna, air an cuala sibhse iomradh, a’ ruith am chuislibh. Cha robh leanabh aig m’ athair ’s aig mo mhathair ach mi, agus ghradhaich iad mi le toighe mhoir.

“Bha mi, gu truagh, air mo mbeas na b’ aillidh agus na bu bhoidhe na aona chaileag eile ’bha ’s an duthaich. Bha crodh a’ s caoraich againn, a’ s gabhail bheag fhearainn : cha robh dith no uireasbhuidh oirnn, no farmad ri aon teaghlach ’s an eilean.

“’N uair a thainig mi gu h-aois, bha ’h-aon no dha ag iarraidh mo phosadh ; ach cia mar a b’ urrainn domh mo lamh a thoirt do dhuin’ eile, ’s gu ’n robh mo chridhe o cheann fhada aig Manus donn na Beinne ?

“Thogadh sinn le ’cheile, agus mar a dh’ fhas sinn ’suas neartaich ar gaol. Cha ’n ’eil stath innseadh a thricead ’s a bhoidich e nach robh air aghaidh an t-saoghail te d’ an d’ thug e gaol ach Mairi a’ Ghlinne ; agus, mo chreach ! ’s e mo chridhe bochd a dh’ inuseadh dhomb-sa cho blath, sheasmhach ’s a bha mo ghaol-sa dha - san. Chaidh an aimsir

seachad gu maith ; bha m’ anam mar gu ’m b’ ann a’ snamh ann an solas. Cha robh cleth no falach eadarainn : c’arson a bhitheadh ? Cha robh ’n a bbeachd ach na bha ceart agus measail, agus focal cha d’ thainig as a bheul ach a’ chainnt a bu bheusaiche agus a bu chliutiche.

“Bha cairdean Mhanuis dhomb-sa mar mo mhuinntir fhein, gach aon diubh ach a phiuthar, a bha fada, fada ’m aghaidh, gun fhios c’ arson. Cha robh doigh a b’ urrainn i ’chleachdadh nach d’ fheuch i chum cur eadarainn ; ach so cha deachaidh aic’ air an am a dheanamh. Bha ’n uine ’dol seachad, agus bha latha na bainnse bu bhi air a shuidheachadh, ’n uair a thainig litir as na h-Innsibh an Ear, o bhrathair-athar Mhanuis, ag iarraidh air e ’dhol thairis g’ a ionnsuidh agus gu ’m fagadh e ’bheairteas aige. Thainig a phiuthar le cabhaig agus le solas a dh’ innseadh so dhomb. Thainig e fhein air an la ’m maireach ; agus tha mi ’lan-chreidsinn gu ’m b’ fhearr le Manus fuireach leam ’s a’ ghleann air a’ bheagan, na m’ fhagail air son òr nan Innean. Ach cha d’ fhuair e tamh no fois o ’chairdibh. Bha brathair ’athar aosda, euslan, bha e saoi bhir mar an ceudna ; ann an uine ghearr bhiodh Manus dhachaidh a rithist, agus an sin choimhlionadh e gach gealladh dhomb-sa. Mar so labhair cairdean Mhanuis, agus chunnaic mi gu ’n robh e fhein deonach air falbh. Cha dubhairt

mise gu 'm b' olc, agus cha mho 'thubhairt mo mhuinntir.

“ Chaidh e mach do Dhun-Eideann a cheannach gach goireis a bha dhith air, oir thainig dhachaidh am pailteas chum na criche so. Fhuair e 'dhealbh fhein air a tharruing, agus coslas na b' fhirinniche cha'n fhacas le suil. Bha'n dealbh so air a shuidheachadh ann an or, le 'fhalt donn fhein agus m' fhalt-sa air an amladh le 'cheile mu 'n cuairt da. Thug Manus an dealbh so far an robh mi an oidhche mu 'n d' fhalbh e. ‘So,’ ars' esan, ‘a Mhairi, cuimhneachan beag a thug mi dhachaidh air do shon. Giulain ann ad uchd e, agus fagus air do chridhe; agus ma chluinneas tu tuaileas orm-sa, ma bhios eagal ort gu'n di-chuimhnich mi thu, amhaire air an dealbh sin: chi thu firinn, a's baigh, a's gradh's an t-suil sin, nach caochail am feadh's a tha'n t-anam am chom.’ Chairich mi ann am uchd e. ‘S e 'm bas,’ arsa mise, ‘a dhealaicheas sinn,’ agus mar a thubhairt, b' fhior. Ciod a th' agaibh air—b' eiginn dealachadh. Bha 'ghealach ag eirigh cul na beinne 'n uair a phill mi o'n traigh. Tha farum nan ramh, agus onfhadh trom, tursach a' chuain fhathast am chuimhne mar gu'm b' ann an raoir a dhealaich sinn.

“ Phill mise dhachaidh — ach chaidh an t-saighead am chridhe air an oidhche sin, a dh' fhag guin nach d' thainig, agus nach tig, as. Bha mi gorach, amaideach, aineolach; air mo Chruithfhear bha mi tur di-chuimhneach. Bha iodhol eile aig mo chridhe — a's dhiol mi gu trom air a shon. Air-san bha mi 'smaointeachadh moch agus anmoch; bha e ann am smaointibh's an latha—bha e ann am aisling's an oidhche. Ge b' e taobh a rachainn bhiodh 'fhaileas fa chomhair mo shul: a' siubhal au rathaid-mhoir,

bhithinn a' meorachadh a bhriathran, agus, ge h-oillteil r' a innseadh e, 's ann air a bhiodh m' inntinn a' ruith ann an tigh-aoraidh an Tighearna; oir ged a dh' eirinn's a shuidhinn mar a dheanadh cach—ged bhiodh am Biobull am laimh—ged bhiodh fonn nan salm air mo bhilibh, 's ann anns na h-Iunsibh, aig Manus na Beinne, 'bha gradh agus tlachd m' anama.

“ O! 's mise 'bha cealgach! 's ann de throcairean an Tighearna nach d' thainig sgrios orm an lorg mo ghiulain fhacain, ghoraich. 'S ann air an dealbh a bha 'n crochadh ri m' uchd, ag eirigh's a' luidhe leam a bha 'cheud sealladh's a' mhaduinn, agus an sealladh mu dheireadh's an oidhche.

“ Bha 's a' cheud dol a mach litrichean a' teachd uaithe gu tric, lan de 'n chainnt a bu bhlaithes a bu ghradhaiche; ach chinn iad na b' ainmice agus na b' fhuaire. Mu dheireadh stad iad gu buileach, agus cha robh fios a' teachd am ionnsaidh ach mar a bha naidheachd na duthcha 'g innseadh.

“ Bha *aonta* m' athar a mach; chuireadh mal mor mu choinneamh a' bhaile; bha e fhein breoite, euslan; mhothaich e mar a bha mise 'sioladh as. Is minic a chanadh e rium, 's na deoir a' tuiteam gu frasach:— ‘A Mhairi, chuirein mo ruin, cha'n 'eil thusa mar bu mhiann le d' athair.’ Thainig a' bhairlinn—thainig latha Bealltuinn. B' eiginn an gleann boidheach 'fhagail. Reiceadh gach crodh a's caoirich; ach mu'n d' thainig latha na h-imrich, bha'n t-athair a bu bhaigheile fo 'n fhoid?

“ Thog mo mhathair a's mis' oirnn; agus ann am bothan bochd air aon mhart, agus baidnein beag ghabhar, fhuair sinn gabhail againn ann an ceann eile na duthcha. Cha b' fhad a sheas mo mhathair. Bliadhna an deigh bas m' athar

chuireadh a corp r' a thaobh. Chaith-eadh am beagan a bh' ann, an am a bais, a's dh' fhagadh mise 'm dhuile bhoichd, laig, bhreòite, gun athair gun mhathair, gun phiuthar gun bhrathair, gun duine air uachdar an t-saoghail mhoir ann an dluth-chairdeas domh. Ach 's fad' o'n a chuala sibh e, 'Thig Dia ri h-aire 's cha 'n airc 'n uair a thig.' 'S mis' a dh' fhiosraich gu 'm b' fhior. Chuir Esan caraid am rathad. Bha ministear 's an eilean sin—fear a' chridhe mhoir. 'S iomadh truaghan boichd a fhuair fasgadh 'n a thigh; 's iomadh dilleachdan boichd d'an robh e mar athair; 's iomadh allabanach diblidh a fhuair e air seacharan, 's a bha e 'n a mheadhon 'n an treorachadh a dh' ionnsaidh an Ti aird a chum agus a chruthaich iad—'s b' ann diubh mise. Chaochail thu, 'fhir mo chridhe!—ach tiota beag, agus coinnichidh sinn ann an duthaich a's fearr! Bha cairdeas fad' a mach eadarunn, 's cha 'n fhoghnadh leis ach mi 'dhol a dh' ionnsaidh a thighe. Turus an aigh dhomh-sa! A mach o'n latha sin fhuair mi misneach—fhuair mi beachd ur air an t-saoghal—bha mi 'fas na bu laidire, ach bha mo chridhe fhathast goirt—agus bithidh.

“Thainig bean-usal cheanalta, bheairteach dhachaidh air an t-samhradh sin á Dun-Eideann, 's cha ghabhadh i diultadh uam gun dol leatha gu Galldachd, a' gealltuinn gu 'm faigheadh i cosnadh dhomh, leis an tugainn mi fhein troimh 'n t-saoghal gun a bhi 'm uallaich air neach air bith. So na bha 'dhith orm. Dh' fhag mi tigh an duine bheannaichte, 's rainig mi Dun-Eideann. Fhuair mi cosnadh ann an tigh measail, le teaghlach caoimhneil, far nach robh 'bheag agam r' a dheanamh ach curam a gabhail de dhithis phaisdean, cho lurach, aluinn 's a bha riamh ann an aon teaghlach.

Bha mi dileas, faicilleach. Latha de na laithean mar a bha mi 'mach air na sraidibh leas na leanaban, mhothaich mi og-bhean uasal, eir-eachdail, agus duin' uasal ard, flathail a' labhairt r' a cheile, dluth do 'n aite 'n robh mi 'am sheasamh. Dhealaich iad; ach mar a bha esan a' gabhail tarsuinn air an t-sraid, chuala mi ise 'g eigheach gu h-ard 'n a dheigh air 'ainm. Ciod an t-ainm a bha so ach an t-ainm a bu bhinne leam-sa eisdeachd? Rainig am fonn mo chridhe. Dh' amhairc mi agus mhothaich mi gu 'm b' e Manus a bh' ann. O! dh' aithnichinn e 'm measg sluagh an t-saoghal. 'S e a th' ann, arsa mise, ach ceum cha robh mi comasach air gluasad. Thainig tuainealach am cheann; thainig breisleach orm; 's mur bithinn air mo thaic a leigeil ri ceann tighe 'bha dluth dhomh, bha mi air tuiteam air a' chabhsair. Ghadh iad (ise 'leigeil a taic air a ghairdean), a nall far an robh mi, agus bha mo fhradharc a rithist a' tighinn. Bha 'h-aon de na leanaban air a' chabhsair, 's thoisich a' bhean-usal ri briodal ris. Dhluthaich iad orm; mhothaich iad nach robh mi gu maith, oir bha mo thaic fhathast ris a' bhalla ged a bha suil agam air na leanaban. Dh' amhairc mi gu geur 'n a aodann. Dh' fhag an deirge a ghruaidh—thug e clisgeadh beag as. Cha robh comas agam air aon fhocal a labhairt: thainig reachd am mhuineal. Cha d' aithnich e mi—tha mi lan-chinnteach nach d' aithnich: ach an deigh, dhoibh dol seachad chunnaic mi e 'toirt suil 'n a dheigh, agus uaithe so thuig mi a dh' aon chuid, gu 'n d' thug e fainear gu 'n robh samhlachadh eadar mi 's Mairi a' Ghlinne.

“Thachair dhomh bhi 'mach latha eile, agus choinnich mi te de mhuinntir mo dhuthcha, a dh' innis domh gu 'n robh Manus 's a' bhaile;

gu'n do phill e as na h-Innsibh le anabarr beairteis; agus gu'n cual' i gu'n robh e fhein agus maighdean og Shasunnach a' dol a phosadh. Chuala mi an t-aite 's an robh e 'fuireach, ach cha leigeadh mo chridhe leam dol far an robh e. Chaill mi mo shlaime. B' eiginn mo chosnadh 'fhagail. Chaidh an teaghlach aig an robh mi do Shasuinn, ach cha robh e 'm chomas an leantuinn. Thainig mi do 'u bhaile-mhor so, gun fhios c'arson: agus fhuair mi fasgadh agus cairdeas ann an tigh na mnatha coire sin a chunnaic sibh maille rium 's an aite so. Reiceadh na bh' againn, a chuid 's a chuid: bha mo bhana-charaid bochd—cho bochd 's a bha mise. Thuig mi gu'n robh am bas dluth. Chuala mi gu'n robh Manus posda; ghlac mi 'm peann uair agus uair chum fios a leigeil d' a ionnsaidh air a' chor bhochd anns an robh mi, ach thainig fuil mo shinnsirean, 'Sliochd Olghaire an Duin' beo, lag mar a bha mi, agus thilg mi 'm peann as an t-sealladh. Cha dubhairt mi focal na bu chruaidhe riamh 'u a aghaidh na am Freasdal a thoirt maitheanais da. 'S e sin guidhe durachdach mo chridhe. Mheall iad e!—mheall iad e!—cha deanadh Manus riamh mar a rinn e mur biodh iad air a mhealladh. Tha mi 'n so a nis, agus am bas dluth. Is e 'bheatha—failt' air! Tha mi sgith de 'n t-saoghal—tha mi 'nis a' mothachadh gu'm bheil gradh aig mo Dhia orm. Roimhe so bha 'm bas 'n a chulaidh eagail leam, ach mar is dluithe 'tha mo cheann-criche 'tighinn orm 's ann a's soilleire an sealladh a tha 'm Fear-saoraidh a' toirt dhomh air ailleachd an Ard-Rìgh, agus maise na duthcha 'tha fad' as. Tha m' fhuil a's m' fheoil a' failneachadh, ach anns an Tighearna Dia tha neart siorruidh. 'S e mo chul-taice 's mo sholas, nach 'eil dìteadh dhoibh-san

a th' ann an Iosa. Air-san a mhain tha m' earbsa air son tearuinteachd. 'S tric a leugh mi 's a' Bhiobull nach 'eil saorsa ann ach tre fhuil Chrìosd; ach a nis tha mothachadh agus fiosrachadh laidir agam air an fhirinn so. 'N uair a dh' amhairceas mi air m' ais air mo chaithe-beatha, cha leir dhomh 'bheag ach aobhar naire agus aithreachais—ach 'n uair a bheachdaicheas mi air mo Shlan-uighear, cha leir dhomh 'bheag no 'mhor ach neart, agus slainte. Tha fhios agam gu 'n do riarach e 'n lagh, gu'n d' thug e steach fireantachd. Tha 'fhios agam gu'n d' thug e an gath as a' bhas, agus gu'n d' thug e buaidh thairis air an uaigh; air chor agus ged a bhasaicheas mi gu'm bi mi beo, oir tha m' Fhear-saoraidh beo, agus seinnidh mi fhathast a chliu maille ri spioradaibh nan daoine marthe, foirfe, ann an glòir. Tha mo thaic air trocair Dhe ann an Crìosd. O! cia mor a mhaithreas!"

Mar so chrìochnaich Mairi a' Ghlinne a' h-eachdraidh. Cha robh latha fhad's bu bheo i 'n a dheigh so, nach deachaidh mi g' a h-ambarc. Bu shoilleir gu'n robh crìoch a turuis saoghalta 'n impis a bhi seachad—bu shoilleir gu'n robh an teud oir a' failneachadh. Bha a tur 's a tuigse, agus comas labhairt aice gach am. Cha 'n iarradh i ach a bhi 'leugadh a' Bhiobuill. "O! leabhar an aigh!" arsa Mairi bhochd—"cliu dha-san a dh' fhag againn e mar fhuaran fionnar, beo 's an tìr airsnealaich so." 'S iomadh seanachas taithneach a bh' againn le 'cheile. Thogadh i gu tric laoidh le guth fann, briste, 'N uair a shaoileamaid gu'n robh i 'n a suain, dh' fhosgladh i a suil chiuin le aomadh ard—"Tha mi 'n so, a Thighearna, a' feitheamh d' ama-sa, deonach, togara—ach gu falbh: ach ma tha 'm barrachd agad-sa mu m' choinneimh 's an

t-saoghal so, do thoil fein gu 'n robh deanta."

Latha de na laithean, mar a bha mi 'suidhe aig taobh a leapa, agus mo chul ris an dorus, thug Mairi sgread ard aisde, agus chunnalc mi neul a' bhais air a gruaidh. Dh'fhosgail i 'rithist a suilean—thug i oidhirp air a laimh a thogail—"S e gun teagamh," deir ise, a th' ann—cha 'n 'eil mo fhradharc 'g am mhealladh—"S e a th' ann. O! 'Mhanuis, a Mhanuis, an tu a th' ann!" Tuilleadh cha b' urrainn dh'i—thuit i thairis. Thug mi suil a dh' ionnsaidh an doruis, agus chunnaic mi ard uasal eireachdail 'n a sheasamh maille ri lighichte 'n tighe. Cha robh suim aige de ni: oir cha chual' e na thubhairt Mairi. "Thig a nall," arsa mise, "agus ambairc 's an aodann so." Shaoil mi gu 'n do chaochail i, agus chuir mi romhan 'innseadh dha co i. Bha 'dhealbh fhein aice 'n a laimh. Dh'ambairc e gu geur—dh'fhag an fhuil 'aodann—thainig seorsa de chrith air. "Is i a th' ann," arsa mise, "*Mairi a' Ghlinne*. Sin agad buil agus crìoch do cheilge!"

Thuit e air a' chathair—thilg e an neapaicean shioda 'bha 'n a laimh thairis air 'aodann—tharruinge osna throm: thug e taobh na leapach air—thilg e e fhein air a ghluinibh—ghlac e a lamh fhuair, agus chunnaic mi a dheoir a' tuiteam gu frasach.

Thigibh an so, a luchd na ceilge— a luchd nam breug, a mhealltairean! faicibh toradh an uile! eisdibh na h-osnaicdean, a' tha dusgadh as a' chogais leonta so. Thigibh an so, sibhse 'tha le geallaidhneibh posaidh a' dusgadh dochais nach 'eil a mhiann oirbh a choinnblionadh—faicibh an ailleag thruagh so air leabaidh a bais air tailleadh gheallaidhnean briste!

Thainig Mairi as a' phaiseanadh—dh'fhosgail i a suil ghorm a

rithist—bha 'm fallus fuar air a bathais ghil, ach bha fiamh a' ghaire air a h-aodann ciuin. "Tha thusa 'n sin, a Mhanuis," ars' ise; "thig na 's dluithe dhomh—tha mi lag, lag. Tha mi 'toirt maitheanas duit—tha, o ghrunn mo chridhe. Mhealladh thu. O! 's mor a dh' fhuiling mi air do shon—ach nach coma co dhiubh—tha fuasgladh dluth. Tha mise sona, 'Mhanuis. O! gu 'n robh thusa mar a tha mise 'n uair a chairear thu air leabaidh bais. Tha thu posda, 'Mhanuis: gu 'n robh thu sona! ach O! cha ghradhaich te thu gu brath mar a rinn mise. C'ait' am bheil thu? Tha tuaineal-aich am cheann. A Mhanuis, na fag mi—tiota beag." "Cha 'n fhag—cha 'n fhag! O! nach robh mi riamh gun d' fhagail! Cha do mheall duine mi ach mo chridhe uaibhreach fhein. Cha robh mi sona—'s cha bhi; slan le sonas an t-saoghail so dhomh-sa! Mhort mi thu, agus bithidh mallachd an uile air mo shuibhal fhad's is beo mi. Cha d' thug thu maitheanas domh, a Mhairi—cha 'n urrainn duit maitheanas a thoirt domh!" "Thug," ars' ise: "aige-san a thug dhomh an comas sin a dheanamh tha 'fhios gu 'n d' thug mi lan maitheanas duit;—ach na foghnadh sin leat-sa—guidh air Dia maitheanas a' thoirt duit."

Thug i 'mach an dealbh a bha crochta r' a muineal—"So," ars' ise, "gabh air 'ais an cuimhneachan so—bha Mairi a' Ghlinne dileas—thubhairt thu rium, 'Gleidh e, a Mhairi, gu latha do bhais.' Thainig an latha sin a nis—cha 'n 'eil feum air na 's fhaide. So, a Mhanuis, gabh air 'ais e; ach stad—leig dhomh aon sealladh eile 'ghabhail deth—leig dhomh a chur aon uair eile ri m' chridhe. Is iomadh latha 'thug e solas dhomh. Cha d' thainig atharrachadh air an dealbh sin

riamh: tha blàs na sula sin—tha fiamh a' ghaire sin—tha ailleachd na mala sin, agus cumadh a' bheoil sin, cho baigheil neo - chaochlaideach dhomh-sa gu latha mo bhais, 's a bha air ait a' cheud latha anns an d' fhuair mi uait e air an traigh. O 's iomadh faochadh a fhuair mo chridhe bochd o 'n chuimhneachan bheag sin. So, a Mhanuis, gabh air 'ais e—Slan leis—slan leis an t-saoghal !”

Thuit i seachad tamull beag. Cha do labhair sinn focal. Thog i 'rithist a ceann—“Tha mi,” ars' ise, “'dol air mo thurus—tha mi deonach. Tha mi 'mothachadh gu 'm bheil tobar na beatha a' traoghadh—gu 'm bheil an teud airgid a' fuasgladh. Tha dorchadas a' tighinn orm. Tha mo chridhe fuar, fuar. Na fag mi, 'Mhanuis. An duin thu mo shuil 's a' bhas? Cha leir dhomh thu—O! trocair do m' anam, a Dhe!”

Thuit a ceann air uchd Mhanuis—tharruing i aon osna—mhothaich mi aon spairn lag. Bha 'n uspairn dheireannach seachad. Bha Mairi a' Ghlinne ann am fois shiorruidh.

—o—

BLAR NA STAIRSNICH.

(*Le George Roy.*)

Is fuathasach an uail 's an othail a bhios air daoine mu 'm blaraibh, an euchdan-cogaidh, an gaisgich ainmeil, chliùiteach, 's cha 'n 'eil fhios ciod; agus cha 'n iad a mhain na blaraibh fein a tha iomraiteach—feumar farum mor a dheanamh mu eachdraidh nam blar fo linn Oisein a nuas gus an tuasaid mu dheireadh a thachair 'n ar linn 's 'n ar latha fein. Am fear is deise 's is eireachd-aile 'chuireas an ceill do 'n t-saoghal mu threubhantas nan curaidh a sheas no 'thuit 's an strith, tha a e air 'ardachadh gus an t-ionad is airde 'n am measg-san a tha air am meas airidh air fleasg 's air suaicheantas na h-onoir. Cha 'n abair mi gu bheil so mar nach bu chòir dha;

cha 'n 'eil mi ach a' tighinn thairis air ga m' neartachadh ann a bhi a' tagradh gu 'm faigheadh mo bhana-charaid labhrach, Mairi Nic-an-Rothaich a h-aite fein am measg na dream a mheasar airidh air cliu nam bard 's nan eachdraiche; oir tha mi dearbhte nach 'eil i dad air dheireadh air an fhear is cumhachdaiche dhiubh 'n uair a theid i an cinnseal sgeoil mu na batailtean a chunnaic a da shuil fein. Agus tha aon bhuaidh air a naidheachdan: tha iad a' sruladh a mach as a beul gun umhail sam bith aice gu bheil i a' cur an ceill ni air bith ùr no annasach. Thachair mi oirre an latha roimhe 's mi a' gabhail ceum a sios an rathad. Dh' aithnich mi air a h-aodann gu 'n robh rud-eigin sonraichte air a h-inntinn. M' am b' urrainn domh facal a radh thuirt i, “A bhean mo ghràidh, nach 'eil naidheachd agam dhuit !”

Arsa mise, “Ma 's naidheachd mhath i mar is luaithe chluinneas mi i 's ann is fhearr.”

“Cha 'n 'eil 'fhios agam,” ars' ise, “co dhiubh their thu gur math no gur h-olc i; ach 'd é do bharail, 'n uair dh' innseas mi dhuit gu 'n robh blar na dunach air an stairsnich an dé eadar Anna bean Iain-Mhoir, Peigi bean Dhonnachaidh Mhicheil, agus Mairi bean Dughail Mhic-Pharlain.

“Is naidheachd sin da-rìreadh,” fhreagair mi. “Naidheachd,” ars' ise, “ris an robh suil agam o chionn iomadh latha. Cha b' urrainn do 'n chairdeas ud a bhi buan; bha iad dìreach gairsinneach—'n an grain do 'n choimhearsnachd gu h-iomlan—Nic-Ille-Mhicheil 's an dara ceann, bean Iain-Mhoir 's a' cheann eile, agus Nic - Pharlain 's an tigh mheadhoin. Bho mhoch gu dubh bha an dorsan sinnte fosgailte, 's rachadh iad a mach 's a stigh 's ghlaodhadh iad a mach 's ghlaodhadh iad a stigh, 's cha robh creutair a

thigeadh an rathad nach feumadh iad a bhi mach aig na dorsan a' spleuchdadh air; agus b' i Nic-Pharlain—o nach 'eil duine cloinne aice fein—a b' aon traill do 'n dithis eile; cha 'n fhaiceadh tu i o mhoch gu feasgar nach robh cuid d' an iseanan aice air a gairdean. Ach cha 'n fhaca mi a bheag de mhath riabh ag eirigh o 'leithid so de chairdealachd, 's cha mhò 'chunn-aic mi e a' marsainn fada. Bha, uime sin, ioghnadh orm cuin a thigeadh e gu aon-cheann; ach 's beag suil a bh' agam gu 'n tigeadh e le cho beag aobhair. Tha e coltach gu 'n robh an da bhalachan, mac Peigi Mhicheil, agus mac Anna Iain-Mhoir, 'a cluicheachd mu na dorsan agus air son ni-eigin faoin chaidh iad thar a cheile, mar is tric a ni clann bheag, agus ghabh an dithis am badaibh a cheile. Tha na balachain mu 'n aon aois, mar a tha fhios agad, agus bha 'choltas air an strith gu 'm biodh i righinn. Tha mac Anna cuid mhath na 's mò d' a aois na am fear eile agus bha 'shaod air lamb an uachdar fhaighinn thairis air Mac-Ille-Mhicheil, 'n uair thainig Peigi Mhicheil a mach agus thugaidh i sgailc 's an leth-cheann do mhac Anna Iain-Mhoir. Ach mo chreach 's mo sgaradh! bu mhath dhi na 'n do ghleidh i a da lamb aice fein, oir cò 'bha ag amharc oirre ach Anna i fhein, agus gun fhacal a radh, a mach thainig i agus rinn i a leithid eile air mac Peigi Mhicheil, agus thoisich a' bhrionglaid ann an da - rìreadh. Thuirt Peigi Nic-Ille-Mhicheil 'gu 'm bu neonach leatha Anna Iain-Mhoir a dh'fhuilingeadh do sgonn balaich coltach ri a mac, buille 'thoirt do 'n leanabh.'

“ ‘An leanabh!’ arsa Anna Iain-Mhoir, ‘is i mo bharail gu bheil e cho sean ris-san; agus na 'm biodh a chuid bìdh a' dol ann an craicionn

cho fallain, dh'fhaodadh e bhi a cheart cho mor ris; ach,' arsa ise, 'thainig e de chinneach truailidh co dhiubh.'

“ ‘Cinneach truailidh!’ arsa Peigi Mhicheil.

“ ‘Seadh dìreach cinneach truailidh,’ arsa Anna; ‘cìod a tha 'n a athair ach an troicheilein truailidh, bochd?’

“ ‘Is fearr a bhi beag,’ arsa Peigi Mhicheil, ‘agus a bhi iomlan, na bhi mor agus a dh-easbhuidh cuid d' a bhuaidhean; taing do 'n Fhreasdail tha a chlaisteachd aige.'

“ Bha so 'n a bhuille trom do dh-Anna; oir tha e coltach gu bheil Iain-Morro mhaol 's a' chlaisteachd, agus tha iad a' feuchainn r' a chumail uaigneach. Cha 'n 'eil fios cuin a sguireadh na mnaithean mur tuiteadh do Mhairi Nic-Pharlain tighinn a mach. Arsa ise, ‘Nach sibh an da oinseach, a' deanamh a leithid de iorghuill muchonnsaidean cloinne. Shaoil mi gu 'n robh tuilleadh gliocais agaibh. Bidh a' chlann a' falbh 's an lamhan gu cairdeil mu amhchannan a cheile, agus sibhse a' cumail suas gamhlais agus droch rùin; ach na 'm biodh sibh a' deanamh mar bu choir dhuibh, agus 'g an gleidheadh taobh a stigh nan dorsan, bhiodh na bu lugha conn-sachaidh ann.'

“ ‘Nach ann agad a tha 'n dearg aghaidh,’ arsa Anna Iain-Mhoir.

“ ‘Cha 'n 'eil mi 'faicinn cìod e an gnothach a tha agadsa buntainn ris a' chuis,’ arsa Peigi Mhicheil; ‘ach cha ghnòthach doirbh do chuid cloinne-se 'chumail aig an tigh.'

“ ‘Cha 'n eadh gu dearbh,’ arsa Anna Iain-Mhoir, ‘cha chuir iadsan na truaghain bhochd, moran dragh, air a' choimbhearsnachd!’

“ Nis, tha fios agad fein nach 'eil Mairi Nic-Pharlain 'n a boirionnach connspaideach; thill i air a sail, chaidh i stigh, dhuin i an dorus,

agus rinn an dithis eile mar an ceudna.

“ Ach is fhada m’ am b’ e so a bu deireadh do ’n chluich ; bha aig Peigi Mhicheil coinghioll poite bho Anna Iain-Mhoir ; cha luaithe bha a dorus duinte na thilg i fosgailte e, agus a’ sin a’ fosgladh dorus Anna, thilg i stigh a’ phoit ag radh, ‘ So, sin agad do phoit ;’ agus ciod a th’ agad air ach gu ’n do bhris i a’ phoit.

“ Ach, air an laimh eile, bha Anna Iain-Mhoir gu bhi cho fada mach rithe fein ; oir tha e coltach gu ’n robh aice-se coinghioll d’ an eachan aig Peigi Mhicheil ; agus an uair a bhi i ’g a shlaodadh a mach gu thilgeil a stigh mar a rinn an te eile air a’ phoit, thainig i tarsainn air ciobhal an doruis leis agus bhris i e. Bha an da chailleach mar so air an aon ruith—rinn an t-eachan briste mu choinneamh na poite briste.

Dhuin iad an dorsan a rithist agus shaoileadh tu gu ’n robh gach ni thairis ; ach thachair gu ’n robh an tri fir phòsda, Donnachadh Mac-Ille - Mhicheil, Iain - Mor, agus Dughall Mac-Pharlain, a’ tighinn dachaidh comhladh aig a’ cheart am ud agus sheas iad a bhruidhinn car tiota mu choinneamh an doruis. Mar bha an còmhradh gu bhi thairis, a mach chuir Anna Iain-Mhoir a ceann, agus ars’ ise gu crosda, ‘ Iain-Mhoir, thig a stigh thun do bhrochain, agus na bi a seasamh a’ sin ri goileam gun seadh ; b’ fhearr leam gu ’n taghadh tu do chuid-eachd.’

Bha na tri fir a’ tionndadh m’ an cuairt le ioghnadh, an uair tharraing Peigi Nic-Ille-Mhicheil an aire, ag radh gu h-athaiseach, dìongmhalta, ‘ Seadh, a Dhonnachaidh Mhic-Ille-Mhicheil, thig a stigh a’s gabh do *thea* agus leig le Iain-Mor dol a stigh a ghabhail a *bhrochain*—brochan, brochan, brochan a ghnath;

cha ’n iongantach an duine truagh a bhi bodhar ; tha a chlaigeann tiugh, stallachdach air a dhinneadh làn brochain.’

“ Fhreagair bean Iain-Mhoir a cheart cho athaiseach agus neo-ar-thaing cho nimheil ris an te eile, ‘ Seadh Iain-Mhoir thig a stigh thun do *bhrochain*, agus leig le Donnachadh Mhicheil dol a stigh thun a *thea* ; tha an duine truagh bochail mu ’n *tea* ; is e a’ chiad fhear d’ an t-sliochd no d’ an ghinealach a bhlais riabh *tea* ; cha mhor *tea* a fhuair ’athair, Domhnall, a bhasaich an tigh-nam-bochd.’

“ Bha Peigi Mhicheil dol a’ fhreagairt le rud-eigin a radh mu shinnsreachd Iain - Mhoir, a b’ abhaist, a reir iomraidh, a bhi a’ togail chorp ; ach chuir an da fhear posda stad air an t-seaichus le ’fheoraich ciod air talamh a bu chiall do ’n chainnt sgainnealaich so. Thoisich an dara te air cur as leth na te eile gu ’n do leth-mharbh i a balachan ; agus cha robh a shaod air na fir gu ’n tuigeadh iad cuisean idir, ’n uair a chuir Donnachadh Mac-Pharlain, aig a bheil teangadh gle sgaiteach, a mach a cheann ’s thuirt e, ‘ Fhalbh, fhalbh, cha ’n ’eil ann ach da chat a’ cur a mach air a cheile mu ’n cuid phiseag.’

“ Thug so an gnothach gu aon-cheann ; oir dhi-chuimhnich an dithis bhan an connsachadh fein, leis a’ chorruich anns an do chuir iad iad fein a ehionn de dhanadas a bhi aig Mac-Pharlain ‘ piseagan’ a radh ri ’n cuid cloinnesan. Cha bu mhath leamsa tighinn thairis air a’ chainnt a ghnathaich iad ris. Faodaidh tu bhi cinnteach nach do dhi-chuimhnich iad innseadh dha nach ’eil ‘ piseagan’ idir a’ cur dragh airsan. Tha mi dearbh-chinnteach gu ’m b’ fhearr le Mac-Pharlain gu ’n do ghleidh e a theangadh ’n a phluic oir bidh a

cheann air liathadh m'an cluinn e
a' chuid mu dheireadh de 'na cait 's
an cuid phiseagan.' Coma co dhuibh,
tha na coimhearsnaich a' cumail an
dorsan duinte 'nis, 's cha chreid mi
nach faigh sinn sìth gu dol a mach
's a stigh an dà latha so gun suilean
a h-uile aon a bhi oirnn mar a b'
abhaist."

Sin agaibh naidheachd Mairi Nic-
an-Rothaich, facal air an fhacal mar
fhuair mise i; tha mi an duil gu'n
aidich sibh gur airidh an boirionnach
gleusda air cùileig bbig am measg
na muinntir a dh'aithris dhuinn mu
na blaraibh ainmeil a choisinn cliu
do 'r duthaich.

Eadar. le IAIN IAIN 'IC UILLEIM.

—O—

IAIN GILPIN.

Iain Gilpin bha 'n a bhuirdeiseach,
Bu mhor a chliu, 's a ni;
Gu 'n robh e uair 'n a cheannard-ceud,
Am baile-mor an righ.

Thuirt bean Iain Ghilpin la r'a gradh,
"M' aighear thu 's mo chiall,
Ged tha sin fichead bliadhna posd',
La feill' cha d' ghabh sinn riamh.

"S e 'm maireach la co-ainm ar bainns'
Theid sinn gu sugradh 'mach,
'Sios gus an ruig sinn Edmonton,
An carbad le da each.

"Mo phiuthar, a's a leanabh mic,
Mi fein 's mo thriuir le cheil',
'S a' charbad theid, a's leanadh tus'
A' marcachd as ar deigh."

"A bhean mo ghaoil!" ghrad fhreagair e
"Dhuit fein gu 'n d' thug mi gradh
Os ceann gach te a tha fo 'n ghrein,
A's gheibh thu mar is aill.

"Tha mise 'm mharsanta gu bheachd,
Mar 's aithne do gach neach;
'S mo oharaid maith Tom Callander
Bheir iasad dhomh d'a each."

"Piseach ort," ars' is' "a ghraidh,
A's o'n tha 'm fion cho daor,
Gu 'n toir mi leam mo shearrag fein,
O'n 'tha e maith, a's saor."

Thug Iain sgailce poige dh'i,
Mar b' abhaist dha gu tric;
Oir bha e subhach, toilichte,
I bhi cho crionna, ghlic.

Thainig an carbad 'nuas gu moch
'S a' mbaduinn mar a gheall;
'S air falbh 'n a dheann-ruith ghabh e leo,
Troimh eabar, a's troimh pholl.

Bu shiubhlach luath na cuibhleachan,
'S a' chuip mu chluas nan each,
Le gleadhraich shaoileadh tu gu 'n robh
An cabhsair as a bheachd.

Sheas Iain Gilpin taobh an eich,
A's ghlac e 'mbuing gu deas;
Ach 's gann a fhuair e 'suas gu h-ard,
'N uair b' eiginn teachd air 'ais.

Cha luath' a rain' e 'n diollaid shuas,
Le 'thulchainn air an each,
Na chunnaic e triuir cheannaichean
D'a bhuth a' dol a steach.

Theirinn e, a's cha b' ann d'a dheoin,
Oir bha e dian gu falbh;
Ach leis an t-sannt cha duraichdeadh e
'N sgillinn ruadh a chall.

Bu mha 'inneach na ceannaichean,
Bha greis mu 'n robh iad reidh;
'N sin Beati ghlaodh a mach gu h-ard,
"Dh' fhagadh an fion 'n ur deigh!"

"'Nall e!" ars' Iain, "'s maith an t-am;
Thoir dhomh a nuas mo chrios,
Crios leathair mo dheadh chlaidhimh
gheir,
N' uair bha mi 'm shaighdear deas."

Bha aig bean Gilpin (lamh a' ghrunnd!)
Da shearraig laidir ghlais,
'S am b' abhaist dh'i an deoch a b' fhearr
A chumail teann fo ghlais.

Bha aig gach searraig dhiubh fa leth,
Da chluais tre 'n deach' an crios;
A's chroch e iad mar sin r' a thaobh,
Te dhiubh air gach leis.

'N a dheighidh sin, a chum 's gu 'm biodh
E sgeadaichte le sgoinn,
A chleoca maiseach sgarlaid ghabh,
A's thilg e air a dhruim.

Faic e 'nis 'n a dhiollaid shuas,
Air muin an steud eich dhuinn,
Ag imeachd air a' chabhsair chruaidh
Gu socrach, a's gu ciuin.

Ach 'n uair a fhuair e 'n t-slighe reidh
Fo 'bhrogaibh cruidheach cruaidh,
Le sitrich dh' fhalbh gu trotan garbh
'Ruisg masan Iain thruaigh.

"Gu reidh," ars' Iain, "deis de! eich
dhuinn:"
Ach labhair e gun fheum,
O throtan chaidh gu dian-ruith luath,
Gun suim do mhuiseal sreìn."

Chrom e 'sios, mar d' fhimireas iad
Nach urrainn suidhe 'suas,
Ghlac e muing an eich gu teann,
'S e 'dol a nis 'n a luath's.

An t-each a mhothaich air a dhruim
Uallach cho deacair ur,
Theich e le geilt; 's mar theich e, dh'
fhag
An saoghal air a chul.

Air falbh chaidh Iain 'n a shradaibh
dearg',
Air falbh chaidh 'n ad 's a' ghruag;
Is beag a shaoil an duine coir
Dol air a' leithid de ruaig.

Chaidh coin gu tathunn, 's clann gu
sgriach,
Bha cinn a mach 'n an ceud,
A's ghlaodh gach aon, le 'uile neart,
" 'S tu fhein an gill', a steud !"

Air falbh chaidh Iain, co ach e !
Na miltean air a thoir :
" Is reis tha 'n so ! 's cha lugha 'n geall,
Na mile bonn de 'n or !"

'S a nis, 'n uair dhluthaich e gu dan'
Air luchd na cise cruaidh,
An tiota thilg iad fosgailte
A' chachaileith gu luath.

'N uair chrom e sios os ceann an eich
Le 'cheann 'n a smuidibh teth,
Bhuail an da shearraig air a chul,
A's spealg 'n am mile bloidh.

Bu mhuladach an sealladh so,
Am fion dearg mar a dhoirt,
'Thug smuid á cliathaich an eich dhuinn,
Mar cheithreamh muilt-fheoil roist'.

Gidheadh bha e mar mharcaiche,
A' ruith na reis le 'chrios,
A's ambach na da shearraig ghlais,
Ag udal air a leis.

Mar so troimh bhaile Islington,
Faic e le mire 'triall,
A's fos a suas troimh Edmonton,
'S a stigh feadh lub nan giadh.

'S ann an sin bha 'phlubartaich,
'S an t-each a' diultadh smachd,
Mar sgaoth de gheoidh no 'thunnagan
'G an lubradh fein le tlachd.

Aig uinneig ann an Edmonton
Gu 'n d' sheas a bhean a suas,
A's chunnaic i 'dol seachad e
Le iongantais r'a luath s. }

" Stad, stad, Iain Ghilpin, so an tigh !"
Gu 'n d' ghlaodh iad uile ris,
" Tha 'n dinneir reidh, 's tha sinn sgith;"
" Cha lugh', " ars' Iain, " tha mis' !"

Ach 's beag an t-suim a ghabh an t-each,
De ghlaodh nam ban gu leir,
Bha prasach mhaith a mhaighstir fein
Deich mil' air falbh aig Ware.

Mar shaighead luath o laimh na treoir,
O 'n iughar righinn, chruidh,
Gu 'n d' theich an t-each—'s tha so g am'
thoirt
Gu dara leth mo dhuain.

Air falbh chaidh Iain le seideadh ard,
'S gu dearbh cha b' ann d'a dheoin,
'S aig dorus tigh' Thom Challander,
Gu 'n d' sheas an t-each fa-dheoidh.

'N uair chunnaic esan e mar so,
A' teachd gun ad, gun ghruag,
Thilg e 'phiob thombac air falbh,
A's ruith e 'mach gu luath.

" Do sgeul, do sgeul—thoir dhomh do
sgeul !
Do naidheachd innis dhomh ;
C'arson a tha thu cean-ruisgte ?
C'arson a tha thu 'n so ?"

Bha Iain lan a dh' fheala-dha,
De shugradh beag, 's de chleas,
'S a reir so ri Tom Callander,
Gu 'n d' fhreagair e gu deas.

" Tha mise 'n so, oir thigeadh d' each,
'S mur 'eil mi 'm fhaidhe breig',
Bidh m' ad 's mo ghruag an so gun dail,
Oir tha iad as mo dheigh."

Bha solas air Tom Callander,
A charaid 'bhi cho ait,
'S cha dubhairt tuilleadh ris 's an am,
Ach thill e stigh gu grad.

'S a mach gu 'n d' thug e ad a's gruag—
Gruag mhor nan dualan cruinn,
A's ad a's gann a chuir e riamh
Seachd uairean air a cheann.

Chum e suas iad 's thubhairt e
Le feala-dha 'n a chainnt ;
" Mo cheann-sa tha dha mbeud ri d'
cheann's',
A's theid iad ort gun taing.

" Leig dhomh an t-eabar sin 's am poll
A ghlanadh bharr do ghnuis ;
Fuirich ri biadh, oir 's cinnteach mi
Gu 'm bheil thu 'call do luia."

“ ‘S e so,” ars’ Iain, “co-la mo bhainns’,
‘S bu sgeigeil e ri radh,
Gu ‘m biodh mo bhean aig Edmonton
A’s mise ‘n so fo phramh.”

‘N sin labhair Iain ris an each,
“Tha cabhag orm gu m’ bhiadh;
Air d’ailghios thainig mise ‘n so,
Theid thus’ air d’ais do m’ riar.”

O! bosd na tubaist’ a bha ‘n so,
Mar dh’ fhiosraich e gun dail;
Oir asail fhad-chluasach bha dluth
‘Thog raoichdeil choimheach ard.

Le srann gu ‘n d’ thog an t-each a cheann,
Ceart mar roimh leomhan garg;
‘S air falbh le ‘uile lus a ris,
Theich e ‘n a shradaibh dearg.

Air falbh chaidh Gilpin, a’s air falbh
Chaidh ‘ad ‘s a ghruag ‘n an deann;
An tiota thuit iad, chionn gu ‘n robh
Iad momha ‘s mor d’a cheann.

‘N uair chunnaic bean Iain Ghilpin e
A’ marcachd nuas cho bras,
Tharruingh’i ‘n sporan sìoda ‘mach,
‘S bonn leth-chruin thug i as.

‘N sin thu’irt i ris a’ charbadair,
‘S a cridh’ le iomguin lan,
‘Gur leat-sa so, mo ghille gleusd’,
A’s thoir air ‘ais e slan.”

Dh’ fhalbh e, a’s choinnich iad gun dail,
A’s dh’ fheuch e ‘n t-each a stad,
Ach ‘s ann a chuir an oidhirp so
An rosad air air fad.

‘N uair dh’ fhairtlich air na bha ‘n a
bheachd
A chur a nis an gnìomh;
Gu ‘n d’ chlisg an t-each, ‘s air falbh gu
‘n d’ theich
Na ‘s luaith’ na rinn e riamh.

Air falbh chaidh Gilpin, a’s air falbh
An carbadair cho bras,
Gun straidhlich chuibhleachan ‘n a
dheigh
Gu meamnach a’ dol as.

Bha seathnar uaislean ‘chunnaic e
A’ teicheadh air an each,
‘S an gille-carbaid air a thoir,
Gu ‘n d’ ghlaoidh iad uile ‘mach,

“Meirleach! meirleach! glacaibh e!”
Gu ‘n d’ ghlaoidh iad dh’ iarraidh foir,
A’s dh’ fhalbh iad fein ‘s na chunnaic e
‘N an teann-ruith air a thoir.

‘S a rithist dh’ fhosgladh dha gu luath
Cachaileith mhor na cis’;

Oir shaoil na daoine, mar air tus,
Gu ‘n robh e ‘ruith na reis.

Bha e mar sin, a’s choisinn e;
‘Oir fhuair e buaidh le ‘luath’s;
Cha d’ rinn e stad gus ‘n d’ rainig e
An t-ait’ an deach’ e suas.

Nis seinneamaid fad-shaogh’l do ‘n rìgh.
‘S air Gilpin gu ‘n robh agh;
‘S an ath-uair ‘theid e ‘chur na reis,
Bu mhaith leam fein ‘bhi lathair!

—o—

SGIALACHD NA TROIDHE.

Air a thionndadh bho Ghréugais Hómeir
gu Gàidhlig Abraich.

LE EOBHAN MAC-LACHAINN.

DUAN I.

IOMARBHAIDH AN AICHILL AGUS
AGAMEMNON.

(Air leantainn.)

‘N uair thuinich air réidh an lòn,
Co-chruinneachadh mòr nan cliar,
Dh’ éirich air toiseach an t-sluaigh,
Aichioll uaibhreach nan ruag dian.
A mhic Atreuis, thuirt an sonn,
‘S iomrallach ‘s an fhonn s’ ar toisg.
B’ fhèarr dol às le ‘r fuighleach tràth
Mu ‘n dian plàigh a’s blàir ar cosd.
Fidrichear fàidhe gu grad,
Fear aisling, no sagart géur,
‘S e dia bheir do ‘n aisling brìgh
Thoir rabhaidh ‘s gach nì mar théid.
Mean-rannsaichear fàth gach béud,
C’ uime tha Phœbus fo throm fheirg.
An do dhiùlt sibh an cliù bu chòir,
No iobairt chiad bò air learg.
Dh’ iobramaid gobhair gun mheang,
‘S na h-uain is reamhra ‘s a’ chrò,
Na ‘n caisgeadh e shaighdean-cràidh
‘S gach truagh phlàigh thug bàs do ‘n
t-slogh.

Sguir e ‘s shuidh e. Ceart ‘n a dhéigh,
Dh’ éirich fear faisneachd nan ian,
Calchas d’ am b’ eòl sgoil nam fàth,
‘S mar thigeadh gach dàn gu gnìomh.
B’ iùl e ‘n lorg fiosachd a dhé,
Do chabhlach na Grèig’ thair tuinn;
B’ fhaicleach a bhriathran ‘s bu chiùin:
Is so mar thùr e ‘n gliocas cinn:—
Annsachd Iòbh, Aichill nam béum,
An àill leat mi gun bhréig a luaidh.
C’ uime dhith-mhiltair ar suinn
Fo fheirg Phœbuis nan ruinn luath?
Innsim, ge duilich sìd leam,
Saor fhirinn gun sgleò gun fhoill;
Ach naisg-sa gealladh do mhionn
Mo dhìdinn le d’ làimh ‘s le d’ lainn,
Ma spreigeas mi ‘n dàn tha ceart,

'S e m' fhior bheachd gur cunnart cruai dh;
 Lasaidh àrd chorruich an rìgh,
 'G a bheil smachd air mhiltean sluaigh.
 Ma bhrosnuichear falachd rìgh,
 Tha didinn an iochdrain faoin;
 Grathunn, ged adhlaic e 'n fhearg,
 'S mairg a chuireadh earbs á chaomh.
 Altrumaidh e 'n gannlas buan,
 'S ni dioghailt an uair nach saoil:
 Tuig-sa sid, 's thoir d' fhacal fìor,
 Gu 'n dearbh thu bhi 'd dhion ri m'
 thaobh.

Fhreagair Aichioll nan ruag còrr:
 Spreig na 's eòl dhut, spreig gun fhiamh,
 'S bheirim trom mhionnan gun bhréig,
 Air a' ghréin ud seachad siar,
 Dia d' adhraidh bho 'm faigh thu ghnàth
 Fios gach toisg tha 'n dàn do 'n Ghréig.
 Fhad 's is beo mis' air do chùl,
 'S a dhearcas mo shùil air féur,
 Greugach cha 'n iomair ort olc,
 Mith no math cha lot do chréubh.
 Cha 'n iomair ceann-toisich nam feachd,
 Ge mòr an diugh smachd an tréin.

Ghlac misneach am faidhe ciùin,
 'S rinn soilleir gach cùis mar bhà:—
 Cha deannal mu chliù an dé,
 Cha dith iobairt chéud air blàr;
 Tha 'n fhearg mu 'n t-sagart gun fheall,
 Fhuair bho Agamemnon béum,
 'Inghean nach leigtheadh fo sgaoil,
 'S nach gabhteadh 'n duais dhaor d'a
 réir.

Sir aobhar gach ciùrraidh-bàis,
 Rinn Fad-thilgeach nam plàigh trom;
 'S tuigibh nach lasaich a làmh
 Ag càrnadh nan éug air fonn,
 Mur till sibh gu h-athair gaoil
 Ainnir chaoin is meallach sùil,
 Gu tìr fhein, gun duais, gun òr,
 'S iobairt nan céud bò air chùl.
 Gnìomhaichibh an nì so tràth,
 Ma 's roighneach leibh bàigh ur dé.
 Stad an t-Aosda glic 'n a chainnt,
 'S shuidh e sìos an reang nan tréun.

Agamemnon dh' éirich grad,
 Bhòchd, a's dh' at, a's reachd le feirg;
 Ghoil an leann-cathaich mu 'sgairt,
 'S bha dhà shùil 'n an lasair dheirg.
 Air Calchas dhearc e gu gnùth,
 'S brùchd e mach an domblas géur:—

Fhaidhe nan toirmeasg 's nan olc,
 'N tig a chaoth ach lochd bho d' bhéil?
 Le d' fhàisneachd mhallaichte ghnàth,
 'N éibhneas leat bhi cràdh do rìgh?
 Deagh-bheairt am fiosachd no 'n gnìomh,
 'S tu fhéin nach d' thug riabh gu crìch.
 An diugh a' tarrainn sgleò bhréug
 Air a' Ghréig le d' chnuasachd chlaoin,
 Gur mise fàth gach truagh chréuchd
 A leag Phœbus nan ruinn caol,
 Bhrìgh gu 'n gléidh mi òigh mo rùin

Thair céile mo leapa-phòst';
 Cha ghéill i dh' ògmhnaoi mo chléibh
 Bho 'n 's anns' i na cùnradh òir;
 Fhuair i gu buileach mo spéis
 An ùr-chéutaibh no 'n céill cinn,
 An uaisle no 'm mòrachd bhéus,
 No 'n dealbh ghréis air éideadh grinn.
 Réubar mi, dh' aindeoin sin, bho m' ghaol,
 Chum gu 'n traoghar fraoch an dé,
 Cha choiglim aon leam, ge cruaidh,
 A dhidinn mo shluaigh bho bhéud.
 Nis bho 'n 's deòin leam gu leas chàich
 Caoin ulaidh nan gràdh thoirt bhuam,
 Fiachar an ionad na thréig
 Gu 'n deasaich a' Ghréig dhomh luach.
 Ma fhuair càch a réir mar thoill
 An là roinn sibh creach nam buadh,
 An ceart gu 'n tilgear mis' air chùl
 Mar neach nach b' fhiù cliù no duais?

Ghrad fhreagair Aichioll gun mheang,
 A rìgh bhuirb an t-sanntais bhréin,
 C' àite 'n do thaisgeadh air chùl
 An t-slaime tha do shùil 'n a déigh?
 Nach math d' fhios mar chaidh, gun dàil,
 Creach bhailtean a's bhlàr a roinn?
 Cuid mu 'n goirt a shaothraich càch,
 B' e 'n gnìomh nàr a h-ath-chur cruinn.
 Ach géill-sa 'n òigh ùr do 'n dia,
 'S ceithir filltean diolar duais,
 Ma chrìochnaicheas Iobh ar rùn,
 'S gu 'n tuit Troidh na smùraich ruaidh.

Aichill chliùitich, os an rìgh,
 Ge mòr d' éuchd an strìth nan lann,
 Na saoil gu 'n dean caireachd bheòil
 Mo dhearbh-chòir thoirt thair mo cheann.
 'N e gu 'n leiginn m' òigh air triall,
 'S tus an seilbh gach miann is àill,
 C' uime 'm fuilginn do d' bhreith chlaoin
 M' fhàgail falamh, faoin thair chàch?
 Bhrìgh na cùis' ud, fheara fial,
 Na biodh ur ciad thriath gun luach:
 Tiomsaichibh am measg nan cliar,
 'S faiceam gur làn fhiach an duais.
 Mur dean sibh, le toil, mo riar,
 Glacaidh mo làmh diol d' i fhéin
 Luach-saoithreach Uisiseis àigh,
 No 'n t-earras aig Ajax tréun
 Cha sheachnainn Aichioll nan ruag,
 Ge mòr uail a's neart an t-suinn;
 Gheobh mi cuibhrinn àill air n-àill,
 'S de fhraoch 'àrdain cha ghabh suim.
 'N a àm fhéin thig so gu crìch:—
 Taghteadh 'n dràsta birlinn luath,
 'S gradh-bhiodh còmhlan iasgaidh cruinn
 Gu seòladh thair tuinn a' chuain.
 Biodh iobairt chiad damh air bòrd,
 'S ribhinn òg is àillidh gruaidh,
 'S fear ceannsgalach, glic maraon,
 Chum a h-aiseag saor gu 'sluagh:
 Deagh mac Thid a's Ajax tréun,
 Sàr Uisises bho 'n réidh glòir,
 No thusa 's milltiche fearg,

Aichill ghaisgeil, mheanmnaich, mhòir.
Tairgear làn-lobairt nan céud,
Gu fraoch an dé thoirt gu ceann.
Sheall mac Pheleuis nan ciar cholg,
Air an rìgh 's bu dorch a ghreann.

A thràill mhiothair, os an tréun,
Beag-nàir' ad éideadh mar chruidh,
Co theid air ionnsaidh gu bràth,
Le d' òrdugh-sa 'bhlàr no 'ruaig?
'S dearbh nach e Tròidhich nan lann,
Fàth mo theachd-sa nall thair chuan:
Cha d' iomair iad riabh orm foill,
Cha mhò thog no thoill iad m' fhuath.
Air buailtean lionmhor mo mbart,
Air làn ghreighean m' each an gleann,
Air toradh mo dhailtean pailt,
Riabh cha d' rinn iad creach no call,
Bho 'n crìochaibh tha Phthia cian,
Daingneach ag iathadh mu 'fonn,
Creagan duatharach bheann àrd,
'S muir fharsainn is gaireach tonn.
Mòrachd do thighe-sa mhàin,
'S cùis do bhràthar, fhir gun sgoinn,
A ghluais sinn gu léir thair sàil':
'S beag an dràst ar taing ga chionn.
Thu nis a' bagairt orm fhéin,
Ann-rìgh mhiomhail nam béus claon,
Le fòirneart gu 'n réub thu bhuam
'N luach rinn mi chnuasachd daor.
Ged chaisgt' ar lan-mhiann air Tròidh,
'S a leagadh 'n a tòrr 's an ùir,
Dhutsa bhiodh tagha nan roinn,
Dhòmhsa fuighleach air bheag diù
Ge tric a chuir neart mo làmh
Cudthrem àraidh nam bàs goirt;
Dh' aindeoin co choisinn le spàirn,
Leatsa dh' agrar blàth gach toic'.
Le munar gun tail, gun mhiagh,
'S tric mo thriall-sa thun nan long;
An deigh buan-chumasg na strith,
Mo chorp sgith a's m' inntinn trom.
A rìgh chealgaich a' bheachd àird,
Tuig nach mi do thràill na 's mò;
Gradh-thillim gu m' dhùthaich fhéin,
'S mo chabhlach am dhéigh fo sheòl.
Bhrìgh gu 'n dhòirt thu ormsa tàir,
'S deacair gu 'n dian d' àrdan gléus.

(*Ri leantainn.*)

[ERRATA.—Page 246, line 2 from bottom, for “Fhluinnteadh” read “Chluinnteadh,” and last line, for “Fuainn” read “Fuaim.”

Ma 's miann leat dol ann an suaimheas chum siorruidheachd, na cuir do làmh ri ni sam bith a chuireas geilt ort n' am biodh tu 'g a dheanamh aig uair do bhais. Na tarmaich miann no durachd sam bith 'n ad inntinn, air son am biodh nair ort ged gheibhteadh iad 'nad chridhe, an uair a nochdar thu an lathair do Chruithear.

COMHRADH.

EADAR MURACHADH BAN AGUS
COINNEACH CIOBAIR.

COIN.—Bha duil agam riut an diugh, a charaid ionmhuim, agus mìle taing dhuit a chionn nach do mheall thu mi, ach gu 'n d' thainig thu air m' iarrtas, gu bhi lathair aig basteadh a' bhrogaich bhig a chuir am Freasdal oirnn; ach c'ait am bheil mo bhan-charaid choir do bhean? An e nach d' thainig i maille riut?

MUR.—Ud! Ud! cha b' urrainn i teachd, a Choinnich; is leoir aon againn a bhi o' n bhaile aig an aon am, oir cha bhiodh gnothuichean rathach, riaghailteach, reidh, na 'm fagamaid le cheile an tigh combladh, oir tha seirbhisich a nis air atharrachadh an gne agus an dillseachd, agus cha 'n fhurast aon diubh fhaoituinn anns am bheil fìor earbsadh r'a chur mu thionndaidheas neach a chulaobh.

COIN.—Cha 'n 'eil comas air, ach bu ro mhaidh leinn uile 's a' Ghoirtean Fraoich, aon seachduin a bhi againn de Mhurachadh Ban, agus a cheile ghasda, cheanalta.

MUR.—Mor-thaing dhuit, a Choinnich, ach cha fhreagradh sin, mar a thubhairt mi a cheana; ach mo dhichuimhne! Cia mar a tha Seonaid 'g a faireachadh fein, agus am balach beag?

COIN.—Tha aobhar taingeileachd agam ri radh gu 'm bheil iad 'n an dithis mar bu choir doibh a bhi. Tha Seonaid air a cois o cheann seachdain, agus tha 'm brogachan a' fas mar isean geoidh, agus ciod tuilleadh a dh' iarramaid?

MUR.—Ciod tuilleadh a th 'aig an leanabh bhochd r'a dheanamh, am feadh 's a ta slainte aige? Cleas nan craobh anns an fhìreach, aig nach 'eil ni sam bith r'a dheanamh ach a bhi 'fas; gidheadh, m 'a chaomhnar do leanabh-sa, cha 'n e mhaiu gu 'm fas e, ach fasaidd e ann

an gliocas, 's am meudachd, agns le beaunachd, ann an deagh-ghean aig Dia agus aig daoineibh.

COIN.—Ma ta, a Mhurachaidh, is maith tha fios agamsa, gur e sin durachd do chridhe-sa, agus is taitneach an uì deagh-dhurachd caraid; ach mar a thubhairt thu fein mu na seirbhisich, cha'n 'eil fìor chairdean dileas furast ri'm faotainn. Ochan, mo thruaigh an neach sin a tha 'cosnadh dha fein mìghean, agus droch-run a' chomhearsnaich, oir olc 's mar a ta an saoghal cha tric leis aimhleas no donas a ghuidhe do neach, mar bi aobhar eigin air a shon.

MUR.—Gle cheart, a' Choinnich, 's e dleas 'nas nan uile a bhi 'cuid-eachadh a cheile, a bhi deanamh, maith do aon a' cheile, a bhi 'toirt toisich agus urraim do aon a' cheile, agus a bhi 'leigeadh ris ar neo-iomlanachd do aon a' cheile. Tha duil agam gu'm bheil an t-Abstol Seumas a' deanamh so soilleir, an uair a deir e, "Aidichibh bhur lochdan d' a cheile, agus deanaibh urnuigh air son a' cheile, chum gu'n tearnar sibh: tha mor-eifeachd ann an urnuigh dhurachdach an fhìreìn."

COIN.—Cha 'n 'eil teagamh air sin, a' charaid choir, oir tha Focal na fìrinn 'g a dheanamh cinnteach; ach air an laimh eile, cha'n 'eil teagamh nach 'eil cumhachd mor air a cheadachadh do'n aingidh chum a dhroch ruintean a shuidheachadh air an neach sin do nach 'eil speis aige. Tha cuid ann aig am bheil droch-cridhe—'s e sin, cridhe ni's miosa na cridheachan nan uile, a tha maraon air an truailleadh, a thaobh nadair, le nimh a' pheacaidh. Tha cuid ann aig am bheil droch shuil, trid am bheil iad a' deanamh millidh agus sgrios air cuid dhligich an coimhearsnaich fein; agus a Mhurachaidh, cha 'n 'eil iad sin idir cneasda, oir cha mhaith do neach sam bith teachd 'n an car!

MUR.—Uhh! Uhh! a choinnich, am bheil thusa a' creidsinn ann am faoineis agus am baoghaltachd de'n ghne sin. Tha thu a' cur iongantais orm gun teagamh. Is cinnteach gu'm bheil thu ri feala-dha; air neo, feudaidh e bhi gu'm bheil do cheann 'n a bhreislich, no gu'n robh thu a' toirt geill do gheasaibh agus do dhruidheachd an *Sgiathanaich* amaidich sin, a bha air a mheas leat fein mar neach aig an robh seilean 'n a cheann, a thaobh an rothlais a labhair e mu na reultaibh, agus mu thaibhsaireachd, agus nithe eile.

COIN.—Ud, Ud! a Mhurachaidh, is tric a chaidh feala-dha gu fealarireadh. Agus cha ruig thu' leas a bhi 'tilgeadh an *Sgiathanaich* orm-sa, oir an uair a mhinich thu fein domh gu'n do labhair e gu ceart, freagarrach mu bhuaidhibh nan reult, cha d' fhosgail mi mo bheul tuilleadh 'n a aghaidh, agus cha 'n fhosgail. Ach biodh sin uile mar a dh'fheudas; b' aithne dhomhsa duine a bha air a chunntas 'n a dhuine coir, ceart, ceanalta, a bha 'n a athair, agus 'n a shean-athair, aig an robh seilbh fearainn, agus moran chairdean agus luchd-eolais, agus ni's leoir denithibh maith an t-saoghail so. Gidheadh, aig a' cheart dhuine so bha droch-shuil! Agus ni ni's iongantach na sin, bha cumhachd millteach na droch shula aige air a ghuathachadh an aghaidh a thoil fein. Rachadh Uilliam Ruadh a mach a dh'amharc air a' bhual-cruidh' aige fein, agus co cinnteach ri airgid a' bhaistidh, thoisicheadh am mart air an tilgeadh e a shuil ri geumnaich gu cruaidh, agus thuiteadh i gu grad marbh air an raon.

MUR.—Tha sin ro iongantach ma tha e fìor, a' Choinnich; ach is tric a chual sinn gur i a bho a's miosa tho 's a' bhuaile, a's airde geum.

MUR.—As àirde geum! Feudaidh sin a bhi ceart, a' Mhurachaidh, oir

cha 'n fhurast an sean-fhocal a bhreugnachadh ; ach cha 'n 'eil sinn gu smuaineachadh gu 'm basaich a' bho a's miosa's a' bhuàile gun aobhar, agus is e an t-aobhar sin, gun teagamh idir, droch-shuil Ulleim Ruaidh leis an leis i. Bha 'n teaghlach aige fein co eolach air a'bhuaidh mhi-shealbhar so a bha dluth-cheangailte ris, a's nach leigeadh iad an duine truagh a mach air an dorus, na 'm biodh mart, no each, no caor 'n a fhochair.

MUR.—Cha bu choir ainmhidh sam bith a bhi air ainmeachas an duine sin, ma 's e sin an diol a dheanadh e orra ; ach biodh sin mar a dh' fheudas, bu choir da sgail a chur air a shuilibh, no an spionadh gu tur as a cheann ; agus mo lamhsa, air da a bhi dh' easbhuidh nan sul, nach abradh neach sam bith an sin gu 'n robh droch shuil aig Uilleam Ruadh.

COIN.—Thathusa, a' Mhurachaidh, a' deanamh magaidh dhe 'n ghnathach, ach creid thusa mise, tha iomadh droch shuil ann. Cha 'n 'eil seachduin o 'n dh' innis Ealasaid Nighean Raonuill dhomh gu 'n d' thug droch-shuil neach-eigin an toradh a bainne gach mairt 'n a buaile, agus ged a chuireadh i ri deanamh a' mhuidh gu ruig an la 'n diugh, nach biodh an crioman a's lugha ime aice air son a' saothreach ! B' eigin di mu dheireadh fios a chur air Donnachadh Glas, agus le seun agus giosagan araidh a ghnathachadh, thug e an toradh gun dail air ais, agus tha crodh Ealasaid an diugh mar bu choir doibh a bhi.

MUR.—O ! a Choinnich, a Choinnich, cha robh duil agam riamh, agus gu dearbh cha chreidinn o bheul neach eile gu 'm bheil thusa co saobh-chrabhach, agus so-chreideach ! Thoir thusa beannachd uamsa gu Ealasaid Nighean Raonuill, agus innis di a bhi cinnteach's an

aimsir bhlath so, gu 'n sgallt i na measraichean agus na soithichean bainne le h-uisge goileach gach maduinn agus feasgair ; agus gu 'n cum i na mairt-bhainne gun a bhi 'ruith air theas, mar gu 'n biodh an cuthach orra, agus gu 'n gnathaich i uisge fuar an tobair ann am pailteas, chum gach cuil, oisinn agus sgeilp mu 'n tigh-bhainne, fhagail fuar, fionnar, agus glan ; agus ma ni ise sin, creid thusa mise, nach bi aobhar tuilleadh aice air fios a chur air Donnachadh Glas, no Geal, no air feum a chur air aon seun no giseag a bhuineas da.

COIN.—Ochan ! a' Mhurachaidh, tha mi faicinn nach 'eil thu a' toirt creideis sam bith do dhroch shuil a bhi aig neach, no cumhachd a bhi aig duine sam bith chum dochunn a dheanamh aircuid a choimhearsnaich. Am bheil thu a' creidsinn gu 'm bheil, na gu 'n robh riamh a leithid do ni ann ri buidseachd ?

MUR.—Ma ta, a' Choinnich, cha 'n 'eil mi 'creidsinn air sheol sam bith ann am buidseachd ; ach tha mi 'creidsinn gu 'n robh na miltean a' toirt geill da, agus gu 'n d' rinn-eadh reachdan gu 'n aireamh chum cur as da. Dhealbh Ard-Chomhairle na rioghachd agus Ard-Chomhairle na h-Eaglaise a ris agus a ris laghanna cruaidhe agus teann an aghaidh na buidseachd a chum cur as di, agus an deigh sin uile, cha 'n 'eil mi 'toirt geill gu 'n robh a leithid do ni riamh ann.

COIN.—Tha thu a' cur iongantais orm, a' Mhurachaidh ; dh' fheudadh tu a radh air an t-seol cheudna, nach 'eil a leithid de chreutairibh ann ris na sithichean no na daoine-sithe ; ach co a bheireadh feart ort, or tha deigh-fhios aig na h-uile gu 'n robh iad sin anns gach duthaich agus rioghachd, agus co aig am bheil a dhanadas gu radh, nach 'eil iad fathast ann ? Is maith tha

cuimhn' agam-sa air seann duine coir anns an Eilean Sgiathanach air an robh Fearchar, agus cha leig mi gu brath air di-chuimhne an t-altachadh a theireadh e roimh 'n bhiadh.

MUR.—Cluinneamaid altachadh Fhearchair oir cha 'n 'eil teagamh agam nach maith e.

COIN.—'N am do 'n chuideachd a bhi 'n an suidhe aig a' bhord, agus an lon deas, theireadh neach eigin, "Cuir riut, Fhearchair, cuir riut, abair an t-altachadh." Spionadh an seann duine bochd a bhonaid bharr a chinn, shliobadh e sìos na ciabhagan tana, geal aige, thogadh e suas a shuilean, agus theireadh e le guth tiamhuidh, trom na briathran a leanas. "O Thi bheannaichte, cum ruinn agus cuidich leinn, agus na tuiteadh do ghras mar an t-uisge air druim a' gheoidh. An uair a bhios fear 'n a eigin air gob rutha, cuidich fein leis; agus bi mu 'u cuairt duinn air tìr, agus anns gach aite maille ruinn. Gleidh an t-aosda agus an t-og, ar mnathan agus ar paisdean, ar feudal agus ar spreidh o chumhachd agus o cheannas nan sithichean, agus o mhi-run gach droch shula. Bitheadh slighe reidh romhainn, agus chrìoch shona aig ar turas, Amen."

MUR.—Bu dheagh altachadh a chuir Fearchar suas gun teagamh, ach tha mi 'faicinn gu 'n robh e 'toirt creideis do chumhachd nan sithichean agus na droch shula, agus a reir coslais chordadh barailean agus teagasgan mealltach sheann Fhearchair gu ro mhaith riutsa, a' Choinnich, oir tha e soilleir gu 'm bheil thu fein agus Fearchar air an aon ramh, mu na nithe faoin agus amaideach sin.

COIN.—Tha iongantas orm, a' Mhurachaidh, nach 'eil aig fear d' aois agus d' fiosrachaidh, lan eolas air gach beachd agus barail d' an robh na Gaidheil, auns gach linn, a'

toirt geill a thaobh nan nithe sin. Lionadh na chual mise mu 'n timchioll, leabhar co mor ri Eachdraidh na h-Alba nam biodh iad air an sgriobhadh sìos; agus air moran diubh tha deagh chuimhn' agam gu ruig an la 'n diugh.

MUR.—Air domb-sa a bhi gu tur aineolach air na nithibh iongantach sin, feumaidh tu, uair-eigin eile, leudachadh orra 'n am eisdeachd, oir ged nach 'eil, a reir mo bheachd-sa, brìgh, no blagh, no tairbhe anna fein, gidheadh tha iad freagarrach chum eolas a thoirt seachad air gnathannaibh, cleachdannaibh, agus saobh-chrabhadh ar luchd-duthcha fein anns na linntibh a dh' fhalbh; oir bithidh beachd ni's fearr againn air beannachdaibh an t-soluis, mur a's mo ar u-eolas air duibhre agus cianalas an dorchadais.

COIN.—Is glic a labhair thu, a' Mhurachaidh, agus is taitneach, tuigseach do bhriathra. Ma bhitheas sinn air ar caomhnadh gu la eile fhaicinn theid sinn cuideachd ann an cuil air chor-eigin, agus ni mise dìchioll air cuid de na nithibh air am bheil cuimhn' agam a leigeadh ris 'n ad eisdeachd. Tha mi' cluinntinn gu 'n d' thainig am Ministear coir Maighstir Domhnall, agus is suairce, ceanalta e. Do brìgh gu 'm feud cabhag a bhi air, tha e co maith gun dail mhor a chur 's a' ghuothuch a thug an so e.

MUR.—Tha sin ro cheart, a' Choinnich, oir cha 'n 'eil e beusach no modhail dhuinn fantuinn ni's faide gu 'n fhailt a chur air an uasal urramach a thainig re na slighe so, chum do ghnothuch-sa a dheanamh. Ach ciod an t-ainn tha thu los a thoirt air an leanabh?

COIN.—Sin agad teisteanas a bhreith, thoir suil air, agus chith thu an t-ainm.

MUR.—Far a nall e, a' Choinnich, oir an uair a rugadh, a bhaisteadh,

agus a phosadh thusa agus mise, cha robh guth air na paipeiribh mor, leathaun sin idir, agus air mo shon-sa dheth, cha do ghlaodhadh riamh ann an eaglais mi agus cha do chuir neach riamh an aghaidh mo phosaidh; ach faiceam am paipeir.

COIN.—Sin agad e, agus is mor e a'n nasgaidh.

MUR.—“Murachadh Ban!” O! a Choinnich, a Choinnich, an ann mar so tha 'n gnothuch? Ach, stad gus an leugh mi air fad e. “Murachadh, leanabh-mic, a thugadh am lathair le Coinneach,” seadh, seadh “agus le Seonaid” Ud, Ud! co eile! “agus a chuir an ceill gu'n d' rugadh e anns a' Ghoirtean-Fraoich, ann an Sgìreachd” ro cheart, agus “ann an Siorramachd,” — seadh, air a' leithid so la dhe 'n mhios—tha mi 'ga fhaicinn ach nach iad tha curamach, eagnuidh, poncail, a Choinnich? Ach car' son, a ghille mo chridh, a thug thu Murachadh Ban air an naoidhean? Cha mhor an t-urram do 'n leanabh bhoichd Murachadh Ban a thoirt mar ainm air,—ach tha mi 'n dochas,—

COIN.—Bi ad thosd, a Mhurachaidh, tha 'n gnothuch deunta, agus tha 'n gnothuch ceart, oir cha luaith a chual Seonaid gu'n d' thug i leanabh-mic chum an t-saoghail na thubhairt i, “a Choinnich, ciod air bith a dh' eireas domhsa, ma bhios an leanabh beo, bheir thu Murachadh Ban mar ainm air.

MUR.—Cha 'n e sin a' cheud chomain a chuir Seonaid orm-sa; rachamaid, ma ta, a dh' fhaicinn a' Mhinisteir a' coisrigeadh Mhurachaidh Bhig Bhain anns a' bhaisteadh.

ALASDAIR RUADH.

—o—

COMHAIRLE DO MHATHAIR-ICHIBH.

An ni sin a's miann leat a radh ri d' chloinn, abair e a uis; oir feudaidh am bas do ghearradh as ad lan

neart, agus feudaidh iadsan araon do lathaireachd agus do chomhairle a's fearr a chall. Os ceann gach ni guidh a nis air son an ni sin a's fearr leat, oir cha ghnathaichear anail na h-urnuigh gu diomhain. Ma shinear a mach laithean do bheatha, tha aobhar taingeileachd agad, ach thoir faineir gu 'm bheil t-uine a' ruith seachad, agus tha do chlann a' fas suas, gun fhios gun aire dhuit gu inbh fhear agus bhan, lan dhe 'm beachdaibh agus dhe 'n innleachdaibh fein. Uime sin, teagaisg iad a nis 'n an oige aig do ghluin fein, agus bheir iad barrachd geill duit aig an aois sin na do 'n t-saoghal. Cuir nithe an ceill doibh a nis a reir an tuigse, agus la an deigh la doirt a stigh 'n an cridhe na teagasgan milis, soisgeulach sin, a sparradh ort le d' mhathair fein ann an laithibh d' oige. Bithidh na nithe sin dhoibh-san 's an am ri teachd mar “thobar uisgeacha beo,” as an ol iad gu pailt agus anns am bi air an ath-urachadh. Anns an am a ta lathair, feudaidh iad a bhi mi-churamach, air doibh a bhi aineolach air luach nan teagasg a ta iad a' faotuinn; ach is aithne dhuitse an luach, uime sin is e do dhleas' nas iadsan a dheanamh eolach orra mar nn ceudna. Abuichidh do bhriathra gliocais ri h-uine gu bhi 'n an sguabaibh oir, leis an deanar do shliochd da-rireadh saibhir, cia ac a chi no nach 'fhaic thu fein e. Cuimhnich gu'm bheil an Droch fhear dichollach ann an cur a' choguill, a' glacadh gach fath agus cothroim chum sin a dheanamh. Ach mar mhathair ghradhaich, dhileis, dhleas'nachail, dean barrachd dichill ann a bhi 'cur an deagh shil. Gabh comhairle an duine ghlic, a thubhairt, “Anns a' mhaduinn cuir do shiol agus 's an fheasgar na toir air do lamh sgur.” —(Eccles. xi-6.)

SGIATHANACH

AN T-EILEIN MUILEACH.

LE DUGHALL MACPHAIL.



Key A.

THE MELODY IN THE TONIC SOL-FA NOTATION.

(s) | S₁, l₁ : d | r.m : l₁, s₁ | s₁ : s₁, S₁ | l . d : r | m, s- : m., r | r : d.

(m) | M., s : m | r . d : m., r | r, d- : m₁, M₁ | s₁, l₁ : d₁ | r . m : l₁, s₁ | s₁ : s₁ ||

Some of the lines of the song being a syllable longer than the others, require the bracketted notes.

Ged tha mi 'm fhògarrach cian air m' aineol
'S a' Chaisteal-nuadh, 's an taobh tuath de Shasunn,
Bidh tir mo dhuthchais a' tigh'nn fainear dhomh ;
An t-Eilein Muileach 'bu lurach beannaibh.

An t-Eilein Muileach, an t-eilein àghmhor,
An t-eilein grianach mu 'n iadh an saile ;
Eilein buadhmhòr nam fuar-bheann arda,
Nan coilltean uaine, 's nan cluaintean fasail.

B' fhallain, cubhraidh 's bu reidh an t-àilean,
Le 'bhlathan maoth-bhog 'bu chaoine faileadh :
Bu ghlan na bruachan mu 'n d'fhuair mi m' àrach
An *Doire-chuilinn* aig bun *Beinn-bhairneach*.

An t-Eilein Muileach, &c.

Air *Lusa* chaisleach nan stachd 's nan cuartag,
Bhiodh bradain tharr-gheal nam meanbh-bhall ruadh-bhreac
Gu beo-bhrisg, siubhlach, le surd ri luath-chleas
'N a cuislibh du-ghorm gun ghruid, gun ruadhan,
An t-Eilein Muileach, &c.

Bu chulaidh-shugraidh do dh-og-fhir uallach,
Le gathan tri-mheurach, rinneach, cruaidh-ghlan,
Air caol-chroinn dhireach, gun ghiamh, gun chnuachd-mheoir
'Bhi toirt nan làn-bhreac gu traigh mu 'bruachan.

An t-Eilein Muileach, &c.

Gheibhteadh 'n ruadh-chearc 's na coilltean iosal,
'S a coileach tùchanach dluth 'g a briodal;
'S ged bha na beanntaibh gun fhaing, gun fhrithean
Bha daimh na cròice 'n an còrsaibh lionmhor.

An t-Eilein Muileach, &c.

B' e 'n sòlas inntinn leam a bhi 'g eisdeachd
Ri còisir bhinn-ghuthach, ghrinn a' Cheitein:
A' seinn gu sunndach an dluth's nan geugan—
A' choill' fo liath-dhealt, 's a' ghrian ag eirigh!

An t-Eilein Muileach, &c.

Chlaon gach sòlas dhiu sud mar bhruadar,
'S mar bhristeadh builgein air bharr nan stuadh-thonn:
Ach soraidh slan leis gach loinn a's buaidh
A bh' air eilein aghmhor nan ard-bheann fuara.

An t-Eilein Muileach, &c.

[An English translation of this song may be found at page 252.]

SGEUL AIR BLIADHNA THEARLAICH.

Air a' mbios mu dheireadh de 'n t-samhradh 1747, chaidh Gaidheal guamach, sgairteil dh' ionnsuidh tigh Inuis-Croi, anns an robh uach-daran de na Stiubhartaich a' gabhail comhnuidh. Bhuail e aig an dorus, agus dh' fheoraich e an robh an tighearn a stigh. Fhreagair a' bhan-tighearn, agus thubhairt i nach robh duine a stigh ach i fein agus a triuir nighean. Dh' eirich fear-an-tighe le Tearlach—chaill e dithis mhac ann an Cuilfhodair, agus b' eigiun da ionad-foluich a thoirt air.

“Co thusa,” ars' a' bhan-tighearn, “agus ciod e do ghnothuch riumsa!”

“Is mise,” deir e, “Searsan Caimbeul; agus dh' àithneadh dhomh an tigh so a rannsachadh airson t-fhir-posda, airson Fear Chluanaidh, agus na h-uiread de dhaoineibh ceannairceach eile a dh' eirich an aghaidh an Rìgh!”

Air do 'n bhan-tighearn so a chluinntinn, thubhairt i ris, gu 'm b' fhearr leatha an t-aon bushuaraiche de na ceannardaibh Sasunnach fhaidcinn a' teachd a rannachadh a tighe airson cairdean a' Phrionnsa, na aon air bith do na Caimbeulaich an-ìochdmhor sin a dh' eirich an aghaidh a' Phrionnsa dhlighich, agus a chaidh gu 'n dulan chum an luchd-duthcha a sgrios!

“Dean foighidinn, a bhean-uasail,” ars' an Gaidheal; “oir gun teagamh bithidh tusa agus do chuid nighean ni 's tearuinte ann an lamhaibh firduthcha, na bhiodh sibh ann an lamhaibh saighdeir Sasunnaich.”

Cha robh a' bhan-tighearn leighte le sin idir; gidheadh thilg i na h-iuchraichean d' a ionnsuidh, a' guidhe gu 'm faiceadh i an la anns am biodh na Caimbeulaich air an gearradh as, eadar bhun agus bharr, leis na fineachaibh eile! Thog e

na h-iuchraichean, agus thoisich e air mion-rannsachadh a dheanamh air feadh gach cuil agus oisinn do 'n tigh ! Re na h-uine so, bha a' bhan-tighearn aig a shail, a' labhairt ris anns na briathraibh bu tareil' a b' urrainn di a dhealbhadh. Ghrad sheas an Gaidheal. Sheall e an clar an eudainn air a' mhnaoi uasal. Cha d' thubhairt e lide ; ach thomh e a lamh ri leabaidh a bha 'n sin, agus chrath e a cheann ! Air ball bha ise 'n a tosd—chaochail a gnuis, agus bha i uile air chrith le h-eagal ! Aig a' mhionaid sin, thainig ceannard Sasunnach a steach, agus cuignear shaighdear maille ris, fo 'n lan armachd !

“ O ! faicibh an so,” deir a' bhan-tighearn, “ crochair do na Caimbeulaich a chuireadh a rannsachadh an tighe ; agus tha e ri milleadh agus briseadh, agus a' tilgeadh gach ni bun os cionn.”

“ Leig dhiot gu h-ealamh, a shloighteir,” ars' an ceannard Sasunnach, “ agus thoir do chasan as ; oir ma tha ceannaircich an so, gabh-aibh mise curam dhiubh.”

“ Cha dean e 'n gnothach,” ars' an Gaidheal ; “ oir am fear is luaithe lamh, 's e is fearr cuid. Bha mise an so an toiseach ; is leamsa, air an aobhar sin, coir an rannsachaidh, agus leamsa bithidh an duais airson na gheibhear. Air mo chomhairle, mata, thoir thusa gu grad an dorus ort.”

“ Feuch dhomh t-ughdarras, a choin Albannaich, airson rannsachaidh.”

“ Feuch dhomhsa an toiseach ciod a' choir a ta agadsa airson sin iarraidh.”

“ Is mise an t-oifigeach *Letam*, aig am bheil ughdarras o *Chobam*, mo cheannard : ach co o'm bheil ughdarras agadsa ?”

“ Tha m' ughdarras-sa o dhuin'-uasal ni's fearr na thusa, agus ni's

fearr na aon a bha no bhitheas os do cheann.”

“ O dhuin'-uasal ni's fearr na mise, agus ni's fearr na aon a bha no bhitheas os mo cheann ! Fhir mo chridhe, glacam thu air ball mar cheannairceach agus mar fhear-brathaidh an aghaidh do Rìgh agus do rioghachd.”

Le sin, rug e air a' Ghaidheal ; ach an uair a chunnaic an Caimbeulach danachd an t-Sasunnaich, thug e buille do 'n dorn dha, leis an do thuit e gun deo air an lar ! Ann am mionaid tharruing na cuig saighdeirean an dagaichean, chum an Caimbeulach a thilgeadh ; ach ghrad leum e gu cul leapach a bha ann an ceann eile an tighe, le dag 's an aon laimh, agus a chlaidheamh 's an laimh eile ; agus air do 'n t-slighe dh'ionnsuidh an t-seomair a bhi co aimhleathan's nach rachadh dithis a steach comhladh, bha esan a rachadh a stigh an toiseach ciunteach gu cuirteadh gu bas e leis a' Chaimbeulach ghaisgeil ! Air doibh so fhaicinn, chaidh dithis diubh mach, chum losgadh a stigh air troimh uinneig bhig a bha air cul an tighe. Cha b' fhurasd a nis do 'n Ghaidheal an triuir a bha stigh a chumail as an t-seomar, agus e fein a dhionadh o theine na dithis a bha muigh. Ach ghrad dhealbh e innleachd a shoirbhich leis. Shin e mach a bhoineid thar oisium na leapach ; agus air do 'n triuir a bha stigh smuaineachadh gu 'n robh a cheann innte, ghrad las an dagaichean, agus chaidh na tri peileirean troimh na boineid ; ach bha 'n ceann tearuinte, agus b'olc an airidh mar biodh ! Mar ghrad bhoisge an dealanaich, leam an Gaidheal a mach le a chlaidheamh ruisgte 'n a dhorn ; agus mu 'm b' urrainn na Sasunnaich an dorus a thoirt orra, bha dithis diubh air an gearradh as ; agus rug e air an treas fear, agus chuir

e gu dith e aig astar beag o 'n tigh. An uair a chunnaic an dithis aig an uinneig chuil mar a chaidh na cuisean, leam iad 'n an diollaidaibh, agus thug iad na spuir do na h-eich. Ghabh an Gaidheal each an oifigich Sbasunnaich, agus ruith e 'n an deigh, ag eigheach riu, "Stad aibh, a chladhairean!—stadaibh!" Ach cha deanadh iad sin idir; agus ged a bha 'n Gaidheal a' bualadh an eich air adhairt leis a' chlaidheamh fhuilteach a bha 'n a laimh, cha robh e 'n a chomas beirsinn orra. Bha dithis dhaoine, Padruig Grand agus Alasdair Mac-Eachainn, air a' cheart am sin ann an aite-foluich aig Craig-neart. Chunnaic iad an reis, agus cha 'n fhac iad a leithid riamh roimhe! Mu dheireadh, chaidh each a' Ghaidheil fodha ann am boglach, agus b' eiginn da an ruaig a thoirt thairis:

Air do 'n Ghranndach agus do Mhac-Eachainn so fhaicinn, dh' fhag iad Craig-neart, chum failte a chur air a' Ghaidheal ghaisgeil a rinn trenhhantas co mor. Ach feuch! ciod an t-iongantas leis an do bhuaileadh iad, an uair a chunnaic iad gu 'm b' e an Gaidheal curanta so an ceannard urramach agus ionmhuinn fein — IAIN RUADH STIUBHART!

Phill an triuir gu Innis-Croi, far an d' fhuair iad na ban-tighearnan air chrith le h-eagal, agus na saighdeirean Sasunnach 'n an sineadh gun deo! An sin chaidh cuisean a mbineachadh air gach taobh. Dh' innis a' bhan-tighearn an t-eagal a ghabh i an uair a thomh an Caimbeulaich a lamh ris an leabaidh, a cheann gu 'n robh dorus beag aig cul na leapach sin a bha treorachadh dh' ionnsuidh seomair uaighnich far an robh a companach, agus naislean eile a bha air taobh Thearlaich, air am foluchadh. Chunnaic i nach robh am Caimbeulach aineolach mu

'n t-seomar sin, agus lionadh a cridhe le geilt gu 'n glacteadh iad.—Dh' innis Iain Ruadh Stiubhart, air an laimh eile, gu 'm fac e na Sasunnaich a' deanamh dìreach air an tigh; agus air da fios a bhi aige gu 'n robh a chairdean air am foluchadh ann, runaich e a bheatha fein a chur an cunnart chum an teas-airginn.

Is iongantach mar a chealaicheadh an gnìomh euchdach so, air chor is nach d' fhuair Diuc Uilleam no a cheannardan riamh a mach co e an Caimbeulach gaisgeil a rinn an t-euchd a dh' ainmicheadh! Ach cha robh na ban-tighearnan co h-aghmhor ri Iain Ruadh agus a chompanaich; oir, air do Dhuic *Cumberland* mor-thamailt fhaotuinn airson mar a chuireadh as d'a shaighdeiribh, chuir e buidheann eile dh' ionnsuidh Innis-Croi, chum an tigh a chreachadh agus a losgadh, agus chum prìosanaich a dheanamh de na ban-tighearnaibh! Bha 'n gnìomh dioghailtais so gu h-ìomlan neo-dhuineil agus eas-urramach ann fein, agus ceart cosmhuil ri uile ghnoimh-araibh eile *Chumberland*, a bha comharraichte airson ain-ìochd agus cruas-cridhe!

SGIATHANACH.

Cia suaimhneach an inntinn, cia stolda an aigne, cia suilbhear a' ghnuis, cia binne an guth, cia milis an codal, cia toilichte uile-bheatha an duine sin nach runaich droch-bheairt 'n a chridhe an aghaidh muinntir eile; agus nach smuainich gu 'm bheil a leithid air a runachadh le neach sam bith 'n a aghaidh fein. Air an laimh eile, nach graineil, mi-thaitneach an ni a bhi 'buanachadh ann an staid naimbdeis, connsachaidh, agus corruich, air do na smuaintean a bhi air an claidh gu searbh le curam, amhuras, agus doilghios, a bhi maraon ag oibreachadh anna.

AN T-OLLAMH SEUMAS GARIE.

Bha 'n duine urramach so 'n a mhinistear soisgeulach, dichollach agus curamach aig gach am, agus anns gach aite, chum Soisgeul na sithe a shearmonachadh d'a luchd-eisdeachd. Chaidh e maille ri ministearibh diadhaidh eile a null dh'ionnsuidh nan Eireannach anns a' bhliadhna 1790, a thoirt eolais doibh air briathraibh na beatha maireannaich. Air doibh a bhi 'searmonachadh re aireimh mhiosan ann an Sligo, a reir coslais le mor-bhuannachd a' luchd-eisdeachd, thogadh eaglais mhor am fochair a' bhaile, a bha ro fhreagarrach air son an t-sluaigh a dh' fhas mu dheireadh gle lionmhor. Bha cuisean a' dol air an aghaidh gle thaitneach car uine, ach mu dheireadh dh' eirich naimhdean suas an aghaidh sheirbhiseach an Tighearna, agus runaich iad an eaglais a thilgeadh sìos gu lar. Thug iad ionnsaidh oirre a ris agus a ris, ach mu dheireadh chaidh a' chuis leo, agus loisg iad tigh an Tighearna gu luathre! Cha bu leoir sin leis an luchd-droch-bheirt so, ach rinn iad geur-leanmhuinn chruaidh, air na deagh-dhaoineibh sin ach gu sonraichte air aon diubh, a bha iad a' dèan-lorgadh o aite gu h-aite. Dh' fhas na cuisean anabarrach cunnartach, agus bha eagal mor airsan gu h-àraidh air an bu mhiann leo greim a dheanamh. Uime sin, chunnaic e freagarrach a chairtealan fein atharrachadh gach oidhche fa leth. Bhunaich e gidheadh 'n a dhrenchd fein, agus cha do dhiobair e idir ann a bhi 'thoirt rabhaidh do 'n aingidh air gach taobh dha. Air feasgar araidh a bha tiamhaidh, dorchas, trom, chualas buille aig an dorus. Ghradh' fhosgladh e, agus thainig duine, borb, fiadhaich a stigh do 'n t-seomar, le a' ghnais comhdaichte o chluais gu cluais le feusaig robaich,

dhuibh. Sheas e dìreach air a bhonnaibh, agus bha e mu shea troighean ann an airde. Bha dag aige 'n a laimh dheis. Chum e an t-inneal marbhtach so gu dìreach ri h-aghaidh a' mhinisteir, agus bhagair e am peileir a chur gu grad troimh 'eanachainn. Dh' eirich an t-Ollamh suas gun sgath, gun eagal, ghlac e Biobull beag 'n a laimh, chaidh e le guis chiuin, thlaith, an codhail a' mhortair alluidh, agus dh' amhairc e air gu geur, guo a 'n clar an eudainn. Bha am mortair air a bhualadh le coslas seimh, malta, neo-chiontach an duine naoimh. Cha do labhair e lide, ach thionndaidh e air a shail, thug e an dorus air, agus cha do cheaduidheadh dha dochunn sam bith a dheanamh air seirbhiseach dileas an Tighearna!

Is miobhuileach freasdal an Ti a's Airde chum a phiobull fein a theasairginn. Gabhaidh esan curam diubh 'n an dol a mach, agus 'n an teachd a steach; stiuiridh se iad air rodaibh an dleasnais, agus bheir e air na h-uile nithibh oibreachadh le cheile chum an leas. Is beann- uichte, uime sin, an ti sin a chuireas a dhochas anns an Tighearna.

SGIATHANACH.

—o—

Feudaidh sibh caraid na firinn a chlaoidh agus a sharuchadh, ach mairidh an fhirinn fein gu 'n truailleadh. Feudaidh sibh am Bard, am Fear-eadhlain, agus an Criosduidh irioslachadh gu mor, ach cha 'n 'eil e 'n 'ur comas a' bhardachd no ealadh ain, no 'n Creideamh Criosduidh a mhilleadh, no mhaslachadh air sheol sam bith.

Feudar a radh nach 'eil ann an Gamhlas ach "domhlas na seirbhe agus cuibhreach na h-eucorach." Se Gamhlas an toradh a's seirbhe a dh' fhasas air craoibh a' pheacaidh, agus cha 'n urrainn ni sam bith ach teas-ghradh an Ti a's Airde a smaladh as an anam.

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GAELIC PHILOLOGY.

NOTES BY THE REV. ALEX. CAMERON.
(Continued from Vol. III. page 222.)

458. *Murcas* (sadness, gloominess) and *murcach* (sad, gloomy) are connected with Dan. *mörk* (dark, gloomy), *mörke* (darkness, gloom), Ice. *myrkr* (darkness), A.S. *mirk* (darkness), Scot. *mirk*, Eng. *murky*.

459. *Mul* (a conical heap, a mound) and *mulan* (a little hill, heap, stack, rick of hay; dim. of *mul*) are connected with Lat. *moles* (a mass, heap, lump of huge bulk or weight). Cf. *mol* (a heap).

460. *Rùcan* (a small round hill, a small rick of corn or hay) is connected with Scot. *ruck*, N. *röyk*, or *rauk* (a small heap as of corn-sheaves in a field), Ice. *hraukr*, (a small stack), A. S. *hreac* (rick, stack), Eng. *rick*. Cf. Wedgwood's Etym. Dict. The Ice. *hraukr* shows that *rùcan* and *cruach* may be from the same root.

461. *Rong* and *rongas* (a joining spar; a rib or timber of a boat; a staff) is connected with Ice. *röng* (a rib in a ship), Goth *hrugg* (a rod, a stick), Scot. *rung* (any long piece of wood).

462. *Mùr* (a wall, bulwark; a fortified place) = Lat. *murus* (a wall, as of a town. Cf. Ice. *múrr* (a wall), also from Lat. *murus*.

463. *Lùb* (a bend, curvature) is connected with Ger. *lupe* (a loop), Eng. *loop*.

464. *Spàirn* (effort, hard struggle, violent exertion) may be compared with Old Fr. *espreindre* (to force out, to strain) from which is derived Eng. *sprain* (to strain, to overstrain the

muscles of a joint). *Espreindre* is from Lat. *exprimo* (to press out, strain out).

465. *Spoth* (geld, castrate) is cognate with Lat. *spado* (eunuch), Gr. *spadōn* (eunuch) from *spao*, Eng. *spay*. Cf. Bret. *spaza* and W. *dyspaddu* (to castrate).

466. *Osd* (an inn) is a loan-word either from Eng. *host* (one who entertains strangers, an innkeeper) or directly from Old Fr. *hoste* from Lat. *hospes, hospitis*. In *òsd* initial *h* is dropped as in *ad* (hat), *osan* (hose).

467. *Aifrionn* (the Catholic mass; gen. *aifrin*; anc. *aiffrend*, gen. *aiffrind*) is from Lat. *offerenda* (offering). In the Highl. Soc. Dict. this word is derived from *nèamh* and *rann* !

468. *Aibhis* (the sea; the great void, the atmosphere) = Lat. *abyssus*, Gr. *abyssos* (bottomless, unfathomable, boundless; the abyss), Eng. *abyss*.

469. *Spàin* and *spoon*.

Spàin (a spoon) is connected with Ice. *spánn* and *spónn* (a chip, shaving, made by a plain, knife, or axe; a spoon), Dan. *spaan* (a chip), Ger. *span* (very thin board, chip, splint, shaving), A. S. *spón* and *spoon* (a chip), Dut. *spaan* (a chip), Eng. *spoon*.

470. *Spang* or *spann* (any small thin plate of metal; anything shining, or sparkling) corresponds to Dan. *spang* (clasp, buckle), Ice. *spenna* (clasp), Swed. *spänne*, Ger. *spange* (clasp), Dut. *spang* (spangle), A. S. *spange* (clasp), Eng. *spangle*.

471. *Spann* (to sever, cut asunder, divide) corresponds to Old Ger.

spanen (to divide), *span* (strife, split, discord), Dut. *spanen* (splint).

472. *Spann* (to wean a child) is connected with Ice. *speni* (a teat, dug), A. S. *spana* (teats or speanes of females), Dut. *speen* (udder, dug), *spenen* (to wean or abstain from some pleasure), Ger. *spänen* (to wean).

473. *Casd* and *casad* (a cough) is cognate with Ice. *hosti* (a cough), *hoste* (a cough), *hoste* (to cough), Scot. *host*. Garnett compares *casd* (cough) and Lat. *tussis*, like *ceithir* and Gr. *tessares*.

474. *Speur* (the sky, the firmament) is referred by Pictet and Bopp to Sansk. *svar* (the sky, the heavens), but is possibly a loan-word from Lat. *sphæra* (a globe, sphere), Gr. *sphaira* (a ball, globe, hollow sphere), Eng. *sphere*.

475. *Oscarra* (loud, energetic, bold) is connected with, if not derived from Ice. *öskra* (to bellow, to roar).

476. *Coire* (cauldron, kettle) may be compared with Ice. *hverr* (cauldron, boiler) = *hver-r*. *C* in Gaelic frequently corresponds to *h* in Icelandic and the other Teutonic languages.

477. *Leisg* or *leasg* (lazy) may be compared with Ice. *löskr* (weak, idle), Dan. *luske* (to sneak, to skulk about). Cf. Ice. *lidh-leskja* (a bad hand, a laggard).

478. *Snaidh* (hew, cut down) = W. *naddu* (to hew, chip, cut) and is cognate with Ger. *schneiden* (to cut, carve), Ice. *sneidha* (to cut into slices) and *snidha* (to slice, lop, cut), Goth. *sneidhan* (to cut) from root *snaith*, A.S. *snidan* (to cut, cut off) and *snidhan* (to cut, cut off, amputate).

479. *Slaod* (to trail) is cognate with Ice. *slædha* (to trail) and *slodhi* (a truss of fagots trailed along; cf. *slaod* (a trail, a trailing burden), Dan. *slæde* (sledge, sleigh), Ger.

schlitten (sledge), Eng. *slide*. Cf. Diefenbach's Goth. Lexicon.

480. *Sgol* (rinse, wash) = Ice. *skola* (to wash), *skol* (washing water), Dan. *skylle* (to rinse, wash).

481. *Sgrìodan* (a stony ravine on a mountain side, the track of a mountain torrent, a landslip) corresponds to Ice. *skridha* (a landslip on a hill-side).

482. *Sleag* or *sléig* (to sneak, drawl) is connected with Ger. *schleichen* (to sneak, crawl, slink), A. S. *slincan* (to slink, crawl, creep), Eng. *slink*. Cf. Diefenbach's Goth. Lexicon.

483. *Sìoman* (a rope, a cord, usually made of twisted straw or heather) may be compared with Dan. *sime* (a cord of twisted straw or hair), Ice. *síma* (a rope, cord).

484. *Geò* or *geodha* (a creek or cove formed by surrounding rocks) may be compared with Ice. *gja* (a chasm, rift), *geögr* (a cleft, rift). The Icelandic *gja* is found in the North of Scotland in the forms *geo* and *geow*.

485. *Còs* (a cavern, cave, crevice) may be compared with Ice. *kjós* (a deep or hollow place).

486. *Sgeir* (a rock in the sea) corresponds to Ice. *sker* (a rock in the sea), Dan. *skjære*, Swed. *skär*, Eng. *skerry*.

487. *Crò* (a fold for sheep) corresponds to Ice. *krō* (a small pen or fence, the pen in which lambs when weaned are put during the night), Dan. *kro* (an inn), Scot. *croo* (a hovel, sty).

488. *Cròch* (saffron, red) = Lat. *crocus*, Gr. *krokos*.

489. *Corcur* (scarlet, crimson) = Lat. *purpura*, *c* in Gaelic representing *p* in Latin.

490. *Os* (the mouth of a river) = Ice. *oss* (the mouth or outlet of a river or lake) from Lat. *ostium* (mouth, entrance). *S* of *os* is from *st*.

491. *Lìon* (a net, a fishing-net) may be compared with Ice. *lōgn* (a net laid in the sea).

492. *Dealg* (a thorn, prickle; a pin, bodkin) may be compared with Ice. *dalkr* (the pin in the cloaks of the ancients), A.S. *dalc* (a buckle).

493. *Gin* (the mouth, of frequent occurrence in ancient Gaelic) is cognate with Ice. *gin* (the mouth), Gr. *chainō* (to yawn) from root *chan*, Lat. *hio* (to open, to open one's mouth), *hisco* from *hiasco* (to open, gape, yawn), Ger. *gähnen* (to yawn), A. S. *gin* (a gap, an opening), *ginan* and *ginian* (to yawn), Eng. *yawn*, Scot. *gant*.

494. *Criadh* (clay; anc. *criad*) = Lat. *creta*.

495. *Long* (ship = W. *llong*) according to Ebel (see Celtic Studies, p. 103.) = Lat. *longa* (navis), long ship; but cf. Ice. *lung* (ship).

496. *Lorg* (staff, club, cudgel; anc. *lorc*) = Corn. *lorch* (staff) and may be compared with Ice. *lurkr* (cudgel). Cf. also Arm. *lorchen*.

497. *Mol* or *mal* (a beach) may be compared with Ice. *möl* (pebbles), worn stones, the bed of pebbles on the beach or in a river).

498. *Cleit* (a rugged eminence) may be compared with Ice. *klettr* (a rock, a cliff), Dan. *klint* (a cliff), Scot. *clett*.

499. *Cnarra* (a ship) is connected with Ice. *knörr* (a ship, a merchant-ship; gen. *knarrar*), A.S. *cnear* (a ship, galley).

500. *Cnap* (a knob, lump, little hill) corresponds to Ice. *knappr* (a knob, stud, button), Mod. Ice. *hnappr*, Dan. *knap* (a knob, button), Ger. *knopf* (a button, knob), Dut. *knop* and *knoop* (a button), A.S. *cnap* (a button, knop), Eng. *knop* and *knob*, Cf. W. *cnap* (a knob, button).

501. *Cluas* (ear) = W. *clust* (ear), and is cognate with Ice. *hlust* (ear), A.S. *hlyst* (the sense of hearing),

Eng. *list* and *listen*. The root is *clu* or *klu*. Cf. Sansk. *ṣru* (to hear), Gr. *kluō* (to hear), and Lat. *cluo* (to hear). See Curtius' Gr. Etymology.

502. *Dàil* (delay) may be compared with Ice. *dvala* (to delay) and *dvala* = *dvölo* (a short stay, stop, delay), Dan. *dvale* (a trance, torpor) and *dvæle* (to dwell, linger, tarry), Eng. *dwell* (lit. to delay, to linger).

503. *Dùs-* in *dùsal* (a slumber) may be compared with Dan. *dæs* (drowsiness), *dæse* (to doze), Ice. *dús* (a lull, dead calm) and *dúsa* (to doze), A.S. *dwæs* (dull), Eng. *doze*.

504. *Glùn* (the knee; = W. and Corn. *glin*) is derived by Stokes from *glup-no* = *grup-no*, from root *grup* (to bend). Cf. *suan* (sleep; = W. *hun*) = *svapna* and Lat. *somnus* for *sopnus*, Gr. *hypnos*. See Beiträge Z. Vergl. Sprachf., vol. 5, p. 450.

505. *Teine* (fire; anc. *tene* = W. *tân* and Corn. *tan*) is cognate with Zend. *taf-nu* (hot) for *tap-nu*. Cf. Stokes' Ir. Glosses, p. 89, and Beiträge, vol. 5, p. 450. Cf. also Sansk. root *tap* (to make hot, to burn) and Lat. *tepeo* (to be warm).

506. *Lighe* (flood) = W. *lli* and *llif* (flood, deluge, stream), Corn. *lif* and *lyw* (flood) from root *lib*, from which come also Gr. *leibō* (to pour out, to let flow) *loibē* (a pouring), Lat. *libare* (to pour out). Cf. Beiträge, vol. 5, p. 451 and Curtius' Gr. Etymology.

(To be continued.)

TONGUE, SUTHERLANDSHIRE.—We are glad to understand that Donald M'Leod, son of Wm. M'Leod, merchant, Tongue, has gained the Macphail bursary of £20, tenable for two years, given by the Free Church to promising young lads to enable them to prosecute their studies at a grammar school, with a view to entering the University. Mr. M'Leod, who is only sixteen years of age, gained the highest prize in the whole county for general scholarship, and also the highest in English Grammar at the competition held at Farr in April last, by the Sutherlandshire Association.

THE MASSACRE OF GLENCOE.

The massacre of Glencoe was an act which, from its complicated and cold-blooded iniquity, ranks with those wicked deeds which may be called continental in their breadth and atrocity, and which, had it not been an exception to the general policy of William, might have been said to outweigh all the glories of his reign.

The Earl of Breadalbane had received from government a large sum of money to bribe the rebellious clans to submission to King William's authority. Some dispute or difference of opinion had arisen as to the distribution of the bribes. Breadalbane began to suspect that the chieftans meant to deceive and hoodwink him. Whether right or wrong in this belief, he betrayed his suspicions to government. They, on the month of August, 1691, issued a proclamation, enjoining all and each of them to take the oaths to the government of William and Mary, previous to the 1st day of January, 1692. In this proclamation, too, it was threatened that all who did not submit to these terms should be punished by the utmost rigours of fire and sword.

This proclamation was drawn up by Sir John Dalrymple, or the Master of the Stair, in conjunction with Breadalbane. He wished to form a Highland army in favour of government, and to get, if possible, all the Highland chiefs to transfer their allegiance from King James to the new dynasty. This he found, however, very difficult. The chiefs were fond enough of money, but fonder, at heart, of the Stuarts. Many of them, including the MacDonalds, stood out for more favourable terms—the negotiation was braken off, and the fatal proclamation was issued.

We believe it is certain that Stair began now to entertain the private hope that the chiefs would not submit at all, or, at least, that they would hold out beyond the prescribed term, and, in the "gloomy recesses of a mind capacious of such things," had determined to make the broad Highlands a monument of his vengeance. He had collected troops at Inverlochy—he had resolved to take the advantage of the winter, when the passes would be stopped, when the highlanders would not be expecting an attack, and would become an easy prey. Thus, like a tiger on the edge of his jungle, did this inhuman lawyer lie eagerly waiting for his hour.

The chiefs, however, were on their

guard. Within the prescribed time, they, one by one, submitted to the terms of the proclamation. It has been said that this was at the secret suggestion of King James, who had penetrated Lord Stair's purpose, and had directed his friends rather to forswear their consciences than to lose their lives.

As chief after chief took the oath of allegiance, Stair became more and more chagrined, and increasingly anxious that some one of the clans should refuse and become the victim of his revenge. And one such tribe at last did fall into his vindictive and quivering jaws. This was the tribe of the MacDonalds, inhabiting, as a "munition of rocks," the valley of Glencoe.

Glencoe is a softened Sinai—Sinai unscorched and uncrowned with all the leading features of that "great and terrible mountain" transferred to Scotland. There are, indeed, many diversities. Through the valley of Glencoe winds a stream called the Cona—a name of perfect music, soft as softest Italian, and which seems the very echo of the tender and everlasting wail of a lonely river. No such stream laves the foot of Sinai's savage hill. Then there lies below one of the boldest hills of the pass a lovely lake, looking up with child-like, trustful, untrembling eye to the lowering summits above; and a fine verdure here and there creeps up the precipices, and green pastures and still waters encompass hills on which Aaron might have waited for death, or Moses ascended to meet God—features all unlike those of the Syrian wilderness. But the mural aspect of many of the precipices, the rounded shape of some of the mountains, contrasted with the sharp razor-like ridges of others—the deep and horrid clefts and ravines which yawn here and there—the extent, dreariness, solitude, and grandeur of the whole mountain range above—the summits you see, but scarcely see, behind their nearer brethren, as though retiring, like proud and lonely spirits, into their own inaccessible hermitages—the appearance of convulsion, and tearing in pieces, and rending in twain, and fierce unreconciliation, which rests, like a black jagged wing, over the whole region—were all those of Horeb, as it might be seen in pictures and in dreams; and we become, for a season, silent and awe-struck, as if waiting for another avatar of the deity, upon those thunder-split and shaggy peaks. Another image which suggests itself, is that of two ranges of tempest-tossed mountain-waves

of ocean, with a wide interspace of comparative calm between them, suddenly arrested and stiffened into eternal granite. One mountain itself excites peculiar emotion. It is round-headed—knotted too, with round rocks—it comes nearer the valley than the rest, although without impending over it—it is extremely steep, and has a large fissure glaring eastward over the glen, “like a gash on warrior’s breast.” This is called, popularly, Ossian’s cave, and perhaps the hill is also called Ossian’s hill. It might be named Mount Moses; for it seems an exact similitude of the precipitous and one-pathed mountain, up which that lonely man panted and quaked to meet with a thunder-shrouded and lightning-guarded God.

Further down, the valley becomes softer in its character; the mountains retire still further from it; the Cona murmurs gentler measures as it glides onwards to Loch Leven, where it is to be lost; and at a bend of the stream, on a green level meadow, about two miles from the Loch, at a place where, according to Talfourd, “the wild myrtle grows in great profusion,” stood the cottage of the leader of the clan, MacDonald, and was transacted that massacre which all ages shall arise and call accursed.

“As the clime is, so the heart of man.” The MacDonalds were worthy of their savage scenery, and more savage weather. True “children of the mist” were they—strong, hardy, fearless—at feud with the adjacent Campbells—the clan to which Breadalbane belonged—-and, although their number never amounted to more than two hundred armed men, their name was a terror throughout all that country, and repeatedly had the blood of the race of Dermid smoked upon their swords. Their leader bore the patronymic title of MacIan. He is described as a man of distinguished courage and sagacity, venerable in aspect, stately in bearing, and moved among his neighbouring chieftains like a demigod. He had followed Claverhouse to Killiecrankie; he had had, along with the other chiefs, a meeting to adjust differences with Breadalbane, and had come there to open rupture and recrimination with the earl. He knew, and said afterwards, that Breadalbane was his foe, and would yet try to do him injury. And still, with a strange inconsistency, amounting almost to infatuation, he deferred taking the oath, and thereby securing his safety, till the appointed time had nearly expired.

This was a mode of conduct entirely

after Stair’s own heart, who, in a letter dated the 3d of December—a month before the limits of the indemnity were reached—had expressed an ardent hope, that some of the clans, and especially the MacDonalds of Glencoe, would “fall into the net”—(i.e., afford the government some tolerable pretext for their destruction).

A few days, however, before the 1st of January (1692) Colonel Hill is sitting in his room, in Fort-William, when some strangers claim an audience. There enter several highlandmen clad in the MacDonald tartan, with its intense centre of blue lying amid variegated squares of green, and occasional cross-lines of white—one towering in stature and dignity of bearing above the rest—all armed, but all in an attitude of submission. They are MacIan and the leaders of his tribe, who have come, at the eleventh hour, to swear the oath of allegiance to King William. The colonel, a soldier and a gentleman, is glad yet grieved to see them. For alas! being a military and not a civil officer, he has no power to receive their oath. He tells them so—and the old chieftain first remonstrates, and at last in his agony weeps; perhaps his first tears since childhood—like the waters of the Cona breaking over the stony channels of Glencoe! The tears of a brave old man are the most affecting of all tears, and the colonel, moved to the heart, writes out a letter to Sir Colonel Campbell, sheriff of Argyleshire, requesting him, although legally too late, to receive the submission of the chief; and with this letter in his *sporrán-molach*, away in haste hies the belated MacIan from Fort-William to Inverary.

The road to Inverary led to within a mile of MacIan’s house, but such was his haste that he did not even turn aside to enter it. He pushed on through horrible paths, rendered worse by a heavy fall of snow—for the very elements seemed to combine in the conspiracy against the doomed MacDonalds. In consequence, notwithstanding all the speed he could exert, he reached Inverary too late—the 1st of January was past.

He told, however, his story, and the sheriff—who seems to have been a humane and sensible man—on considering all the circumstances, did not hesitate to administer the oath, and sent off a message to the Privy Council announcing the fact, and explaining all the reasons of his conduct. He also wrote to Colonel Hill, requesting him to take care that his soldiers should not molest the MacDonalds

till the pleasure of the Privy Council on the matter was known.

Meanwhile, Stair had procured and issued two proclamations. The first, that of the 11th of January, contained peremptory orders for military measures of fire and sword against all that had not taken the oath within the term prescribed, providing, however, that, were they promptly to submit, they might even yet obtain mercy. The second, which appeared on the 16th, while still holding out the hope of indulgence to the other clans, expressly excepted the inhabitants of Glencoe, in the following words:—"As for MacIain of Glencoe, and that tribe, if they can well be distinguished from the rest of the highlanders, it will be proper, for the vindication of public justice, to extirpate that set of thieves."

In order to procure from the king such savage and wholly needless proclamations (for, be it observed, all the highlanders, without exception, had now submitted) very extraordinary measures had been used. The letter of the sheriff had been suppressed—the certificate of MacIain's having taken the oath had been bloated out from the books of council—and, there can be little doubt, private communications had represented the MacDonalds as obstinate rebels. At all events, King William, with his own hand, and not that of his secretary, subscribed and superscribed orders for the destruction of the entire tribe.

Stair lost no time in executing the bloody commission. He wrote to Colonel Hill enjoining them to be "slaughtered, and that the manner of execution must be *sure, secret, and effectual*." Hill shrank in grief and horror from the task; and, after trying for some time to evade it, at last transferred the orders to Lieutenant-Colonel Hamilton, and directed him to take four hundred men of a highland regiment belonging to the Duke of Argyle, and consisting, consequently, of Campbells—the neighbours and acquaintances—some of them friends of, and more of them at feud with, the MacDonalds. This seemed necessary to bring the matter to its blackest point.

Towards the close of January, a company of armed highlanders are seen wending their way up the banks of Loch-Leven to the opening of the valley. The MacDonalds, on hearing of this, are, at first, apprehensive that they have come to seize their arms, and they send them away accordingly to a distant and secure spot. This done, they go forth to

meet them. They find it a party of Argyle's soldiers, commanded by Captain Campbell, of Glenlyon, whose neice is married to Alaster MacDonald, one of MacIain's sons. They ask whether they have come as friends or as foes. The reply is that they have come as friends—that as the garrison at Fort-William is overcrowded, they have been sent to quarter themselves for a short period in Glencoe. They are received with all the warmth of highland hospitality. Feuds, political grudges, are all forgotten, and a fortnight passes away in the mutual exchange of every kindly office. Well, indeed, says Skakspere—"A man may smile, and smile, and be a villain." Thus they had continued till, at last, there arrived orders from Major Duncanson, commanding Campbell to put all the MacDonalds below seventy to the sword, at four in the morning precisely, and to take especial care that the old fox and his cubs do not escape, threatening him at the same time that, if he did not fulfil the orders he shall be treated as not true to the king and government. Duncanson had been instructed to this by Hamilton, who in his despatch used the remarkable words—"The Government are not to be troubled with prisoners."

This order is dated 12th February, and reached Glenlyon's hands a few hours after. He speedily put it into execution. Well did he, meanwhile, play the hypocritical part. He had every day taken his "morning" as it was called—i.e. a draught of raw usquebaugh, drunk on rising—in the house of his connection, Alaster MacDonald. Nor had he omitted it on the morning before the massacre. He and two of his officers, moreover, accepted an invitation next day to dine with old MacIain, whom they had destined to dine with death. And on the night of the 12th we see John and Alaster MacDonald *playing at cards* with their murderer, in his own quarters.

The MacDonalds had all retired to rest with the exception of the two sons of MacIain. Their suspicions had been, in some measure, aroused in reference to Campbell. They had noticed that, when evening came on, the main-guard was strengthened, and the sentinels increased. They had heard, too, (as in that immortal description of Pollok, of the signs preceding the Judgment)—

"Earnest whispers ran along the hills

At dead of night,
And all the words they heard were spoke
of them."

They had overheard the *sotto voce* talk of the soldiers, complaining that they were compelled to such an infernal service, while, very naturally, laying the chief blame of it upon their officers. Stung to a sudden consciousness of danger which was prophetic, and which, perhaps, secured their safety, the sons of MacIain rushed from their apartment to the military quarters, and found Glenlyon and his men getting ready their arms. They asked him, what was the meaning of all this ; and if aught was intended against them. He replied, with dauntless effrontery, that he and his men were thinking of an expedition against Glengarry's people, and added, "If anything evil had been intended would I not have told Alaster and my niece?" Grumbling, yet in some measure satisfied, the two young men return to their dwellings.

All now is silent over that devoted valley. A heavy snow storm has indeed began to fall, but as yet is reserving its full fury for a later hour in the morning, when there shall be fugitives partly to sink, but principally to shelter, under its drifts. The voice of the Cona is choked in ice. The great heights that tower behind have no thunders or voices to proclaim the approaching doom. MacIain himself is sleeping the sound, deep sleep of innocence and security ; the fatigues and mortifications of his journeys to Fort-William and Inverary all forgotten. Suddenly, at four precisely, a knock is heard at his door. It is opened immediately, and the old man bustles up to dress himself, and to order refreshments for those early visitors. Without a moment's warning—without a preliminary word—he is shot dead, and falls back on the bed, into the arms of his aged wife ! She is next assailed—stripped—the gold rings torn off by the teeth of the soldiers, and so maltreated that in a day she shall die ! All the servants and clansmen in the same house are massacred.

All, save one. He, an aged domestic, somehow escapes, and, running to the abode of the two brothers, cries out "Is it time for you to be sleeping when your father is murdered on his own hearth?" They arise in haste—they hurry out, and hear all around them, from every house and habitation, shrieks, shots, shouts, groans, the roar of muskets, and cries of men, women, and children, combined into one harmony of Hell. One wonders how *they* were not assailed as soon as their father, and is tempted to suspect that Glenlyon, after all, had some pity

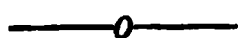
for his niece's husband. As it was, they made for the mountains, and, by their knowledge of dark and devious paths through that howling wilderness, were enabled to escape.

What a glen did they leave behind them, and what a morning ! The snow is falling thick, and is thickening every moment. In the valley there is not a house but there is one, or more than one, dead. Led through the darkness, as by the light of unearthly eyes, the soldiers pass from house to house, from hamlet to hamlet, rush, unbind their victims, lead them out, and shoot them dead. In Glenlyon's own quarters, nine men, including his own landlord, are bound and shot—one of them with General Hill's passport in his pocket ! A lad of twenty had, in some strange fit of compassion, been spared by the soldiers, till a demon in soldier-shape, called Captain Drummond, came up, and ordered him instantly to be put to death. A boy of five is clinging to Glenlyon's knees, asking for mercy, and offering to be his servant for life, when Drummond (it was a deed worthy of Claverhouse) stabbed the child with his dirk, as he was in the act and agony of a prayer, by which even Campbell was moved.

Up the glen, a group of MacDonalds—some ten in number—are assembled on that cold morning around the fire of their hut. The men of the massacre, including one Barber, a sergeant, who it seems had been quartered in the house, fire in upon the party, and kill four of them. The owner of the house escaped unhurt, and expressed a desire to be put to death in the open air. "For your bread which I have ate," says Barber, "I will grant the request." He was taken out accordingly ; but, while the soldiers were presenting their muskets, he threw his plaid over their faces, broke away, and made his escape up the valley.

And now the blaze of burning cottages begins to illuminate that gloomy glen. The murderers, after massacring the inmates, set their dwellings on fire. Many, however, taking the alarm, escape, half-naked, into the storm ; and through profound wreaths of snow, and over savage rocks and ravines, find their way to safety. Some, indeed, are lost in the drifts, others stumble over precipices to rise no more. But the snow avails to save more than it destroys. Duncanson, in his letter to Glenlyon, had promised to be at Glencoe at four in the morning. Had he fulfilled his promise, and been able then to occupy

the eastern passes, he would have intercepted and destroyed all the fugitives. Owing to the storm, however, he did not arrive till eleven in the forenoon, and by this time there was not a MacDonald alive in the glen, save an old man of eighty. Him they slew. The rest of the cottages they burned to ashes. They then collected the property of the tribe, consisting of twelve hundred heads of cattle and horses, besides goats and sheep, and drove them off to the garrison of Fort-William. In all thirty-eight were killed, and one hundred and fifty made their escape—having to flee more than twelve miles, through rocks and deserts, ere they reached a place of security.—*George Gilfillan.*



CURIOUS ANTIQUARIAN DISCOVERY AT DUTHIL.

An antiquarian discovery, which has excited much interest in the district, has lately been made at the house of Shillochan, near Carr-bridge, and in the parish of Duthill. Shillochan is about half-a-mile due south of the Parish Church of Duthil, of which the Rev. Mr. Grant is minister. About three months ago Mr. Grant heard that a curious old carved frame had been found at Shillochan, and accordingly he proceeded and made inquiries regarding it. He found it to be a huge oblong piece of finely grained Scotch fir, having on one side rows of carving of various designs, and executed with much skill. It measures in breadth—that is, in the line in which the carving runs—eight feet; and in height six feet; while its thickness is about four inches. Until six months ago it had formed the ceiling of a room in the old house of Shillochan, which at one time was inhabited by a branch of the Grant family. On the removal of the old house, about six months ago, the old frame was turned out as a useless piece of timber, and as such Mr. Grant examined it.

The edges are neatly carved, and

extending in rows along the eight feet breadth, are carvings of various devises. The first row consists of twenty-one carved panels or squares, each the crest of a Highland family, among which are plainly decipherable the crests of the houses of Grant (in the centre), Athole, Cumming, Forbes, Leslie, Lumsden, Fraser. Below these panels is a text of Scripture; then another row of carved panels with different mottoes; then another text of Scripture; and immediately below this is another row of carving. There is no date to be seen, or anything which indicates the probable time at which it was in use. On the back of the frame there is no mark, beyond a mortice cut at each end, which indicates that it must have formed one side of some erection fixed into these mortices.

There is a story about this old wooden square frame current in Duthil. It is that it came from a castle which was situated on the banks of the Spey, a few hundred yards east of Boat of Garten railway station, and where the castle moat is distinctly traced. This was the residence of a lady of the Cumming family, Bigla Cumming, heiress of Gleanncheathannich, who was married to Patrick Grant, of Freuchy (the ancient name for Castle-Grant), some time about the beginning of the fourteenth century. This, however, is a mere vague tradition; and the frame has probably formed some part of the decorations surrounding the altar of an ancient place of worship—either the old church of Duthil—of which scarcely a vestige remains—or of the church of Deshar, on the south side of the parish of Duthil.

The tenant of Shillochan presented the frame to Lord Reidhaven, and a few weeks ago it was placed in the

breakfast-room of Castle - Grant, where it adds to the interesting collection of antiquities already in possession of the Seafield family. Mr. Fraser, of the Register House, Edinburgh, examined it before its removal to Castle-Grant, and pronounced it to be of much value to the antiquarian. On a more minute examination of this interesting relic, further particulars regarding its history will probably transpire.

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A HIGHLAND BOATMAN'S SONG.

The September number of the *Saturday Journal* contains three descriptive articles by Mr. Robert Buchanan, entitled, "Among the Hebrides," "A fair in the Hebrides," and "Birds of the Hebrides,"—the third suggested by Mr. Gray's book on the birds of the West of Scotland. In describing a night on Loch Uribol, Mr. Buchanan translates the Gaelic melody sung by one of the boatmen:—

"It is a summer night; and we are lying in the stern of a fishing-skiff, rowed by two stalwart boatmen. As we glide along under the black swadow of the hills, one of the men is crooning to himself, in a low sort of undertone, a weird Highland melody—one of those exquisitely beautiful tunes which are half a recitative, half a melody—oratory set to cadence and sparkling into music, just as a fountain tops itself with spray. The ditty he is singing may be rendered into English words as follows, but no translation can convey the deep pathos and subtle sweetness of the original:—

'O mar tha mi! 'tis the wind that's blowing,
O mar tha mi! 'tis the sea that's white.
'Tis my own brave boatman was up and going
From Uist to Barra at dead of night.

Body of black and wings of red,
His boat went out on the stormy sea.
O mar tha mi! can I sleep in my bed?
O gillie dubh! come back to me!

'O mar tha mi! is it weed out yonder?
O is it weed or a tangled sail?
Oh the shore I wait and watch and wander.
It's calm this day, but my heart is pale.
O this is the skiff with wings so red,
And it floats upturned on the glassy sea.
O mar tha mi! is my boatman dead?
O gillie dubh! come back to me!

'O mar tha mi! 'tis a corpse that's sleeping,
Floating there on the weeds and sand;
His face is drawn and his locks are dreeping,
His arms are stiff, and he's clenched his hands.
Turn him up on his sandy bed,
Clean his face from the weed o' the sea.
O mar tha mi! 'tis the boatman dead!
O gillie dubh! won't you look at me?

'O mar tha mi! 'tis my love that's taken!
O mar tha mi! I am left forlorn!
He'll never kiss and he'll never waken,
He'll never look on the babe unborn.
His blood is water, his heart is lead,
His dead and slain by the cruel sea.
O mar tha mi! I am lone in my bed,
My gillie dubh is away from me!

As he sings, keeping time with his oars to the melancholy burden, the summer moon begins to cast a ghostly gleam behind the mountains, and suddenly it arises above the lake—yellow, round, and bright, suffusing the surface of the lake with its rays. Through the ambient darkness glides the boat. All is still as death, save for the sound of the oar, the wild scream of the curlew flitting from one ghostly bay to another, and the faint far-off sound of the sea-birds feeding on the black shores of the fjörd.

Mr. Buchanan seems particularly happy in his descriptions, both in prose and verse, of the Hebridean scenery and manners, with which he is intimately acquainted, and looks upon it with the eye of a poet, as well as the taste of a naturalist.

NEWS OF THE HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS.

INVERNESS — INDUCTION.—The Rev. Lachlan MacIachlan has been inducted as pastor of the Gaelic Church, Inverness, vacant by the translation of the Rev. Mr. Robertson to Kilmorack.

ROSS-SHIRE VALUATION ROLL.—The valuation roll of the county of Ross for the current year, as made up by the Assessor, shows the total valuation of the county (exclusive of railways) to be £246,628 5s. 3d., being an increase of £7350 14s. 4d. over last year.

MURTHLY AND GRANDTULLY—APPOINTMENT.—Mr. Archibald Garden, chief assistant with the late John Sinclair, Esq., and presently in charge of the Glenmoriston and Moy estates, has been appointed factor on the extensive estates of Murthly and Grandtully, owned by Sir Archibald Douglas Stewart, Bart.

PRESBYTERY OF INVERARY—PRESENTATION.—At a recent meeting of this rev. body, the Clerk laid upon the table a presentation to the Church and parish of Tarbert by Colin G. Campbell, Esq., Stonefield, in favour of the Rev. Roderick Morrison, minister of Bracadale, in Skye. The Presbytery took steps to have the settlement made as soon as possible, and fixed the 29th day of October for the moderating in the call.

CALL TO GLASGOW.—The Rev. G. L. Campbell, of Lochs, Stornoway, has received a call, to be colleague and successor to the Rev. Archd. MacDougall, Oswald Street Free Gaelic Church. The call was sustained by the Presbytery, who appointed the Rev. Messrs. A. Macdougall, Isdale, and Mackinnon as their commissioners, to prosecute the call before the Presbytery of Lews. Commissioners from the congregation were also appointed.

THE HIGHLAND HERRING FISHING.—Statistics have been published of the herring fishing which has just been brought to a close. The fishing at Fraserburgh has been successful beyond precedent, 180,000 crans, or an average of 220 crans per boat, having been landed, and the prices having been favourable throughout the season. The above quantity, it may be remarked, represents somewhere about 120,000,000 herrings, and £300,000 sterling in value. In the districts on the north-east coast, next in importance to Fraserburgh—Peterhead and Wick—150,000 crans, or an average of 198 per boat, and 66,740 crans, an average of 94, have been landed respectively.

THE INSTITUTION FOR HIGHLAND MUSIC.—Highlanders will be glad to know that such an institution has been set on foot, and that we are likely ere long to have a sort of court of appeal as well as a college of instruction in pipe music. Its headquarters are 17 Royal Arcade, Glasgow, under the presidency of Mr. Macgregor, Glengyle, the well known piper and pipe-maker, Donald Macphee, as vice-president and one of the instructors.

SKYE.—DEATH OF MR. MACDONALL, MERCHANT, PORTREE.—On Friday, the 25th September, one of the most esteemed merchants of Portree, Mr. Peter Macdonald, died there after a short illness. Mr. Macdonald was successfully engaged in business in the village for nearly thirty years. The deceased was owner of a large amount of house property in Portree, consisting of seven good shops and a number of dwelling-houses. His remains were interred in Kilmuir churchyard, close to the grave of Flora Macdonald. As a mark of respect, the shops in the village were closed on the day of the funeral.

INCREASE IN THE PRICE OF SHEEP FARMS IN SCOTLAND.—As an instance of the great rise which has taken place in the value of sheep farms in the southern counties of Scotland, it may be mentioned that the rent of Palgown prior to Whitsunday 1865 was £582 10s. per annum, when it was relet to the son of the former tenant at the rent of £913 18s 10d, being a rise of 57½ per cent. on the former rent; while the current rent of £1650 on the new lease represents an increase of £736 1s 2d over the former rent, and of £1067 10s over the rent down to 1865, representing an increase of no less than over 180 per cent. beyond the rent down to 1825, and this though considerably higher offers have been made.—*Galloway Gazette.*

A "PLURALIST" IN SKYE.—There is in the island of Skye a minister of one of the parish churches who occupies the pulpit which his father, grandfather, and great-grandfather have filled in succession; and who is training up a son to be his successor. Besides discharging the duties of the ministry in his parish, he is chairman of the School and Parochial Boards, road contractor for the district, a noted breeder of setters, which he supplies to the southern markets, a knowing judge of cattle, and occupant of three large sheep farms in addition to his glebe. He is verging on threescore, and yet he continues to discharge these multifarious duties and preach two sermons every Sunday—one in Gaelic and the other in English.—*Scoteman.*

AN GAIDHEAL.

*"Mar ghath soluis do m'anam fein
Tha sreula na h-aimsir a dh'fhalbh."*—OISIAN.

III. LEABH.] CLAD MHIOS A' GHEAMHRAIDH, 1874. [34 AIR.

LONG MHOR NAN EILTHIR- EACH.

LEAS AN OLLAMH, URRAMACH TOR-
MAID MAC-LEOD NACH MAIREANN.

Air pilleadh dhomh air m'ais o I
Chaluim-Chille thainig sinn, air an
son fheasgar shamhraidh a b' aillidh
a chunnaic mi riamh, do dh-aite
tearuinte, fasgach, a tha ann an ceann
na thuath an eilein Mhuilich. Ar
leam, nach faca mi cala luingeis idir
a tha air a dhion o eirigh fairge agus
o chumhachd stoirme mar 'tha e.
Tha eilean fada caol 'g a chuairt-
eachadh air an taobh a muigh, a'
sgaoileadh a sgiathan gu cairdeil
mu'n cuairt air gach soitheach beag
agus long, a tha 'g iarraidh fasgaidh
'n a thaic o dhruim a' chuain, no 'tha
'feitheamh ri sìd mara, gus an rudha-
mor a ghabhail. Air an laimh dheis
mar a chaidh sinn a stigh, tha 'm
fearann ag eirigh gu corrach, eas.
Bha sinn a' seoladh ri bile nan creag,
agus bha geugan nan craobh a' lubadh
dlath dhuinn. Thainig faileadh a'
bharraich oirnn air oiteig an t-samh-
raidh, agus bha mìle eun beag le 'n
ceileiribh biun a' seinu air gach preas,
a' cur failte oirnn 'n uair a bha sinn
a' seoladh seachad orra gu reidh,
sambach. Cha robh taobh a thionn-
daidhinn mo shuil nach robh 'n
sealladh taitneach. Bha na beanntan
arda Morchuanach, 's iad uaine gu'm
mullach—Suaineart le'chnocaibh 's le
'thulaichibh boidheach, 's an Leathar-
Morthairneach a' deanamh gairdeach-
ais ann am blàs an fheasgair shamh-

raidh. Aig ceann shuas a' chaoil
chi mi,

—“A' bheinn ard a's aillidh sgiamh,
Ceann-feadhna nam mìlte beann:
Bidh aisling nan damh 'n a ciabh,
'S i leaba nan nial a ceann.”

An uair a dhluthaich sinn a stigh,
cha robh r'a fhaicinn ach croinn nan
luingeas, am brataichean a' snamh gu
fann ris an t-soirbheas; 's cha robh
r'a chluinntinn ach farum ramh, a's
torman nan allt agus nan eas, a bha
'tuiteam o iomadh sgairneach ard
do 'u chala 'bha 'nis a' fosgladh gu
farsuing romhainn. O thaobh gu
taobh de 'u traigh air an dara laimh,
tha sraid de thighean mora cho 'geal
ris an t-sneachd; 's gu grad air an
cul tha uchdach chorrach chas, far
am bheil an calltunn, an caorann,
agus an t-uinseann a' fas gu dòstach,
cho dluth, dìreach 'os ceann nan
tighean a tha fopa, 's gu 'm bheil an
geugan, ar leat, a' lubadh m' an mullach.
Air braigh a' bhruthaich chi
thu 'chuid eile de 'u bhaile eadar thu
's faire, ionnus gur duilich dluit aite
's boidheach agus a's neo-chumanta
'fhaicinn. Ach 's ann a mach 's a'
chala 'bha 'n sealladh a b' fhìach
'fhaicinn; na ficheadan soitheach
eadar mhòr agus bheag, iomadh
eithear caol le 'n raimh uaine, a bhrì-
lunn rìomhach le 'sìtìl gheala, 's an
long mhòr a thug barr orra air fad:
bha iomadh bata beag a' gabhail d'
a h-ionnsuidh, a's mhothaich mi gu'n
robh iad a' deanamh deas g'a cur fo
sgaoil. Bha aon duine leinn a thainig

oirnn aig cùlaobh Mhuile, a's gann a thog a' cheann fad an latha, a bha 'nis ag amharc gu h-iomaguineach air an luing mhoir so. "An aithne dhuit," thubhairt mi ris, "ciod i an long mhor so?" "Mo thruaighe," a deir esan, "'s ann domh is aithne; 's duilich leam gu' m bheil barrachd 's a b' aill leam de m' luchd-eolais innte; junte tha mo bhraithrean agus moran de m' chaomh chairdean a' dol thairis air imrich fhada, mholadaich do dh-America mu Thuath; agus is bochd nach robh agam-sa na bheireadh air falbh mi cuideachd."

Tharruing sinn a nunn g'an ionnsuidh; oir tha mi 'g aideachadh gu'n robh toil agam na daoine blath-chridheach so 'fhaicinn, a bha 'n diugh a' dol a ghabhail an cead dheireannaich a dh-Albainn, air toir duthcha far am faigheadh iad dachaidh bhunaiteach dhoibh fhein agus d' an teaghlach. Cha'n 'eil e comasach a thoirt air aon duine nach robh 's an lathair, an sealladh a chunnaic mi'n so a thuigsinn. Cha tig an la a theid e as mo chuimhne. Bha iad an so eadar bheag agus mhor, o'n naoidhean a bha seachdain a dh-aois gus an seann duine liath a bha tri fichead bliadhna 's a deich. Bu deistinneach ri fhaicinn an trom mholad — an iarguin inntinn — an imcheist, 's am bristeadh-cridhe a bha air an deargadh gu domhain air aghaidh na cuid a bu mho dhiubh, a bha 'n so cruinn o iomadh eilean agus earrann de'n Ghaidhealtachd.

Bheachdaich mi gu h-araidh air aon duine dall, aosmhor, a bha 'n a shuidhe air leth, a's triuir no cheathrar de chloinn ghillea mu'n cuairt da, a sheana ghairdeanan thairis orra, iad a' feuchainn co 'bu dluithe a gheibheadh a stigh r'a uchd, a cheann crom os an ceann, 'fhalt liath agus an quaileanan dualach donna-san ag amaladh 'n a cheile, agus a dheoir gu trom, frasach a' tuiteam thairis orra.

Dluth tha mi a chasaibh bha bean thlachdmhor 'n a suidhe ag osnaich gu trom ann an iomaguin broin; agus thuig mi gu'm b'e a fear-posda a bha 'spaisdearachd air ais agus air aghart le ceum goirid agus le lamhan paisgte. Bha sealladh a shul luaineach neo-shuidhichte, agus 'aghaidh bhuairte ag innseadh gu soilleir nach robh sith 'n a inntinn. Tharruing mi dluth do'n t-seann-duine, agus dh'fheoraich mi dheth ann an caoimheas cairnt, an robh esan ann am feasgar a laithean a' dol a dh-fhagail a dhuthcha? "Mise," deir esan, "a' dol thairis! cha 'n 'eil! Air imrich cha teid mis gus an tig an imrich a tha 'feitheamh oirnn air fad; agus an uair a thig, co an sin a theid fo m'cheann do'n Chill? Dh'fhalbh sibh! dh'fhalbh sibh! dh'fhagadh mise 'm aonar an diugh gu dall aosda, gun bhrathair, gun mhac, gun chul-taice; agus an diugh — la mo dhunach, Dia 'thoirt maithheanas domh — tha thusa, 'Mhairi, mo nighean, m' aon duine cloinne, le m' oghachan geala, gaolach, a' dol ga m' fhagail. Tilleidh mis' an nochd do 'n ghleann ud thall ach cha 'n aithnich mi an lamb a tha ga m' threorachadh: cha tig sibhse, a leanaban mo ghraidh, a mach an coinneamh an t-seann-duine: cha chluinn mi tuilleadh briagail ur beoil ri taobh na h-aibhne; 's cha ghlaodh mi tuilleadh, ge nach bu leir dhomh 'n cunnart, Fuir'ibh air 'ur n-ais o'n t-sruth: 'n uair a chluinneas mi tarhunn nan con, cha leum me chridhe na's fhaide, 's cha 'n abair mi, Tha mo leanaban a' teachd. Co a nis a stiuras mi gu fasgadh an tuim, 's a leughas dhomh an Leabhar Naomh? C' ait' an ath oidhche, 'n uair a theid a' ghrian fodha, an bi sibhse, a chlann mo ruin; agus co a thogas leam sa laoidh an anmoich?" "O! 'athair," ars' an nighean, 's i 'dluthachadh ris, "na bristibh na chridhe." "Am bheil thu 'n so, a Mhairi," a deir e;

"c'ait' am bheil do lamh? Thig na 's dluithe dhomh—m' eudail thu de mhnathan an domhain, is solasach leam do ghuth. Tha thu 'dealachadh rium:—cha'n'eil mi 'cur-iomchoir ort, 's cha mho tha mi 'gearan. Falbh, tha mo lan chead agad, tha beannachd do Dhe agad. Bi thusa, mar a bha do mhathair romhad, dleasnach. Air mo shon-sa, cha'n fhada bhitheas mi ann: chaill mi 'n diugh mo gheugan aillidh, agus is faoin an oiteag a leagas mo cheann; ach fhad's is beo mi seasaidh Dia mi: bha e riamh leam anns gach cruaidh-chas, agus cha treig e 'nis mi. Dall's mar tha mi, tha e fein, buidheachas d'a ainm, a' toirt domh seallaidh air mo charaid a's fearr air a dheas-laimh, agus 'n a ghnais is leir dhomh caomhalachd agus gras. Tha mi's a' cheart am so a' faotainn neart grais. Tha 'gheallaidhnean a' teachd dhachaidh gu m' chridhe. Faodaidh meanglain eile failneachadh—ach cha searg craobh na beatha. Am bheil sibh air fad lamh rium?" a deir e: "eisdibh; tha sinn a nis a' dealachadh: tha sibhse a' dol do dhuthaich fad' as, agus ma dh'fhaidte mu'n ruig sibh i gu'm bi mis' ann an duthaich ard ghrianaich, far am bheil dochas agam gu'n coinnich sinn fhathast a cheile, far nach bi imrich no dealachadh a chaidh: cha bhi; oir cha'n'eil samnt no ciocras òir air neamh. Bithidh sinn an sin gu siorruidh le 'cheile, agus gu siorruidh le Dia. Siabar gach deur o'n t-suil, agus bithidh la a' bhroin thairis. Bithibh cuimhneach air Dia ur n-athraichean, 's na tuitibh o aon deadh chleachdadh a dh'fhoghlaim sibh. Moch agus annoch lubaibh an glun, mar a b' abhaist duinn, agus togaibh an laoidh. Agus sibhse, mo leanaban, a bha mar shuilean agus mar luing dhomh; sibhse a shaoil mi a chaireadh am foid gorm tharam, an eigiun duinn dealachadh? Dia 'chuid-eachadh leam!"

Cha b' urrainn domh fuireach na b' fhaide; bha 'gheola bha gus an seann duine a thoirt gu tìr a' tarruing 'suas ri cliathach na luinge: chaidh iadsan a bha 'feitheamh air a dh' inuseadh dha gu 'm feumadh e falbh. Theich mi uatha; cha robh e ann am chomas a bhi 'm fhianuis air an dealachadh bhochd.

Ann an deireadh na luinge, bha buidheann dhaoine a thuig mi 'bu luchd duthcha, air an earradh; agus mhothaich mi o'n cainnt, gu'm b' ann o aon de na h-eileinibh tuathach a thainig iad. Bha iad gu geur ioma-guineach ag amharc a mach air son bata beag a bha 'teachd a stigh an rudha fo 'siuil's fo 'raimh. Cho luath 's a bhabh i steach do'n chala's a ruinn i air son na luinge, ghlaodh iad a mach, "'S e fein a tha ann—piseach air a cheann." Bha aon neach am measg nan daoine so a bha a reir coslais na bu mheasaile na cack. 'N uair a dh' aithnich e 'm bata beag so, chaidh e far an robh an sgiobair, agus mhothaich mi 'n sin gu'n do ghairmeadh orra-san a bha shuas anns na crannaibh, 's a mach air na slataibh-siuil, teachd a nuas, agus gu'n deachaidh stad air an uidhe-machadh a bha 'dol air aghaidh chum an long a chur fo sgaoil. Dh'luthaich am bata, dh'eirich seann duine ard, uasal dreach-mhor a bha 'n a deireadh, agus le ceum daingeann, laidir, ged a bha 'cheann cho geal ris a' chanaich, dhirich e suas, gun chuideachadh sam bith, ri taobh na luinge. Chuir an sgiobair failt' air le mor urram. Dh' amhairc e mu'n cuairt da, agus gu grad mhothaich e 'bhuidheann ghlaolach a bha 'n deireadh na luinge, agus ghabh e g'an ionnsuidh. "Dia 'bhi maille ruibh," ars' esan, 'n uair dh' eirich gach aon diubh, le 'bhoinid 'n a laimh, a chur failt' air. Shuidh e 'n am measg; air an luing a bha 'n a laimh, leig e car tamuill taic a chinn; agus mhothaich mi gu'n robh na deoir mhora a' sruthadh a nuas air

an aon aodann a bu taitniche leam 'fhaicinn a chunnaic mi riamh. Thar-ruing gach aon dìubh mu 'n cuairt da, agus shuidh cuid de'n chloinn aig a chasaibh. Bha ni eigin ann an coslas an duine bheannaichte so nach faodadh gun daoine a thaladh ris: bha de mhaithens agus de chaomh-alachd mu 'n cuairt da's gu 'n faodadh an neach bu lag-chridhiche, misneach a bhi aige teachd 'n a lathair; agus, anns an am cheudna, bha de smachd 'n a shuil agus 'n a bhathais, na bheireadh air an splorad a bu dalma meatachadh 'n a fhianuis. "Thainig sibhse, le'r cead," ars' iad-san, "mar a gheall sibh: cha d' rinn sibh dearmad riamh oirnn ann an la ar teinn. Tha sinn an nochd a' dol a ghabhail a' chuain fo 'r ceann; 's mu 'n eirich a' ghrian air na beann-taibh ud thall, bithidh sinne gu brath as an sealladh. Is culaidh thruais sinn an diugh—la ar dunach!" "Na cluinneam," ars' am ministear, "a' leithid so de chainnt. Bithibh misneachail; cha 'n e so an t-am dhuibh meatachadh: cuiribh ur n-earbsa ann an Dia; oir cha 'n ann gun fhios dasan a tha sibh a' dol air an turas so. 'S ann 'n a fhreasdal fein a tha gach ni teachd mu 'n cuairt: ach 's ann a tha sibhse 'labhairt mar gu'm biodh sibh a' fagail rioghachd an Uile-chumhachdaich, agus a' dol far nach ruigeadh a chaoimhneas athaireil oirbh. Mo thruaighe! an e so ur creidimh?" "Tha sin fìor," thubhairt iad; "ach an fhairge, an cuan mor, farsuing!" "An fhairge!" fhreagair e; "c'ar son a chuireadh sin sibh fo dhiobhail misnich; nach 'eil Dia r'a fhaotainn air a' chuan cho maith 's air tìr-mor? Fo stiuradh a ghliocais, fo dhion a chumhachd, nach 'eil sibh cho tearunt' air a' chuan 's a bha sibh riamh ann an gleann tiorail? Nach 'eil an Dia a chruthaich an cuan a' dol a mach air a thonn nan naibhreach? cha 'n eirich a h-aon dìubh

roimhibh gun fhios da: 's e fein a chaisgeas onfhadh na fairge: tha e 'mach air a' chuan ann an carbad na gaoithe, cho cinnteach 's a tha e ann an neamh shuas. 'O sibhse air bheag creidimh, c'ar son a tha sibh fo eagal?"

"Tha sinn a' fagail ar duthcha," fhreagair iad. "Tha gun teagamh," ars' esan; "tha sibh a' fagail an eilean 's an d' fhuair sibh ur togail 's ur n-arach; gu cinnteach tha sibh a' dol air inrich fhada; cha ruigear leas a ehleth gu'm bheil iomadh cruadal a' feitheamh oirbh; ach cha d'thainig so oirbh gun fhios duibh. A' fagail ur duthcha! an dubhairt sibh; an bheil ceangal seasmhach aig mac an duine ri aon duthaich seach duthaich eile? Cha 'n 'eil duthaich bhunailteach againn air thalamh; cha 'n 'eil sinn air fad ach 'n ar n-eilthirich; agus cha 'n ann 's an t-saoghal chaoch-laideach so a tha e air a cheadachadh dhuinn le Dia an dachaidh sin iarraidh as nach bi inrich."

"Gun amharus," fhreagair iad, "tha sin fìor, ach tha sinn a' falbh mar chaoraich bhochda gun bhuachaille, gun a h-aon ris an cuir sinn ar comhairle; 's a' dol fad' air falbh. O! na'm biodh sibhse"—"Bithibh 'n ur tosd," deir esan: "na cluinneam a' leithid so de chainnt. Am bheil sibh a' dol na's fhaide o Dhia, na bha sibh riamh? nach 'e'n Dia ceudna 'dh' fhosgail rosgan do shul an diugh 's a dhuisg thu a snain na h-oidhche, a tha 'g oibreachadh taobh thall an t-saoghail? 'Co'sheas le Abraham 'n uair a dh' fhag e 'thir 's a dhaoine? Co a thaisbein e fein do Jacob, 'n uair a dh' fhag e tigh 'athar, 's a chaidil e 'muigh air an raon? Mo naire! a dhaoine; c'ait' am bheil ur creidimh? An dubhairt sibh gu'n robh sibh mar chaoraich bhochda gun bhuachaille? Am bheil aon leanabh beag lamh rium an so, nach aithris na briathran sin,

'Is e Dia fein a's buachaili' dhomh
Cha bhi mi ann an dith?'

Nach esan, Ard-Bhuachaille a chuid caorach fein, a thubhairt, 'Na biodh eagall ort, a threud bhig, bi fo dheadh mhisnich, oir is mise do Dhia.' Cha 'n 'eil, gu dearbh," deir esan, "tighean-aoraidh far am bheil sibh a' dol; agus is docha nach 'eil ministerean ann; ach cuimhnichibh la an Tighearna. Cruinnichibh fo sgail na creige, no fo dhubhar nan craobh; agus togaibh le 'cheile laoidhean Shioin, a' cuimhneachadh nach 'eil lathaíreachd Dhe fuaighte ri aite seach aite: gu 'm bheil e r'a fhaotainn anns gach aite leo-san a dh'iarras e gu treibhdhireach ann an ainm Chrìosd—air mulach na beinne a's airde, aig bonn a' ghlinne a's isle, no ann am meadhan a' bhaile-inhoir, no 's an teampull a's dreachmhoire a thogadh rianh dha le lamhan. Tha gach aon agaibh comasach air focal Dhe a leughadh; mur bitheadh, bu trom mo chridhe da-rìreadh, 's bu bhronach an dealachadh. Tha fhios agam gu 'm bheil Biobuill 'n ur cuideachd; ach gabhaibh uam-sa an diugh Biobuill ura, air an ur chlo-bhualadh, ann an tomad beag, soirbh r'an giulan; agus cha shuaraiche leibh iad gu 'm bheil ur n-ainmeannan sgrìobhta annta leis an laimh sin a bhaist an earrann a's mo dhibh, a thogadh iomadh uair ann an asluchadh as ur leth gu neamh; agus a thogar fhathast ann an deadh dhochas an ainm Chrìosd air ur son, agus an tig marbhantachd a' bhaist thairis oirre. Agus sibhse, mo leanaban beaga, am badan lurach de m' chuid uan, a tha 'nis ga m' fhagail, thug mi d' ur n-ionnsuidhse cuimhneachan beag air mo mhor-ghradh dhuibh. Dia g'ur beannachadh." "O!" ars' iad-san, "cia taingeil a tha sinne gu 'm faca sinn sibh aon uair eile, agus gu 'n cuala sinn fhathast ur guth."

Bha muinntir na luinge gu leir a'

tarruing na bu dluithe air an aite 's an robh e 'n a' sheasamh; ma b' iad na seoladairean fhein, ged nach do thuig cuid diubh a' chaint, thuig iad gu 'm bu ghnothuch anama a bha 'dol air 'aghaidh. Bha nìread de dhnurachd, de bhlàs, 's de chaoimhneas 'n a choslas agus 'n a chainnt, 's gu 'n do sheas iad gu ciuin, samhach; agus chunnaic mi iomadh aon diubh a' cleth nan deur a bha 'tuiteam bho ghruaidhean as an tug iomadh latha garbh, o cheann fhada, an leanabas.

Thug an duine beannaichte a chomhdach-cinn deth, agus sheas e suas; thuig gach aon na bha 'n a bheachd. Thuit cuid diubh air an gluinibh, a's dh' amhairc gach aon air an lar, 'n nair a thubhairt e le guth, glan fallain, "Iarramaid beannachd Dhe; deanamaid urnaigh." O! bu chruaidh an cridhe nach leaghadh, agus cha chuis fharmaid an spiorad sin nach gabhadh sin, fhad 's a bha 'n urnuighdhrachdach, theas-chridheach 'g a cur snas leis an duine mhath so, a bha 'nis e fein air 'ardachadh os ceann an t-saoghal so. Is iomadh duile bhoichd, lag-chridheach a fhuair misneach: thuit a bhriathran mar dhruchdan fheasgair, a's fhuair na meanglain laga, fhan', fionnachd agus solas. Bu trom againn an cleibh, 'n nair a bha iad air an gluinibh 's na h-osuaidhean a dh' fheuch iad a chumail fodha; ach 'n uair a dh' eirich iad, ar lean gu 'n robh misneach ur r'a fhaicinn 'n an suilibh troimh cheo nan deur goirt a bha iad a nis a' tiorrachadh air falbh. Dh'fhosgail e leabhar nan Salm, a's thogadh an naomh cheol a bu tursaiche, 's a bu deuchainniche gidheadh a bu sholas-aiche, a chuala mi rianh.

Rainig an fhuaim thiamhaidh gach long 's gach soitheach 's a' chala. Cha robh ramh nach robh air a phasgadh; cha chluimnte fead, no farum, ach an t-samhchair bheannaichte, mar a

Seinn iad an dara Salm thar an da
fhlichead, aig a' cheathramh rann:—

“Tha m' anam air a dhortadh 'mach,
Tra chuimhnichiam gach ni,
Oir chaidh mi leis a' chuideachd mhoir,
Dol leo gu teampull Dhe.

“Seadh, chaidh mi leo le gairdeachas,
A's moladh fos le cheil':
'S ann leis a' chuideachd sin a bha
A' coimhead laithe feill.

“O m' anam! c' uim a leagadh thu
Le diobhail misnich sìos?
A's c' uim am bheil thu 'n taobh 'stigh
dhìom
Fo thrioblaid a's fo agios?

“Cuir dochas daingeann ann an Dia,
Oir fathast molam e;
Air son na furtachd a's na slaint'
'Thig dhomh o' aodann reidh.”

—o—

BRON MATHAR.

Chaidh an sgeul brònach a leanas
aithris ann an America o chionn
ghoirid, le tiomachd agus le blath-
chridheachd anabarraig, leis a' bhoir-
ionnach bhocht i fein, an deigh dhi
an duthaich sin a ruigsinn mar bhan-
eithireach bho 'n rioghachd so. Re
na h-uine a bha i'g a innseadh
thug a gnnis chiallach, aillidh, agus
na deir a shruth gu frasach a nuas
a h-aodann, dearbhadh air firinn a
dh' aidicheas sinn gu leir—gu 'm
faighear cridheachan blath agus
aignidhean maoth aig muinntir nach
do rainig aon chuid air foghlum, no
oilein, no inbh na h-taisle.

“Bha seomar-toisich na luinge
air an do sheol sinn lan de dh-eilthir-
ich de gach aois; agus m'an robh
sinn ach goirid aig fairge bhrìst an-
shocair sgriosail a mach am measg
na cloinne a bha air bord. Aon an
deigh aoin, bha iad air am bualadh
agus air an gearradh as leis an
trioblaid so, agus aon mu seach

dhiubh air a phasgadh suas ann an
leine chumhann nam marbh, agus
air a charadh anns a' chuan gun
mharbh-rann gun tuireadh ach os-
naidhean trom na mathar agus deura
goirt nan aithrichean agus nam
braithrean agus an luchd coimhid a
sheas gu dubhach m' an cuairt. Mar
a shlugadh iad anns a' mhuir agus
a dhuin na tonnan uaine thairis orra,
theannaich mi mo naoidhean fein ri
m' uchd agus ghuidh mi gu durachd-
ach gu'n caomhnadh Dia mo leanabh
—m' aon-ghin agus m' annsachd.
Ach cha b' e so a thoil. Bhual an
tinneas e, agus latha an deigh latha
channaic mi gu'n robh a bheatha a'
traoghadh air falbh, agus gu'n robh
obair a bhàis cheana air toiseachadh.
Air oidhche Dihaoine fhuair e am
bàs, agus a chum nach féumainn
esan a bha aon uair cho aillidh, agus
fhathasd cho priseil, a thoirt a bheath-
achadh ainmhidhean a' chuain, cheil
mi air na bha m' an cuairt domh gu'n
robh e marbh. A chum 's nach
biodh amharus orra, bheirinn freag-
airtean tuaitheal do gach aon a dh'
fheoraicheadh air a shon; phaisginn
gu teann ann am bhroilleach e, agus
sheinninn da mar nach biodh mo
leanaban gaolach ach 'n a chadal car
tamuil, am feadh 's a bha e ann an
cadal buan a' bhàis. Chaidh latha
's oidhche chianail seachad, agus
thainig an t-Sàbaid. Coltach ri càch
chuir mi suas deise ghrinn, ghlan,
agus bha feith-ghaire air mo ghnuis;
ach O! bu deuchainneach an obair i,
oir bha mi a' faireachdainn mo
chridhe a' bristeadh. Air Diluain
cha ghabhadh bàs mo leinibh cumail
na b' fhaide an uaigneas, ach air
faicinn do'n sgiobairteas mo ghraidh,
chuir e an corp ann an cisteig bhig
agus gheall e gu'n gleidheadh e fad
da latha eile e gun a chur 's a' chuan,
fheuch an ruigeamaid tir m' an
tìgeadh an t-àm sin. Chaidh a'
chiste-mhairbh a chur anns a' bhàta

bheag a bha 's namh aig deireadh na luinge, agus re thraithean fada na h-oidhche shuidh mi 'g a faireadh—faileas dubh air aghaidh nan tonn, a dh' fhaodadh a slugadh air falbh as mo shealladh gu bràth. Is ann an sin a chuimhnich mi air mo dhachaidh bhoidhich, air tìr mo dhuthchais, na cairdean caomh a dh' fhag mi as mo dheigh, agus a bu mhjann leam a bhi ri m' thaobh, chum 's gu'm measgainn mo dheoir le 'n deuraibhsan. Re na h-oidhche bha mi a' faireadh corp mo leinibh, agus re an latha bha mi gu geur ag amharc a mach air son an fhearainn—a' togail mo chridhe ann an urnaigh ris-san aig am bheil na gaoithibh 'n a lamhan, gu 'n tugadh e sinn gu luath gu ceann ar turais. Air an treas madainn, mu bhristeadh na faire dh' eirich an ceo agus chunn-aic sinn cladaichean gorma *New Brunswick*. Chaidh an long a thilgeil an ceann; agus dh' fhag an sgiobair agus a dha no tri d' a chuid daoine an soitheach a' giulan corp mo leinibh leotha gu tìr. Cha do cheadaicheadh dhomh dol comhladh riutha, ach o chlaìr na luinge bu leir dhomh iad a' cladhach na h-uaigne fo sgaile tiugh na coille, aig iochdar bruthaich aillidh a bha a' olaonadh a nuas gu oir an làin; agus bheannaich mi iad ann am chridhe, agus ghuidh mi gu 'n ath-dhioladh Dia an caoimhneas araon do 'n bheo agus do 'n mharbh. An uair a thainig iad air an ais, thainig an sgiobair ann ionnsaidh agus thubhairt e—'Mo bhoirionnach math, is e ainm an àite anns an do thiodhlaiceadh do mhac, *Greenville*, air corsa *New Brunswick*. Sgrìobhaidh mi air paipear e, chum 's gu 'm bi fhios agad c' àite bheil e 'n a laidhe.' Thug mi buidheachas dha air son a churaim, ach thuirt mi ris nach ruigeadh e leas—gu 'n róbh e cheana sgrìobhte air clar mo chridhe, agus gu 'm maireadh e an sin gus an

coinnichinn fein agus mo bhalachan beannaichte anns an t-saoghal ghlori-mhor, shona, air taobh thall a' bhàis."

MAC-MHARCUIR.

—o—

SGIALACHD NA TROIDHE.

Air a thionndadh bho Ghréugais Hómair gu Gàidhlig Abraich.

LE EOBHAN MAC-LACHAINN.

DUAN I.

IOMARBHAIDH AN AICHILL AGUS

AGAMEMNON.

(*Air leantainn.*)

Ghrad-fhreagair, 's cha b' ann le sìth,
Agamemnon rìgh nan tréun:—

Teich 'n nair chitear, teich gun dàil,
Cha ghriosaim do bhàigh no d' fhéum.
'S pailt às d' aonais laoiach ri m' thaobh
A's coisnear leam caoin tì nan spéir.
Thair gach triath thug iùl do shluagh,
'S tu fhéin a thoill m' fhuath 's mo ghràin:
'S buan-shòlas le d' inntinn ghaire
Còmhstrith feirge 's earrghlais bhàr.
Umpaidh anmeinnich, gabh beachd,
Bho dhia tha do neart 's do threòir;
Thoir dhachaidh d' fheachd 'n is aill,
'S triall le d' chabhlach àrd fo sheòl.
Maoidh air na 's leat fhéin 's na saoil
Gur diù leamsa fraoch gun bhrìgh:
Bagram ni eil' ort a bhàrr,
Ordugh thig gun dàil gu orich;—
Air ghùth Phœbuis nan colg luath,
Géillim bhuam Chriséis chaoin;
Mo long fhin bheir is' thair sàil
Mar ri còmhlan chàirdean gaoil;
Dians' ullamb an sin, fhir ghrùth,
Grad-ghlacaim ad bhùth gun sgàth,
D' ulaidh, d' annsachd, do dhaor-dhuais,
Og Bhriséis nan gruaidh tlàth.
An sin dearbhar dhut cìod mo neart,
'S làn-aithnghidh am feachd 'n an crìdh
Gur baoghal riumsa bhi gleachd,
'S nach coimeas aon neach d' a rìgh.
Sguir e; 's chit' air Aichioll borb
Aileagail chonghlais le feirg;
Bha 'n imcheist 'n a chliabh le spairn,
An tàirneadh e 'n lann gun mheirg,
Saighdeadh romh 'n t-sluagh a dhuibh-
léum,

'S an rìgh thoirt do 'n éug gun dàil;
No 'n t-òle a mhùchadh, ge searbh,
'S an fhearg a chur greis 'n a tàmh,
'N uair bha 'n co-ghleachd so 'n a chom,
'S a leth-rùisg e lann nan créuchd,
Ghrad-thùirling Minerbha nuas,
Bho bhàn-dia uachdrach nan spéir,
Aig miad a h-ìomguin 's a gaoil,

Do 'n dà laoch bu ghairge glòir,
 Sheas i air cùl Aichill àigh,
 'S ghlac 'n a làimh a chuailein òir.
 B' eaglach foidhleus a dhà shùl,
 'N nair thionnsgain e 'm briathran luath:
 A nighean Iobh, rìgh gach dé,
 C' uime do theachd bho 'n spéur a nuas?
 'N ann a dh-fhaicinn nan gnìomh cèarr
 Rinn mac Atreuis nach seàmh colg?
 Cho ceart 's a tha plog am chom,
 Thig airsan dìol trom 'n a lorg.

Thuir ban-dia nan gorm shùl tlàth:
 M' astar tha bho àird' nan spéur
 Los gu 'n nochdainn dhuts' a' chòir,
 'S gu 'n sìoladh d' fhearg mhòr gu ceill.
 Iuno leug uilionnach àigh,
 A mhosgail bho nèamh mo thriall,
 Aig miad a h-ìomguin 's a gaoil
 Do dhà laoch nan còmhstrith dian.
 Mar sin thoir falachd gu ceann,
 'S na tarrainn do lann a truail,
 Ma 's miann leat, cronaich gu géur
 Thaobh nam béud a bhrosnaich d' fhuath.
 Theirim riut, 's thig e gu crìch,
 Strìochdaidh an rìgh 's a mhiad-mhòr,
 Los gu 'n ath-cheannaichear do chaomh,
 'S teann nach càrn e maoin a's òr.
 Bhrìgh so leig d' fhearg gu làr,
 'S na diùlt géill do ràdh nan dia.
 Fhreagair le mion-ghlòir an sonn:
 Ge trom, trom, an luchd tha 'm chliabh,
 Dhuibhs', àrd-chumhachdan nan spéur,
 'S dual do dhaoine géill 's gach nì:
 'N drèann a chumas reachd nan dia,
 Leanaidh sealbh an gnìomh gu crìch.

An sin gu h-umhail ghlac an sonn
 'N dòrnehuir airgid 'n a throm làimh;
 Thill e rist a steach 'n a truail
 Fad lann chosgraidh chruaidh nam blàr.
 Ghrad-imich Pallas 'n a léum,
 Romh 'n chian spéur gu lùchairt Iobh,
 Ràinig sreath shoillse nan dia,
 'S shuidh i sìos an àird' a glòir'.
 Sin cha d' fhàg an t-Aichioll borb
 Aig sìochaint bho stoirm a chléibh;
 Air mac Atreuis sheall e garg,
 'S leig srian leis an earghlais ghéir.

A dhall mhisgeir nam mì-bhéus,
 A chridhe 'n fhéidh, 's a ghnùis a' choin,
 Ciod an ionnsaidh no 'n gnìomh blàir,
 'S 'n a dhìong thus' air namhaid cron?
 Dhutsa 's co eaglach 's an t-éug
 Cumasg thréun-fhear nam béum luath;
 B' annsa bhi spùilleadh air d' fheachd,
 Mur léum leat am bog 's an cruaidh.
 Uamh-bheist an-caithreach gun iochd,
 Briathran buan sin, 's-briathran buan.
 Air a' cholbh so fhuair mi 'm làimh,
 Bho 'n dh' fhàg e leacainn an t-sléibh,
 Nach cinn roimhe géug no blàth.
 Riabh bho 'n sgath an ealtainn bheurr
 Na meanglain bu chéutaich bàrr,
 'S a dhenh i 'n suaicheantas còrr,

Los bhi 'n dòrn nam britheamh àigh,
 Gu 'n leanadh iad ceart a's còir,
 Mar a dh' òrdaich rìgh nan spéur.
 'S mionn i d' an cudromach suim,
 'S cha shnaoidhear i chaoidh le bréig.
 'S goirt a dh-aithngheas sìol na Gréig'
 Ionntain Aichill nan tréun-ghnìomh.
 Thus' a' trom-acain an créuchd,
 Gun tairbhe, gun éuchd ad dhion.
 Hector suain-mharbhtach ruag,
 Ag càrnadh chruach air an raon;
 'S do chridhe-s' air bhioraibh mu 'n
 stréup

A leag tàir' air do chéud laoch.

Labhair e; 's ghrad-thilg air làr,
 Slatag àlainn nan réul òir;
 Shuidh e fhéin; 's mu 'choinneamh thall,
 B' ogluidh greann mhic Atreuis mhòir.

Dh' éirich Nestor gu mall, min,
 Teangair Philois bu bhiinn glòir,
 'S tlàith' a shiùbhladh reachd bho bhéul
 Na 'mhill ur bho chéir an lòn.
 Chaidh thairis dà linn do 'n éug
 A b' éibhneach fo 'rìgheachd ghaoil:
 'N aimsir aosa bha 'n treas glùn
 'G an stiùireadh le chrìontachd chaoin.
 Thuir an cainntear bu mhòr brìgh,
 Ghocas 'n a cheann, sìth 'n a rùn:—
 Mo shian duilich, 's mo chreach léir!
 Chaill a' Ghréig a meas 's a cliù,
 'S éibhneas le àrd-rìgh na Tròidh'
 'S còrr an sòlas dh' a mhòr-shluagh
 Sibhs bhi gleachd an strìth chéarr
 Mu 'n nì 's fhéarr a chleith no luaidh.
 Sibhs th' air toiseach nan Gréug,
 An rian cinn 's an tréuntachd laoch.
 Ach éisdibh riùmsa le céill,
 'S dìolaibh a modh fhéin do 'n aois.
 An àm m' òige 's Ìonmhòr sonn
 A thaobh rium mar chompach beòil;
 An samhult cha 'n fhaic mi chaoidh,
 Dh' éisdeadh iad le suim ri m' ghloir.
 Chaoidh cha 'n fhaic 's cha 'n fhacas riabh
 Na dh' fhiacadh ri Drias tréun,
 Oeneus a's Ecsacius còrr,
 'S deagh Phirithous nam mòr ghléus.
 Theseus fhuair cliù gach blàir.
 'S Polipbemos àigh mar dhia.
 Thair gach sluagh a ghluais air raon,
 Fhuair na laoch ud bàrr an gnìomh.
 Bu bhuan an combrag, 's bu shearbh,
 Ri fiadh-bhéistean garg nam beann,
 Uraisgean ceigneach 'g an sealg,
 Fuil 'n taosgaidh dearg 's gach gleann.
 Ghabh iad sìd dhiam spéis ge b' òg,
 An lorg rian mo chòmhradh-cinn,
 Géur-thoirt orm mu bhiudhas laoch,
 'S mo throm ghaol air gaisge ghrinn.
 Nìor chinnich air uachdar fuinn
 Na dhìongadh na suinn am blàr;
 Ach threòirich mis' iad le m' bhéul,
 'S dhìol iad géill do reachd mo dhàin.
 Ma dh' éisd seann-laoich gliocas oig,

Eislibhs' a' ghloir thig bho 'n aois;
 Glacar leibh combairle 's ciall,
 'S grad-bhiodh falachd fhiar fo sgaoil.
 Ge mòr ortsa, cheannaird fhéil,
 'Og-nion fhéin na réub bho 'n t-sonn,
 Na dh' fhuilig a' Ghréig maraon,
 Luach a shaoithreach, 's a chréuchd trom.
 Stríochd thusa, mhic Pheleus aigh,
 'S na cónsaich cho dàn ri d' rìgh:
 'S àrd an rìgh os cionn gach sluaigh,
 'S bheir dia fhéin dà buaidh a's brìgh.
 'S leatsa ciad urram nan lann,
 Mac na ban-de, 's ni gun chleith:
 'S leis-san mòrachd a's ciad-iùl,
 Neart nan slògh gu 'n lùb dha bhreth.
 Traogh-sa, dheagh Mhic Atreuis, d'fhearg,
 'S teancar leams' an t-Aichioll mòr;
 'S cruaidh ma theid Aichioll d' ar dìth—
 Ar sgiath-dhìon an strìth nan leòn.

A shaoidh aosmhor, thuirt an triath,
 'S mòr do chiall, 's gur binn do ghloir:
 Ach tha 'n sonn ud eangbaidh, àrd,
 Os cionn chàich, mur bi cha bhèò.
 S aill leis làmh-thoisich gach neach,
 Gach aon de m' fheachd thoirt fo smaig,
 Marcachd thair gach drèam mar rìgh,
 Ni nach stríochdaim gu m' uair-bhàis
 Giod ma bhuilich ti nan spéur
 Neart cuirp air an stréupaid arm,
 C' uim' an cleachdadh e 'n droch bheul
 Le theumannan béisdeil, borb?

Fhreagair Aichioll le grad chainnt:—
 Bu mhi 'n òinid fheann gun sùgh,
 Na 'n géillinn dutsa 's gach ni,
 Ann-rìgh 'spideil is meanbh cliù.
 Eaglaich le d' bhagradh gach tràill,
 D' an gnàth bhi ball chrith fo d' smachd;
 Na smaoinich, a chaoidh nan caoidh,
 Gur mise bheir suim do d' reachd.
 Briathar eile, 's taisg e 'd chom,
 Buin' leat oigh-nion nan trom chiabh;
 Faiceadh a' Ghréig m' éiginn chruaidh,
 'S mo dheor dhuais 'g a réubadh dhìom.
 Mathaim a' chiad uair do lochd,
 Ach togaim fo thoisg gun fhéum;
 Cha 'n éirghim le feachd gu bràth,
 'S cha rùisg lann mi mhnai fo 'n ghréin
 'S tuig-sa, ma ghlacas do chrìdh',
 Teachd a rist orm cèarr gu m' ghuin,
 Air chinnt bidh mo throm shleagh gharbh
 'N a caoir smùdrich dearg le d' fhuil.

An cath beòil mar so cho-dhùin,
 'S dhealaich le greann mhuig na laòich;
 Aig cabhlach na Gréig' air tràigh,
 Chaidh a' choinneamh làn fo sgaoil.
 An t-Aichioll 's Patroclus gràidh,
 Mar ri càirdean ghluais gu trom,
 Gu 'n roinn fhéin amach bho 'n chùirt
 Far 'm bu lionmhor bùth a's long.

Thug mac Atreuis impidh ghrad,
 'S bha bhirlum luath ghasd air sail
 Fìthead còmhlan lobairt chéud,

'S òg Bhriséis nan gruaidh tlàth.
 Dh' fhalbh Ulices, mar cheann-iùil,
 Leis an òigh a b' ùire snuagh;
 Thog iad; 's bu shìubhlach an triall,
 Romh ghorm dhailthean cian a' chuain.
 'N sin dh' aithn' e 'n onoir an dé
 Gu 'n nighteadh gu léir na suinn;
 Ghrad-ionnlaid an slògh mar dh' iarr,
 'S thilg iad an sal ciar 's an tuinn,
 Mharbh iad lobairt nan làn-chiad,
 Ceart ri bial a' ghrinneil mhòir;
 'S air altairean dia nan colg,
 Loisg iad buic a's tairbh gun ghò;
 Toit chubhraidh 'n a gearcaill bhàn,
 Chiteadh 'sniomh gu àird' nan spéur:
 B' anhuil so shaothraich am feachd,
 Ach bha 'n rìgh 's a bheachd air béud.
 Euribat, 's Talthibius caoin,
 Sheas ri thaobh gu gairm 's gu féum:
 Orra sid mu 'n Aichioll mhòr,
 Sparr e 'n t-òrdugh le colg géur.

As oirbh gu mac Pheleus gnùth,
 'S gu 'n glac sibh 'n a bhùth air làimh
 'N aon-nìon ùr a fhuair a spéis,
 Og Bhriséis nan gruaidh aigh.
 Mur géill e 'n ulaidh le tlachd,
 Thig mis' agus m' fheachd 'n a dhàil,
 Grad-theid a mhiad-mhòr fo chis,
 'S ni e stríochdadh aill air n-aill.

Spreig an rìgh gu smachdail, garg;
 Dh' imich na maòir 's iad balbh, trom.
 Romh 'n oitir ghamimh ghil, réidh,
 Aig cuan béucach nan cuan trom.
 Rameas Mirmiclich neo-mhall,
 Nam buithean, 's nan cabhlach dlùth,
 'S bhuail gu ionad còmhnaidh 'n t-suinn,
 Faisg ri 'luing a steach 'n a bhùth.
 Fhuaras ann 'n a shuidhe 'n tréun;
 Leis-san cha b' éibhinn an toisg;
 Sheas iad le géilt greis bho 'laimh,
 'S chum an nàir' iad fo chian thosd.
 Dh' aithnich e 's labhair gu caoin:—
 A theachdairean dhaoine 's dhia,
 'S e ur beath' agus ciad fàilt.
 Druidibh rium le bàigh gun fhiamh,
 Thàinig sibh mar dh' iarr ur rìgh;
 Ribhse cha 'n 'eil m' fhearg no m' fhuath.
 Eirich, a Phatroclus ghràidh,
 Thoir dhalbh léng is aillidh snuagh;
 Do bhùth Agamemnon ghaire,
 Stiùireadh an luchd-gairm mo ghaol;
 Ach togadh iad fianais fhìor,
 Dh' ionns' uan dia 's a' chinne-dhaond';
 'S innseadh iad an tùs mo bhrìgh
 Do 'n aon-rìgh a chaill gach léus;
 Dh' fhaodteadh nach fad às an uair,
 'S am faight' air mo chruaidh-sa féum:
 Froisear a' Ghréig uil' air tràigh,
 Fuil dhearg bharcach às gach còm;
 Mise cha ghluais làmh, no lann
 Gu didinn bho 'n chaildach throm.
 Ceann air bhoil-chaothaich gu sgrios,

Gun smaoin cìod a thig, no bhà ;
'N uair bhios a' Ghréig tur 'n a draip,
Dearbhaidh e gur ceart mo dhàn.

(*Ri leantainn.*)

COMHRADH.

EADAR MURACHADH BAN AGUS
COINNEACH CIOBAIR.

COIN.—Fàilte na maidne dhuit,
a' Mhurachaidh, tha dochas agam
gu 'm bheil thu gu surdail, sunndach
an diugh, agus nach do chum
gleadhraich nan gillea, agus meilich
nan caorach agus nan uan gun
chadal thu, oir cha bu beag an
odhail a bha an raoid's a' Ghoirtean-
Fhraoich leo sin gu leir. Cha do
leig iad dhomh fein suil a dhunadh
re na h-oidhche.

MUR.—Ma ta, a' Choinnich, chual
mi gun teagamh meilich nan
caorach agus nan uan, ach is e sin
an ceol a's binne 'n am chluasaibh-sa
ris an comas domh eisdeachd. Tha
mi 'tuigsinn gu 'n robh cruinneachadh
chaorach agad an de.

COIN.—Bha, bha, oir 's e so an
t-am anns am b' abhaist dhuinn a
bhi 'casgadh nan uan, agus thugadh
dhachaidh iad maraon, chum dealach-
adh a chur eadar na h-uain agus am
maithrichean mar a rinneadh air an
fheasgair an de, agus cluinnear iad
far nach fhaicear iad a' caoidh gu
goirt air son an dealachaidh.

MUR.—Ochan! is math, eolach
air an obair mi, a' Choinnich, agus
de gach fuaim agus tuireadh, cha 'n
'eil caoidh idir ann ni 's nadurra na
caoidh nan uan an uair a dhealaichear
iad o 'm maithrichibh; gidheadh,
feumar sin a dheanamh. Tha duil
agam gu 'n faigh thu deagh fheill
agus phris air son nan caorach agus
na fh-olainn am bliadhna, ged nach
'eil iad idir co ard 's a bha iad an
uiridh.

COIN.—Cha 'n 'eil an olann co ro
ard 's a bha i air a' bhliadhna a
chaidh seachad, agus tha na caoraich

eadar crun agus ochd sgiilinn
Sasunnach an ceann sìos, agus is
mor sin.

MUR.—Ni e suim mhaith airgid
ann an stoc a' Ghoirtean-Fraoich,
ach cha 'n 'eil comas air, agus bithidh
duil ni 's fearr ris a' bhliadhna chum
teachd. Mar a thubhairt an sean-
fhocal, "Thigeamaid beo an dochas
ro mhaith."

COIN.—Cha 'n 'eil fios agam, a'
Mhurachaidh, oir tha mo choguis ag
innseadh dhomh, gu 'm bheil na
prisean tuilleadh 's ard mar a ta, oir
gun teagamh, cha 'n fhiach punnd
mairt-fheoil, no punnd muil-fheoil
darna leth na pris a dh' iarrar air a
shon, agus is beag a' chuairt ann an
teaghlaich.

MUR.—Is ann agam tha fios air
mo chosdas, a' Choinnich, oir cha 'n
'eil mi a' cumail ach neoni de
mheanbh-chrodh, a cheann nach 'eil
an t-aithe againn co freagarrach
air son chaorach ris a' Ghoirtean-
Fhraoich.

COIN.—Fagaidh sin ni 's buailtich
'thu do 'n cheannachd, agus is lom
an ni teangadh na meidh, a' Mhur-
achaidh.

MUR.—Tha i ann sin gle lom, ach
cha 'n fhaigh neach sam bith na
h-uile nithe mar bu mhaith leis.
Bhiodh e uime sin, 'n a ni taitneach
na 'n biodh na h-uile fear lan ri-
aichte le chrannchur fein.

COIN.—Gle cheart, a Mhurachaidh,
's e dleasnas nan uile a bhi toilichte
le 'n staid fein, gu sonraichte ma
bhios cuisean ag eirigh gu ceart leo,
agus an spreidh aca a' cinneachadh
mar bu mhaith leo.

MUR.—Direach sin, a' Choinnich,
an uair nach laidh droch shuil orra,
agus nach gnathaichear cleas, no
giseag chum cur as doibh, no
dochunn sam bith a dheanamh orra.

COIN.—Seadh, seadh, tha mi ga d'
thuigsinn, a Mhurachaidh, oir tha
thu a' deanamh fochaid orm a nis,

air son na thubhairt mi riut a cheana mu na geasan agus cleasan a rinn-eadh le droch shluagh anns gach linn chum cuid an coimhearsnaich a mhilleadh agus a sgrios. Ach thubhairt mi sin, agus their mi fathast e; cha 'n 'eil feum an fhirinn a chealachadh air chor sam bith.

MUR.—Tha fios agam gu 'm bheil thusa a' toirt lan chreideas do na nithibh faoin sin uile, a' Choinnich, agus air duit eolas a bhi agad orra, feumaidh tu cuid diubh a leigeadh ris domh a reir mar is cuimhne leat.

COIN.—Is minic a chual mi m' athair agus mo shean-athair a' labhairt air an t-seol air an robh muinntir anns na seann linntibh a' toirt lan-chreideas do nithibh dhe 'n t-seorsa sin. Bha iad a' toirt geill do bluidseachd, dubh-chleasachd, druidheachd, geasadaireachd, fiosachd, agus nithe de 'n ghne sin; agus cha 'n 'eil teagamh sam bith nach robh mor-chumbachd aig na sithichibh, oir bha iad lionmhor anns gach sgìreachd, far am faicear gu ruig an la 'n diugh na ficheadan de na tolmanaibh uaine sin, anns an robh iad a' gabhail comhnuidh.

MUR.—Cha 'n 'eil teagamh nach 'eil tolmanan uaine ri 'm faicinn anns gach aite, agus mar an ceudna tolmanan dubh, agus tolmanan de gach meud, cumadh, agus gne, ach ciod dheth sin, a' Choinnich, cha d' fhag sin iad 'n an ionadaibh-comhnuidh do na sithichibh ged a theirean "sitheana" gu 'n teagamh riutha.

COIN.—An creid thu so, a' Mhuraichaidh, bha mo sheanair air oidhche araidh a' dol seachad air an t-Sithean-Mhor 's a' Ghleann-dubh, agus chual e ceol agus dannsa 's a' chuoc, agus chunnaic e le 'shuilibh boisean soluis mar ann an seomair farsuing ann an cridhe a' cnuic, agus stad e a dh' eisdeachd ris a' cheol agus an aighear.

MUR.—Tha eagal orm, a' Choinnich, gu 'n robh boinnean beag ann an suil do sheanair air an oidhche sin, ach biodh sin mar a dh' fheadas, ciod tuilleadh a th' agad ri radh mu 'n timchioll?

COIN.—Cha 'n 'eil a' bheag de dhroch ni agam ri aithris mu 'n timchioll idir, a' Mhuraichaidh, oir bha iad riamh neo-lochdach mar cuirteadh fearg orra, oir 's e Daoine-sithe a bha mar ainm orra, agus bha iad anabarrach cairdeil riusan a bhiodh caoimhneil riu, ach mur biodh, dheanadh iad gun teagamh droch cleasan air an luchd-saruchaidh, agus ghoideadh iad na leanaban aca air falbh, gu sonraichte mar biodh na leanabana sin air am baisteadh. Bha iad, mar an ceudna, ro dheigheil air mnathaibh oga a ghlacadh, agus air an toirt air falbh leo, chum banatran a dheanamh dhiubh do 'n chloinn bhig aca fein anns na sitheanaibh aca. Dhanadh iad a stigh iad 'n an seomraichibh uaigheach fein, far an gleidhteadh iad ficheadan bliadhna iad gun aois a bhi luidhe orra idir. Feudaidh e bhith gu 'm fagadh iad seana chailleachan anns na teaghlaichibh sin as an goideadh iad na mnathan oga, agus cha robh na cuisean sin idir taitneach do na companaich aca.

MUR.—Cha 'n 'eil iognadh orm ged nach biodh, a' Choinnich, oir cha robh an iomlaid a rinn iad idir taitneach. B' fhearr leat fein cur suas le Seonaid choir ged nach biodh i cofairidh 's a ta i air do dheagh-ghean, na gu 'n tugteadh air falbh i, agus cailleach ghreannach, ghlas fhagail 's a' Ghoirtean-fraoich 'na h-aite. Ach innis domh, a' Choinnich, o'n tha eolas agad orra, ciod bu choslas do na sithichibh sin, agus ciod a' ghne sgeudachaidh a bha iad a' cur umpa fein?

COIN.—Bha ionadan-comhnuidh ro mhaitheach aca, seomraichean

aluinn a bha mor, farsuing, ard, agus air an lionadh leis gach greadhnacas. Chumadh iad cuirtean anns na luch-airtibh rionnach aca, agus rachadh iad cuideachd 'n am buidhnibh sgiamhach. Air amannaibh bheireadh iad na raointean orra 'n an comhlanaibh mora, a' marcachd air steud-eachaibh sneachd-gheala! Bha iad air an sgeudachadh aon an trusgan-aibh soilleir uaine, a bha sgiamhach thar tomhais, agus bha iad uile 'g an nochdadh fein anns an aon ghne eididh aluinn sin, a bha dealrach mar sholas na greine. Mar bri trice mu mheadhon oidhche, bha iad a' fhan-tuinn a stigh 'n an seomraichibh uaigneach fein a' cluicheadh agus a' dannsadh gu am brisidh na faire, agus an sin bhiodh tosd agus samh-chiar ann gus an tigeach an ath oidhche. Ach cha chualas riamh ceol co binn 's a bha air a sheinn leo nan aoidheachd fein. Agus mar a thubhairt mi cheana, chual mo sheanair an ceol sin anns an t-Sithean-Mhor 'n am dha air oidhche araidh a bli 'gabhail na slighe seachad air.

MUR.—Tha thu a' cur iongantais orm, a Choinnich, agus ma's maith mo bharail, is e an ath nì a chluinneas mi o d' bhilibh gu 'm fac thu le d' shuilibh fein na daoine-sithe sin, agus gu 'n cual thu le d' chluasaibh fein am binn-cheol leis an do chuir iad air chrith na glas-chnocan sin anns an robh iad ri ruiteireachd oo mor.

COIN.—Comadh leat-sa, a' Mhurachaidh, tha thusa mar a bha thu riamh, a' deanamh fochaid oim-sa, ag radh ruim gu 'm faicinn le mo shuilibh, agus gu 'n cluinnim le mo chluasaibh sud agus so. Ciod leis am faicinn ach le mo shuilibh, agus leis an cluinnim ach le mo chluasaibh? Ach so agad e, a' charaid ionmhuinn, chunnaic agus chual muinntir na nithe so, a bha 'n an la 's 'n an linn fein ceart co firiuneach, creidsach ri Murachadh Bau no ri

Coinneach Ciobair, agus c'ar son, uime sin, a bheireamaid mi-chliu no smal orra-san a bha oo glic, ceart, treibhdhireach 'n an giulan fein ri neach sam bith 's an linn a ta lathair? Na deanamaid tair orrasan a dh' fhalbh?

MUR.—Ud! Ud! a' Choinnich, na gabh co bras 's an t-sroin e, oir cha chuir mise smal no mi-chliu air athair, no seannair, no air neach sam bith, do bhrigh gu 'm bheil cead aig na h-uile teachd beo 'n am barail fein; ach an deigh sin, cha 'n 'eil mi 'faicinn gu 'm bheil reusan, no tuigse, no taisbean, a' toirt an dearbhaidh a's lugha, gu 'm bheil, ann an firiun, steigh sam bith air son nan nithe sin d' am bheil thusa ag aomadh, agus a' toirt lan-chreids. Do m' thaobh fein dheth, cha d' thug, agus cha toir mi geill dhoibh, agus cha mhor a bheir, ann an soilleireachd nan linn a ta lathair.

COIN.—Air do shocair ort, a' Mhurachaidh, air do shocair ort, agus na bi gu tur bras agus ceannlaidir, oir thi mi 's a' bharail gu 'm bheil an Fhirinn fein a' leigeadh ris duinn gu 'd robh muinntir ann o shean aig an robh cumhachd de 'n ghne so, agus a nochd e gu soilleir, agus gu follaiseach.

MUR.—Is maith a tha mi gu d' thuigsinn, a Choinnich, agus is taitneach gu 'm bheil thusa a' raun-sachadh nan Sgrìobtuir gu bli 'faicinn nan nithe a chuireadh an ceill aunta mu 'n luchd-fiosachd, na daoine-glice, na druidhean, na speuradairean, agus iadsan aig an robh leannan-sithe, agus an leithidibh sin; ach faic, agus tuig so, fhir mo chridhe, cha 'n 'eil mise a' creidsinn gu 'm bheil Focal na Firinn a' cur an ceill ann an aite sam bith gu 'n robh a leithid do chumhachd air a thoirt leis an Ti a's Airde do mhac an duine, chum nithe de 'n ghne sin a dheanamh.

COIN.—Is iongantach lean do

bhriathra a chluinntim, a Mhurach-aidh. Nach 'eil thu 'faicinn ciod a rinn na druidhean 's an Eiphit, agus ciod a rinn a' bhean aig an robh an leannan-sith ann an Endor? Nach 'eil thu a' creidsinn gu 'n do thog i Samuel o na marbhaibh an uair a thubhairt Saul rithe, Dean fiosachd dhomh-sa, guidheam ort, leis an leannan-sith, agus tog suas dhomh esan a dh' ainmicheas mi dhuif!

MUR.—Ochan! a' Choinnich, is mise nach 'eil a' creidsinn gu 'n do thog an droch bhean sin Samuel riamh o staid nam marbh, ni mo tha mi 'creidsinn so, gu 'n do cheaduich an Cruithear do 'n droch spiorad e fein a nochdadh ann an riochd Shamueil, chum peanas a thoirt air Saul a bha 'n a shamhladh air Satan. Cha 'n 'eil e iongantach gu 'n nochdadh Satan e fein ann an riochd Shamueil, an uair a cheadnicheadh dha "e fein a chur ann an cruth aingil soillse." Na biodh, uime sin duil agadsa gu 'n do cheadnicheadh

riamh do droch-dhàoinibh trioblaid a chur air fois nan naomh, no an tabhairt air ais do 'n t-saoghal so 'a saoghal nan spiorad air iarrtas Shatain, athair nam breug.

CORN.—Uhh! Uhh! a' Mhurach-aidh, is leoir na nithe sin chum ceann duine a chuir 'n a bhreislich, cha 'n 'eil mi fein 'gan tuigsinn; tha iad tuilleadh's domhain agus diomhair air mo shon-sa; ach chi mi ciod a their an seann Mhinistear coir againn, Maighstir Setmas m'an timchioll, agus taoghlaidh mi air gun dail a dh-fhaicinn ciod a their esan mu na nithibh sin.

MUR.—Ro cheart, a' Choinnich, ro cheart, agus aig an am leigidh sinn leis na sithichibh cadal a dheanamh, ach aig uair eigin eile, ma chaomhpar sinn, bithidh tuilleadh comhraidh againn mu na cleachdannaibh eugsamhla sin a bha air an coimhead le'r luchd-duthcha fein anns na liantibh a dh' fhalbh.

ALASDAIR RUADH.

COMMUNION WITH THE REE WATERFALL.

[The following poem, English and Gaelic, by the same author, a Mr. Cameron, in Australia, has been forwarded to us by the Rev. Mr. Stewart of Nether-Lochaber. Mr. Stewart thinks the poem has much merit, and we agree with him. *Eas Rithe*, or Ree Waterfall, is well known to every Lochaber man and woman, though not so well known to tourists as it should be. In full flood it is as grand and striking an object of the kind as is to be found in all the West Highlands. The author of this poem was born and brought up within sight and sound of it.]

COMMUNION WITH THE REE WATERFALL,
NETHER-LOCHABER, IN A DREAM.

I gaze on thee, thou wondrous fall!
As I had done long years ago:
I travelled far on duty's call
Since last I saw thy current's flow.

In days gone by, when joy was young,
'Twas my delight to sit me here,
When thy grave voice, so full and strong,
A pleasant song was to mine ear.

COMH-CHOMUNN RI EAS RIDHE, AM
BUN LOCHABER, ANN AM BRUADAR.

Mi dearcadh mar 's an tim o chian
Ort fein O Eas! as miadhail cruth:
Air garm mo dhleasnais 's fada a thriall
Mo chom o chopadh dian do shruth.

'S na laithean an robh m' aigne maoth;
B' e m' annsachd suidhe taobh do
bhruaich,
Am fochair toirmrich neart do bhraoin,
A bhiodh mar oran gaoil a' m' chluais.

Methinks I hear thy waters say
In greeting accents bathed in tears :
"Where did thy wandering footsteps stray
These many long and weary years ?

"I missed thee on that rocky brink--
Thy youthful shadow on the pool,
When thou wouldst say, as thou didst
think,
Thy daily lesson for the school ;

"When none but I was to thee near
Save He who guides our varied ways,
To whom creation all is dear,
As joining in His glory's praise.

"But, oh ! how altered is your form,
And silvered over is your hair ;
The voice, alone, retains the charm
Of him who once was young and fair :

"The rocks around me now rejoice
In echoing its well-known ring,
And I'll, too, chime in with my voice,
That nature's anthem we may sing.

"The trees that wave above my head,
With all their warbling feathery throng,
Will join, as by one spirit led,
To swell the chorus of the song."

: : : : :

I journeyed east, I journeyed west,
And dwelt in lands beyond the line,
But dear as friendship to my breast
Was that deep solemn bass of thine.

As burnished silver is thy sheen,
And, when the sun shines on thy breast
The Arc of promise can be seen
To span across thy beaming crest.

Proud dynasties may quit this earth,
And generations pass away,
But thou remainest, from thy birth,
Without addition or decay,

Save when the flood's descending weight
Swell high the volume of thy tide,
When awful majesty and might
Enhance the glory of thy pride.

Words of comparison are lame,
In all their poetry array ;
And art itself is weak and tame
Thy power and greatness to display.

Tha t-uingeachan, air leam, ag radh,
Am briathran baigh fo shileadh dheur :
"Ciod e, fad bhlianaibh agith, an t-ait'
Air iomral cian 'n d' thàr do cheum?"

Do chruth gu 'n ionadrain mi o m' choir,
A's t-fhaileas òg 's an linne shios,
'N uair 'chuireadh tu, le aithris beoil,
Bladh mheaghair t'fhoghlaim dhuit air
rian ;

"Gun aon duil lamh ruit ach mi fein
'S an Ti tha stiùireadh ceum ar roid—
Lan baigh do 'n chruthachadh gu leir,
Tha 'm boinn a' cur an ceill a ghloir.

"Ach O ! shearg blath do bhuadhan aa,
'S mar airgiod glas tha gruag do
chinn ;
'S e 'n guth a mhain, 'bha aoibhneach
ait,
'Tha cur do chleachdaidh ann am
chuimhn' ;

"Tha gairdeachas nan creag ann 'n cuairt
'Comh - fhreagairt ris le fuaimrich
bhinn,
'S theid seirm mo ghuth-sa leo a suas,
'S ni nadur oran nuadh a sheinn.

"Na crainn 'tha crathadh shuas mu 'm
cheann,
Le 'n cuanail ghreannar 's amsa teis,
Le meoghail ghloirbhimneach neo-ghann,
'Ni comhla 'n rann a chuir air ghleus."

: : : : :

Shiubhail mi 'n ear, a's shiubhail mi 'n
iar,
A's thuinich mi 'n tir chian mu dheas,
Ach taisgt' am chom, mar chairdeas fial,
Do bhorbhain tiabhaidh mhair gun
cheist.

Mar aingiod loinnreach tha do-chliabh,
'S 'n uair dhearsas grian air agiath do
chair,
(Gu 'm faicear bodha 's daithte neul
A' cluich ri ciabhan shian do spairn.

Theid uachdaranachd mhor air chul,
'S theid al nan ioma gineal 'sios,
Ach, mar o d' bhreith-sa, bithidh tu
Gun ni chuir ruit na thabhairt dhiot.

Mar ann 'n uair thacogas tuilte 'nnas,
Cur at mu d' bhrusach le buathadh cas,
'S bhios moralachd a's neart de bhuadh
Cuir t'inbhe 'suas gu h-uaibhreach bras.

Tha briathran coimeis bacach, mal,
Aig meud am puirp an ranntachd
bhard,
'S tha ealdhain lag-chuiseach a's gann
Chuir modh do ghreadnachais air aird.

The voice of many waters wakes
The slumbering echoes of the soul,
To thoughts of Him who undertakes
The vast creation to control.

As time is to eternity so thou
Art placed, by energy divine,
Amid the living here below,
That in thy daily worship join.

Oft here, when young, my tears would
flow,
While musing on God's ways with men,
As I would think of those laid low,
That saw thee as I saw thee then.

But now the sombre future spreads
Its shadow o'er this lovely scene,
To warn, though here my step still treads,
Of me they'll say, he once had been.

Remembrances of other years,
That have made here their dwelling
place.
Each with a smiling face appears,
Though marks of tears I there can trace.

The dawn of hope, with thoughts sublime,
And aspirations more profound,
Associate here, in life's decline,
Commingle with the murmuring
sound.

A. C.

Melbourne, Australia,
26th March, 1874.

Gu mo sgail guth nan uisgean garbh
Comh-sheirm mhiotalla anns a' chom,
Gu smaintean air an Ti a' dhealbha
Na neimhne ard, an fhainge, 's fonn,

A's mar tha tim do shiorruidheachd, cha
Do chor, trid Ordugh Dhiu nam fear,
Am measg nam beo, bho al gu al,
'Ni aoradh maille ruit gu ceart.

Am shuidhe 'so, an laithean m' oig',
Gur tric a shil mo dheoir gu geur,
'S mo smuainte orra-san fo 'n fhod,
'Bha roimhe 'n cleachdadh doigh riuth
fein.

Ach 'nis an t-am a ta ri teachd
Sgaoil fhaileas ciar thar dreach gach
aigh,
Toirt sanais dhomh, reir chor gach
neach—
Gu 'n tig a chrìoch—'s nach fhada 'n
dail

Tha cuimhneachan nam bliadhn' a threig,
'Rinn comhnuidh so le cheile a' d' chòir,
Ri gean rium, ged tha blath nan deur
Ri fhaicinn air eudainn foil.

Tus do chais le chuid smuaintean ard,
A's tograidh anama 's grasmhor stuaim,
Tha 'so an dluth's mu charaidh thrath,
Comh - mheasgnachadh an gairich
t-fhuaim.

A. C.

Melbourne, 'n Tir Bonn-ri-Bonn
26 Mar., 1874.

CAIPTEAN RUADH GHLINN LIOBHAN AGUS TUATHAN- AICH LATHARNA.

'Nuair a bha'n Caimheulach fiach-
ail cliuiteach so na *fhactor* aig treas
Iarla Bhraid-Albann, air oighreachd
Latharn-ìochdrach, an Earraghaidh-
eal, thachair gu'n robh da bhrathair
ann an seibh baile beag fearainn,
leth mar leth aig gach aon diubh.
Bha teaghlach mor maoth aig fear
dhiubh; agus bha e air a sharuchadh
cho mor 'g an togail, 's nach robh e
'na chomas a roinn-sa de'n bhaile a
chumail anns an ordugh bu choir da.
Cha b' ann mar so do'n bhrathair
eile: bha e na dhuine saobhir, agus
air a chunntadh beartach le muinntir
na duthcha. Ghabh e cothram air
dol a dh-ionnsuidh a' Chaipitean

Ruaidh, agus rinn e casaid ris an
aghaidh a bhrathar, gu'n robh e
leigeil le 'chuid de'n bhaile dol an
dolaidh le cion mathachaidh agus
aorannachaidh; agus an deigh iomadh
"le 'r cead, a Chaiptein," thubhairt
e,—“Cha 'n urrainn duibh ni 's fearr
a dheanamh na leth mo bhrathar
de'n bhaile a thoirt domh fein;”
agus, chum a thagradh a' neartachadh,
charaich e deich puinnid Shasunnach
air a' bhord, a' feuchainn an Caipitean
a chlaonadh. Fhreagair an t-uasal
e gu tioram, “Gheibh thu leth do
bhrathar.” Dh' fhalbh an cealgair
gu moiteil, ard-inntinneach. Goidid
an deigh so, chual' am brathair bochd

a bha 'g a 'chlaoidh fabhunn mar a thachair. Chaidh e gu trom-inntinn-each, bronach, a dh' ionnsuidh a' Chaiptein. Dh' innis e na chual' e, ach gu 'n robh dochas aige nach robh e fìor. Dh' aidich e nach robh a leth-sa de 'n bhaile 's an ordugh anns am bu choir dha 'bhi; gidheadh, 'nuair a chinneadh a theaghlach a suas, gu 'n rachadh gach gnothach am feothas. "Tha na chual' thu fìor gu leoir," deir an Caiptein: "fhuair do bhrathar do leth-sa."

Mar a bha 'n duine truagh a' falbh, gu muladach, bronach, ghairm an t-uasal air ais e, ag radh, "Ged a fhuair e do leth-sa de 'n ghabhail, cha d' iarr e a leth fein. Rach thusa dhachaidh, agus, 'n uair a thig a' Bhealltuinn, cuiridh mis' thu an sealbh cuid do bhrathar; agus, a dhuine bhochd, so dhuit deich puinnnd Shasunnach, a chuidicheas leat do theaghlach og a thogail, leis an d' fheuch do bhrathair mis' a bhriobadh."—*Cuairtear nan Gleann.*

ORAN A' GHEAMHRAIDH.

FONN—"Tweedside."

Tharraing grian, rìgh nan *planet*'s nan reul,
Gu *sign Chancer* Diciadaoin, gu beachd,
A riaghlas cothrom mu'n crìochnaich e thriall;
Da mhìos deug na bliadhna mu seach;
Ach gur h-e 'n dara Disathurn 'n a dheigh,
A' ghrianstad-shamhraidh, aon-deug, an la 's fhaid';
'S an sin tionnda'idh e chursa gu seamh,
Gu seasghrian a' gheamhraidh gun stad.

'S bho 'n dh' imich e nis bhuainn mu'n cuairt,
Gu 'm bi fuachd oirnn gu 'm pill e air ais;
Bidh gach la dol an giorrad gu feum,
'S gach oidliche d'a rèit dol am fad;
Sruthaidh luibhean, a's coill, agus fear,
Na fais-bheotha, crìon-eugaidh iad as;
Teichidh 'n snodhach gu friamhaich nan crann.
Suighidh glaodhain an sugh-bheatha steach.

Seacaidh geugan glan, cubhraidh nan crann,
Bha 's an t-samhradh trom-stracte le meas,
Gu 'n toirleum an toradh gu lar,
Gu 'n sgriosar am barr bharr gach lios.
Guilidh feadain a's creachann nam beann,
Sruthaib chriostail nan gleann le trom sprochd,
Caoidh nam fìaran ri meachainn gu 'n cluinn,
Deoch-thunta nam maoiseach 's nam boc.

Laidhidh bron air an talamh gu leir,
Gu 'n aognaich na sleibhtean 's na cnuic;
Grad-dhubhaidh caoin uachdar nam blar,
Fal-ruisgte, 's iad faillinneach bochd,

Na h-eoin bhuchullach, bhreac-iteach, ghrinn,
 Sheinneadh baisgeanta, binn, am barr dhos,
 Gu 'n teid a' ghlas-ghuib air am beul,
 Gun bhogha, gun teud—iad 'n an tosd.

Sguiridh buirdeisich sgiathach nan speur,
 De 'n ceileireadh griunach car greis ;
 Cha sheinn iad am maidnein gu h-ard,
 No 'm feasgarain chrabhach 's a' phreas :
 Cadal clù-mhor gu 'n dean anns gach còs,
 Gabhail fasgaidh am frogan nan creag ;
 'S iad ri ionndrain nan gathannan blath
 Bhiodh ri dealradh fo sgaile do theas.

Cuirear daltachan srian-bhuidh' nan ros
 Bharr min-chioch nan or-dhithean beag,—
 Sinean gicagach lùidh nan lon,
 Nam fluran 's geal-neoinein nan eag,
 Cha deoghlar le beachainn nam bruaich,
 Croidhidh fuarachd car cuairt iad 'n an sgeap ;
 Cha mho chruinnicheas seillein a mhal,
 'S thar geal ur-ros chrann garaidh cha streap.

Tearnaidh bradan, a's sgadan, 's gach iasg,
 Bho d' iarguin gu fiath-ghrunnd nan loch ;
 'S gu 'm fòn air an aigein dhubh-dhonn,
 Ann an doimhneachd nam fonn a's nan sloc ;
 Na bric tharr-ghalach, earr-ghobhlach, shlim,
 Leumadh meardha ri usgraohean chop,
 N an cairtealan-geamhraidh gu 'n tann,
 Meirbh, samhach, bho 'n thamh, thu fo'n *ghlobe*.

Chas a's ghreannaich gach tullach 's gach tom,
 'S doite lom-chinn gach fireach 's gach glac :
 Gu 'n d' odhraich na sitheinean-feoir,
 Bu lusanach feirneineach brat ;
 Thiormaich maghannan 's ruadhaich gach fonn ;
 Bheuc an fhainge 's ro thonn-ghreannach gart ;
 'S gu 'n d' sgreadaich an dndlachd gach long,
 'S theid an cabhlach 'n a long-phort a steach.

Neulaich paircean a's miodar gu bàs,
 Thuit gach fasach 's gach aite fo bhruid ;
 Chitreach momadh nan iosal 's nan ard,
 Theirig dathannan grasmhor gach luig :
 Dh' fhalbh am faileadh bha taitneach 's am fonn ;
 Dh' fhalbh a' mhaise bharr lombair gach buig ;
 Chaidh an eunlaidh gu caoidhearan truagh,
 Uiseag, smeorach, a's cuach, agus druid.

A fhraoich bhadanaich, ghaganaich, uir,
 Do 'm b' ola's do 'm b' fhudar a' mhil,
 B'i bhlath ghrian do thabhachd's gach uair,
 Gu giullachd do ghruaige le sgil :
 'S a' mhadainn-iuchair 'n uair bhoillsgeadh a gnuis
 Air buidheannan drinhdach nan dril,
 B' fhior chubhraich 's gu 'm b' eibhiun an smuid
 So dh' eireadh bharr cuirnean gaoh bìl.

Gu 'n theirig subh-thalmhann nam bruaich,
 Dh' fhalbh an cnasach le 'n trom-lubadh slat ;
 Thuit an t-ubhal, an t-siris, 's am peur,
 Chuireadh bogh' air a' gheig agus a' bhad ;
 Dh' fhalbh am bainne bho 'n eallaich air chul,
 Mu 'm bi leanaba ri ciucharan bochd ;
 'S gus 'n till a' ghrian gu sign *Thauruis* nam buadh,
 'S treun a bhuadhaicheas fuachd agus gort.

Theid a' ghrian air a thurus mu 'n cuairt
 Do *thropic Chapricorn* ghrnamaich gun stad,
 Bho 'n tig fearthuinn cluinn, mheallanaich, luath,
 Bheir a mullach nan cruaidhteachan sad ;
 Thig tein'-athair, thig torunn 'n a dheigh,
 Thig gaillion, thig eire nach lag ;
 'S cinnidh uisge 'n a ghloineachan cruaidh,
 'S 'n a ghlas-leugan min, fuar-licneach, rag.

A mhios marranta, gharbh-fhrasach, dhorch,
 Shneachdach, cholgarr' is stoim-shionach bith ;
 Dhisleach, dhall-churaich, chathach, fhliuch, chruaidh,
 Bhiorach, bhuagharra, 's tuath-ghaothach cith ;
 Dheigheach, liath-reotach, ghlib-sbleamhain, gharbh,
 Chuireas sgiobairean fairge 'n an ruith ;
 Fhlichneach, fhunntainneach, ghuineach, gun tlaths :
 Cuiridh d' anail gach caileachd air chrith.

A mhios chnatanach, chasadach, lom,
 A bhios trom air an t-sonn-bhrochan dubh ;
 Churraiceach, chasagach lachdunn a's dhonn,
 Bhrisneach, stocainneach, chom-chochlach, thingh,
 Bhrogach, mheatagach, pheiteagach bhan,
 Imeach, aranach, chaiseach, gun ghruth ;
 Le 'm miaun bruthaiste, mairt-fheoil a's cal,
 'S ma bhios blath nach dean tair' air gnèth stuth.

A mhios bhrotagach, thoiteanach, shoigh,
 Ghionach, strodhail, fhior-ghedcail gu muic ;
 Liteach, laganach, chabaisteach, chorr,
 Phoiteach, tomasach, roiceil, gu sult ;

'S an taobh-annuigh ged a thubh sinn ar com,
Air an t-aileadh gheur, tholltach, gun tìus,
'S eudar dram ol mar lùigeadh cleibh,
A ghrad-fhada's tein'-eibhinn 's an uchd.

Bidh greann-dubh air cuid mhoir de 'n Roinn-Eorp,
Bho 'n a lagaich sgeamh ordha do theas;
Do sholas bu sholas ro mhor,
Ar fradharc 's ar lochran geal, deas;
Ach 'n uair thig e gu *Gemini* ris,
'S a lannir 's gach righeachd gu 'n cuir,
'S buidhe soillsein nan coirein 's nam meall,
'S riochdail fianh nan or-mheall air a' mhuir.

'S theid gach salmadair ball-mhaiseach, ur,
An crannaig chubhradh chraobh dhuth-dhuilleach, cas;
Le 'n seol fhein a sheinn *hymns*, 's a thoirt cliu,
Chionn a' *planet* so chursadh air ais;
Gu 'm bi coisir air leth anns gach geig,
An *dasgan* eibhinn air reidh-shlios nan slat,
A' toirt lag-iobairt le 'n ceileir do 'n Triath,
Air chaol chorraibh an sgiath anns gach glaic.

Cha bhi creutair fo chopan nan speur,
'N sin nach tìomdaidh ri speird, 's ri 'n dreach;
'S gu 'n toir *Phœbus* le buadhan a bhlaic,
Anam-fais daibh a's cailleachdan ceart;
'S nì iad aiseirigh choitchionn a' n tialgh,
Far 'n do mheataich am fuachd tad a steach;
'S their iad gulleag—"doro-hidula-hann,
'Dh' fhalbh an geamhradh 's tha 'n samhradh air teachd!"

—Alastair Donaldach.

D U A N A G.

Mar chraobh ri sruth, 's i lann de dhuilleach uain,
A' crith le fraim 's i sua'dh fo ghaoth nam beann,
Mar sin bha mi 'n am dusgadh dhomh o m'shuain,
Mo ribhinn ghaoil, 'n uair bha thu fein 's a' ghleann;
Ach nis, a rùn, bho 'n dh'fhàg thu mi 's a dh'fhalbh
Mo shamhradh leat, le 'mhuise a 's le 'fhionn,
Tha foghar orm air teachd, le ceumaibh balbh,
A 's fann-gluth ciùin a dhrùigh's air iuntinn throm.
Mar eòin a craoibh 's ann theich mo sholas nam;
Mo dhòchas thuit mar dhuilleach, ruadh gu làr.
Thig earrach ur, 's thig duilleach fos 'bheir gruaio
Nan geng air falbh, 'g an còmhach mach gu 'm bàrr;
Ach mis, mar chrann a' seargadh mach 's a' ghaoith,
Mur till thu fein, 's mur maoth'ch thu mi le srombach gaoil.

MAC-ODHACHE.

COMUNN UR GAIDHEALACH.

Tha sinn, le mor dhealas agus leis gach deadh dhurachd, a' toirt failte chridheil do chomunn ur d' ar luchd-duthcha gaolach a chaidh, o chionn ghoirid a chur air chois anns a' bhaile-mhor so, fo'n ainm, *Comunn Gaidhealach Ghlaschu*. Tha cuimhne aig ar luchd-leughaidh air a' Choinneimh Chaidrich ainmeil a chaidh a chumail ann an Talla mor a' Bhaile anns an Earrach so 'chaidh — a' choinneamh Gaidhealach is mò a chaidh riabh a ghleidheadh ann an tigh no an talla air nachdar an t-saoghail. Air ceann na coinneimh sin bha còmhlan de Ghaidheil thàbhachdach, ghramail, thapaidh, agus cha'n e mhaing gu'n do chuir iad rompa gu 'm biodh cruinneachadh eile d'an cheart seorsa ann an ath bhliadhna, ach, air faicinn daibh anns an t-soirbheachadh anabarrach a fhuair iad an sin, meud a' chumhachd a dh' fhaodadh Gaidheil Ghlaschu a chur a mach as an leth fein agus as leth an luchd-duthcha na 'm biodh doigh cheart air a gabhail air an aonadh r' a cheile 'n an aon chomunn mor — cha 'n ann a mhaing a chum 's gu'n tigeadh iad cruinn nair'sa' bhliadhna gu aon oidhche chridheil a chur thairis ann am fearas-chuideachd agus ann an lan-aighear, ach comunn seasmhach a choinnicheadh tric agus aig am biodh leas nan Gaidheal mar chrìoch araid anns an amharc, — chuir iad an comhairle r' a cheile o chionn mìos no dha, agus b' e bu deireadh dha so gu'n do chuireadh fo uidheam an comunn ur a dh' ainmich sin. Tha, ann an Glaschu, comunn Gaidhealach no dha cheana de mhuinntir nan cearnaibh fa leith; tha iad ann comunn Mhuileach, Ileach, Lathurnach, Sgiathanach, Leoghasach, Rosach, 's cha 'n 'eil fhios co eile; tha iad uile feumail, agus, cha 'n 'eil an comunn ur so 'dol a gabhail gnothaich riu ann an

rathad a bhi 'togail' comh-strith no farmaid 'n am measg, no ag iarradh air aon sam bith na comunn sin 'fhagail agus gabhail ris an fhear ur — is fada, 's fhada a ghabh e uaith sin — ach 's ann a tha run orra gu 'm biodh na comunn sin uile air an deanamh 'n an meadhonan air leas nan Gaidheal a chur air aghaidh le comas a bhi air a thairgseadh dhaibh, agus do gach aon aig am bheil cridhe Gaidhealach 'n a chom, air an cumhachd a chum maith a chur air ghluasad agus a chur gu buil air mhodh a's fhearr agus a's buannachdaire na rinn iad roimhe as leth an luchd-duthcha as gach ionad, agus de gach sliochd agus aidmheil. Is e Tighearna Chluainidh, an sàr-Ghaidheil, is ceann-cinnidh air a' chomunn; agus ma 's airidh esan, neo-ar-thainig mur 'eil a luchd-muinntir fearail, foghainteach! Cha ruig sin leas an ainmeachadh, ach faodar an urad so a radh, — mur soirbhich leis na tha aig a' chomunn 's an amharc nach ann aig an sgioba a bhios a' choire. Is iad na nithean a tha gu sonraichte 'n am beachd, a thuilleadh air a bhi 'cumail air mhaireann seann chanain, eachdraidh, sgeulachdan, bardachd agus ceol nan Gaidheal, gu 'm biodh cothrom air a thoirt daibh air eolas feumail 'fhaighainn a leabhraichean agus paipearan-naidheachd mu chisean an t-saoghail, 's gu sonraichte cuisean Gaidhealach; agus tha iad, uime sin, a' runachadh seomar a ghabhail anns an bi leabhar-lann agus paipearan air son nan Gaidheal aig am sam bith d' an latha no do'n fheasgar; tha iad a' miannachadh coinneamhan a chumail o am gu am air son cèilidh agus conaltradh cairdeil, agus far an cluinnear seann eachdraidh agus bardachd na duthcha air an leughadh gu snasmhor, agus orain agus duanagan binne nan Gaidheal air an seinn gu fonnmhor, eireachdail. Tha co-

chedl (concert) d' an t-seorsa so aca a h-uile feasgar Disathuirne, ann an Talla-ban-saor, 7 Alston Street agus tha an seomar sin cheana tuilleadh 's beag air son na h-aireimh a tha tarraing a mach. Tha an comunn, mar an cendna, a' cur rompa clarsaidh a chumail anns am faigh Gaidheil air tr thighinn do'n bhaile, no air dhith oibre, fios c'aite am faighear cosnadh. Is i ar comhairle dogach Gaidheal anns a' bhaile mhor so e 'dhol's a ghnais agus a chuid-eachadh a thoirt do'n Chomunn Ghaidhealach—cuirpadh e ainm anns an leabhar aca. Ma shoirbhicheas leo — agus c'arson nach soirbhich? — is leis-san a chuid fein d' an onair; agus ma dh' fhairticheas na tha iad a' miannachadh orra, tha an toileachadh aige gu'n do rinn esan a dhleasnas as leth a luchd-duthcha. *"Bi misneachail, agus biomaid gaisg-eil air son ar sluagh."*

—O—

IAIN WILLIAMS AGUS AN DUINE DUBH.

A GHaidheil Ghàsda,—Tha fhios gu ro mhaith agaibhse gur iomadh ni aincheartach agus cleachd-aim sgreabhail a-chi na Soisgeulaich am measg dhaoine borba ann an duthchaibh cein. Ma shaoileas sibh gur airidh an sgeul beag a leanas air oisinn d' an *Ghaidheal*, theagamh gu'n cuir micriomageile d' ar n-ionnsaidh 'n uair a ruigeas mo chothrom air.

Is mi, &c.,

J. W.

Lag-na-h-abhunn,
An Fheill Micheil, 1874.

Tha an Soisgeulaiche, Iain Williams, 'n a leabhar, "Missionary Enterprises," ag innseadh, air dha

bhi, g'ohair air togail bàta gu'n do dhi-chuimhnich e air latha araidh a' chearnag (square) a thoirt leis gu'aite oibre. Ghairm e air duine dubh eòsgaidh, furachail, agus thug e dha sliseag air an do sgrìobh e cìod a bha dhith air 's thuir e ris dol le singu bean an t-Soisgeulaiche. Sheall an duine bochd air le tarcuis ag radh, "Nach meas i gur fìor amadan mi a' dol 'g a h-ionnsaidh le sliseig?" "Cha mheas, cha mheas, tha an t-sliseag gu innseadh cìod a tha dhith orm." "Cha n'eil beul no cainnt aice, 's cia mar a dh'innseas i sin?" "Bi 'falbh," ars' an Soisgeulaiche, "agus greas ort." "Agus cìod a their mi rithe?" "Cha ruig thu leis diog a radh, ach an t-sliseag a shineadh dhi." Dh' fhalbh an duine dubh agus thug e an t-sliseag a dh-ionnsaidh bean an t-Soisgeulaiche. An uair a sheall i air an t-sliseig, thig i air an urlar i; dh' fhosgail i a' chiste-ae fhinn, agus thug i dha a' chearnag. "Cia mar," ars' esan, "a tha fhios agus gur e sin a tha dhith air?" "Dh' ionnsaidh an t-sliseag e," ars' ise. "Ma ta," ars' esan, "bha mise ag eisdeachd gu furachail 's cha chuala mi i ag radh smid." "Ach chuala mise i, agus bi 'falbh; tha e ga d' fheith-eamh." Thog e leis an t-sliseag agus chum e suas 'n a laimh i fein 's a' chearnag, a' glodhaich ris gach neach a choinnicheadh e, "Falcibh gliocas nan daoine geala, bheir iad air na sliseagan labhairt agus an guothaichean 'innseadh!" Fhuair e sreang agus chroch e an t-sliseag n' a mhuineal, 'g a gillan càr-tine fhada, agus 'g a nochdadh mar an t-ìoghnadh a bu mho air an cual' e riabh iomradh.

Faic agus tìg, so, a dhùine. Gheibhear gu tric do charaid a's fearr, agus do namhaid a's miosa annad fein.

KEY F or E.
Chorus.

MO NIGHEAN DONN.



: R : m | . f : m . , r : m : D : l : d : r . M : l : r



: R | r . , m : r : r . , m : S . , l : a . m : r ; d : r . M : l : r

NOTE.—On account of certain prosodial irregularities in the words of this song, I have found it impossible to bar it in the usual manner. I have indicated the accented notes by marks thus (') placed above them. Of course these marks do not interfere with the proper length of the notes; they indicate merely where the accent is to be placed.

J. W.

SEISD.—Their mi hó, robha hó,
'S mithich dhuinn eirigh,
Mo nigh'n donn.

'S mithich dhomhsa dol dachaidh,
Tha mi fad' air mo chéilidh,
Mo nigh'n donn.
Their mi hó, robha hó, &c.

Bheir mi m' aghaidh air Muile,
Ged is dèilich dhomh fhein e,
Mo nigh'n donn.
Their mi hò, robha hó, &c.

'S mor gruaman na h-iarmailt,
'S gaoth an iar a' cruaidh sheideadh;
Mo nigh'n donn.
Their mi hó, robha hó, &c.

Tha na tonnan 's a' ghàraich,
'Tigh'nn gu traigh le greann éitidh,
Mo nigh'n donn.
Their mi hó, robha hó, &c.

Tha na cithean trom sneachda
'Dall-ghleachd anns na speuraibh,
Mo nigh'n donn.
Their mi hó, robha hó, &c.

Tha na h-uillt le dearg-rànaich
'Sguabadh sgàrnaich nan sleibhtean,
Mo nigh'n donn.
Their mi hò, robha hó, &c.

Tha na craobhan mor, miarach,
As am friamhaich 'g an reubadh,
Mo nigh'n donn.
Their mi hó, robha hó, &c.

Tha eoin bhúchain nan cuaintean,
Leis an uamhas 'g an leireadh,
Mo nigh'n donn.
Their mi hó, robha hó, &c.

'S eoin bheaga na coille,
Gob, 's an doire, fo 'n sgeithe,
Mo nigh'n donn.
Their mi hó, robha hó, &c.

'S bochd nuallan nan aighean
Air na straithean lom, gle-gheal,
Mo nigh'n donn.
Their mi hó, robha hó, &c.

'S truagh mise 'n tir Oisein,
'S mi gun soistinn mu m' eudail,
Mo nigh'n donn.
Their mi hó, robha hó, &c.

'S nach comas dol thairis
Dh' fhios a' bhaile 'm bheil m' eibhneas,
Mo nigh'n donn.
Their mi hó, robha hó, &c.

Far an d' fhag mi mo leannan,
Maighdean chanach na feille!
Mo nigh'n donn.
Their mi hó, robha hó, &c.

S. M.

—An t-Ailleagan.

Cluaintean (?)—J. W.

Gaelic Philology.

NOTES BY THE REV. ALEX. CAMERON.

(Continued from Vol. III, page 285.)

507. *Moch* (early) = W. *moth* (ready, quick, early), Corn. *meuch* (quickly, soon), and may be compared with Lat. *mox* (by and by, presently, quickly, soon). Cf. Williams' Corn. Dictionary; and Beiträge, vol. 5, p. 452.

508. *Meas* (fruit, also an acorn) = W. *mesen* (an acorn, plur. *mes*, acorns), Corn. *mesen* (an acorn); and is cognate with A. S. *mæste* (acorns, nuts, &c.), Eng. *mast* (acorns, &c.) *S* in Gaelic frequently = *st*.

509. *Daor* and *dear*.

Daor (dear in price) is connected with Ice. *dyrr* (dear in price, precious), Dan. and Swed. *dyr* (dear, expensive), Old High Ger. *tiuri* (precious), New High Ger. *theuer* (dear), A. S. *deor* and *dyre* (dear, precious), Eng. *dear*.

510. *Bachall* (staff, crosier; and *bachal*), derived in Highland Society's Dictionary from *bà* and *cuaille*, is from Lat. *baculus* (a staff), from which are also derived W. *bragl* (a crook, crutch), Bret. *bachol*, and Ice. *bagall* (an episcopal staff, crosier).

511. *Prine* (a pin) = Ice. *prjonn* (a pin), Dan. *preen* (a bodkin, awl), Low Dut. *preen* (an awl), Scot. *prin* (a pin), A. S. *prean* (a bodkin).

512. *Cill* (a cell, church) = Lat. *cella* (a cell, shrine, chapel) for *cerula* diminutive of *cera* (wax).

513. *Guor* or *cair* (a brand, coal, ember) is cognate with Ice. *hyrr* (embers of fire) = *hyrr*, Goth. *hauri* (embers of fire). *C* in Gaelic fre-

quently = *h* in the Teutonic languages.

514. *Tosd* (silence, quietness) may be compared with Ice. *tristr* (dismal, sad, distressed, whence in deep silence, noiseless; cf. Cleasby's Ice. Dict.), Swed. *tjust*, Dan. *tyst* (silence), all connected, perhaps, with Lat. *tacitus*.

515. *Tosg* (a tusk) = Ice. *toskr* (a tusk), A. S. *tusk* and *tux*, Eng. *tusk*.

516. *Tor* (a bull; cf. O'Reilly's Dict.) = Ice. *thjorr* (a bull), Dan. *tyr* (a bull), all cognate, perhaps, with Gr. *tauros*, Lat. *taurus*, Gael. *tarbh*.

517. *Teagamh* (doubt) = *tegam*, of which *-teg* (-am being the affix) may be compared with Ice. *-tveggi* (from *treir*, gen. *tréggja*, two). Cf. *annar-tveggja* (one of two) and *hvárr-tveggi* (whether of twain), Swed. *tvika* and *tvacka*, A. S. *twéogan* (to doubt, to hesitate) and *twiogan* (to doubt). The double *g* of *-tveggi* may account for *g* of *teagamh* being unspirated.

518. *Coll* (hazel), of which *calltuinn* (cf. W. *collen*) is the modern form, is cognate with Lat. *corylus* (hazel) = *cosylus*, Ice. *hasl* (with *h* for Gaelic and Latin *c*), Dan. *hassel*, Ger. *hessel*, A. S. *hæsl*, Eng. *hasel* or *hazel*. Vowel-flanked *s* regularly disappears in Gaelic. Cf. Stokes' Ir. Glosses, p. 79.

519. *Crèabhag* (a body; also spelled *creubhag*) is a diminutive from *crèabh* or *creubh* (a body), which is cognate with Sansk. *kravya* (flesh), Old Ger. *hréo*, gen. *hrêwes* (carcase), Ice. *hræ*, *hrür*, and *hreyr* (a corpse), Goth. *hraiwa* in *hraiwa-dubo* (turtle-dove), A. S. *hrcan* and

hræw (a carcase). Gaelic *cré* (body) is another form of *crèabh*. To the same root Bopp refers Gr. *kreas* and Lat. *cruor*. Cf. Sansk. Glossary, p. 95.

520. *Crogan* (a pitcher) is from *croy* (an earthen vessel or jar), the same word as Ice. *krúkke* (a pot), Dan. *krukke* (a pitcher, jar), Ger. *krug* (pitcher, mug), A.S. *crocca* (pitcher, pot), Eng. *crock*.

521. *Dragh* (to drag, pull, tug, draw) is connected with, if not borrowed from Ice. *draga* (to draw, drag, carry, pull), Dan. *drage* (to draw, pull, drag), Goth. *dragan* (to heap together), A.S. *dragan* (to drag, draw), Ger. *tragen* (to carry), Eng. *drag* and *draw*. Cf. Lat. *traho* (to draw), Ice. *tregr* (dragging, going with difficulty).

522. *Dragh* (trouble, vexation) and *draghail* (troublesome, vexatious, difficult) may be compared with A.S. *trega* (vexation, tribulation) and *drecan* (to trouble, vex, grieve), Ice. *trega* (to grieve) and *tregi* (difficulty, reluctance).

523. *Sùlair* (the gannet, solan goose) is connected with Ice. *sálu* (the gannet, solan-goose), Dan. *sule* (the gannet), Eng. *solan*.

524. *Sùdh* (the seam betwixt the planks of a ship) = Ice. *súdh* (a sewing, suture, but only used of the clinching of a ship's boards) from *siya* (to sew), Goth. *siujan* (to sew), Dan. *syé* (to sew), A. S. *siwian* (to sew), Eng. *sew*, Cf. Lat. *suere* (to sew).

525. *Sgrath* (the outer skin or rind of anything) = Ice. *skrá* (scroll, dry skin).

526. *Tota* (roofless wall; also spelled *tobhta*) is connected with Ice. *topt* (a green tuft or knoll, a piece of ground, homestead; a place marked out for a house or building, a toft; a square piece of ground with walls, but without roof), Swed. and Norse

tompt, (top, toft), Mid. Lat. *toftum*, Scot. *toft* (a place where a message has stood).

527. *Tota* (the rowers' seat in a boat; also spelled *tobhta*) is connected with Ice. *thópta* or *thopta* (a rowing bench).

528. *Toinn* (twist, wreath, twine, is connected with Ice. *twinna* (to twine, twist), Dan. *trinde* (to twine), Dut. *twijn* (to twine), A. S. *twinan* (to twine), Eng. *twine*. *Twinna* is from *tri-* (twice, double), and, therefore, the radical meaning of *toinn* and *twine* is to double.

529. *Luidheir* (a vent, a chimney) may be compared with Ice. *ljóri* (a louvre or opening in the roof for the smoke to escape by, and also for admitting light; from *ljós*, light) cognate with Gaelic *leus*, Swed. *liure*, Norse *liore*, Eng. *louver* and *louvre* (an opening in the roofs of ancient houses serving for a sky-light and a chimney).

530. *Mort* (murder) is cognate with Lat. *mors*, gen. *mortis* (death), Ice. *mordh* (murder), Dan. *mord*, Ger. *mord*, Dat. *moerd*, Goth. *maurthr*, A. S. *mordh* and *mordhar*, Eng. *murther* and *murder*. Cf. Sansk. *mrtas* (death) and *mrtjas* (mortal) from root *mor* (to die); Gr. *brotos* (mortal; = *mrotos* = *mortos* from root *mor* = *mar*), Lat. *mori* (to die).

531. *Marbh* (dead; = W. *maro*) is from a ground-form *marva* from the root *mar* noticed in last No. Cf. Bopp's Sansk. Glossary, p. 228, and Curtius' Gr. Etymology, pp. 333, 334.

532. *Trus* (truss or tuck up, gather, gird) = Scot. *tross* (to pack up, to truss), Eng. *trass* (to bind up, to pack close) and *truss* (that which is tied or fastened; a bundle) from Fr. *trousser* (to truss), Old Fr. *torser*, Ital. *torciare* (to twist, to tie fast), Lat. *torqueo* (to twist). Cf. Ice. *trúsa*

(a trussed-up bundle), Ger. *tross* (the baggage of an army). The Scot. *trouss* (to tuck up, to shorten, as to *trouss* a petticoat) and *trouss* (a tuck or fold in a petticoat or other garment to shorten it) are probably borrowed from Gaelic *trus*, *trusadh*.

533. *Sgùlan* (a large wicker basket) is a diminutive from *sgùl* = Scot. *skull* (a shallow basket of a semi-circular form).

534. *Nàbuidh* (a neighbour) = Ice. *ná-búi* (a neighbour), Dan. *nabo* (a neighbour), Swed. *naboe* (a neighbour). *Ná-búi* is from *ná-* (nigh, near) cognate with Goth. *nehv* (nigh), Ger. *nahe* (nigh), A.S. *neah* (nigh), Eng. *nigh*, and *bui* (a dweller) from *bú* (a house) cognate with Dan. *bo* (an abode, dwelling), Goth. *búan* (to dwell), Ger. *bauen* (to dwell).

535. *Ball* (a ball, globe; the ball in the game of cricket) is cognate with Ice. *bóllr* (a ball, globe), Dan. *bold* (a ball), Ger. *ball* (a ball), Fr. *batte*, Ital. *balla*, Eng. *ball*.

436. *Cop* (the boss of a shield) = Ice. *koppr* (the bell-shaped crown of a helmet).

537. *Cormach* (a brewer) is from *corma* (strong drink) = Gr. *kourmi* (a kind of beer). Cf. Gael. *cuirn*.

538. *Gòrsaid* (a gorget) = Old Fr. *gorgette* (neck-armour) from *gorge* (throat), Eng. *gorget* (a piece of armour for the throat).

539. *Garg* (fierce, harsh, bitter) is cognate with Gr. *gorgos* (grim, fierce, terrible).

540. *Nàisinn* (care, wariness, vigilance; also spelled *nàistinn* (is connected with Ice. *njósn* (a spying, scouting, looking out), Goth. *niuh-seins* (watching over, visitation, *episkopē*) and *bi-niuhsejan* (to inquire after, to seek, to search out), A. S. *nebsian* (to visit, to go to see).

541. *Bogha* (a bow, an arch) is connected with Ice. *bogi* (a bow, an

arch, a vault), Ger. *bogen* (a bow), A.S. *boga* (a bow), Eng. *bow*.

542. *Bec* (a buck) is cognate with Ice. *bokki* (probably a he-goat) and *bokkr* (a buck), Dan. *bukk* (a buck), Ger. *boch* (a buck), Eng. *buck*.

543. *Treabh* (a thrave, two dozen sheaves of corn) = Ice. *threji* (a number of sheaves, a thrave) Dan. *trave*, A.S. *thraf*, Eng. *thrive*.

544. *Ocar* (interest of money, usury) = W. *ocer* (usury), Ice. *okr* (usury), Dan. *uager* (usury; gain, profit), Swed. *ocker*, Goth. *vokrs* (gain, profit, interest), Old High Ger. *wuochar*, Ger. *wucher* (gain, interest), A.S. *wocer* (offspring, produce, fruit, usury), Dut. *woeker* (usury), Scot. *ocher*, *occre*, and *oker* (usury). Cf. Goth. *akran* (fruit).

545. *Suaip* (resemblance, likeness) is connected with Ice. *svipr* (a glimpse of a person, a fleeting evanescent appearance; a look; a likeness), Scot. *Swap* or *suaup* (the cast or lineaments of the countenance). Cf. Ice. *svipa* (to swoop, flash, of a sudden but noiseless motion), Goth. *sveipan*, A. S. *swapan*, Eng. *sweep*.

546. *Suaip* (an exchange of commodities) = Scot. *swap* (a barter, exchange).

547. *Snòd* (the part of a fishing line to which the hook is fastened) = Scot. *snood* (a short-hair line to which a fishing hook is tied) and is connected Ice. *snúðhr* (a twist, twirl) from *snúa* (to turn), Dan. *snøe* (to twist, twine).

548. *Ioghar* (pus, matter) = Gr. *ichōr* (the etherial juice, not blood, that flows in the veins of the gods, applied in a secondary sense to impure juices, matter, pus), Low. Lat. *ichor*, whence Eng. *ichor* (colourless matter from an ulcer).

549. *Eifeachd* (virtue, effect) = Lat. *effectus* (effect), from *efficio* = *ex* and *facio*.

550. *Sgann* (a membrane) = *Ica*.
skán (a thin membrane, film).

551. *Cac* = W. *cach* and *cachu*,
Gr. *kakkē* and *kakkaō*, Lat. *cacare*,
Gor. *kacken*, A.S. *cac*, Eng. *cack*.
(To be continued.)

[ERRATA in article on *Philology* in last number.—Page 283, line 18 from foot, for "*Rong* and *rongas*" read *Rong* or *rongas*. Page 284, line 9 from top, for "*Casid* and *casad*" read *Casid* or *casad*; line 12 from top, for "*casd*" read *cas*. Page 285, line 20 from top, for "(ship = W. *llong*)" read (ship; = W. *llong*); line 19 from foot, insert a comma before "*loibē*."]

—o—

THE HOUSE OF ARGYLL.

"It's a far cry to Lochow," says an old Highland proverb; meaning that the dreaded Campbells were so secure in their fastness, Lochow, that they were far beyond the reach of an invading enemy. It is, historically, a far cry back to the twelfth century, when the Norman Gillespie-le-Camile made his way north and wedded the fair Eva, heiress of Mac-Cailean-Mor, representative of the long line of Highland chieftains who owned Lochow and other fair spots in the western Highlands. The poet, Thomas Campbell, author of the "Pleasures of Hope," claimed to descend from this Gillespie, and was rather proud of displaying

"The crest

That erst the adventurous Norman wore
Who won the lady of the west,
The daughter of Mac-Cailean-Mor."

How much prouder would he have been, had he lived, to see a royal rose grafted on the old stem—a daughter of England's Queen wooed and won by a Lord of Lorne, the heir to the chieftainship of the famous Campbells!

The mingling of the Norman and

Scotch blood produced a race of martial chiefs, who gradually became paramount in the Highlands, having attained a supremacy which made them at once feared and hated. The next in descent from Gillespie and Eva was Duncan, who attained the title of Lord Campbell (which form the old Norman name Camile, pronounced by the Scotch Lowlanders "Cawmill," had by that time assumed); and his grandson, Colin, was created Earl of Argyll in 1457. Fifty-four years afterwards his son, Archibald, was killed at

"Flodden's fatal field,
Where shiver'd was fair Scotland's spear,
And broken was her shield."

With Archibald (the eighth Earl) we seem to come more into the domain of modern history. When the Scotch adopted the Solemn League and Covenant against the endeavours of Charles the First and Laud to impose Episcopacy on the nation, the Marquis (for that title had two or three years before been conferred on Gillespie Gruamach, or the Grim, as he was named from possessing, like John Wilkes, a portentous squint) threw his great influence into the scale against the Royalists, then led by the famous Marquis of Montrose, himself a recusant from the Covenant cause. Argyll proclaimed Montrose a traitor, and offered a reward of twenty thousand pounds for his head. Montrose, though defeated, escaped; but returned, and endeavoured to raise an army in Scotland for Charles the Second, then an exile. He failed, and was captured and executed at Edinburgh in 1650. His name is one of the most venerated among those of the Scottish Cavaliers, and the story "How the Great Marquis Died" is one of the cherished traditions of the past.

The grim Marquis of Argyll, though he accepted the restoration of Charles the Second, and even placed the crown upon his head at Scone a year after Montrose was beheaded, was never forgiven by the Royalists. Finding, probably, that neither honour nor confidence was obtained by this tardy profession of Royalist principles, he submitted to Cromwell, and sat in the Parliament which Richard Cromwell assembled, as member for Aberdeenshire. Evelyn, the Diarist, who knew him well, calls him "a turbulent man," and makes a note of his ignorance when describing a visit paid to him by the old Scottish lord—"The Marquis took the turtle-doves in the aviary for owls." After the Restoration, the evil-eyed Marquis was tried for high treason, and beheaded at Edinburgh in 1662. This is the Marquis introduced by Sir Walter Scott in the "Legend of Montrose," and who was the victim of the clever tactics of Captain Dugald Dalgetty, whom he visited in the dungeon, but who succeeded, by the help of Ranald of the Mist, in changing clothes with the Marquis and leaving him a prisoner in his place.

After his death the title of Marquis lapsed, but his son, also named Archibald, who, unlike his father, was a staunch adherent of the Royal cause, was permitted to retain the older title of Earl. When James, Duke of York, was appointed by his brother, Charles the Second, head of the forces in Scotland, the enemies of Argyll—and the MacCailean-Mórs never lacked enemies—contrived to impeach him for high treason, and he was convicted and condemned to death. Lord Halifax, speaking to the King respecting this condemnation, had the honesty and courage to say, "I know nothing of the Scottish law, but this I know, that we should

not hang a dog here on the grounds on which my Lord of Argyll has been sentenced." Perhaps the King, who did know something of Scottish law, agreed in this opinion, but nevertheless no effort was made to prevent the execution, which probably would have taken place if the Earl had not contrived to escape from prison by exchanging clothes with the footman of his daughter, Lady Sophia Lindsay, who had visited him. When she quitted the prison, her train was borne by her father, who thus passed the guards unnoticed. Some members of the Scotch Privy Council proposed that Lady Sophia should be publicly whipped through Edinburgh, for aiding the escape of her father. But the Duke of York, who had no scruples about cutting off Argyll's head, guilty or not guilty, was scarcely prepared for such a brutal outrage, and so the lady escaped the degrading punishment, which we doubt not she would have borne with the ancient courage of her race.

Her father escaped to Friesland, where, in anticipation of the chances of those troublous times, the old Marquis had purchased a small estate as a place of refuge. Tradition tells us that he was influenced by the prophesy of one of those seers so prominent in all Highland stories, who had uttered a prediction that MacCailean-Mor would one day be driven from the ancient castle of Inverary. Here, for some years, the Earl lived in obscurity; but when Monmouth, the illegitimate son of Charles the Second and Lucy Waters, was prevailed on to attempt an invasion of Britain and to seize the crown for himself, Argyll readily entered into the project, and was appointed to the command of an expedition to land in Scotland and call

the Highlanders to his standard. We shall not attempt here to relate the story of this ill-starred movement. Divided authority, conflicting counsels, destroyed the chance of Argyll. In vain did he adopt the superstitious usage of the Highlands, and send forth the fiery cross of yew, dipped in the blood of a goat sacrificed with many a heathen rite. In vain he called upon all of the name of Campbell to rally round the chief. Only about 1800 men responded to the summons. Disaster followed on disaster; the small force was scattered, and Argyll himself, disguised as a peasant, endeavoured to escape through the lines of his enemies. When about to cross one of the small streams that feed the Clyde, he was surprised by a small post of Lowland militia. The Earl sprang into the stream, but was quickly followed by the soldiers, who attacked him on the opposite bank. He stood his ground manfully, but the stroke of a broadsword brought him to the ground, and he was carried captive to Renfrew. The leader of the party of soldiers was named Riddell, and so strong was the popular feeling that for more than a century afterwards no man named Riddell dared to pass, except in disguise, through the land of the Campbells.

The illustrious prisoner was treated with the greatest ignominy. He was compelled to walk bare-headed, through the same streets of Edinburgh which had been traversed, thirty-five years before, by Montrose. At first it was intended to inflict torture, but even the basest of his enemies shrank from that crowning infamy. He was told to prepare for immediate death, and he awaited his doom with calm resignation. He composed a poetical epitaph for himself, spoke cheerfully and bravely,

and lay down to snatch a brief repose. Poets and painters have commemorated the incident of one of the most virulent of his enemies, a Lord of the Council, coming to the prison to enjoy the sight of the Earl in the agony of the expectation of death. He saw him "sleeping in his iron the placid sleep of infancy," with a brow on which the grim King of Terrors had traced no line. Stricken to the heart with remorse, the man fled from the prison in an agony of shame, the paroxysms of which lasted many hours. While he was moaning and frantically imploring forgiveness, the Earl awoke and marched with unfaltering step to the "maiden," the guillotine-like instrument of death, and after a few brave words laid his head upon the block, and his great spirit passed into eternity.

But the revolution came; James was driven from the throne, and with other changes came the restoration of the rights and honours of the house of Argyll. The son and namesake of Earl Archibald had a better fate in store. A year before the death of William of Orange, the earldom was exchanged for a dukedom, and Duke Archibald, who died in the year 1703, was succeeded by his son John, the "great Duke of Argyll," as his countrymen loved to call him—the Duke who figures in the immortal story, "The Heart of Midlothian." He had strenuously exerted himself to bring about the legislative union of England and Scotland, and two years after his accession to the ducal title bequeathed by his father, he was made a peer of England, with the titles of Baron Chatham and Earl of Greenwich. He served with distinction as Brigadier-General under Marlborough at Ramilies, Oudenard, and Malplaquet, and took part in the sieges of Lisle, Ghent, Tournay, and

other fortresses. His loyalty to the Crown was unshaken, and he was impregnable to the influence which shook the fidelity of Marlborough and others. On one occasion when Queen Anne had reason to believe that Marlborough, counting on his great popularity, was conspiring to seize the throne, Argyll assured her that "he would undertake, if commanded, to seize Marlborough at the head of his troops, and bring him before her, dead or alive." He was no common man who would promise that, with the full intention of being as good as his word.

After the accession of George the First, Duke John was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in Scotland, and assisted materially to put down the rising of '15. Returning to England, he took an active part in all the political discussions of the day, especially on all matters relating to Scotland. His countrymen looked upon him as their champion, and his high reputation and independence gave him immense weight in Parliament. Andrew Fairservice, in "Rob Roy," doubtless expressed the national estimate of the Duke's character and influence when he said, "This MacCailean-Mor has an unco sway and say baith, amang the grit folk at Lunnon even now, for he canna preceesly be said to belang to ony o' the two sides o' them, so deil ane o' them likes to quarrel wi' him." There is a story to the effect that on one occasion the Duke had an angry interview with George the Second, who, in his ignorant, brutal style, ventured to shake his cane in a threatening manner at the chief of the Campbells, who immediately left the room in a rage of indignation, meeting Sir Robert Walpole in the antechamber. Politic Sir Robert, endeavouring to appease the wrath of the aroused

Scot, told him the King meant no harm, and had frequently done the same to him. He probably felt somewhat insignificant when Argyll replied, "You will please to remember, Sir Robert, the infinite distance between you and me." The spirited manner in which the Duke stood up for his country against the indiscriminating anger excited by the execution of Captain Porteous, in 1736, must be familiar to all readers of Scott's powerful story.

The "Great Duke" died in 1743, and, leaving no male heir, the title passed to his brother, who died also without direct heir, in 1761. When George the Second was Prince of Wales, and held a rival court at Leicester House, that "pouting-place of princes," one of the beauties to whom he paid great attention, in his course fashion, was Mary Bellenden, one of the Princess of Wales' maids of honour. Horace Walpole describes her as "the most perfect creature ever known;" she was the "smiling May" of Gay; and Pope celebrated her in company with Molly Lepell, and his own especial charmer, Mary Mortley Montague. The gay young beauty treated the boorish Prince with the contempt he deserved, and married Colonel John Campbell, nephew of the second and third Dukes of Argyll, and successor to the title, in 1761.

The Argylls admired beauty, for the son of Molly Bellenden, and fifth Duke, married Elizabeth, one of the famous Gunnings, the Irish sister Venuses, the "Beauties" beyond compare, whose bewitching smiles and graceful figures gained them coronets. Elizabeth first married the Duke of Hamilton, and after his death the Duke of Argyll.

We are now writing of living men. The present Duke of Argyll is making a history for himself; and we have

excellent reason to hope that when, in due time, he shall be gathered to the home of his fathers, his son, the husband of an English Princess, will worthily maintain the reputation of the famous Campbells. May we be able to accept as prophetic, as well as historic, the compliment paid by Horace Walpole, a man not given to adulation—"Campbell goodness no more wears out than Campbell beauty. All their good qualities are huckaback."—*Cassell's Magazine*.

M'DONALD'S GAELIC POEMS.
AISEIRIGH NA SEANN CHANAIN AL-
BANNAICH; NO, AN NUADH ORAN-
AICHE GAIDHEALACH. LE ALASTAIR
DONULLACH. An Seachdamh Clo-
bhualadh; Edinburgh: Mac-
Lachlan & Stewart, 1874.

This beautiful volume is the seventh edition of the Poems of Alexander M'Donald, familiarly known among his countrymen by the name of *Mac Mhaighstir Alastair*. The great Jacobite poet published a volume of original Gaelic poetry in 1851 with the peculiar title, "The Resurrection of the Old Scottish Language." From the preface to the first edition we learn that the author contemplated the publication of a "collection of poems of the same sort in all kinds of poetry that have been in use amongst the most cultivated nations from those of the earliest composition to modern times," and this, together with the fact that his book was the first volume of Gaelic poetry ever published, is probably the explanation of the description on the title-page. Be this as it may, the "collection" unfortunately never appeared; and the present volume, together with a Gaelic Vocabulary, now out of date, are the extant contributions of the poet to Gaelic literature.

M'Donald was in many respects a remarkable man. He was, we are told, with one exception, the most learned of Gaelic Bards. Physically and mentally, he was a strong, coarse man; of daring courage and ungovernable temper; of great intellect but jealous of his reputation. He lived in stirring times, and his life was an eventful one. The son of an Episcopalian clergyman and a student of the University of Glasgow, we find him in 1745 parochial schoolmaster of Arduamurchan, and an elder of the Church of Scotland. In that year "he laid down the ferula and took up the sword." He followed the cause of Charles Stuart, adopted his creed, and held a commission in the army. After Culloden he managed to elude the fury of the conquerors, and in a few years afterwards had the courage to publish a volume of poetry, in which the race of the Georges are abused with an energy and heartiness which certainly would have endangered his life had his language been intelligible to the Officers of the Crown.

The fame of M'Donald was certainly obscured by the publication of Duenn Ban M'Intyre's poems in 1768. Since that time these two men may be said to have divided the seat of honour among modern Gaelic poets. With a very large (probably the larger) section of his countrymen, M'Intyre is certainly the favourite bard. His light, jaunty air, his mastery of the language, his smooth flowing verse, and his passionate admiration of scenery and of the favourite Highland pursuits of hunting and fishing have captivated the many. We are among those who would yield the palm to the rugged schoolmaster of Arduamurchan rather than to the graceful huntman of Beinn-dorain. Mac-Donald's knowledge of Gaelic was

never surpassed. Perhaps both he and M'Intyre would have been none the worse poets if their knowledge of the vocables of the language had not been altogether so extensive as it was. Whole stanzas consisting merely of adjectives are frequently met with in the works of both, and not unfrequently admired. We consider this a blot upon our otherwise excellent descriptive poetry; and are reminded painfully of Mac-Vuirich's Address to the M'Donalds at the battle of Harlaw, which has also been called a poem. If accompanied with a translation it would make a pretty good Dictionary. But while M'Intyre excels in ease and grace, M'Donald is superior in the highest qualities of strength and passion. Vigour, energy, and fire are the distinguishing features of his poetry, and in these qualities he is certainly not approached by any of the modern Gaelic poets.

The present volume reproduces all that will permanently remain of the author's poetry. It is very carefully and correctly written, and handsomely got up. It is well worth the careful study of all who understand the language, as the production of a man of great poetic talent, of great energy, and of extensive knowledge of men and books.

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NEWS OF THE HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS.

PRESENTATION.—The Rev. Roderick Nicholson, of Bracadale, Skye, has been presented by C. C. Campbell, Esq., of Stonefield, to the above parish. *Death*—Rev. John Campbell, of Tarbert, ordained in 1833.

THE GAELIC SOCIETY OF LONDON.—A special meeting of the above society was held for the purpose of giving a reception to Professor Jerram, of Oxford, in honour of his recent translation of "Dan an Deirg, agus Tiomna Ghuill," from Dr. Smith's "Sean Dana." Professor Jerram,

in the course of his reply to the compliment paid to him, spoke of the difficulty of mastering such languages as the Celtic, and assured them that the combination of interest and pleasure in the study of the Gaelic branch was well worth the attention given it in accomplishing his translation. Notice was given by Dr. Halley, that at the Society's meeting in October, he would have the pleasure of proposing that the learned professor be admitted a honorary member for his services to Gaelic literature.

THE HARVEST IN SCOTLAND.—The *John o' Groat Journal* of 22nd October says—The harvest is now completed in the North of Scotland, fully a fortnight or three weeks earlier than last year, and, on the whole, with satisfactory results. During the early part of the harvest operations we had a period of the most propitious weather for the ingathering of the crops, advantage of which was fully taken to secure as much as possible in the best possible order. Latterly, however, the weather became more unsettled, with occasional heavy plumps of rain, but almost invariably accompanied by cold winds, and followed by fine, drying, searching breezes, which prevented any evil results, excepting the partial discoloration of any fields of barley then outstanding. Wheat is considerably in excess of 1872-3; barley does not bulk so well, but thrashes better than expected; oats are the most deficient crop of the season, but anticipations are considerable; potatoes have turned out well, and of good quality—not much injured by disease.

LEWS.—The Rev. Alex. Carmichael, *quoad sacra* parish of Knock, Lews, has received a call to be assistant and successor to the Rev. James Armstrong, minister of Foss, Perthshire. Mr. Carmichael has accepted the call. The Rev. George L. Campbell, Free Church, Lochs, Lews, has received a call to be assistant and successor to the Rev. Archibald Macdougall, Argyll Free Church, Gorbals, Glasgow. The Established Church congregation, Stormoway, have arranged to establish a mission station in connection with the congregation. Sufficient funds are already promised to support the new charge, and Sir James Matheson, the heritor, besides a grant of £30, has given the use of the Episcopalian Chapel for the services. A movement is on foot for the establishment of an English charge in the town of Stormoway in connection with the

Free Church. The movement is supported by several of the principal adherents of the Stornoway Free Church congregation.

PLEURO-PNEUMONIA IN ROSS-SHIRE.—The Clerk to the Local Authority for Ross-shire has given intimation that pleuro-pneumonia has broken out on the farm of Rhynie, in the parish of Fearan tenanted by Mr. John Robertson.

RAASAY AND RONA.—The islands of Raasay and Rona, which lie between Skye and the mainland of Ross-shire, have been purchased by Mr. Armitage, of London. These picturesque islands have been for about five hundred years owned by the MacLeods of Raasay, who were descended from the ancient family of the MacLeods of Lewis. In 1846 the estate of Raasay was bought by the late George Rainy, brother of Dr. Harry Rainy, Glasgow University, the purchase-price then being £27,000. Mr. Rainy was succeeded by his son George Hogarth Rainy, who died April 1872. A few months afterwards the estate was sold by Mr. Rainy's executors for £5,500 to George G. Mackay, Esq., who has now disposed of it for the handsome sum of £62,000.

GAELIC SCHOOLS OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.—The annual meeting of the Ladies' Association in support of Gaelic schools in connection with the Church of Scotland, has been held at Edinburgh—Rev. Cornelius Giffen, St. Mary's, in the chair. The secretary (Mr. Colin G. Macrae) read the annual report of the committee, in which it was stated that the number of schools at present supported by the Association was 16, at which was an attendance of 861 scholars. This was a very large reduction upon the number under their management last year. The schools at Ballachullish, Strathlock, and Greenock had been withdrawn as it had been found that the local boards were able to overtake the whole requirements of these parishes. With reference to such parishes as these, the committee had, it was mentioned, always acted on the principle, wherever there was a sufficient population to make the maintenance of a school a duty incumbent upon the School Board, of withdrawing their grant, as its continuance would merely relieve the ratepayers. The work carried on by the association during last year had shown more clearly than at the date of last report the manner in which the Education Act was influencing its operations. There had been much to

encourage them in the prospect of further benefiting the Highlands; but at the same time there were numerous indications of a change in public feeling with regard to such associations as the present one. The result of the Act had been to withdraw from them some of the support, both in subscriptions and personal assistance, on which the association had formerly relied; and the committee regretted the apparently spreading conviction that the Act had entirely superseded the necessity of private charitable effort in the cause of education. Any conclusion more erroneous, as far as the Highlands were concerned, could not well be conceived; for, instead of being less wanted than before, at no time had assistance of this kind been more required for the outlying portions of the large Highland parishes. In many instances children were worse off for education than before the passing of the Act. Under these circumstances, it was thought that the association would for some time to come prove of even greater value than heretofore. The adoption of the report was moved by the chairman, who expressed satisfaction at the way in which the association was being conducted, and unanimously agreed to. The meeting was closed with the benediction.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*For their own convenience and at the request of many Subscribers, in order that the volume should commence and end with the year, the Publishers, decided on the issuing of two extra or double numbers during the present year, one of which was published in October, and the other will appear in December, thus commencing the new volume in future in January instead of March as hitherto.*

QUERY.—A correspondent desires to know through the medium of the GAEL which is the first month of Spring.

AN GAIDHEAL.

*“Mar ghath soluis do m’ anam fein
Tha sgeula na h-aimsir a dh’ fhalbh.”—OISEAN.*

III. LEABH.] DARA MIOS A’ GHEAMHRAIDH, 1874. [35 AIR.

COMHRADH NAN CNOC.

[Fionnladh-Phiobaire ’n a shuidhe aig ceann an tighe, a’ caradh seana bhrogan a mhnatha : na paisdean a’ cleasachd air an ailein : Eoghan Brocair a’ dluthachadh air an tigh, le ’choin air lothainn ’n a dheigh, agus luinneag ’n a bheul mar bu ghnath leis.]

BROCAIR.—

Gur iad mo ghaol na fleasgaichean,
’Am feasda nach dean posadh ;
Gur ann tha ’bheatha sheasgair
Aig na fleasgaichean an comhnuidh.

PIOBAIRE.—Sin thu, Eoghain ;
hug air na h-orain mar is gnath
leat. Co a’s meamnaiche na thusa ?

BROC.—Innsidh mi sin duit. An
cual’ thu ’n Sean-fhocal :—

Mac bantraich aig am bi crodh,
Searrach seann-larach air greidh,
Nighean muilleir ’g am bi min,
Truir a’s meamnaich’ air bith.

Agus cha ’n ’eil fhios agam nach
faodainn Piobaire spreigeil air banais
chridheil a chur ’s a’ chuideachd.
Am bheil thu fhein, Fhionnlaidh,
agus do chuideachd gu sunndach ?

PROB.—Tha sinn mar a dh’ fhaodas
sinn, ’s cha ’n ’eil an righ fhein mar
bu mhaith leis.

BROC.—Cha ’n fhiosrach mi gu ’m
bheil fath gearain aig an righ againn-
ne, sgiobair mor na duthcha ; ach
ma tha na Paipeirean-naidheachd
ag innseadh na firinn ; tha righ
bochd na Frainge an deigh a chear-

call mais a thilgeadh ; ach cha ’n ’eil
teagamh nach toirear oidhirp air a
chur fhathast ’n a ghreim.

PROB.—Tha ’m Maighstir-sgoil’ ag
radh gu ’m bheil sin eu-comasach.

BROC.—Ge maith am Maighstir-
sgoile faodaidh e ’bhi am mearachd,
ach cha bhreugaichear an Sean-
fhocal a thubhairt,

Na ’m faighte ceud sagart gun bhi sann-
tachd,

Ceud tailleir gun bhi sunndach,
Ceud greusaich gun bhi breugach,
Ceud figheadair gun bhi bradach,
Ceud gobhainn gun bhi paiteach,
Agus ceud cailleach nach deach riamh
air cheilidh,
Chuireadh iad an crun air an righ gun
aon bhuille.

Ach ciod a th’ againn-ne r’adheanamh
ri righribh,

“ Is coma leis an righ Eoghan,
’S is coma le Eoghan co dhiubh.”

Ciod so a tha thu fhein a’ dheanamh
le d’ mhinidh ’s le d’ bhuaicein-iall ?
An do sgain mala do phioba ?

PROB.—Cha do sgain, ach sgain
brogan mo mhnatha ; agus tha mi
ann an so a’ cur fraochainn oirre.
Na ’m biodh bean a’s clann agad-sa,
Eoghain, cha bhiodh tu cho uallach,
eutrom ’s a tha thu, le d’ dhuanagan
agus le d’ Shean-fhocail.

BROC.—’S ann agam a tha ’fhios :
gu ’m meal thusa, Fhionnlaidh, do
bhean ’s do phaisdean, ach cha ’n
’eil mo shuil-sa annta. An cual’
thu ’n t-oran,

Na fleasgaichean bidh aighearach,
Na fleasgaichean bidh ceol'nhor;
Bidh drip, a's donas, agus dris,
'Cur ris na daoine posda.

PROB.—Deireadh nan seachd Sathurn' ort, a bheist, is fad' a ghabh donas agus dris uam-sa. Is tus' agus do leithid a tha's an dris air nach cinn blath. A' d' sgaomaire bochd, a' siubhal o bhaile gu baile le d' chuilbhear fada, caol air do ghualainn, agus donnalaich nan con a' d' chluasaibh, gun fhios ciod an t-aon toil-inntinn a th' agad.

BROC.—Co dhiubh is binne donnalaich nan con 's a' mhaduinn, a' togradh gu Creig-nam-faobh, no burralaich nam paisdean ag iarraidh am brochain; agus a thaobh mo chuilbheir fhada, chaoil, cha chuir i fhein agus mis' a mach air a cheile; cha robh canran-teallaich riamh eadar ruinn. M' eudail! 's ann aice nach biodh am focal mu dheireadh: is uallach a shiubhlas mi'm monadh leatha, a' gabhail mo dhuanaig:—

“Ho-rò mo chuid chuideachd thu,
Gur muladach leam uam thu,
Ho-rò mo chuid chuideachd thu,
'S mi'direadh bheann a's uachdanan,
B'ait leam thu 'bhi cuide rium,
'S do chudthrom air mo ghualainn.”

PROB.—Tog dheth 'Eoghain. An ann a' coimeas do ghunna granda, meirgeach agus do chuid chon ri m' mhnaoi agus ri m' phaisdean lurach a tha thu? Marbhaisg air an olc, na cluinneam a' leithid.

BROC.—Cha chluinn, cha chluinn. Gun teagamh sam bith is binne sglamhruinn ard do mhna 's a' mhaduinn, na langan an fheidh's a' chreachann; ach so i 'tighinn, “Mairi bhan òg, an oigh th' air d' aire;” tha uam dol 'n a co-dhail.

“Hò mo Mhairi laghach,
'S tu mo Mhairi ghrinn,” &c.

Failt' air bean a' Phiobaire, le

cliabhan beag agus le' grapa 'dol a thogail a' bhuntata. Am bheil sibh, le'r cead a Mhairi, 'n ur slainte air an fheasgar bhoidheach so?

MAIRI.—Am bi thu glic gu brath? C'uin a sguireas tu de d' sgeig agus de d' orain?

BROC.—Innsidh mise sin duit, 'n uair a gheibh mi bean a's paisdean. An sin suidhidh mi 'mach aig ceann an tighe, a' caradh bhrog, cho soirbh ri each Gallda agus cairt slaoda ris; gun fhocal as mo bheul, ach cho trom-cheannach, stuama ris a' bhodh-ach chrom a th' anns a' ghealaich, no Fionnladh agad fhein an sud a' caradh do sheana bhrog. 'S fhada mu'n cluinn thu luinneag no oran uaithe-san, ach ag osuaich mar dhuin' air charn; cha 'n ionann a's mise.

MAIRI.—Cha 'n 'eil m' Fionnladh fhein muladach no trom-chridheach, ged nach bi e ri gleadhraich oran agus amaideachd mar bhios tusa. Nach i so an fhirinn, 'Fhionulaidh, 'eudail?

PROB.—Nach gorach thu, 'Mhairi, c'arson a bheireadh tu feairt air a' Bhrocair; ge mor a sgeig an aghaidh posaidh, “Is minic a dhi-moil an ceannaich' am bathar a bu mhaith leis a bhi aige 'n a mhaileid;” agus is minic a rinn neach dochair air fhein “a' buain nan airneagan searbha, a's e 'saltairt air na ciribh meala.”

BROC.—Ciribh meala! 'S e sin am posadh, ma's fhior: bitheadh e mar sin, ach 's fhad' o'n a chualas e, “Ge milis a' mhill co 'dh' imlicheas bharr na dris' i?”

MAIRI.—O'n a tha thu 'tighinn air na Seau-fhocail, an cual' thu riamh, “Gur sona gach cuid an comaidh, 's mairg a shloinnear 'n a onrachd?”

BROC.—'S mi 'chuala; ach an cuala sibhse, 'Mhairi, “Gur trom dithis air an aon mheis 's gun ac'

ach an t-aon ghleus ;" agus aon fhocal beag eile agus is fìor e, " Cha robh miann dithis riamh air an aon mheis." Ciod a tha 'toirt oirbh-se 'tha posda 'bhi cho titheach air buarach a' phosaidh a chur air daoin' eile ?

MAIRI.—Ciod ach cairdeas, agus deadh run : ach tog de' d' chanran —b' fhearr leam sgeul fhaotainn nait.

BROC.—Dean suidhe 'n sin air do chliabhan beag, agus gheibh thu sin. Bha sud ann roimhe so sionnach gleusda, agus chaidh e 'mach oidhche de na h-oidhchean a ruagadh nan uan mar a b' abhaist da, agus mar bha mi-shealbh an dan da, caillear 'earball dosach, ruadh ann an rib' a shuidhicheadh chum a ghlacadh. Cha robh comas air. La no dha an deigh sin choinnich na sionnaich eile e. Ciod an tubaist a dh' eirich dhuit, a deir iad, c'ait' am bheil d' earball ? Tubaist ! ars' esan — an t-earball granda, sgud mi dhìom d' am dheoin e—ciod am maith a bh' ann ? Gabh-aibh mo chomhairle-sa agus deanaibh an ni ceudna, 's ann gu mor a's fearr a dh' amhairceas sibh, agus bithidh sibh cho sgiobalta, uallach, seach mar 'tha sibh. Am bheil thu 'g am thuigsinn Fhionnlaidh ?

PROB.—Tha, feuch am bheil coimeas eil' agad.

BROC.—Bha mi 'n sud uair's a' Bhaile mhor, agus chunnaic mi priosanaich thruagha, mar shaoil mise, a stigh fo ghlais, le 'n sronaibh a mach eadar tarsannain iarunn a bha 's na h-uinneagaibh. Am bheil sibh seasgair an sin, 'illean ? a deir mise. Is sinn a tha, ars' iadsan, agus gu 'm bheil sar chothrom againn air mor abhachd 's an aite so, thig thus' a stigh maille ruinn. Am bheil thu 'g a thuigsinn so Fhionnlaidh ?

PROB.—'S mi 'tha : " Miann an duine lochdaich cach uile a bhi

amhluidh." Am bheil tuilleadh agad r'a radh ? Bheir mi dhuit leth-bhodach 's toir dhuinn coimeas eile ; chi mi gu 'm bheil iad a' taitneadh ri Mairi.

MAIRI.—Ma ta gu dearbh cha 'n 'eil ; bithidh mi 'g ur fagail.

BROC.—Air d'athais, a Mhairi. Bha mi 'n sud latha shios ri taobh na fairge, far an robh balachain bheaga 'dol a mach air snamh. Bha 'n latha gu maith fuar, agus bha leisg air cuid diubh dol a mach. Am bheil e fuar ? ars' iadsan a bh' air tir. Fuar ! cha 'n 'eil, tha e mar bhainne blath na buaile, deir esan a bha air snamh, agus fìaclan a' gharr aich a' snagartaich leis an fhuachd. Am bheil thu ga m' thuigsinn, a Mhairi ?

MAIRI.—Bi'bruidhinn—theid mis' a thogail a' bhuntata ; ach ge don' thu, na falbh gus an till mi.

PROB.—Chuir thu 'n teicheadh air Mairi ; ach o'n a thuit duin tighinn thairis air a leithid so de chainnt, chuala mi gu 'n robh suil agad ris a' chaile Ghallda 'tha 's an tigh-mhor. Mhothaich mi, ar leam, cuicheadh eadar ruibh an la roimhe. Cha d'innis mi do Mhairi e, no chluinneadh sus' e 'n diugh air a' chluais bu bhuidhre.

BROC.—An i so an te a tha iad a' samhlachadh rium an tra so ? B' fhad' o cheile crodh laoigh ar da shean athar. Tha 'chaile choir maith gu leoir, ach na 'n rachainn a dh'iarraidh mnatha cha b' ann g'a duthaich-se :—

'S miann le triubhas a bhi 'measg aodaich, 'S is miann leam fhein a bhi 'measg mo dhaoine.

PROB.—Tha mi ga d' thuigsinn. Tha car eile an adharc an daimh.

BROC.—Car ann no as, cha tusa mo shagart, 's cha dean m' fhaoisid riut ; ach da-rìreadh, 's e posadh a's lugha 'th' air m' aire. Tha amadain gu leoir ann ged dh' fhuirinn-sa

air m'ais. Nach 'eil posaidhean gorach an deigh bochdainn a thoirt air Gaidhealtachd na h-Alba? A h-uile proitseach bhalaich a shaoileas gu 'm bheil e ann an gaol'air guanaig air am fas e eolach air feill no banais, cha'n fhoghainn leo ach posadh, gun ait' an toir iad an cinn. Cordach aca, ma's fhior, 's gun uiread na circe no 'choilich aca, gun tighinn air crodh no caoraich. Cuirear a' bhanais an sin air bonn. Co ach iadsan! riomhadh as gach buth, ach ma 's e fiach a' bhuideil e ('s e b'aill leam a radh am pige beag ruadh, oir chaidh am buideal coir a fasan), cha'n 'eil aca na gheibh e, ach an dail, gun chuimhne gu 'n tig dail gu dorus. Coma co dhiubh, thainig la na bainnse. Hug air air an dannsadh! hug air an ol! hug air na h-orain. Co ach iadsan! Straiceag 's a sron ri h-athar, le gun sioda 's le ribeinean riomhach. Esan, am burraidh! a' breabadh nan cas, 's a' cur nan car dheth. Lamhainnean geala, an ainm an aigh, air a chroghan granda! Fuiribh thall, 's e fhein an gille! Hug so fheara, ars' esan, suas e! Ach coma leat, thig an spagluinn so gu lar,

“N uair thig am bothan le' chraos cam,
Am mal, a' chlann, 's a' cheannachd
orr'.”

C'ait' an sin am bi iad? Guanag mo ghaoil 'n a luid bhoichd, gun sgrid, gun sgairt:—

“Sin mar bhitheas luchd na straic,
Le curraichdean ard 's le calico,
Ni'm posaidh boichd an toirt gu lar,
Mar shneachda ban na gaillinne.”

Cha 'n 'eil comas air, am fear nach amhairc roimhe, amhaircidh e 'n a dheigh. 'S eigin a nis am bothan a thogail air cnoc an acrais, no am baile mor a thoirt orra, far nach duraichd mi an leantuinn. Nach gasd', 'Fhionnlaidh, an ni am posadh? C'ait' am faigh thu dhomhsa bean

fhasanta? te aig am bi Beurla, bandannsair sgiolta, co dhiubh 'ni, no nach dean i sniomh no calanas. Mur bi sgillinn ruadh aice 's ann isasant' i. Ma tha an tochar a tha 'falbh aice foghnaidh e dhomhsa, 's e sin, an gun sioda 's an ad chonnaich, 's an t-*Shawl* riomhach, 's an *Umbrella* bhoidheach, na brogan aodaich agus cliabh-beag nan cnamh, a theannaicheas an cneas cho dluth's nach urrainn iad bar-iall am brog a dhunadh, no bonn oir a thogail o 'n lar ged gheibheadh iad e air son an saothreach. Sin agad, Fhionnlaidh, a' chaileag fhasanta, faigh dhomhsa te dhiubh sin, agus ni mise banais ghleadhrach, aighearach a cnumas am feadan a'd' phluic fad seachduin!

PIOB.—Ma ta ged is ann ri fealadh a 'tha thu, tha moran de 'n fhirinn agad.

BROC.—Smior na firinn. Tha mis' ag radh riut, gu'm bu choir reachd rioghachd a dheanamh an aghaidh nam posaidhean amaideach. 'N e mis', Fhionnlaidh, a rachadh a phosadh, agus mo mhathair bhoichd, dhall agam r' a cumail suas? Cha chuir mis an comas te eile a radh rithe, Tha thu 'n rathad na cloinne, no 'n solus nan eun.

PIOB.—Mo bheannachd oirre, ged nach ann domhsa bu choir a radh, nach dubhairt riamh ris an te nach maireann, gu 'm b' eic.

BROC.—Tha mi ga d' lan chreidsinn, ach cha 'n 'eil Mairi agad-sa r'a faotainn air taobh gach cnoic. Gur ro bhitheant' a chi mi an t-atharrachadh a' tachairt; agus is fad' o'n a chuala mi, “Is maith a' mhathair-cheile am foid;” agus ruigeadh e mo chridhe aon bhean a rugadh riamh a bhi 'labhairt gu sgaiteach ri m' mhathair bhoichd. Tha mnathan maith' ann, gun teagamh, ach tha droch mhnathan ann mar an ceudna, agus mar thubhairt

an sean-fhocal,

Is diù téine fearn ùr,
Is diu duine mi-run,
Is diu dibhe fion sean,
Ach's e diu an domhain droch bhean.

PIOB.—Gun teagamh 's i; ach 's i leug a's priseile a fhuaras riamh deadh bhean. An cluinn thu mi, 'ghoistidh, tha treis a nis o'n a phosadh mi, ach faodaidh mi le focal na firinn a radh, nach do ghabh mi riamh aithreachas. Cha 'n 'eil sonas eile air aghaidh an t-saoghail so cosmhuil ris an toil-inntinn sin a tha 'g eirigh o cheile dhileis, phosda, a tha gradhach do dhuine, mar 'anam fhein: te ris am faod e run a chridhe fhosgladh, gun eagal gun sgath, gun chleth air ni.

BROC.—Na paisdean! Fhionnlaidh, na paisdean!

PIOB.—Ni-maith a bheannachadh mo mhagaran gaolach. An t-aon storas a's priseile 'bha riamh aig duine bochd. Cha do chuir Ni-maith riamh beul chum an t-saoghail gun a chuid fa chomhair, agus is mis' a dh' fhiosraich e. Amhairc orra, mo chroilein gaolach, nach laghach iad a mach a' trusadh a' bhuntata le 'm mathair? Co a's urrainn a radh, nach bi cuid de na balachain sin 'n an daoine measail fhathast, agus na caileagan beaga sin 'n am beannachadh cho mor do chuin-eigin 's a tha am mathair bho chd dhomhsa.

BROC.—Chuir thu stad air mo bhoilich; tha do phaisdean boidheach a' tighinn air an adhart, agus am Freasdal a shoirbheachadh leo: is iomadh iad a tha 'n diugh 'n an luchd fearainn a's cho beag a shaoil e.

PIOB.—Ma ta ged bhiodh iad mar sin fhein, cha toir iad domhsa gu brath am barrachd solais na tha iad a 'toirt an diugh, le 'm briagail bhig, mhilis; ach cha 'n fhad' is urrainn duinn fuireach le 'cheile. Ciod a's urrainn doibh a dheanamh 's an

duthaich bho chd so le fuireach innte.

BROC.—Chuala mi gu 'n robh thu 'brath Lachann a chur ri ceird.

PIOB.—Gun teagamh 's e sin mo mhiann; oir ciod a's fiu duine gun cheird? 'n a thraill bho chd, an eisimeil gach duine; ach feuchaidh mi 's a' cheud dol a mach ri deadh sgoil a thoirt doibh. Tha iad fhein teom' air a togail, 's tha 'n cothrom aca. Ged reicinn mo phiob, 's mo leine leatha, cumaidh mi 's an sgoil iad. Chuireadh e iongantas ort am fear beag ud leis an fheile-bheag uaine eisdeachd a' leughadh; an t-aon bhalachan a's tapaidh a chunnaic thu riamh.

BROC.—Chuala mi gu 'n robh thu 'dol a dheanamh piobaire dheth.

PIOB.—Ma ta cha 'n 'eil; tha la na piobaireachd seachad. Tha na tighearnan mora suarach uimpe. Tha 'm bladaire ronnach a's mo 's an duthaich cho taitneach leo ri Mac-Cruimein. Cha bu mhisde leam gu dearbh ged a b' urrainn doibh cuairt a' chluich. Is minic a thug ceol faochadh do m' chridhe fhein. Tha mise 'g radh riut, Eoghain, gu 'm bheil cuairt cheolmhor air feasgar tlath, ri taobh na h-aibhne sin shios, do m' anam-sa mar aiteal an earraich do 'n euslainteach bho chd; mar chiuran uisge, no mar dhruchd an anmoich do na lusaibh maoth. Cha luaithe thogas mi "Failt' a' Phrionns' oig," no "Baile Dhuneideann," na thig taisleach' air mo chridhe; tha 'n oig' a' tighinn air a h-ais le cuimhne nan cairdean caomh' a dh' fhalbh. Cha mho orm an saoghal air na h-amannan sin na 'n cluaran a tha 'falbh leis an oiteig. Tha mi air mo thogail mar fhiadh 's a' chreachann; ach cha 'n 'eil togradh a' m' chridhe, ach togradh gu cairdeas agus gnìomhara fiughantach. Cha 'n aighear e, agus cha bhron e; ach mo bheannachd air, is iomadh la a sheas e mi.

BROC.—Mo bheannachd ort,—
thoir dhuinn aon chuairt; theid
mise sìos a chuideachadh Mairi leis
a' chliabh bhuntata, agus thoir thus'
a mach a' Phìob.

PìOB.—Ma ta ni mi sin, na 'n
cuirinn aon ghreim am broig
Lachainn bhig.



SGIALACHD NA TROIDHE.

Air a thionndadh bho Ghréugais Hómeir
gu Gàidhlig Abraich.

LE EOBHAN MAC-LACHAINN.

DUAN I.

IOMARBHAIDH AN AICHILL AGUS
AGAMEMNON.

(*Air leantainn.*)

Ghéill Patroclus do 'n ghuth ghaoil,
'S thug e 'n nighean chaoin air lom;
Ghlac na fir-ghairm i air làimh,
'S thill dhachaidh romh thràigh nan
long.

Dh' fhalbh is' ann-toileach, gun mhùirn,
'S bu tric, tric a sùil 'n a déigh;
Aichioll trom-ghonte le cràdh,
Fad bho chàch, 's e sìleadh dhéur.
Aig taobh cuain chairinn nan gleann,
A bheachd air an aibheis dhuinn,
Ghrios e mhàthair gu teann, teann,
'S e sìneadh a làimh' thair tuinn:—

Bho 'n 's fìor e, a mhàthair rùin,
Gur gèarr m' ùine measg nam beò,
'S tìm mi mhealtainn mo chliù fhéin,
Mar gheall rìgh nan spéur bho thòs.
An Torunnach thréig mo chùis,
Mi nise gun chliù gun bhuaidh;
Agamemnon thilg orm tàir',
'S ghlac e le làimh àird' mo dhuais'.

Labhair e, 's na deòir bho 'shùil;
Chual' a' bhan-dia 'n ùrnaigh chruidh,
'N a suidhe 's an doimhne shìos,
Lamh ri seann rìgh ciar a' chuain.
Bho ìochdar a' ghrinneil ghlais,
Dh' éirich nìos mar bhad ceò;
Shuidh i mu choinnimh an tréin,
'S e sìleadh nan déur le brón.
Shlob i dheas-lamh 's ghairm gu tlàth,
Cìod e, mhic, an cràdh tha 'd chlaoidh?
Ni na ceil ach spreig gu dàn,
'S gu 'n co-phàirtich mi do chaoidh.

Fhreagair Aichioll nan ruag dlùth,
'S e 'g osnaich bho ghrùnnd a chléibh:—
Cìod an stàth bhi 'g aithris-bheòil
Dhutsa d' am mion-eòl mo sgéul?—
Gu dùn Thebe thog sinn oirnn,
Dùn Eétioin bu mhòr agh;

Leag sinn e 's an ùir 'n a thòrr,
'S dh' iomain creach gu leòir thair
sàil'.

Chaidh an toic buileach a roinn;
Mheal gach aon mar thoill e duais;
Thagh sinn do mhac Atreuis fhéin
Og Chriséis bu dearg gruaidh.
Sagart Thébuis, Chrises liath,
Thriall gu cabhlach nan long luath,
'S gu 'm fuasgladh e 'nìonag ghràidh,
Bho Ghréugaich nam màilleach cruaidh',

Le duais nan iomadaidh séud,
'S crùn ciatach an dé 'n a làimh,
Dh' aslaich e 'n deagh-ghean gu fòill,
'S shin e 'n t-slat a b' òrbhuidh sgiamh.
Ghriosadh leis thair chàch gu léir
An dà rìgh d' an géill na slòigh:

Thog iadsan iolach maraon,
Gu 'n d' aithris an t-Aosd' a' chòir.
Dh' òrduich gu 'n dìolteadh 's an uair,
Gach urram bu dual do 'n aois;
Gu 'n sealbhaicht' an luigheachd chòrr,
'S gu 'n grad-leigt' an òigh fo sgaoil.

Ach sin cha d' impich idir cridh'
Agamemnon rìgh nan sonn;
Dh' fhògair e 'n sean-fhear bho 'ghnùis
Gu neo-chiùin le bagradh trom.

Thill esan dachaidh fo ghruaim,
Urnaigh cruaidh, 's e sìleadh dhéur:
Dh' éisd Apollo 'n acain bhròin,
Oir bu mhòr do 'n Aosda 'spéis.

Thilg e fras-mhillidh mu 'n Ghréig,
Muin air mhuin gu 'n d' éug an sluagh;
Na 'n siubhal a' sgrios romh 'n champ,
Chluinnteadh srannraich nan calg luath.
Shoillsich fàidhe le tùr cinn

Falach an Fhad-thilgich dhuinn;
Dh' iarr mise gu 'n dìongteadh leam
Caomh Apollo thionndadh rium;
Ghabh mac Atreuis fearg a's fraoch,
Dh' éirich e 's baoghal 'n a mhiann,
Bhagair ormsa gu neo-chaomh,
'S, ceart mar mhaoidh, chuir grad an
gnìomh.

Dh' òrduich e 'n còmhlan thair chuan,
'S nighean Chriseis gu 'sluagh fhéin,
Mar ri tìodhlac nach beag luach,
Chum gu 'n traointeadh gruaim an
dé.

Rèub e bhuamsa mo dhuais dhaor,
Og Bhriseis is caoin sùil:
Air sliochd nan Gréug bhuaile spìd,
'S gach béus rioghail thilg fo 'r cùl.—
Cobhair-s' orm, a mhàthair chiùin,
Ruig Olympus, cùirt nan dia;
Aisig gu cuimhn' Iobh gach stàth,
'S an d' fhiach e do ràdh 's do ghnìomh.
An luchairt m' athar, 's mi òg,
'S tric a dh' éisd mi ri d' mhòr uail,
Mar chath thu 'n aobhar an dé
Dh' ogleicheas an spéur le ghruaim.
Dhìon thus' e 's an éiginn chruidh,

'N uair ghluais ceannairc sluagh nan
 nèamh,
 'S a ghlac iad na slabhraidhean prais',
 Los a chuibhreach le grad thàir.
 Dh' èirich àrd bhan-rìgh nan dia,
 A's iompaire liath a' chuain,
 'S Pallas neartmhor nan cath searbh,
 An glòir mhiann ag earbs' á buaidh.
 'N sin ghairm thus' Ægæon garg,
 Mor Bhriareus 'ainm 's an spèur ;
 Nochdadh le chóig fichead lámh,
 Famhair iarnadh nach tlàth méinn,
 Dh' oiltich na nèamhan air fad,
 Romh 'thriall, 's e spalpadh bhonn ;
 Bu treas' e na 'n dia bith-bhuan,
 A luaisgeas an talamh trom.
 Shuidh am fuathach lamh ri Iobh,
 An uil' uail a mhòrachd àigh,
 Chrith-ùmhlaich co-bhann nan dia,
 'S thuit an slabhraidhean sìos gu làr.
 Thoir so 'n a chuimhne gun sgàth ;
 Sléuchd air bialaobh an àrd-rìgh ;
 Do dhà ghàirdein glais mu 'ghlùn,
 'S dian griosad le dùrachd cridh',
 Gu 'n còmhnaidh e 'n Tròidh 's a sluagh,
 Chum's gu'n ruaig iad feachd nan Gréug ;
 'S an gainntir nan long air tràigh,
 Gu 'n càrnar an raon le éug.
 Blaisidh an t-iomlan na 's leòir
 De shòlas an ceannaird bhaoth ;
 'S chi esan dosgainn nam béus
 A thilg spid air a chéud laoch,
 Fhreagair Thetis a h-òg gaoil,
 'S na deòir nèamhaidh thaom le gruaidh,
 C'uime rug 's a thog mi 'n tùs
 Mo shàr mhac gu diùbhail chruaidh ?
 'S truagh nach tàmh dhut ad luing fhéin
 Mu d' chabhlach gun déur, gun phrámh ;
 Seach d' ùine tha géarr mar réis
 Bhi cho lom-làn bhéud a's chràdh.
 Thair gach neach tha 'g imeachd feòir,
 Dhutsa dh' òrduicheadh mòr théinn ;
 Mo chreach lèir nach b' éug do dhàn
 Mu 'n d' thàinig thu slàn a m' chréubh !
 Mar dh' iarr thu ruigim gu luath
 Ard Olympus nan cruach sneachd,
 Gu dia nan dearg bheithir luath,
 Dh' fhiachainn a bheil truas 'n a bheachd.
 Altruim-sa falachd ad chom,
 Aig taobh nan dlùth long air tràigh,
 Fada thall air leth bho 'n Ghréig ;
 'S na measgaich an éuchd a' bhlàir.
 Tha Iobh air imeachd gu féill,
 Mar ris thriall na dé bhith-bhuan,
 Null gu tìr nan Ethiop gràidh,
 Aig cian chrìochan blàth a' chuain ;
 Gabhaidh iad furan gun phléid,
 Measg nan tréubh do nach spéis glomh ;
 Tri cheithir soluis 'n a dhéigh,
 Tillidh do 'n spèur sréud nan dia,
 Thèidim-sa 'n sin gu teach lobh,
 Gorm-lùchairt nan cònard prais ;

Glacaidh mi dhà ghlùn gu fòill,
 'S cha 'n eagal nach fòir air m' airc.
 Dh' fhalbh a's dh' fhàg i mac fo leòn
 Dubh-fheargach mu 'n òg-mhnaoi chaoin.
 Mar réub luchd na spòrs a làimh
 A dhuais bhlàir le ainneart claon.
 'N sin ràinig Ulisses thall
 Tir Chrisea mu 'n iath an tonn,
 Fo chùram air bhòrd 's an luing,
 Iobairt uibhtheil nan damh trom.
 Aig teachd do 'n chamus a dh' iarr
 'S a' pholl dhomhain, fhiathail, mhin,
 Leag a's phaisg iad na glas shiùil
 Gu sòmhail 's an iùbhraich ghrinn.
 Shaor iad 'n a shlochd fhein an crann,
 'G a fhuaghal gu teann le buill ;
 'S dh' iomair iad i steach 'n a deann,
 Le neart ràmh bu dealbhach luinn.
 Thilg iad gach acair air tràigh,
 'S na ciar chàbuill shnaim air dòigh ;
 Léum an sin gu tìr na laoich,
 'S thriall ri taobh an onfhaidh mhòir.
 Thàinig amach iobairt chèud
 Gu Phœbus nan ruinn bhior luath ;
 'S ghluais às a' bhirlinn 'n an déigh,
 Chriséis bu chéutach snuagh.
 Dh' fhalbh Ulisses 's an léug ùr,
 Suas gu téampull cùbhraidh 'n dè,
 Los a toirt d' a h-athair gràidh,
 'S nochd e dha gun dàil a sgéul :—
 Ciad fàilt air an t-sagart naomh,
 Thàinig mi an taobh s' le m' rìgh,
 Gu d' nighean thoirt saor do d' làimh,
 'S gu 'n naisg Phœbus bàigh a's sìth.
 Feuch, iobairt nan cèud air tràigh,
 Tairgear leats' air sgàth nan Gréug,
 Los gu 'n teid casg air a' phlàigh
 Bho 'n trom-osnach cràdh nan éug.
 An sin liubhair e 'n ògbhean ghaoil ;
 Léum an t-Aosda, 's ghlais mu 'com :
 Dh' iarr e 'n iobairt-chéud gun dàil
 A leanailt bho thràigh thair fonn.
 Aig mòr altair Phœbuis àigh,
 'S an teampall a b' àillidh glòir,
 Le lamhan nighte gun mheang
 Thairg iad an sìol sailte 'n tòs.
 Dh' aslaich Chrises le guth àrd,
 'S e togail a làmh os cinn :
 Eisd-sa rium, a Dhè nan calg
 D' an arm am bogh airgid grinn,
 A thì d' an diol Cilla géill,
 'S Tenedos is cèutach bàrr,
 Tha 'didinn Chrisea fo d' sgéith,
 'S a' sìor éibhneas ri chaoin bhlàs,
 Ma dheònaich thu m' achain riabh,
 Gu m' chobhair 's an diachainn chruaidh,
 'S ma bhuail thu sgrios air a' Ghréig
 Le galar nan léireadh truagh,
 Eisd m' ùrnaigh gu gràsmhor, caoin,
 'S thoir deòin shaor do mhiann mo
 chridh' :
 Cuir grad chasg air plàigh nan déur,

'S tionndaidh ris a' Ghrèig an sìth.

B'i sid ùrnaigh 'n t-sean-fhir léith,
Chuala Phœbus 's dh' èisd gun ghruaim :
'N uair ghuidh iad, 's a thilg 'n a dheann
An siol saillt' air ceann a' bhuair :
Lean a ghàirdnean ris an spéur,
Leig iad an fhuil, réub a's dh' fheann ;
Sgath iad na sléisdean bho 'n chréubh,
'S shuain umpa dà bhréid de 'n t-saill :
Chàrnadh ùmpa sid gu pailt
Gach mìr mar bu taitneach sògh,
Loisg an t-Aosd' iad, 's mu 'n fhiodh ghlas
Thaom e 'n flon bu taitneach cròic.
Bha òg fhleasgaich dlùth ri gléus
Le coigmhíaraich ghéur 'n an dòrn.
'N uair chnàmhadh na sléisdean às,
De 'n mhaoth ghrealach bhlais na slòigh,
Ghèarr iad an t-iarmad gu meanbh,
Shìn mu shlios an nan dealg réidh,
'S ri téintean an tùrlaich mhòir,
Le deas-sheòltachd bhrùich a's ghréidh.
Sgaoil iad na bùird tharbhach, fhial,
'N uair thug iad an gnìomh gu crìch ;
Shuidh an comunn cruinn gu biadh,
'S fhuair gach neach mar mhiann a chrìdh'.
'N uair chasgadh an t-acras géur,
'S a dh'ion-fhuadaich iad féum lòn,
Bhuail na fleasgaich ealamh, ùr,
Air crùnadh an fhìon' gu pòit.
Riaraich iad bho dheas gu clith
An deoch bhrìgheil 's na geal-chùirn :
Fad an là bha 'n sluagh gu léir
Do neart Phœbuis a' seinn cliù.
Aon-ghuthach thog iad na fuinn,
'S an laoidh bhinn a b' allail glòir :
Bu shòlas do chluais an dé,
Bhi 'g éisdeachd ri téis an cedil.
'N sin theirinn do 'n fhaireg a' ghrian,
'S an dall oidhche dh' iath mu 'n raon :
Aig bial na tuinn' air an tràigh,
Làmh ri 'm bìrlinn thàmh na laoiach.
'N uair a sgaoil a' mhadainn òg
A ròsan feadh cùirt nan nial,
Dh' éirich sliochd na Gréig' á 'n suain,
'S ghrad-dheasaich thair chuan gu triall.
Leig am Fad-thilgeach 'n an déigh
An srann-fháfan éutrom, ùr.
Thog iad an crann bidhearg, réidh
'S shìn iad ris geal-bhréid an t-siùil.
'S le anail na failbhe ri 'n cùl,
Bha uchd na cainbe sùchte, cruinn ;
Ise min-phronnadh nam bàrc,
Chluinnteadh crònan àrd mu 'druim.
Bu luath a siubhal, 's bu chian
Thair raointean liath-ghorm nan stuadh,
Gu ath-ghabhail am puirt fhéin,
Fo champ Gréugaich nan arm cruaidh.
'N uair ràinig an iùbhrach tìr,
Thàirneadh i 'n a sgrìb gu fonn,
'S chuir mór-shailthean fo 'taobh ;
'S sgaoil iad feadh nam bùth 's nan long.
(*Ri leantainn.*)

SEAN SGOIL.

Am measg gach atharrachadh a thainig air a' Ghaidhealtachd o chionn da fhichead bliadhna—agus is lion-mhor iad—cha 'n 'eil aon n'is comh-arrichte no n'is cliuitiche na 'n t-atharrachadh a chithear ann an tighean-sgoil 's am maighstirean-sgoil o 'n am sin. Chaidh moran de sgoilean ura a chur air bonn, agus chaidh na sean sgoilean mar is trice a dheanamh n'is comasaiche air an crìoch a choilionadh na bha iad. Na h-uile cliù do Eaglaisean 's do Chomuinn air son an eud, 's na h-uile soirbheachadh leis gach saoth-air aig a bheil inunsachadh na h-oigridh mar cheann-iuil ! Ach an deigh gach oidhearp ionmholt a chaidh a thabhairt, tha, gun teagamh, moran fathast ri dheanamh 's an rathad so 'n ar duthaich. Tha fathast iomadh Eilean a's Clachan a's Gleann air an iathadh le neoil thiugh, dhorcha an aineolais; ach nach 'eil a nis Achd ur Parlamaid againn a chum na neoil so a sgapadh air falbh ? Nach e nis dleasdanas gach sgìreachd gu 'm bi sgoil air a deagh uidheamachadh far an ruig gach sgoilear oirre, agus nach 'eil cuideachadh fialaidh air a thoirt seachad á sporan mor na rioghachd air son costas nan sgoilean a ghiulan ? Nach e nis lagh na h-Alba gu 'm feum gach balach a's caileag a bhi 's an sgoil ? Ma ghleidheas tu do mbac as an sgoil a dhol an tràigh no 'bhuachailleachd, no do nighean a bhanaltrachd, nach bi am Maor air do thoir cho dian 's a bha e riamh 'n uair a bhitheadh tu air deireadh leis a' mhod ? Gu fìrinneach chuir an saoghal car dheth o linn Iob. An aite Gliocais a bhi 'basachadh leinne, nach ann a bheirear i as ur le ar cloinn ? Nach e " 'n t-al a thig 'n ar deigh " a ni 'n t-amharc-sios air na parantan aineolach a ghin iad ? Nach goirid gus am bi eagal ort do

bheul fhosgladh an lathair Lachainn bhig, aig nach 'eil ach an da fhiacail fathast, air eagal gun teid do cheapadh air son sliobasdachd do chainnt? Is mor m' eagal nach fada a bhitheas tigh-sgoil gun dorus, gun simlear, le toll-uinneig air son solus a leigeadh a steach, 's toit a leigeadh a mach, le urlar fliuch, 's le suidheachain de chlathan 's de fhoide-moine, no maighstir-sgoil nach labhair ach Gaidhlig, ri 'm faotainn 's an tìr. Cha 'n 'eil fios c'aite an stad sinn air an deireadh idir.

An uair a tha ar luchd-riaghlaidh, le ughdarras lagh na rioghachd, a' togail aitreibh ura 's a taghadh Mhaighstirean-sgoil leis na teisteanais is airde, bu mhiann leam, mu 'n teid cuimhne nan sean tighean 's nan daoine coire a theagaisg annta 'a sgrios gu tur as an tìr,' iomradh a dheanamh air aon de 'n t-seorsa anns an d'fhuair mi mo cheud leasain, deich bliadhna fichead roimhe so. Cha 'n fhios domh c'uin a thogadh an tigh, no cia meud sgoilear ainmeil a fhuair tus am foghlum ann. Bha 'n Sgìreachd iomraiteach an Eachdraidh na h-Eaglais an uair a b'e 'n t-aite a b' iomallaiche a bh' air a roghnachadh air son tighean foghlum a's Eaglaisean, agus cha 'n 'eil teagamh agam, na 'm bitheadh eachdraidh na Sgìreachd air a' gleidheadh air chuimhne, nach faighteadh aon no dha de 'n luchd-aiteachaidh "nach do dhoirt fuil 's nach do rinn cogadh" a bha airidh air clach urramach a chur an teampull na sean Eaglais Gaidhealaich. Ach an uair a mhosgail sluagh na h-Alba as an t-suain aineolaich anns an robh iad re moran linntean a' gabhail tamh, rinn Eolas imrich as na cuiltean do na bailtean, a's dh'fhagadh na h-eileanan iomallach 's na glinn uaigneach gun Sgoil gun Eaglais. Bho linn an Ath-leasachaidh b' e,

gun teagamh, lagh na rioghachd gu 'm biodh Sgoil a's Eaglais anns gach Sgìreachd; ach bha Sgìreachdan na Gaidhealtachd farsuing, 's cha robh Sgoilean ach tearc. Chomhdaich dorchadas taobh an Iar na Gaidhealtachd. 'S ann a chum an dorchadais so fhuadach a chuireadh air bonn, ochd fichead bliadhna roimhe so, a' "Chuideachd Urramach a ta chum Eolas Criosdaidh a sgaoileadh air feadh Gaidhealtachd a's Eileana na h-Alba"—Cuideachd a bhreac an taobh an Iar le tighean-sgoil, 's a chuir Gaidhealtachd na h-Alba fo chomain nach urrainnear innseadh. A reir riaghailtean na Cuideachd bha e mar fhiachaibh air Uachdarain an fhearainn tighean freagarrach a thogail, agus croiteag fhearainn a chur air leth do 'n' Mhaghstir-sgoil. B' ann leis a' Chuideachd so a bha 'n t-Sean Sgoil air a cumail suas.

Cha 'n abradh fear-turuis, ma dh'fhaidte, gu 'n robh an tigh air a thogail an aite ro thaitneach. Cha robh beanntan arda, no glinn fhasail, na coilltean dosrach 's an t-sealladh, no iomadh ni eile a bheireadh aoibhneas do 'n t-suil. Ach bha 'n tigh goireasach air na sgoilearan; 's bha reidhlean gorm air gach taobh dheth air am faigheadh a' chlann comas cluiche g' an toil; bha lochan uisge fa chomhair a bhiodh miaghail ris an reothadh; 's bha geodhachan uaigneach mara dluth air laimh mar gu 'm biodh iad air an cruthachadh air son balaich a mhealladh air snamh. 'S cha robh 'an sealladh mu 'n cuairt,' lom, cianail, mar a chitheadh am fear-turuis e, gun a luach fein an suilean a' bhalachain a chaidh arach 's an aite. B'e dhachaidh e; agus do bhrìgh so bha gach cnoc, a's allt, a's lèanag ni bu mhaisiche leis-san na 'n aon aite a b'aillidh' air an do dhearrs grian riamh; air chor 's gum faodadh

e'radh, gun toibheum, mu dhachaidh mar thuit an Salmadair mu Shion :

Oir t'oglaich tha a' gabhail tlachd
'N a clachaibh breagh gach uair ;
Tha deagh thoil aig do sheirbhisich
D' a luaithre a's d'a h-uir.

A thuillidh air so, chiteadh air gach laimh seallaidhean a thogadh inutinn an sgoilear o dhleasdanas an la. An sud traigh, nach taghail an t-iasgair fathast ach fo gheilt, air an do chuir a shinnsearan blar fuilteach a' dion an dachaidh o choigrich a' chuain ; an so Dun, le fhrogan dorcha comhdaichte thairis "le foghnan, fraoch, a's fdlach," a' toirt dearbhadh follaiseach air na naigheachdan a dh'innseas sean daoine mu na liuntibh an-ìochdmhor a threig ; 's an tolmán uaine ud mu 'n cuairt do larach an teampuill tha aithrichean air an tulgadh nan codal sìorruidh le monmhor an t-sruthain air a mhuchadh le buille trom na tuinne air an traigh. Fa chomhair tha Cuan mor na h-airde an Iar, an comhnuidh a' dusgadh suas uamhunn, ioghnadh, a's ard-thoilinntinn, co-dhiubh a chithear e air a luasgadh le doinionn a' gheamhraidh, no 'codal gu seimh fo ghrian an t-samhraidh, no mar a chunnaic prìomh Bhard ar duthcha gu minic e mu 'n do sheinn e cho oirdhearc mu 'n "ghrein 's i gu laidhe 's a chuan :

"An d'fhag thu gorm-astar nan speur,
A mhic gun bheud, a's òr-bhuidh ciabh ?
Tha dorsan na h-oidhche dhuit fein,
Agus pàilliun do chlos 's an iar.
Thig na stuaidh mu 'n cuairt gu mall,
A choimhead fir a's glaine gruaidh ;
A' togail fo eagal an ceann ;
Ri d'fhaicinn cho aillidh 'n ad shuain,
Theich iadsan gun tuar o d' thaobh,
Gabhsa cadal ann ad chòs,
Aghrian! a's till o d' chlos le h-aoibhneas."

Cha 'n fhaicear, taing do 'n Fhreasdail, ach ainneamh a nis coimeas do 'n fhardaich ris an abairte

an Tigh-sgoil. Tigh fada, farsuing, dorcha, le bhallachan iosal de chloich ghlais nach do ghearain air buillean an uird, air an salachadh air an taobh muigh le criadh, air an taobh stigh air an dubhadh le toit. Dorus air- gach taobh do 'n tigh ach gun chomhla' mar bu trice ri aon diubh. Chiteadh 's a' gheamhraidh sgathach fhraoich ri taobh an fhuaraidh de dhorus an t-soirbheis air a cumail na seasamh le cas camain. Rachadh an Sgathach a chaitheamh a lion beagan a's beagan a' lasadh na teine ; 's bhiodh a' sin boitein cunnlaich a' gleidheadh fasgaidh gus an tigeadh mart no each miomhail an rathad a dh'itheadh e. 'S an t-samhraidh bha 'n tigh fosgailte gu farsuing, fialaidh do sgoilearan de gach seorsa. Urlar de thalamh fuar, fliuch, ach larach na teine a mbain. Uinneagan leth-lionte le pluic, 's an corr comhdaichte le lic 's clach ri 'cul. Da tholl air druim an tighe a' leigeadh a mach na toit nach iarradh a rathad roimh dhorus no uinneig. Da theine air an urlar dluth air meadhon an tighe agus clach eatorra. B'i chlach so "Stol (no furr) an aithreachais." Is tric a rinn mi cron latha fuar geamhraidh a dh'aon ghnòthuch air son faotainn air an stol. Bha déileachan a gheibhte air a' chladach sìnte air clachan a' deanadh aitean-suidhe ; 's bha da sheana bhord le casan briste air an urlar aig am faighte sgriobhadh le beagan cunnairt. Agus ma bha airneis an tighe-sgoil gann, cha robh asaig an sgoilear duilich a ghiulan. Leac-sgliat ghlas le ruith oibreachaidh oirre, paipeir-sgriobhaidh cho saor 's a gheibheadh cailleach nan uibhean an *Grianaig*, dubh de shughadh an daraich, peann de dh-ite an t-Sulan-aich, *Gray*, Leabhar Aithghearr nan Ceist, Biobull Gaidhlig air a chomhdach le craiceann caorach, agus deagh chaman.

Bhiodh e eu-comasach do 'n fhear-theagaisga buchomasaiche sgoilearan math a dheanamh air a leithid so de chothrom; ach tha mi creidsinn ged bhiodh gach tigh 's gach goireas a b' fhearr aig mo shean mhaighstir (cha n' ann r' a chur na dheigh e), nach faigheadh an sgoil an cliu a b' airde o fhir-cheasnachaidh ar latha-ne. Cha robh eolas a' mhaighstir ro fharsuing; agus cha d' fhuair e cothrom air na doighean a b' fhearr air sgoil a riaghladh, no air eolas fein a theagasg d' a sgoilearan, fhaicinn no iunnsachadh. Bha e, gun teagamh, an Glaschu 'g a cheasnachadh; agus dh' innis an Dr. Mac-Leoid dha nach b' urrainn dasan leasan Gaidhlig a thoirt dha. Air diomhaireachd an lagh "Leathan ri leathan, a's caol ri caol" bha e mion-eolach; ach nam biodh an sgoil air a paigheadh a reir mar a fhreagradh na sgoilearan na ceistean a chuirear air cloinn an diugh, is mor m' eagal nach biodh tuarasdal a' mhaighstir a bheag ni b' airde na bha e. "Na labhair ach maith mu ra mairbh," theirte o shean; agus gu firinneach 's aun le h-urram agus le seirc a b' airidh sean mhaighstirean-sgoil na h-Alba a bhi air an cuimhneachadh. Agus ged nach rachadh mo shean mhaighstir a thaghadh á measg drobh an diugh a lionadh aite falamh, b' airidh e air meas agus air tlachd, agus is ann le meas agus le tlachd a tha a chuimhne air a gleidheadh aig gach sgoilear a bha fo 'theagasg. Cha bhithinn seachd bliadhna dh' aois nuair a chaochail e; ach tha mo chuimhne an diugh air a dhreach 's air a dhoigh cho maith 's a bha i an la a dh' adhlaiseadh e. Bha e 's an arm 'n a oige, agus thug an t-oileanachadh a fhuair e an sin seasamh dìreach a's gluasad fearail dha nach do dhealaich ris re a bheatha. Duine breac-liath, mu dheich-a's-tri-fichead; deas

'n a phearsa; aghaidh thuigseach; cridhe blath; nadur ath-ghoirid; a cheum air tromachadh a's uilt air teannachadh; ach a spiorad gun taiseachadh—a mhisneach cho ard a's aignidhean cho togarrach ri aois ochd-bliadhna-deug. Cha robh balach 's an sgoil a bu deise a bhreth air caman, na bu deine a chur gu taghall. Saoilidh mi gu faic mi an sean duine sunndach a' tighinn am fradharc air maduinn reota gheamhraidh, le 'aid ghibich a bha uair-eigin dubh, le 'chota clo, 's le 'bhàta glas-daraich 'n a laimh. Chi e 'mhac fein a' leigeadh seachad na cnaige. "A thuaisd, a thrail, a sgagaire bhoichd!" their an t-athair, a's a nuas leis a' chota mor. As deigh na cnaige gu lughmhor bheir e, a' greimachadh ceann caol a bhata; agus an tiota tha i aig an taghall is faide air falbh. Theid ar gairm a steach, a's theid na camain fo 'n bhord. Toisichear obair an la le urnuigh dhurachdaich an Gaidhlig; theid earrann dhe 'n Bhiobull a leughadh 's na Ceistean a chur. Tha 'n sin sgriobhadh a's cunntas, cunntas a's sgriobhadh gu feasgar. Leughar am Biobull. Co-dhuar le urnuigh. Bheirear na camain am follais, a's bithear ag iomain gus an toir an oidhche as ar suilean e.

Sgoil thruagh! teagasg boichd! deir an Leughadair. Tigh-Sgoil truagh, deir mise; agus teagasg easbhuidheachd, ach teagasg ann an Tomhas, a dh' fhaodadh a bhi air a leantainn le buannachd ann am moran de na Sgoilean Gaidhealach air an la diugh. B' e tighean dona a's droch phaigheadh cuibhrionn moran de mhaighstirean-sgoil na Gaidhealtachd 's an am a dh' fhalbh. Is mor an t-aobhar taingealachd gu bheil cinnt air atharrachadh chum na cuid is fearr anns an rathad so 's an am ri teachd. Tha foghlum a's sgil nan dreuchd air iarraidh omhaighstir-

sgoil a nis nach robh air iarraidh o'n aithrichean; agus tha so freagarrach. Ach cha 'n 'eil mi gun amharus nach b' fheairrde ar Maighstirean-sgoil ura 's a' Ghaidhealtachd tuilleadh de chleachduinean nan sean laoch a leanntainn na tha cuid diubh deas gu dheanamh. Am measg nan sean mhaighstirean - sgoil Gaidhealach gheibhteadh air uairibh na daoine a b' fhoghlumte's an tir. Ann an seirbhis a' Chomuinn a dh' ainmich mi, agus ann an tighean nach robh a bheag ni b' fhearr na 'n tigh air an do rinn mi iomradh, shaothraich, re moran d' am beatha, air deich no dusan punnd Sasunnach 's a bhliadhna, an da Ghaidheal—a mach o Oisean — a b' airde buaidhean a sgriobh 's a' Ghaidhlig—Mac Mhaighstir Alastair agus Dughall Buchanan. Cha b' ionann beachd do na daoine so agus do mhoran de mhaighstirean-sgoile òg ar latha-ne mu theagasg cloinne. Tha eagal orm gu bheil an creidimh a' neartachadh 'n ar measg, gur e crìoch araid Maighstir-sgoile uiread airgid 's is urrainn da a bhuannachd le 'sgoil; 's gu bheil clann air an deagh theagasg ma leughas iad gu blasda canain nach tuig iad, a's ma sgriobhas iad gun mhearachd latha cheasnachaidh 103,070,010 ged nach 'eil fios aca fein no aig duine d' an daoine cìod e fo'n ghrein a tha 103,070,010 a' ciallachadh. Tha Leughadh a's Sgriobhadh a's Cunntas ro fheumail 's an sgoil—cha deanar sgoilear as an eugmhais; ach cha 'n 'eil dleasdanas a' mhaighstir-sgoile crìoch-naichte le Leughadh a's Sgriobhadh a's Cunntas, ged a thuigteadh cìod e mu 'm beilear a' Leughadh 's a' Sgriobhadh 's a' Cunntas. Tha Oileanachadh cho feumail ri—dh' fhaodte radh n'is feumaile na—Foghlum. Cha 'n e Eolas farsuing ach deagh Chleachduin crìoch teagaisg.

“ Am meangan nach sniomh thu,
Cha spion thu 'n a chraoibh e;
Mar shineas e 'gheugan,
Bithidh a fhreumhan a' sgaoileadh.”

Bhiodh e duilich leam a chreidsinn gu'n do chleachd Dughall Buchanan aon doigh air spionadh nan craobh 's an tigh aoraidh air an t-Sabaid, agus doigh 'eil air sniomh nan meangan 's an Sgoil re na seachduin. 'S anns a' chanain a thuigeadh an sluagh a shearmonaich 's a sheinn e—an ann an canain nach thuigeadh iad a theagaisg e na Sgoilearan? An uair a bha Mac Mhaighstir Alastair a' brosnachadh nan Gaidheal gu eirigh a sheasamh coir nan Stiubhartach, sheinn e 'Orain iomraiteach an Gaidhlig—an saoil thu an ann am Beurla a bheireadh e earail air cloinn bhig? “B' fhearr leam,” arsa an t-Abstol Pol, “cuig focail a labhairt san eaglais [nam bu mhaighstir-sgoil e nach abradh e ‘san sgoil’] le m' thuigse, chum gun teagaisginn daoine eile mar an ceudna, na deich mìle focal ann an teangaidh choimhich.” Ach tha moran de mhaighstirean-sgoil na Gaidhealtachd de atharrach beachd. Nach duilich, an uair a tha tighean-sgoil eireachdail 'g an cur suas anns gach aite, a's an uair a tha 'n rioghachd a' paigheadh moran airgid gach bliadhna air son ar Maighstirean-sgoil iunnsachadh, ma bhitheas aobhar againn a radh mu 'n teagasg a gheibhear 'n ar Sgoilean Gaidhealach mar a thuirt a' Chailleach Mhuileach, “B' fhearr leam fhein an t-sean doigh.”

D. M'K.

Le bhi buileachadh bheannachd air muinntir eile, tha sinn 'g am buileachadh oirnn fein.

Cha 'n fheum an ti leis am miann an toradh a shealbhachadh, am blath a mhilleadh.

A I N M I O S A.

Cia milis ainm an t-Slanuighfhir chaoimh.
An cluas a' chreidmhich bhochd!
Tha 'leigheas broin a's leon nan naomh,
Gun eagal orr' roimh lochd.

Oir ni e'n spiorad bruite slan,
A' fuadach craidh o'n chridh';
Mar mhana ni e'n t-ocrach lan,
'S l'heir fois do'n ast'rach sgith.

Ainm mhiorbhuilich! mo charraig
threin;
Mo dhidein anns gach cas!
'S tu m'ionmhas furtachd anns gach teinn,
Trid iomlanachd do ghrais.

'S ann uait gheibh m' urnuigh freagradh
gaoil,
Ged thoill mo chionta smachd,
'S a dh'aindeoin treunad prionns' an t-
saogh'l,
A mheasar mi mhar mhac.

Iosa! mo Bhuachail', is m' Fhear-taigh',
'S tu m' Fhaidh, Sagart, Righ!
Mo'cheudfath is ceann-uigh' mo bheath',
Gabh cliu o d' thruaghan sgith.

Ge anfhann, diblidh guth mo ghlaoidh,
Ge fuar mo ghaol's mo ghloir;
'N uair bhios mi maille riut a chaidh,
Theid m' fhoghlum mar is coir.

Gu sin, biodh plogartaich mo chri'
A' cliuthachadh do ghrais;
S' biodh d' ainm 'n a cheol domh anns an
t-slighe
'S 'g a sheirm leam anns a' bhàs.
—*The Treasure.*

—o—

AN T-OSDAIR AGUS AN SEOL-
ADAIR,

NO IAIN AGUS A CHNAP CRUAIDH

An cluinn thu, Iain, nach gabh
thu deur beag air a' mhaduinn fhuair
so?' ars' Osdair araidh ri seoldair
a bha 'gabhail an rathaid seachad air
an tigh aige. Bha ar seoldair
roimhe so 'n a fhior mhisgeir agus
air iomadh bonn airgid fhagail ann
an tigh an duine a bha bruidhinn
ris; ach bha e nis bho chionn
bliadhna an deigh boid a thoirt an
aghaidh deoch laidir.

"O! cha'n urainn mi, a dhuine
choir, cha'n urainn mi òl, tha cnap

cruaidh agam, an so air mo thaobh,
O! an cnap cruaidh tha 'n so," ars'
an seoladair, is e 'cur a laimh air a
thaobh mar gu'm biodh e air a
chradh leis.

"Is e thu sgar de'n dram a dh'
aobharaich an cnap sin dhuit; bheir
beagan de dheoch mhaith air falbh
e ann an tiota, ach ma bhitheas thu
cho gorach's gu'm fuirich thu bho
d' ghrog, is e's docha gu'm fàs an
cnap sin agad na's momha, agus gu
'n tig cnap cruaidh air an taobh eile
agad mar an ceudna."

"Ro cheart, ro cheart, a dhuine,"
ars' an Seoldair, is e 'toirt poc oir a
mach as a phocaid-achlais agus 'g a
chumail suas ann an sealladh an
Osdair. "Tha thu ceart a radh ma
thoisicheas mi air an òl gu'm falbh
mo cnap; ach ma dh'fhuireas mi
uaith gu'm fàs e na's momha.
Beannachd leat, osdair, le comhnadh
an Tighearna cumaidh mi mach as
do lion-sa agus feuchaidh mi ri cnap
fhaighinn air gach taobh."

DUANAG DO CHRUACHAN-BEANN.

Le P. Mac-an-t-Saoir.

SEISD.—Cruachan - beann, Cruachan -
beann,
Cruachan - beann, 's mor mo
thlachd dhìot;
Cruachan-beann thar gach meall,
'S a chuid allt'ruith roi' ghlac-
aibh.

Cruachan-beann's e cho mor,
Tha e sonraicht' r'a fhaicinn—
Cha'n 'eil a leithid's an Roinn-Eorp',
'S geal a chota 'n am sneachda.
Cruachan-beann, &c.

Clann-an-t-Saoir d'am bu dual
'Bhi'n ad chluanagan fagach;
An diug cha'n fhaic mi aon d' an al
'Gabhail tamh ann ad thaice.
Cruachan-beann, &c.

'S iomadh linn bho n' fhuair iad coir
Air a' bheinn is boidhch' r'a faicinn;
'S cho fhad's a ruitheas uillt gu cuan
Bidh an dualchas ud aca.

Cruachan-beann, &c.

Fine 's duineala, gun ghruaim,
'N am dol suas thun na batailt ;
'S an Ceann-cinnidh air an ceann
'Toirt comand' do na gaisgich.
Cruachan-beann, &c.

An Leitir-beann chaidh m'arach òg—
Leitir bhoidheach nam badan ;
Gheibhte fiadh ann air an t-sliabh,
'S earbag ria'ch anns gach glac dheth.
Cruachan-beann, &c.

Aite 's maisiche fo 'n ghrein
Chaidh cha leur dhomh r'a fhaicinn ;
'S bho 'n a chuir iad thu fo fheidh,
'S goirt mo dheur 'gabhail beachd ort.
Cruachen-beann, &c.

Fichead mìle tha mu 'n cuairt
Anns a' chruaich ud tha maiseach ;
Agus tri dhiubh air aird'—
'S iomad bard a ghabh beachd ort.
Cruachan-beann, &c.

Soraidh 'nis le Cruachan-beann,
'S leis gach coire, 's gleann tha 'n taic ris:
'S e mo dhurachd Clann-an-t-Saoir
Bhi chomhnuidh ri dha 's na thaice.
Cruachan-beann, &c.

—-0—

RIDIRE GHRIANAIG.

Bha aig Ridire Ghrianaig triùir nighean nach robh an leithid ri fhaotainn no ri fhaicinn an àite sa bith. Thainig béisd bho 'n chuan 's thug i leath' iad, 's cha robh fios 'd é an rathad a ghabh iad, no c'àite an rachteadh g' an iarraidh.

Bha saighdear anns a' bhaile, 's bha triùir mhac aige, 's an àm na Nollaig bha iad aig iomain, 's thuirt am fear a b' òige gu 'n rachadh iad agus gu 'n cuireadh iad bair air lèana Ridire Ghrianaig.

Thuirt càch nach rachadh, nach biodh an Ridire toilichte, gu 'm biodh sid a' toirt 'n a chuimhne call a chloinne, 's ag cur duilichinn air. "Biodh sin a roghainn da," ars Iain, am mac a b' òige, "ach théid sinn ann, 's bheir sinn bair, tha mise coma air son Ridire Ghrianaig biodh e buidheach no dìombach."

Chaidh iad a dh - iomain 's

bhuidhinn Iain trì bair air a bhràithrean. Chuir an Ridire cheann a mach air uinneig, 's chunnaic e iad ag iomain, 's ghabh e corruich mhòr, gu 'n robh a chridhe aig aon sa bith dol a dh-iomain air a lèana, nì a bha toirt call a chloinne 'n a chuimhne, 's ag cur mìothlachd air. Thuirt e ri mhnaoi, "Co tha cho mìomhail 's a bhi 'g iomain air mo ghrùnd-sa, toirt call mo chloinne 'm chuimhne! Biodh iad air an toirt an so a thiota 's gu 'n rachadh peanas a dhianamh orra." Chaidh an triùir ghillea a thoirt an làthair an Ridire, 's bha iad 'n an gillea gasda.

"'D e thug dhuibhse," ars an Ridire, bhi cho mìomhail 's dol a dh-iomain air a' ghrùnd agamsa, toirt call mo chloinne 'm chuimhne. Feumaidh sibh peanas fhulang air a shon."

"Cha 'n ann mar sin a bhitheas," ars' Iain, "ach bho 'n a thuit duinne tighinn cèarr ort, is fhèarr dhut fàrdach de luing a dheanamh dhuinn, agus falbhaidh sinn a dh-iarraidh do nighean; 's ma tha iad fo 'n fhiorach no fo 'n fhuarachd, no fo cheithir rannan ruadh an dombain, gheobh sinne mach iad, mu 'n tig ceann latha 's bliadhna, 's bheir sinn air an ais iad do Ghrianaig."

"Ged is tu 's òige, 's ann ad cheann tha chomhairle 's fhèarr; bidh sin air a dhianamh dhuibh."

Fhuaradh saoir, 's an ceann sheachd latha bha 'n long deas. Chuir iad a stigh biadh a's deoch mar a dh'fhéumadh iad air son turuis. Thug iad a h-aghaidh ri muir 's a cùl ri tìr, 's dh'fhalbh iad; 's an seachd latha ràinig iad tràigh gheal ghainbhich, agus 'n uair a chaidh iad air tìr bha sia fir dhiag ag obair an aodunn creige 'g a cur as a chéile.

"'D é an t-àite tha so?" ars an sgiobair,

"Is e so an t-àite 's am beil clann Ridire Ghrianaig. Tha iad a' dol a phòsadh trìuir fhamhairean."

"'D é an dòigh a th' air faotainn far am beil iad?"

"Cha 'n 'eil dèigh sa bith ach dol suas 's a' chliabh so ri aodann na creige."

Chaidh am mac a bu shine 's a' chliabh 's 'n uair a bha e shuas aig leth na creige, thàinig fitheach gearr, dubh, 's thòisich e air le inean 's le sgiathan, gus nach mór nach d'fhág e dall, bodhar e. Cho robh aige ach tilleadh air ais.

Chaidh an darna fear 's a' chliabh, 's 'n uair a bha e shuas leth an rathaid, thàinig am fitheach gearr dubh 's thòisich e air, 's cha robh aige ach tilleadh air ais mar a riun am fear eile.

Chaidh Iain mu dheireadh 's a' chliabh. An uair a bha e shuas leth an rathaid thàinig am fitheach gearr, dubh, 's thòisich e air, 's ghread e e mu 'n aodann. "Suas gu clis," ars' esan, "mu 'm bi mi dall an so." Chuireadh suas e gu bràigh na creige. An uair a bha e shuas thàinig am fitheach far an robh e 's thuirt e ris:

"An toir thu dhomh greim tombaca?"

"A dhaor shlaightire, is beag comain a th' agad orm air son sin a thoirt dut."

"Na biodh umhail agad do sin, bidh mise 'm charaide math dhut. Nise theid thu do thigh am fhamhair mhoir, 's chi thu nighean an ridire fuaghal, 's a miaran fiuch le a dedir."

Ghabh e air aghart gus an d'ràinig e tigh an fhamhair. Chaidh e stigh. Bha nighean an ridire fuaghal.

"'D é thug an so thu?" ars' ise.

"D é thug thu fhein ann nach fhaodainn-sa tighinn ann!"

"Thugadh mise ann gun taing."

"Tha fios agam air sin. C'àite am beil am fhamhair?"

"Tha e 's a' bhéinn-sheilg."

"'D é 'n dòigh a th' air fhaotainn dachaidh?"

"An t-slabhraidh-chomhraig ud a mach a chrathadh; 's cha 'n 'eil e 's an fhiorachd no 's an fhuarachd, no an ceithir rannan ruadh an domhain, a h-aon a chumas còmhrag ris, ach Iain òg mac an t-saighdeir, á Albainn, 's cha 'n 'eil e sia bliadhn' diag a dh-aois, 's tha e tuilleadh a's òg gu dol a chòmhraig ris an fhamhair."

"Tha ioma h-aon an Albainn cho laidir ri Iain mac an t-saighdeir ged a bhiodh an saighdeir leis."

Chaidh e mach. Thug e tarrainn air an t-slabhraidh, 's cha d' thug e car aisde, 's chaidh e air a ghlùn. Dh' éirich e suas, thug e 'n t-ath-chrathadh air an t-slabhraidh 's bhris e tinne dh'i. Chual am fhamhair 's a bhéinn-sheilg e.

"Aha!" ars' esan, "Co a b' urrainn mo shlabhraidh-chòmhraig-sa charachadh, ach Iain òg mac an t-saighdeir á Albainn, 's cha 'n 'eil e ach sia bliadhu' diag a dh-aois—tha e ro òg fhathast."

Chuir am fhamhair an t-sitheann air gad, 's thàinig, 's thàinig e dhachaidh.

"An tusa Iain òg mac an t-saighdeir á Albainn?"

"Cha mhi."

"Co thu 's an fhiorachd no 's an fhuarachd no an ceithir rannan ruadh an domhain, a b' urrainn mo shlabhraidh-sa charachadh, ach Iain òg mac an t-saighdeir á Albainn?"

"Tha ioma h-aon an Albainn cho laidir ri Iain òg mac an t-saighdeir, ged a bhiodh an saighdeir leis."

"Tha sid 's an fhàisneachd agam-sa."

"Coma leam 'd é tha 's an fhàisneachd agadsa."

"'D é an dòigh air am math leat thu fhein fhiachainn!"

“An uair a bhithinn fhìn's mo mhàthair thair a chéile, 's a bhiodh toil agam mo thoil fhìn fhaotainn, 's ann an snaimeannan - carachd a bhitheamaid a' fiachainn: uair a gheobhadh i chuid a b'fhearr, 's da uair nach fhaigheadh.”

Rug iad air a chéile, 's bha gramannan cruaidh aca, 's chuir am fhamhair Iain air a ghlùn.

“Tha mi faicinn,” ars' Iain, “gur tu 's treasa.”

“Tha fios gur mì,” ars' am fhamhair.

Chaidh iad an dàil a chéile rithisd, 's bha iad ag caradh 's a' tarrainn a chéile. Bhuail Iain a chas air an fhamhair 's an aobrunn, 's chuir e air slait a dhroma foidhe air an làr e. Ghuidh e gu'm biodh am fith-each aige. Thainig am fith-each gèarr, dubh, 's ghabh e do 'n fhamhair 's an aodunn, 's mu na cluasan, le 'inean, 's le sgiathan, gus an do dhall 's na bhodhair e e. “Am beil tarrainn airm agad a bheir an ceann de 'n bhéisd?”

“Cha 'n 'eil.”

“Cuir do lamh fo m' sgéith dheis-sa, 's gheibh thu corc bheag, bhiorach ann, a bhios agam a' buain nan braonan, 's thoir an ceann d' e.”

Chuir e làmh fo bhun sgiath dheas an fhithich 's fhuair e chore ann, 's thug e 'n ceann de 'n fhamhair.

“Nise, Iain, theid thu stigh far am beil nighean mhòr Ridire Ghrianaig. Bidh i 'g iarradh ort tilleadh, 's gun dol na 's fhaide; ach na toir thusa feairt oirre. Gabh air d' aghart, 's ruigidh tu an nighean mheadhonach, 's bheir thu dhomhsa greim tombaca.”

“Bheir mi sin dut gu dearbh, 's math a choisinn thu e: gheobh thu leth 's na th' agam.”

“Cha 'n fhaigh gu dearbh: is ioma latha fada gu Bealltainn.”

“Nara leigeadh am Fortan gu 'm bi mis' an so gu Bealltainn.”

“Tha fios agad air na tha seachad, ach cha 'n 'eil fios agad air na tha romhad. Faigh uisge blàth, 's glan thu fhéin ann. Gheobh thu ballan-iocshlaint os cionn an doruis, suath ri d' chraiceann e 's theirig a laidhe leat fhéin, 's bidh tu gu slàn, fallain am maireach; 's am maireach gabhaidh tu air d' aghart gu tigh na h-ath té.”

Chaidh e stigh 's rinn e mar a dh' iarr am fith-each air. Chaidh e a laidhe an oidhche sin, 's bha e gu slàn, fallain 's a' mhadainn, an uair a dh' éirich e.

“Is fhèarr dhut tilleadh,” arsa nighean mhòr an ridire, “gun dol na 's fhaide, 's gun thu fhéin a chur an tuilleadh cunnairt; tha gu leòir de dh-òr 's de dh-airgiod an so, 's bheir sinn leinn e, 's tillidh sinn.”

“Cha dian mi sin,” ars' esan, “gabhadh mi air m' aghart.”

Ghabh e air aghart gus an d' ràinig e an tigh 's an robh nighean mheadhonach Ridire Ghrianaig. Chaidh e stigh, 's bha ise 'n a suidhe fuaghal, 's i caoineadh, 's a' miaran fiuch le dedir.

“'D é thug thusa 'n so!”

“'D é thug thu fhéin ann nach fhaodainn-sa tighinn ann?”

“Thugadh mise gun taing ann.”

“Tha fios agam air sin; ach, 'd é chuir a chaoineadh thu?”

“Cha 'n 'eil ach aon oidhche agam gus am feum mi bhi pòsta ris an fhamhair.”

“C'àite am beil am fhamhair?”

“Tha 's a' bhéinn-sheilg.”

“'D è an dòigh a th' air fhaotainn dachaidh?”

“An t-slabhraidh-chòmhraig sin a mach taobh an tighe a chrathadh, 's cha 'n 'eil e 's an fhiorachd no 's an fhuarachd, no an ceithir rannan ruadh an domhain, na chrathas i, ach Iain òg mac an t-saighdeir a Albainn, 's tha e ro òg fhathast;

cha 'n 'eil e ach sia bliadhn' diag dh-aois."

"Tha daoine an Albainn cho làidir ri Iain òg mac an t-saighdeir, ged a bhiodh an saighdeir leis.

Chaidh e mach 's thug e tarrainn air an t-slabhraidh, 's thuit e air a dha ghlùn. Dh' éirich e 's thug e 'n ath tharrainn oirre, 's bhris trì tinneachan. Chual am famhair sid 's a' bhéinn-sheilg.

"Ahà!" ars' esan, 's chuir e an t-sitheann air gad air a ghualainn, 's thàinig e dhachaigh.

"Co a b' urrainn mo shlabhraidh-chòmhraig-sa charachadh, ach Iain òg mac an t-saighdeir á Albainn, 's tha e ro òg fhathast: cha 'n 'eil e ach sia bliadhn' diag a dh-aois."

"Tha daoine an Albainn cho làidir ri Iain òg mac an t-saighdeir, ged a bhiodh an saighdeir leis."

"Tha sid anns an fhaisneachd againne."

"Tha mise coma 'de é tha 's an fhaisneachd agaibhse."

"'D é an dòigh air am math leat thu fhein fhiachainn?"

"Ann an cruaidh ghramannan-carachd."

Rug iad air a chéile 's chur am famhair air a dhà ghlùn e.

"Is leat mo bheatha," ars' Iain, "is tù is treasa na mise. Fiach-amaid car eile."

Dh' fhiach iad a chéile rithist, 's bhuail Iain a shail air an fhamhair, 's an aobrunn, 's chuir e air slait a dhroma air an làr e.

"Fhithich, ars' esan, "bu mhath dallanach dhiot a nis."

Thainig am fitheach, agus dhall a's bhodhair e am famhair, ag gabhail da le 'ghob, le 'inean, 's le 'sgiathan.

"Am beil tarrainn airm agad?"

"Cha 'n 'eil."

"Cuir do làmh aig bun mo sgéithe deise-sa, 's gheobh thu ann corc bheag, bhiorach a bhios agam a' buain nam braonan, 's thoir an ceann d'e."

Chuir e a làmh fo bhun sgiath dheas an fhithich, 's fhnair e corc ann 's thug e 'n ceann de 'n fhamhair.

"Nise théid thu stigh, glanaidh tu fhéin le uisge blàth, gheobh thu am ballan-iocshlaint, suathaidh tu riut fhein e, théid thu laidhe, 's bidh tu gu slàn, fallain am maireach. Bidh i so gun taing na's seòlta, 's nas bialaiche na bha an té roimhe, ag iarraidh ort tilleadh; ach, na toir thusa feairt oirre, 's bheir thu dhomh-sa gréim tombaca."

"Bheir mi sin, 's gu dearbh 's airidh air thu."

Chaidh e stigh 's rinn e mar a dh' iarr am fitheach air. An uair a dh' éirich e an làr n-ath mhaireach, bha e gu slàn fallain.

"Is fhéar dhut tilleadh," arsa nighean mheadhonach an Ridire, 'a gun thu fhéin a chur an tuilleadh cunnairt: tha gu leòir de dh-òr 's de dh-airgiod an so."

"Cha dian mi sin, gabhaidh mi air m' aghart."

Ghabh e air adhart gun an d' ràinig e gus an tigh anns an robh nighean bheag an Ridire. Chaidh e stigh, 's chunnaic e ise fuaghal 's a miaran fluich le a deòir.

"'D é thug thusa 'n so?"

"'D é thug thu fhéin ann, nach fhaodainn-sa tighiun ann?"

"Thugadh mise ann gun taing."

"Tha fios agam air sin."

"An tu Iain òg mac an t-saighdeir á Albainn?"

"Is mi, c'arson a tha thu caoineadh?"

"Cha 'n 'eil de dhàil agam gus am famhair a phòsadh, ach an oidhche so!"

"C'àite am beil e?"

"Tha e 's a' bhéinn-sheilg."

"D é an dòigh a th' air a thoirt dachaigh?"

"An t-slabhraidh-chòmhraig ud a mach a chrathadh."

Chaidh e mach 's thug e crathadh

oirre, 's thuit e air a mhàsan. Dh'éirich e 's thug e an t-ath chrathadh oirre, 's bhrìst e ceithir tinneachan d'i, 's rinn e toirm, mhór. Chual am famhair sid 's a' bhéinn-sheilg, 's chuir o an gad sìthne air a ghualainn.

"Co's an fhiorachd no 's an fhuarachd, no an ceithir rannan ruadh an domhain a b' urrainn mo shlabhraidh-chòmhraig-sachrathadh, ach Iain òg mac an t-saighdeir á Albainn, 's ma 's e th' ann tha mo dhà bhrathair-sa marbh roimhe so."

Thainig e dhachaigh 'n a dheann ag cur an talmhainn air chrith roimhe 's 'n a dheaghaidh!

"An tù Iain òg mac an t-saighdeir?"

"Cha mhì."

"Co's an fhiorachd no 's an fhuarachd, no an ceithir rannan ruadh an domhain, a b' urrainn mo shlabhraidh-chòmhraig-sachrathadh, ach Iain òg mac an t-saighdeir á Albainn 's tha e ro òg fhathast: cha'n 'eil e ach sia bliadhn' diag a dh-aois!"

"Nach ioma h-aon a tha 'n Albainn cho laidir ri Iain òg mac an t-saighdeir, ged a bhiodh an saighdeir leis."

"Cha'n 'eil e 's an fhàisneachd againne."

"Coma leam 'd é tha tha 's an fhàisneachd agaibhse."

"'D é an dòigh air am math leat d' fhiachainn?"

"Suaimeannan cruaidhe, carachd."

Ghlac iad a chéile 's chuir am famhair air a mhàsan e.

"Leig as mi, a's's leat mo bheata."

Rug iad air a cheile rithist, bhuail e shail air an fhamhair 's an aobrunn, 's leag e e air fas mhullach a ghualne, 's air slait a dhroma air an làr.

"Fhithich ghèarr, dhuibh, na'm biodh tu 'n so a nis!"

Cha bu luaithe a' thuirt e am facal na thainig am fitheach. Leadair e

am famhair mu 'n aodann, 's mu na sùilean, 's mu na cluasan, le a ghob, 's le 'inean, 's le 'sgiatan.

"Am beil tarrainn airm agad?"

"Cha 'n 'eil."

"Cuir do làmh fo bhun mo sgeithe deise, 's gheobh thu corc bheag, bhiorach ann a bhios agam a' buain nam braonan, 's thoir an ceann dé."

Rinn e sid.

"Nis," ars' am fitheach, "gabh fois mar a rinn thu 'n raoir; 's an uair a thilleas tu le triuir nighean an Ridire gu bearradh na creige, theid thu fhéin sìos an toiseach, 's theid iadsan sìos ad dheaghaidh, 's bheir thu dhòmhsa grein tombaca."

"Bheir gu dearbh, 's math is airidh air thu: so dhut air fad e."

"Cha ghabh mi ach greim, is ioma latha fada gu Bealltainn: tha fhios agad 'd é tha às do dheaghaidh, ach cha'n 'eil fhios agad 'd é tha romhad."

(*Ri leantainn.*)

—o—

AN CEANNAICHE GLIC.

Tha lionmhorachd sluaigh 's an t-saoghal so a ta le 'n giulan fein a' fireanachadh cosamhlachd an Stiubhairt eucoraich. Tha e air innseadh dhuinn gu 'm bheil "Clann an t-saoghail so 'n an ginealach feiu ni's glìce na clann an t-soluis," agus tha e ro fhior. Ceart dìreach mar 'sin bha 'n ceannaiche glìc air am bheil sinn 'dol a thoirt iomraidh, d' am b' ainm Seumas Mac Uilleim Mhic Alasdair. Bha e a chomhnuidh ann Garaidh-Mhuiltein, far an robh buth mor, deagh thigh, agus teaghlach aige. Bha Seumas Mac Uilleim 'n a dhuine ro churamach, teoma, fad-sheallach, agus mar choimhearsnach bha iomadh deagh bhuaidh air. Bha e cairdeil, comunail, coin-gheallach, agus ro thaitneach ann an comhradh. Bha e, gidheadh, 'n a

nadur fein crion, spiocach, cruaidh, agus fein-speiseil, agus an deigh sin cha soradh e comain a chur air caraid, agus dragh nach bu bheag a ghabhail chum deagh ghnìomh a dheanamh do neach sam bith a bhiodh 'n a eigin. Cha chaomhnadh e saothair na coluinn chum neach a riarachadh, ged nach bu mhaith leis aon sgillin ruadh a chur mach chum neach a theasairginn 's an sgailc a's mo. Bu cheannaich e ann an aon de na h-Eileanaibh ann an aird-an-iar na h-Alba. Bha buth mhor aige ann am meadhon na sgìreachd 's an d' rugadh 's a thogadh e. Cha robh ni, ach beag, fo 'n ghrein nach faighteadh ann am buth Sheumais Mhic Uilleim. Bha i mor, farsuing, le seomar-cuil, agus le seileirean, agus ionada-tasgaidh air an deanamh gu h-ìosal fo 'n urlar. Ceithir thimchioll bha sgeilpichean air an caramh gu riaghailteach, agus air an suidheachadh aig astairean freagarach o cheile le laimh innleachdaich Sheumais fein. Cha robh ionad falamh 's an tigh air fad. Bha gach cuil agus oisinn air an cur gu deagh bhuil. B' eigin do 'n chuis a bhi mar sin, do bhrìgh gu 'n robh bathar de gach uile sheorsa 's a bhuth;—seadh, eudaichean de gach gne, agus gach sgeudachadh a bha feumail do 'n duine o 'bharr gu bonn, o 'n bhoineit gu broig,—gach ni, 'n aon fhocal, air son fir no mna, a thaobh an cinn, an cosan, no an coluinn. Bha leann-laidir, leann-caol, portair, fion-geal agus dearg, beoir-dhubh,—spiorada de gach seorsa,—aran, im, caise, ti, suicar, coffi,—obair-iaruinn, agus mar sin sìos, ann am buth Sheumais. Cha robh seachduinn 's a' bhliadhna anns nach robh Seumas a' faotuinn luchd nan carn de bhathar bog agus cruaidh as an taobh-deas, agus gach seachduin bha e 'cur moran a mach, cuid air chreideas, agus cuid air son airgid ullaimh.

Ge b' e cìod a bhiodh a dhith air duine, bha e cinnteach gu 'n riar-aicheadh Seumas Mac Uilleim e. Re aireimh bhliadhnaichean bha gnothuichean a' soirbheachadh gu grinn, taitneach le Seumas, ach mu dheireadh thainig atharrachadh air cuisibh. Dh' fhas na h-amanna cruaidh. Thog bochduinn a ceann am meag an t-sluaigh. Bha moran diubh gu trom air an saruchadh, agus cha robh iad a' seasamh an creideis, no 'cumail an geallanna ris a' cheannaiche mar anns na bliadhnaibh a dh' fhalbh. Cha 'n 'eil teagamh nach d' thug an airc a's an eigin caochladh mor air nadar nan Gaidheal bhochda. Cha robh e idir co furas doibh creideas a chumail riusan ris an robh iad a' deanamh an gnothuichean fein, agus dh' fhas iad a' chuid 's a chuid ni 's caoin-shuaraiche air an dleasnas a dheanamh air an doigh sin. Ged a chith-eadh an Ceannaichte Glice, mar a theireadh iad ris, ceart co fada troimh 'n cloich-mhuilinn ri duine sam bith eile, gidheadh, b' eigin da moran a thoirt air dail, agus dh' aindeoin a chrìontachd agus a churaim, bha corr is mìle punnd Sasuunach a mach aige, agus dh' fhairtlich air ach neoni fhaotuinn a stigh dheth. Ghnathaich e gach innleachd 'n a chomas chum greim fhaotuinn air na fiachaibh aige, ach fathast cha deachaidh a' chuis leis. Dh' fheuch e ri sodal, ri miodal, agus ri cainnt chiuin, thla, ach cha deanadh sin an gnothuch. Bhagair e, an sin, ceumanna cruaidh a ghabhail, agus mhaoidh e an lagh orra, ach cha robh gnothuichean idir ni b' fhearr, ach moran ui bu mhiosa. An sin, bha 'n ceannaiche bochd ann an cruaidh sgailc; cha 'n e nach robh gu leir aige, oir rinne na mìltean, ach bha a chridhe air a shuidheachadh gu teann air na fiachan a bha aige a mach, agus cha robh sin idir

iongantach, oir co nach bitheadh? Mu dheireadh cha robh e 'faotuinn codal na h-oidhche. Bha e 'dol do 'n leabaidh, ach cha dhunadh e suil. Bha e a' luasgadh a null 's a nall, ag eirigh agus a' luidhe, a' caoidh agus ag osnaich, an nair a bha gach neach 'eile 's an tigh 'n an suain. Bha eagal air a chairdibh gu 'n rachadh e as a rian. Bha na h-uile a' cur beachd air a' chaochladh a thainig air Seumas Mac Uilleim. Bha cuid fo bhron air a shon, agus bha cuid eile caoin-shuarach m'a thimchioll. B'e sin dìreach cleas an t-saoghail. Mu dheireadh thainig innleachd 'n a inntinn, agus smuainich e 'n an rachadh aige air a cur an gnìomh, gu 'm biodh gach nì ceart maille ris fathast. Ach a chum gu 'r tuigear an innleachd so, feumar na meadhonan a mhineachadh trid an do chuireadh an gnìomh i.

Bha leth-sheann bhoirionnach d'am b' ainm Seonaid Nic Ruairidh, a fantuinn ann am bothan beag mar mhìle astair o thigh a' cheannuiche. Bha Seonaid luaineach 'n a nadur, agus a' gabhail mor-thlachd ann a bhi 'taoghal air na h-uile, 'a faotuinn agus a' giulan gach naigheachd fo 'n ghrein. Chuireadh i deagh chaoin air gach comhradh, agus dh' aithriseadh i gach ur-sgeul le deagh riadh ann an cluasaibh gach neach a bheireadh eisdeachd dhi. Cha b' urrainn Seonaid nì sam bith a chealachadh a chluinneadh i, ged a bhiodh e chum dochuinn dhi fhein. Bha da phunnd Shasunnach agus corr beag aig a' cheannaich air Seonaid, ach ged 'bha e cinnteach a's an airgiod aige, aig am sonraichte anns am b' abhaist di cordadh ris, gidheadh b'i Seonaid an t-inneal trid an do steidhich e air an innleachd aige a chur an gnìomh.

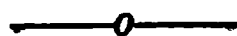
Air la de na laithibh thainig Seonaid a stigh do 'n bhuth, agus chuir i failt air Seumas Mac Uilleim,

aig an robh dha no trì litrichean mora, agus co fada ri broig 'n a laimh. "Failt ort an diugh, a' Sheumais," arsa Seonaid, "Uhh! ubh! is mor na litrichean a th'agad an sin, cha 'n fhac mi an leithid riamh. Cha 'n fheud e bhi nach 'eil naigheachdan an t-saoghail annta sin a thaobh am meud."—"Cha 'n 'eil, a Sheonaid choir," deir an ceannaich, "ach tha naigheachdan gle thaitneach annta d'am thaobh fein, ach cha 'n fheud mi smid a radh mu 'n timchioll car uine, cha 'n fheud,—cha 'n fheud."—"Od! Od! a Sheumais choir, na abair sin idir; tha deagh fhios agad nach mise na h-uile te, agus nach sgaoil mise na naigheachdan agad fhad 's is beo mi,—innis domh, a charaid, ciod a th' ann,—innis domh, oir tha fios agad gu 'm bheil deagh dhurachd agam duit, agus nach thig mi thairis air smid dheth ri neach fo 'n 'ghrein."—"Cha 'n 'eil mi air son sin a dheanamh idir, a' Sheonaid, cha 'n 'eil gun teagamh, ach do bhrìgh gu 'm bheil mi gle eolach ort, agus gu 'm bheil mi lan-chinnteach nach innis thu do chreutair air thalamh e, leigidh mi ris duitse na cuisean mu 'm bheil na litrichean so air an cur 'n am ionnsuidh; ach feuch, a bhan-charaid, gu 'n cum thu an uaigneas e. Tha fios agam, a Sheonaid, gu 'm bi thu anabarrach toilichte a chluinntinn gu 'm bheil mise a nis 'n am dhuine saibhear, oir tha na litrichean so a' cur an ceill domh gu 'n d'fhagadh mìltean gun aireamh anns na h-Innsibh dhomhsa, le brathair athar domh a chaochail an sin. Uime sin, bheir mi gun dail thairis a' bhuth, ceannaichidh mi oighreachd fearainn, agus gabhaidh mi an saoghal gu socaireach tuille. Ach, a' Sheonaid, chum innseadh dhuitse nach aithris e, cuiridh mi an ceill dhuit ciod a tha mi 'cur romham a dheanamh. Tha moran fiachan agam a

mach, a' Sheonaid, tha na miltean, ach cha 'n 'eil anna ach neoni dhomhsa a nis. Tha mi dol a mhaitheadh nam fiach sin do na h-uile mar thiodhlac deagh-ruin uam fein, ach feumaidh iad an toiseach am paigheadh, agus an ceann miosa an deigh sin, bheir mi do gach neach gach sgillin diubh air ais a ris, an uair a thig iad an rathad. Ach, air na chunnaic thu riamh, a' Sheonaid, na tig air so do neach sam bith, oir cha 'n 'eil mi 'g iarraidh a bhi 'g eigheach aig oisinnibh nan sraid an gnìomh beag so, a tha mi 'cur romham a dheanamh. Faiceam do chunntas beag fein, a Sheonaid,—tha e 's an leabhar so,—seadh,—so e,—direach da phunnd is sea tasdain. Cha 'n 'eil ann nach neoni. So dhuit, a' Sheonaid choire, tri puinnd Shasunnach, agus gearraidh mi mach as an leabhar thu. Ni mi an cleas ceudna ris na h-uile, an uair a dh' iocas iad na fiachan aca, agus a thaoghlas iad orm an ceann mhiosa an deigh sin ; ach, mar a thubhairt mi, a Sheonaid choir, cum so uile agad fein. Dh' fhalbh Seonaid gu surdail, sunndach leis na tri puinnd Shasunnach 'n a dorn, agus mu 'n deachaidh i dhachaidh, chaidh i do thri aitean fa leth le gairdeachas a dh'innseadh mu 'n fhortan a thainig air Seumas Mac Uilleim, agus mar bha e 'runachadh a dheanamh ri 'luchd-fiach! Is maith a bha fios aig a' cheannaich ciod a dheanadh Seonaid, agus gu 'm biodh an naigheachd air a sgaoileadh am fad 's am farsuing mu 'n rachadh da la seachad. Ach a nis, chum an sgeul a dheanamh goirid, shoirbhich gach ni leis an innleachd so a dhealbh an ceannaich. Bha 'bhuth aig Seumas Mac Uilleim Mhic Alasdair lan sluaigh gach la an deigh sin, agus gach neach ag iocadh nam fiach air muin a 'cheile gu toilichte, agus a' gabhail na slighe dhachaidh. An uair a chualadh an

sgeul, agus gu sonraichte an gnìomh cairdeis a bha 'n ceannaich gu dheanamh, ri'n gach neach air an robh fiachan aige strith chruidh air an airgiod a chruinneachadh, le bhi 'g a gabhail an iasad, agus le innleachdaibh eile, gus mu 'n deachaidh mios uine seachad, nach robh sgillin ruadh aig Seumas Mac Uilleim air anam beo ! Ach feudar a smuaineachdh gu 'm bu mhor mealladh-dochais nan uile, an uair nach cualas riamh guth air an airgiod fhaotuinn air ais. Cha robh greim no gealladh aca air, agus cha d'fhuair an ceannaich ach a dhlighe fein. Gidheadh cha d'rinn e gu ceart, agus cha ruigeadh leas duil a bhi aige gu 'm biodh beannachd an Fhreusdail air fein, no air a' chuid. Cha robh treibh-dhireas no firinn anns an innleachd a rinn e. Cha robh idir. Ghnathaich e seoltachd an Stiubhairt eucoraich, agus le sin ghlac e an cothrom gu buannachd a dheanamh a faoineachd agus miann boirionnaich ghoileamaich, chum a ruinte fein a chur air an aghaidh. Rinn e an ni sin a bha peacach ann fein chum a leas aimsireil fein a chur air aghaidh. Cha b' fhad gus an d'fhuaradh a mach an innleachd eucorach aige, agus mar dhioghaltas air a shon, rinn muinntir na duthcha air fad an cinn a chur r'a cheile nach ceannaicheadh iad ni sam bith tuilleadh a' bith Sheumais Mhic Alasdair. Ni mo a rinn iad. Sheas iad uile gu daingean anns an run so, agus chaidh am bathar aig a' cheannuich a chuid 's a chuid a dholaidh 'n a bluth. B' eigin da mu dheireadh an dorus a dhunadh, agus air da a bhi air a mhaslachadh ann an sgrìeachd a bhreith dh'fhag e an duthaich, thug e na talmhainnean a mach air, agus cha chualas riamh iomradh air ciod a dh'eirich dha.

SGIATHANACH.

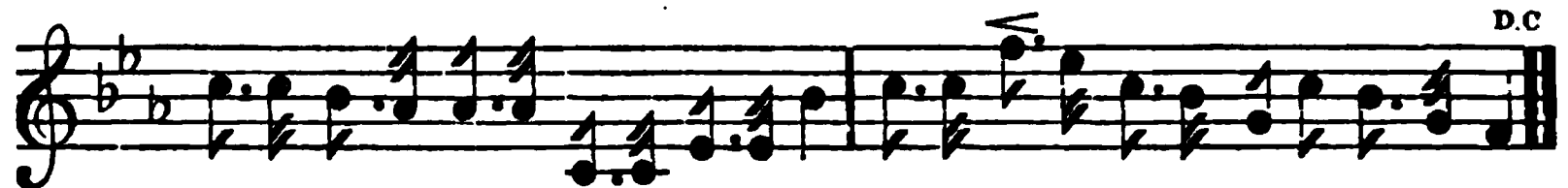


KEY E Flat.

MAIRI LAGHACH.

Lively.

| R., r:m., r:r.d | L., l:d., d:s | L., l:s., f:m.d | R., r:f., s:l



| L., l:s., f:f., f | L., l:d., d:s | L., l:r¹., d¹:l., s | M.l:s., m:r

SEID.—Ho, mo Mhairi laghach,
'S tu mo Mhairi bhinn;
Ho, mo Mhairi laghach,
'S tu mo Mhairi ghrinn:
Ho, mo Mhairi laghach,
'S tu mo Mhairi bhinn,
Mhairi bhoidheach, lurach,
Rugadh anns na Glinn.

B'og bha mis' a's Mairi
'M fasaichean Ghlinn-smeoil,
'N uair chuir macan *Venus*,
Saighead gheur am fheoil;
Tharraing sinn ri cheile,
Ann an eud cho beo,
'S nach robh air an t-saoghal,
A thug gaol cho mor.

'S tric bha mis' a's Mairi,
Falbh nam fasach fial,
Gun smaointean air fal-bheairt,
Gun chail gu droch ghnìomh:
Cupid ga n-ar taladh
Ann an cairdeas dian;
'S barr nan craobh mar sgail duinn,
'N uair a b' aird' a' ghrian.

Ged bu leamsa Albainn,
A h-airgiod a's a maoin,
Cia mar bhithinn sona
Gun do chomunn gaoil?
B' annsa bhi ga d' phogadh,
Le deadh choir dhomh fein,
Na ged fhaighinn storas,
Na Roinn-Eorp' gu leir.

Tha do bhroilleach soluis,
Lan do shonus graidh;
Uchd a's gile sheallas,
Na 'n eal' air an t-suamh:

Tha do mhin-shlios, fallain,
Mar chanach a' cha'ir;
Muineal mar an fhaoileann
Fo 'n aodann a's aillt'.

Tha d'fhalt bachlach, dualach,
Mu do chluais a' fas,
Thug nadur gach buaidh dha,
Thar gach gruaig a bha:
Cha 'n eil dragh, no tuairgne,
'N a chuir suas gach la;
Chas gach ciabh mu 'n cuairt deth,
'S e 'n a dhuail gu 'bharr,

Tha do chailc-dheud snaighte
Mar shneachda nan ard;
D'anail mar an caineal;
Beul o 'm banail failt:
Gruaidh air dhreach an t-siris;
Min raisg chinnealt, thla;
Mala chaol gun ghruaman,
Gnuis gheal, 's cuach-fhalt ban.

Thug ar n-uabhar barr
Air ailleas rìghrean mor,
'S iad ar leabaidh stata,—
Duillich 's barr an fheoir:
Fluraichean an fhasaich
'Toirt dhuinn cail a's treoir,
A's sruthain ghlan nan ard
A chuireadh slaint 's gach por.

Cha robh inneal ciuil,
A thuradh riamh fo 'n ghrein,
A dh' aithriseadh air choir,
Gach ceol bhiodh againn fein:
Uiseag air gach lonan,
Smeorach air gach geig;
Cuthag a's gug-gug aic',
'Madainn churaidh Chéit.

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CLUNY MACPHERSON OF 1745.

Cluny, chief of the Clan Chattan (Macpherson), and Lochiel, chief of the Clan Cameron, of the "Forty-five," will long live in history on account of their gallantry, noble devotion, and sufferings. The "gentle Lochiel," contrary to his own sober convictions and views of expediency, was carried captive by the personal graces of Prince Charles at their first interview, and soon after, Lochiel led captive into the same desperate enterprise his relative, the gallant Cluny Macpherson, who was then captain in the king's army. His company was then stationed at Ruthven Castle; and Cluny being in his own castle at the time, Prince Charles proposed that a detachment should be sent to seize the "rebel chief," as the prince designated him. The order was given, and Lochiel was commissioned to execute it. It was no doubt a daring enterprise to attempt making prisoner of a chief in his own castle, in the midst of his own clan, and Lochiel found it expedient to send a detachment consisting of *one man*, who surprised Cluny, and brought him prisoner to the prince, it is supposed, of his own consent; and the prince readily pardoned Cluny's past treasons on his joining his own standard. Afterwards, Cluny accompanied the prince to Edinburgh, was present with his regiment at the battle of Prestonpans, followed him to England, and had the rear-guard in the skirmish of Clifton. At Clifton or Penrith, with about 600

Macphersons, he put two regiments of Cumberland's dragoons to flight.

On the fatal day of Culloden, the gallant Macphersons and their green invincible banner were within a few miles march of the battle-field, and had they come up to take their place beside their kindred clan Mackintosh, and joined in their gallant onset, in all probability the result would have been a very different one. After Culloden, Cluny was the object of Cumberland's special vengeance, and he left no means untried to get him into his meshes; but such was the devoted fidelity of Cluny's clan and countrymen to his person and fortunes, that for the long space of nine years he lived among his people in Laggan, a concealed fugitive, making many narrow escapes from the fangs of his pursuers. On one occasion, when residing at a gentleman's house in Laggan, a party of soldiers were seen approaching; escape seemed impossible. Quickly equipping himself in the habiliments of one of the gillies of the house, with hands and face blackened, and with head and legs bared, *à la gillie*, he went out to meet his pursuers. The officer gave him his horse to keep, while he and his party pursued the search for the chief within the house, and rewarded him with half-a-crown for his pains when the search was over. For a long time he had a small hiding-hole formed in a wooded hill, of sticks and turf, with so much art, that the soldiers stationed in the district knew his concealment was near them, and kept a good look

out, but were never able to discover his place of retreat. On one occasion, the military got information of the old gentleman being unearthed and felt certain of securing their prey, but a faithful clansman was before them. Wrapping him in a plaid, the domestics hastily carried him in the brushwood which skirted the river until the red-coats entered the castle, when the chief was consigned to his place of security. Shortly after, a prattling member of the clan tumbled by accident through the roof of his chief's bower. "What," exclaimed the man in astonishment, "is this you, Cluny? I am glad to see you." "But I am not glad to see you, Donald," replied the chief. The clansman vowed secrecy; but Cluny, knowing his prattling tongue and lack of discretion, lost no time in changing his abode—a prudent precaution, for next day his pursuers visited his deserted haunt. Cluny, in the fashion of other chiefs and nobles, had more than one seat. For a time, a miserable hovel, or cave, at Melanuir, formed his retreat; and a very romantic habitation, called "the Cage," in Benalder, which was fitted up for Prince Charles's reception, for some time formed his covert. Cluny describes it thus:—"It was situated in the face of a very rough, high, and rocky mountain, called Letternilichk, still a part of Benalder, full of great stones and crevices, and some scattered wood interspersed. The habitation called 'the Cage,' in the face of that mountain, was within a small thick bush of wood. There were first some rows of trees laid down, in order to level a floor for the habitation; and as the place was steep, this raised the lower side to an equal height with the other; and these trees, in the way of joists or planks,

were levelled with earth and gravel. There were, betwixt the trees, growing naturally on their own roots, some stakes fixed in the earth, which, with the trees, were interwoven with ropes, made of heath and birch twigs, up to the top of the Cage, it being of a round, or rather oval shape; and the whole thatched and covered over with fog. This whole fabric hung, as it were, by a large tree, which reclined from the one end all along the roof to the other, and which gave it the name of the Cage; and by chance there happened to be two stones at small distances from one another, on the side next the precipice, resembling the pillars of a chimney, where the fire was placed. The smoke had its vent out here, all along the face of the rock, which was so much of the same colour, that one could discover no difference in the clearest day. The case was no larger than to contain six or seven persons, four of whom were frequently employed playing at cards, one idly looking out, one baking, and the other cooking." It may be here stated, that Cluny did not leave Scotland from his "dreary and hopeless state of existence," but in compliance with a special request made to him by Prince Charles in a Letter to Cluny, 4th September, 1754.—*Lectures on the Mountains.*

OUR HERRING HARVEST.—It is estimated that the total catch of herrings in Scotland this year will amount to 940,000 barrels, valued at about £1,500,000.

THE KEBBAC STONE.—Where the counties of Nairn and Inverness divide, is a stone, called in Gaelic, *Clach na Cabboc*; or, in English or Scotch, Kebbac Stone. The tradition is that it is laid over the body of a chief who was there buried. Two chiefs quarrelled in Inverness about a cheese, fought together on this spot, and one of them was killed and buried here.

DEATH OF A KINTYRE MAN IN NEW ZEALAND.

A very melancholy case of sudden death occurred on the 16th July last to Mr. Walter Lorne Campbell, of Waimarama, near Napier, New Zealand, son of Walter Campbell, Esq., of Skipness Castle, Kintyre. The deceased, who was twenty-nine years of age, was busily employed in assisting his men to raft a quantity of timber for fencing posts down the Tuki Tuki River, the water being exceedingly cold at the time. Mr. Campbell probably over-exerted himself, and was much fatigued by the time the work was completed, and died shortly afterwards. The cause of death, as elicited in evidence at the inquest—of which the friend and countryman of the deceased, J. H. Campbell, Esq., Resident Magistrate of Waiapu, brother to the present Laird of Balnaby, Islay, was the former—was prolonged exposure to cold and wet. The deceased was widely known and much respected, and his loss will be generally felt. His funeral was largely attended. The following lines on the death of Mr. Campbell appeared in one of the local papers, the *Hawke's Bay Herald*, a few days after his death :—

It was not in his father's home he died ;
On no soft pillow was his head reclining ;
For him no mother wept, no sister sighed,
No lamp was o'er his dying moments shining.

Dark was the stormy night, and bleak the winds
That, urged by fierce and wintry gusts, were blowing ;
And skies where Summer nigh each season finds
Repose perennial, chilled by frost were snowing.

Close by the river's dark and turbid tide
He had laid down exhausted, faint, and weary ;
For aid the clansman galloped from his side,
Through flooded streams, o'er pathways wild and dreary,

Haste rider ! haste ! Low on his pebbly bed
Thy chieftain, sprung of Lorne's fam'd house, is lying.
Chill weep the skies o'er his uncovered head,
Whilst through his naked locks rude winds are sighing.

And on his pale cheek, through the drifting cloud,
The Southern Cross looks sad—fast disappearing ;
Whilst the wild waters, sounding hoarse and loud,
With swelling waves, the prostrate Gael are nearing.

They come ! they come ! swift gliding down the stream,
Brave boatmen speed, and urge the splashing paddle ;
They search the shore ; the lantern's flickering gleam
Betrays his steed—no rider in its saddle.

Here rests the Gael ! They gaze upon his brow
That lies, half buried, 'neath the surging river.
And all is peace !—His lips are breathless now,
His stagnant pulse hath ceased to throb for ever.

We saw him buried—round the closing tomb
The throng of mourners, white and sable, gathers.
Silent he sleeps, cut down in youthful bloom,
Far from the graves and ashes of his fathers.

THE GAELIC CHAIR.

The opening address of the Edinburgh University Celtic Society was delivered by Professor John S. Blackie. The chair was occupied by Mr. Macdonald, of the High School. The earlier portion of the Professor's lecture was devoted to the advocacy of his favourite project for the establishment of a Gaelic chair in the University, which, he argued, would be a great gain to philology. He afterwards gave a learned dissertation on the nature of the language, which, he said, was the most musical he knew, adding that the result of his investigations would be soon given in book form. The Professor having resumed his seat amid cheering, Principal Sir Alex. Grant returned thanks for the lecture, which, he said, combined much learning, wit, and real wisdom. What struck him most was the Professor's able refutation of the shallow arguments which had been devised for the purpose of depreciating the value of the Gaelic language. That it was not a disadvantage for a people to be bi-lingual, his own experience showed, although it was best for a child to learn first to speak in its mother tongue. It had been determined at the Education Board that Gaelic children should for a time have the English class-books explained in their own language, a measure which he hoped would prevent the early demise of the Gaelic speech. The Principal felt considerable satisfaction in having been connected with that piece of educational policy, and his satisfaction would be increased on the foundation of a Gaelic chair in the University. It would, indeed, be a great day when a chair was established, by which the Gaelic and cognate Celtic languages would, by being collected and placed on record, be preserved

to the world. The chairman remarking that hitherto the power of littles had been too much neglected, explained a scheme by which he thought the sum requisite could be easily obtained. There were, he said, at least a thousand men in the country who would willingly subscribe £1 annually for five years, while he thought the Professor would soon get the other £5000. After a few remarks from the chairman, Professor Blackie acknowledged the vote of thanks accorded him, and the meeting separated.

At a recent meeting of the General Council of the University of Edinburgh, Professor Blackie made a verbal report as to the steps taken in furtherance of the scheme to establish a Celtic Chair in the University. In doing so, the Professor stated that he had got favourable answers from some distinguished Celtic proprietors to the amount of some £400 or £500, but he did not see why £4000 or £5000 should not be raised before this year was out. He would go on for two years, and if he did not get £6000 by that time of the £10,000 needed, he would give up his agitation. Professor Macgregor moved that the committee be reappointed. He said he knew of a case of a gentleman who had £5000, which he wanted to lay out in endowing a Celtic Chair; but nobody applied to him for it, and Dr. Duff went down like a whirlwind wanting money for India, and got the £5000. Recently a gentleman, a good friend of the Highlands, undertook to become good for £1000; but from year to year his offer was not availed of, and there was a danger that his patience might wear out, for though Highlandmen were no doubt admirable men, they were not more patient than others. If he might be allowed

to make a suggestion, he thought they should try to dissociate the movement for this Chair from mere Scottish points, and talk about the virtues of the Celts, and put the movement on its proper foundation, namely, the desirableness that in Britain, comprising four Celt nations and tongues, this recognised branch of philological study should be promoted. He concluded by remarking that they were under great obligations to Professor Blackie for having taken up the movement with so much enthusiasm. (Applause.) Mr. Taylor Innes seconded the motion, which was carried unanimously.

[Since the above was in type, Professor Blackie has succeeded in adding several hundred pounds to his subscription list.—ED. GAEL.]

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HIGHLAND SECOND-SIGHT.

The second-sight is a singular faculty of seeing an otherwise invisible object, without any previous means used by the person that uses it for that end; the vision makes such a lively impression upon the seers, that they neither see nor think of anything else, except the vision, as long as it continues; and then they appear pensive or jovial, according to the object which was represented to them.

At the sight of a vision, the eyelids of the person are erected, and the eyes continue staring until the object vanish. This is obvious to others who are by, when the persons happen to see a vision, and occurred more than once to my own observation, and to others who were with me.

There is one in Skye, of whom his acquaintance observed, that when he sees a vision, the inner part of his eyelids turn so far upwards, that after the object disappears he must draw them down with his fingers, and sometimes employs others to draw them down, which he finds to be the much easier way.

This faculty of the second-sight does not lenially descend in a family, as some imagine, for I know several parents who are endowed with it, and *vice versa*; neither is it acquired by any previous

compact. And, after a strict inquiry, I could never learn that this faculty was communicative any way whatsoever.

The seer knows neither the object, time, nor place of a vision, before it appears; and the same object is often seen by different persons living at a considerable distance from one another. The true way of judging as to the time and circumstance of an object is by observation; for several persons of judgment, without this faculty, are more capable to judge of the design of a vision than a novice that is a seer. If an object appear in the day or night it will come to pass sooner or later accordingly.

If an object is seen early in a morning (which is not frequent), it will be accomplished in a few hours afterwards. If at noon, it will commonly be accomplished that very day. If in the evening, perhaps that night; if after candles be lighted, it will be accomplished that night; the latter always in accomplishment, by weeks, months, and sometimes years, according to the time of night the vision is seen.

When a shroud is perceived about one, it is a sure prognostic of death; the time is judged according to the height of it about the person; for if it is seen above the middle, death is not to be expected for the space of a year, and perhaps some months longer; and as it is frequently seen to ascend higher towards the head, death is concluded to be at hand within a few days, if not hours, as daily experience confirms. Examples of this kind were shown me, when the persons of whom the observations were made enjoyed perfect health.

One instance was lately foretold by a seer that was a novice, concerning the death of one of my acquaintance; this was communicated to a few only, and with great confidence: I being one of the number, did not in the least regard it until the death of the person, about the time foretold, did confirm me of the certainty of the prediction. The novice mentioned above is now a skilful seer, as appears from many late instances; he lives in the parish of St. Mary, the most northern in Skye.

If a woman is seen standing at a man's left hand, it is a presage that she will be his wife, whether they be married to others, or unmarried, at the time of the apparition.

If two or three women are seen at once near a man's left hand, she that is next to him will undoubtedly be his wife

first, and so on, whether all three, or the man, be single or married at the time of the vision or not; of which there are several late instances among those of my acquaintance. It is an ordinary thing for them to see a man that is to come to the house shortly after; and if he is not of the seer's acquaintance, yet he gives such a lively description of his stature, complexion, habit, &c., that upon his arrival he answers the character given him in all respects.

If the person so appearing be one of the seer's acquaintance, he will tell his name, as well as other particulars; and he can tell by his countenance whether he comes in a good or bad humour.

I have been seen thus myself by seers of both sexes, at some hundred miles' distance; some that saw me in this manner had never seen me personally, and it happened according to their visions, without any previous design of mine to go to those places, my coming there being purely accidental.

It is ordinary with them to see houses, gardens, and trees in places void of all three; and this in progress of time comes to be accomplished: as at Mogshot, in the isle of Skye, where there were but a few sorry cow-houses, thatched with straw, yet in a very few years after the vision, which appeared often, was accomplished, by the building of several good houses on the very spot represented by the seers, and by the planting of orchards there.

To see a spark of fire fall upon one's arm or breast, is a forerunner of a dead child to be seen in the arms of those persons, of which there are several fresh instances.

To see a seat empty at the time of one's sitting in it, is a presage of that person's death soon after.

When a novice, or one that has lately obtained the second-sight, sees a vision in the night-time without doors, and comes near a fire, he presently falls into a swoon.

Some find themselves, as it were, in a crowd of people, having a corpse, which they carry along with them; and after such visions the seers come in sweating, and describe the people that appeared: if their be any of their acquaintance among them, they give an account of their names, as also of the bearers, but they know nothing concerning the corpse.

All those who have the second-sight do not always see these visions at once,

though they be together at the time. But if one who has this faculty designedly touch his fellow-seer at the instant of a vision's appearing, then the second sees it as well as the first; and this is sometimes discerned by those that are near them on such occasions.—*Martin.*

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HIGHLANDERS AT FONTENOY.

In a pamphlet entitled "The conduct of the Officers at Fontenoy considered," speaking of the exertions of the Duke of Cumberland, the author says, that "His Royal Highness was everywhere; and could not, without being on the spot, have cheered the Highlander, who, with his broadsword, killed nine men, and making a stroke at the tenth, had his arm shot off, by a promise of something better than the arm, he, the duke, saw drop from him." On this occasion, the Duke of Cumberland was so struck with the conduct of the Highlanders, and concurred so cordially in the esteem which they had secured to themselves, both from friends and foes, that wishing to show some mark of his approbation, he desired it to be intimated to them that he would be happy to grant the men any favour which they choose to ask, and which he could concede, as a testimony of the good opinion he had formed of them. The reply was worthy so handsome an offer. After expressing acknowledgments for the condescension of the commander-in chief, the men assured him no favour he could bestow could gratify them so much as a pardon for one of their comrades, a soldier of the regiment, who had been tried by a court-martial, for allowing a prisoner to escape, and was under sentence of a heavy corporeal punishment, which, if inflicted, would bring disgrace upon them all, and on their families and country. The favour of course was instantly granted. The nature of this request, the feeling which suggested it, and, in short, the general qualities of the corps, struck the duke with the more force, as at the time he had not been in Scotland, and had no means of knowing their character, unless, indeed, he had formed his opinion from the common ribaldry of the times, when it was the fashion to consider the Highlander "as a fierce and savage depredator, speaking a barbarous language, and inhabiting a barren and gloomy region, which fear and prudence forbade all strangers to enter."

BELTANE EVE.

“ Now the sun's gone out of sight,
 Beet the ingle, snuff the light;
 In glens the faries skip and dance,
 And witches wallop o'er to France.”

RAMSAY.

Beltane is derived from two Gaelic words conjoined: “*Paletin*,” signifying Pale's fire, and not *Baal's fire*, as some suppose. It is a night of considerable importance and of much anxiety to the Highland farmer, as being the grand anniversary review night, on which all the tribes of witches, warlocks, wizards, and fairies, in the kingdom, are to be reviewed by Satan and his chief generals in person, and new candidates admitted into infernal orders. When such a troop, under such a commander, are let loose upon the community, it is natural to suppose that much misery and devastation will follow in their train; and when rewards are only conferred on those most consummate in wickedness, and those most adept in cutting diabolical cantrips, it is natural for every honest man to feel anxious that they may not obtain promotion at his expense. In order, therefore, to be perfectly secure from the machinations of so dangerous a society, every prudent man will resort to those safeguards that will keep them at the staff's end. Messengers are therefore dispatched to the woods for cargoes of the blessed rowan tree, the virtues of which are well known. Being formed into the shape of a cross, by means of a red thread, the virtues of which too are very eminent, those crosses are, with all due solemnity, inserted in the different door-lintels in the town, and protect those premises from the cantrips of the most diabolical witch in the universe. Care should also be taken to insert one of them in the

midden, which has at all times been a favourite site of *rendezvous* with the black sisterhood. This cheaply purchased precaution once observed, the people of those countries will now go to bed as unconcernedly, and sleep as soundly, as on any other night.

While those necessary precautions are in preparation, the matron or housekeeper is employed in a not less interesting avocation to the juvenile generation, i.e. baking the Beltane bannocks. Next morning the children are presented each with a bannock, with as much joy as an heir to an estate his title deeds; and having their pockets well lined with cheese and eggs, to render the entertainment still more sumptuous, they hasten to the place of assignation, to meet the little band assembled on the brow of some sloping hill, to reel their bannocks, and learn their future fate. With hearty greetings they meet, and with their knives make the signs of life and death on their bannocks. These signs are a cross, or the sign of life, on the one side; and a cypher, or the sign of death, on the other. This being done, the bannocks are all arranged in a line, and on their edges let down the hill. This process is repeated three times, and if the cross most frequently present itself, the owner will live to celebrate another Beltane day; but if the cypher is oftenest uppermost, he is doomed to die of course. This sure prophecy of short life, however, seldom spoils the appetites of the unfortunate short-livers, who will handle their knives with as little signs of death as their more fortunate companions. Assembling round a rousing fire of collected heath and brushwood, the ill-fated bannocks are soon demolished, amidst the cheering and jollity of the youthful association.—*W. Grant Stewart.*

NEWS OF THE HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS.

TOMINTOUL—ORDINATION.—The Rev. A. L. Balfour has been ordained to the above parish.

BRODICK.—The Rev. Malcolm M'Lean, assistant to Rev. Dr. Burns, Glasgow, has been presented by the Duke of Hamilton to the above parish.

FOSS.—The Rev. Alexander Carmichael of Knock, Lewis, has accepted a call to be assistant and successor to the Rev. J. Armstrong of Foss.

TOBERMORY—DEATH OF A CENTENARIAN.—The remains of a venerable old lady—Mrs. Macarthur, relict of the late Dr. Macarthur, for many years minister of the parish of Tobermory—were last week consigned to their last resting place in the parish churchyard. The lady is said to have been born in 1773, and till within a very short period of her death, she had full possession of her faculties, and for many years before it she scarcely knew a day's illness.

SIR JAMES MATHESON AND EDUCATION IN THE LEWS.—At a meeting of the Board of Education, Mr. Ramsay, who had been deputed to visit the Island of Lewis and a number of parishes in the Highlands and Islands, where it was proposed to erect schools for a small number of children, submitted a series of reports on these places. At Stornoway he had held a joint meeting of the School Boards of Lochs, Stornoway, Barvas, and Uig—Sir James Matheson in the chair. The main difficulty which these Boards had to encounter was to provide for the instruction of the children during the interval that must elapse before the new schools can be opened. Mr. Ramsay informed them that they could not legally pay out of the rates the expense of supporting the existing denominational schools and the salaries of the teachers, whether certificated or not. As these schools cannot be continued longer without assistance, and and their discontinuance would leave the island virtually without any provision for the education of the young, Sir James Matheson had in the most liberal manner not only paid the additional sums already expended in supporting the schools in question, but had offered to continue his assistance until these schools should be superseded by those which the School Boards proposed to erect under the Education Act. The Board agreed to express their gratification with the generous manner in which Sir James had acted in this matter. [We could believe in Sir

James Mathieson's doing nothing but that which would be honourable to his head and heart, and we are glad to see that his generosity is still so worthily exercised and as worthily acknowledged. —ED. GAEL.]

GRANTOWN.—An old man, who was believed to have seen a century, died lately at Grantown. He was a native of Badenoch, named Alexander Forbes, but better known as "Noah." In January, 1800, he was one of the search party that explored Gaick Forest on the memorable occasion when the "Black Officer" and his companions were so mysteriously swept away in that wintry tempest. Deceased was a very active and industrious old man.

DINNER TO CLUNY MACPHERSON'S TENANTRY AT KINGUSSIE.—On Wednesday evening, 24th November, Cluny Macpherson entertained a large number of his tenantry and others to dinner in the Duke of Gordon's Hotel, Kingussie. The dinner was given by the worthy Chief in acknowledgment of the enthusiasm and good-will manifested towards the Cluny family by the Badenoch people on the occasion of the marriage of his youngest daughter to Captain Fitz-Roy, R.A. Interesting and appropriate addresses were delivered by various gentlemen, and a most enjoyable evening was passed.

SIR DONALD MACLEAN, NEW ZEALAND.—The Hon. Donald Maclean, Minister for Native Affairs in New Zealand, and who is a Companion of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, has been raised to the higher grade of Knight Commander of that most distinguished order, as a special mark of his Sovereign's approval of the manner in which, as member of the present Ministry, he has aided in preserving peace in the colony, and in promoting friendly relationship between its European and native inhabitants. There is, perhaps, no man in the Australian colonies upon whom such honour could have been more justly conferred. Throughout his life as a colonist, and especially during his tenure of office as Defence Minister, Mr. Maclean has been to the colony and to the Crown of greater service than might have been the expenditure of millions and the presence of an armed host; and upon his elevation to the dignity of knight, he will, no doubt, be congratulated by his fellow Ministers, by the members of both Houses of Assembly, and by the people of the colony generally.—*New Zealand Times*.

GAELIC SOCIETY OF LONDON.—A meeting of the members and friends of the above Society was held on Tuesday evening—the President (Mr. Colin Chisholm) in the chair. Dr. A. Halley read an interesting paper on “The Distinctions of the Gaelic Race.” He warmly eulogised the Gaelic, and said he believed that the primary language was the Gaidhealg, or oldest original stock of the Celtic root.

MARRIAGE OF MISS MACPHERSON OF CLUNY.—On the 29th October, the marriage of Miss Lucy Jenetta Julia Macpherson, to Captain Edward Albert Fitz-Roy, R.A., was celebrated at Cluny Castle, the spacious old mansion situated nine miles above Kingussie, in a romantic garden slope among the rugged mountains of Badenoch. Nine years ago the last marriage rejoicings at Cluny Castle called forth a wide and cordial expression of popular esteem; and the demonstrations were repeated on this occasion to an equal extent and with similar enthusiasm.

THE POST OF HONOUR.—In the warfare of this world it is often wise to hold for a time positions which are not really defensible. We all quote, with approbation, the example of the old Scottish warrior who, ordered to hold an untenable redoubt on the field of Steinkirk, went to his death with the words, “The will of the Lord be done.”—*Lecture of Mr. Grant-Duff.* [The “Scottish warrior” alluded to was General Mackay, of Scowrie, who was killed at the disastrous battle of Steinkirk, July 24, 1692. He had been ordered to a post which he saw could not be maintained, and his men would be sacrificed. He sent back his opinion about it, but the former orders were confirmed, so he advanced to his death, saying only “The will of the Lord be done.”]

PROPOSED INVERNESS AND GLASGOW RAILWAY.—A pamphlet has been issued by Mr. Simon Macbean, C.E., Westminster (son of Bailie Macbean, Inverness), proposing the construction of a line of railway from Inverness through the Great Glen and Glencoe to Garelochhead, the present terminus of the Glasgow, Dumbarton, and Helensburgh Railway. By this line, says Mr. Macbean, a traveller could leave Inverness at six in the morning, arrive in Glasgow at eleven o'clock, transact business for two hours, and “return to Inverness at six p.m. comfortably, not travelling at greater speed between stations than forty miles an hour”—a very high rate of speed, it

may be remarked, for a single line in the Highlands. The scheme includes a branch line to Kyle Rhea, through Invergarry, so as to tap the Skye and West Coast traffic. Preliminary estimates for the main line amount to £1,542,000, or with the branch line, two million pounds, which is at the rate of £10,600 per mile. Of course, as the writer says, a railway through the Great Glen would open up the country. So would a line in any district whatever; but the question is, would this line pay? Recent extensions north and west have not afforded much encouragement in the shape of dividends; and we suspect that the proposed line through the Great Glen is meantime entirely chimerical. The cost is enormous, and there is no indication of a single subscription having been offered.—*Inverness Courier.*

CURIOUS CASE OF SUPERSTITION.—Many people entertain the belief that superstition may now be classed among the things of the past, but the following instance will show that, although in a state of decay, it is not yet dead among the lower orders of the community:—A widow woman, about fifty-eight years of age, residing at Causer, in Abernethy, had the misfortune a short time ago to lose her husband. About fourteen years ago she married John Forbes, Coulnafadh, Abernethy, who was twenty years her senior, but at the time he was the occupant of a small farm. A few years thereafter Forbes became bankrupt and had to retire from the farm, when he became a subject of the Parochial Board, his wife being paid for attending him, and for some years past both resided in the Parochial lodging-house. About two months ago Forbes threw off this mortal coil, and was buried according to custom. Shortly after his demise his widow informed some of her neighbours that her old husband was coming back again, that he appeared to her in bodily shape, and that he made a great noise, turning up articles of furniture, and blowing out the light. She became so much alarmed at these nocturnal visitations that she secured the services of another woman to watch with her, but she became so frightened by the weird-like stories of the widow that she refused to act as her body guard any longer, and the dead man continued his visits unmolested. The dejected widow could not bear the unnatural intrusion any longer, and in conformity with the practice of wise men of old, she

employed a famous piper, who was to blow up his pipes the moment her departed spouse put in an appearance. This, we are happy to state, had the desired effect ; after keeping up music and dancing for several successive nights, the old man disappeared, let us hope never to return.

EXTRAORDINARY FEAT.—It is stated (says the *Mail*) that a young gentleman, who is at present staying in Dunvegan Castle, Skye, wagered one evening last week with some Englishmen staying in the Castle that he would run from the Castle to a certain pool on the river four miles distant, fish a grilse out of it, and be back at the Castle with the fish in 15 minutes ! He got his tackle ready and started for the fishing pool—men being stationed along the way to see that the undertaking was properly carried out—and, extraordinary to relate, he was back at the Castle, with a grilse he fished out of the pool before eye witnesses, before 13 minutes were expired !

HIGHLAND SCENERY.—**LOCH MAREE.**—One place of extraordinary wild grandeur is Loch Maree, eighteen miles long (fresh water), full of islands, and surrounded by mountains, peaked or sharp-edged, and half way from the top, white as chalk, and without a blade of grass or any sign of vegetation. I never saw a wilderness before. The region is a deer forest ; no sheep, nothing but game and wild deer. A forest it had been, and the remains add terribly to the desolation. Trees still standing with all their branches, but without bark, and white as snow ; many of the same colour and nakedness strewed on the ground like bones on a field of battle—nobody to gather sticks (and what a prize they would be !)—thus completing the picture of desolation.—*Letters of Dr. Nathaniel Paterson.*

Chinamen are as imitative as monkeys, and Scotchmen pervade the British colonies. A Mr. Macpherson was, upon the opening of sealed proposals of some public work in Otago, New Zealand, found to be the successful competitor for it. The supposed Scotchman, who was unknown, was invited to attend to complete his contract. To the amazement of all the officials, a Chinaman, with a noble pigtail, put in an appearance. "Where's Mr. Macpherson?" asked the clerk. "Me!" replied John. "How came you to be called Macpherson?" "Oh, nobody gets nothing in Otago, if he be not a Mac," replied the unabashed Celestial. The Celestial might have

said the same of Canada.—*Canadian Paper.*

THE HIGHLAND HARP.—The last appearance of the Highland Harp on the field of battle was at Glenlivet, 3rd October, 1594, when the Earl of Argyll, as the royal lieutenant, encountered the rebel lords, Huntly and Errol. Argyll, brought his harper with him, and also a sorceress, who predicted that, on the following Friday, his harp should sound in Buchan and his pibroch in Strathbogie—the provinces of his enemies. But the battle took place on Thursday, the royal troops were routed, and the Pythoness herself perished in the slaughter. The harp was finally discontinued in the Scottish Highlands about 1834, leaving the Bagpipe master of the field.—*Perth Constitutional.*

LOVE, DRINK, AND CHIGNONS.—Poets sometimes die of love, but dying of love is far better than dying of drink. It is not the worst kind of death. (Laughter). A Celtic poet said of a young lady—

"Thy locks about thy dainty ears
Do richly curl and twine."

There are none of your chignons there ! If ever a poet writes a verse to a chignon, I would have him shot. (Applause and laughter.)—*Professor Blackie in Glasgow.*

DANGERS OF HIGHLAND TRAVELLING.—A few days ago, three pedestrians were making their way to Braemar through Glentilt. Reaching the Tarff—the main tributary of the Tilt—they found it very much swollen, and impassable on foot. A good Samaritan, however, appeared in the shape of a gillie on horseback on his way to the shooting lodge of Fealar. Having crossed with some difficulty, he sent his pony back to their aid. Two of them mounted, but the horse had not proceeded far when he lost his footing, and the unfortunate travellers were thrown off. One seized the girth of the saddle, which, however, gave way, and he was forced to grasp the animal by the tail, and thus reached the bank. The other floated with the stream for some distance, his waterproof acting as a life-preserver, until he reached a rock in the stream, upon which he secured a landing. The third preferred trusting to his natatory powers, and having placed his clothes in a bundle on his head, he succeeded in reaching the rock on which his friend had taken refuge, and helping him out to *terra firma*. The saddle disappeared, and has not yet been seen.—*Courant.*

AN G A I D H E A L.

*“ Mar ghath soluis do m' anam fein
Tha sgeula na h-aimsir a dh' fhalbh.”—OISEAN.*

III. LEABH.] DARA MIOS A' GHEAMHRAIDH, 1874. [36 AIR.

RIDIRE GHRIANAIG.

(Air leantainn.)

An là 'r na-mhaireach chuir iad an ordugh asailean, 's chuir iad air am muin an t-òr 's an t-airgoid a bh' aig na fahmairean, 's rainig e fein agus triuir nighean an Ridire bearradh na creige. An uair a rainig iad bearradh na creige, an earalas gu 'n tachradh tapadh-cion do ghin de na nigheanan, chuir e sios iad, te an deigh te, anns a' chliabh. Bha tri ceapan òir orra air an deanamh suas gu gasda le daoimein—ceapan a rinneadh anus an Roimh, 's nach robh an leithidean r'a fhaotainn anns an domhan. Ghleidh e 'bhos an ceap a bh' air an te a b' oige. Bha e 'feitheamh, 's a fheithemh, 's ged a bhiodh e 'feitheamh fathast, cha tigeadh an cliabh a nios g'a iarraidh. Chaidh cach air bord, 's air falbh ghabh iad, gus an d' rainig iad Grianraig. Bha esan air 'fhagail an sìod, 's gun doigh aige air faotainn as an aite. Thainig am fitheach far an robh e. “Cha do ghabh thu mo chomhairle.” “Cha do ghabh; na 'n gabhadh cha bhithinn mar a tha mi.” Cha 'n 'eil atharrach air, Iain; an t-aon nach gabh comhairle gabhaidh e còmhrag. Bheir thu dhomhsa greim tombaca.” “Bheir.” “Ruigidh tu tigh an fhamhair agus fanaidh tu ann an nochd.” “Nach fan thu fein leam a chur dhiom mo chianalais.” “Cha 'n fhan; cha fhreagair e dhomh.” An là 'r na-mhaireach thainig am fitheach far an robh e. “Theid thu nis gu stabull an fhamhair, agus ma

bhios tu tapaidh tha steud an sin a 's coingeis leatha muir no tir, a dh' fhaodas do thoirt as na càsan so.” Dh' fhalbh iad comhla, 's thainig iad gus an stabull—stabull cloiche, air a chladhach a stigh ann an creig, agus dorus cloiche ris. Bha 'n dorus a' clapadh gun stad, air ais 's air aghaidh, o mhoch latha gu h-oidhche, 's o oidhche gu latha. “Feumaidh thu 'nis faire,” ars' am fitheach, “agus cothrom a ghabhail, feuch an dean thu dheth dol a stigh an uair a bhios e fosgailte, gun e 'dheanamh greim ort.” “'S fearr dhuitse fheuchainn an toiseach, o 'n a 's tu 's eolai che.” “Bithidh e cho math.” Thug am fitheach beic agus godarleum, 's chaidh e 'stigh; ach thug an dorus it' á bun a' sgeith, 's sgreuch e. “Iain bho chd! na 'm faigheadh tusa 'stigh air cho beag doruinn riumsa, cha bhithinn a' gearan.” Ghabh Iain roid air ais, 's roid air aghaidh; thug e leum as a dhol a stigh; rug an dorus air, 's thug e leth a' mhàis deth. Ghlaoidh Iain, 's thuit e fuar marbh air urlar an stabuill. Thog am fitheach e; 's ghiulain e air barraibh a' sgeith e, mach as an tigh, do thigh an fhamhair. Leag e air bord e, air a bheul 's air a shroin; chaidh e mach; chruinnich e luibhean, 's rinn e ceirean a chuir e ris; 's ann an deich laithean bha e cho maith 's a bha e riamh. Chaidh e 'mach a dhol a ghabhail sraid, 's chaidh am fitheach a mach leis. “A nis, Iain, gabhaidh tu mo chomhairle, 's cha ghabh thu

iongantas de nì sam bith a chi thu feadh an eilein; 's bheir thu dhomhsa greim tombaca." Bha e 'spaisdearachd feadh an eilein, 's a' dol roimh ghleann; chunnaic e triuir làn laoch na 'n sineadh air an druim, sleagh air uchd a h-uile fir dhiu, 's e na shìoram suain chadail, 's na lòn falluis. "Thar leam fein gur deistinneach so; 'd é choire a bhiodh anns na sleaghan a thogail diu?" Chaidh e, 's dh' fhuasgail e dhiu na sleaghan. Dhuisc na laoch, 's dh' eirich iad a suas. "Fhianuis air an fhortan 's air daoine, gur tu Iain òg mac an t-saighdeir á Albainn, 's gu bheil e mar gheasaibh ort dol leinne roimh cheann mu dheas an eilean so, seachad air uamha 'n iasgair dhuibh." Dh' fhalbh e fein 's na trì lan laoch. Chunnaic iad smùid chaol a mach á uamha. Chaidh iad gus an uamha. Chaidh aon de na laoch a stigh, 's 'n uair a chaidh e stigh bha cailleach an sin 'n a suidhe, 's an fhiacail a bu lugha 'n a beul dheanadh i dealg 'n a h-uchd, lorg 'n a laimh, 's maide brosnachaidh do 'n ghriosaich. Bha car d'a h-inean mu h-uilt, 's car d'a falt liath mu ladhran; 's cha robh i aobhach ri amharc oirre. Rug i air slachdan druidheachd; bhuail i e, 's rinn i carragh maol cloiche dheth. Bha iongantas air an fheadhain a bha mach de chuir nach robh e 'till-eadh. "Theirig a stigh," ars' Iain ri feareile, "'s amhairc; 'd e tha cumail do chompanaich." Chaidh e 'stigh; 's rinn a' chailleach air mar a rinn i air an fhear eile. Chaidh an treas fear a stigh, 's rinn i airsan mar a rinn i air cach. Chaidh Iain a stigh m'a dheireadh. Bha cat mor claghann ruadh an sin, 's chuir i bara de 'n luaith dheirg m'a cloimhe, an los a bhodhradh 's a dhalladh. Bhuail e barr a chois oirre, 's chuir e 'n t-eanachainn aisde. Thug e lamh air a' chaillich. "Iain! na dean. Tha na daoine sin fo gheasaibh; agus

airson nan geasan a chur dhiu, feumaidh tu dol do dh-eilean nam barr mora, 's botull de 'n uisge bheo 'thoirt as; a's 'n uair a rubas tu riu e, falbhaidh na geasan 's thig iad beo." Thill Iain air ais fo dhubh thiamhas. "Cha do ghabh thu mo chomhairle," ars' am fitheach, "'s thug thu tuillidh dragh ort fein. Theid thu luidhe 'nochd; 's 'n uair a dh' eireas tu 'maireach, bheir thu leat an steud, 's bheir thu biadh a's deoch dhi. 'S coingeas leatha muir no tir; 's 'n uair a ruigeas tu eilean nam ban mora, coinneachaidh sè deug de ghillean stabuill thu, 's bithidh iad air fad air son biadh a thoirt do 'n steud, 's a cur a stigh air do shon; ach na leig thusa dhoibh. Abair gu 'n toir thu fein biadh a's deoch dhi. 'N uair a dh' fhagas tu 's an stabull i, cuiridh a h-uile aon de 'n t-se deug car 's an iuchair; ach cuiridh tusa car an aghaidh a h-uile car a chuireas iad ann. Bheir thu dhomhsa greim tombaca." "Bheir gu dearbh." Chaidh e 'luidhe air oidhche sin; 's anns a' mhadainn chuir e 'n steud an ordugh, 's ghabh e air falbh. Thug e h-aghaidh ri muir, 's a cul ri tir; 's dh' fhalbh i na deann, gus an do rainig iad eilean nam ban mora. 'N uair a chaidh e air tir, choinnich sè gille deng stabuill e, 's bha h-uile fear ag iarraidh a cur a stigh 's a biathadh. "Cuiridh mi fein a stigh i, 's bheir mi 'n aire dhi; cha d' thoir mi do h-aon sam bith i." Chuir e stigh i; 's 'n uair a thainig e 'mach chuir a h-uile fear car 's an iuchair; 's chuir esan car an aghaidh a h-uile car a chuir iad innte. Thuit an steud ris gu 'm biodh iad a' tairgseadh a h-uile seorsa deoch dha, ach gun esan a ghabhail deoch sam bith uapa, ach meug a's uisge. Chaidh e 'stigh; 's bha h-uile seorsa deoch g'a chur mu 'n cuairt an sin, 's bha iad a' tairgseadh gach seorsa dhasan; ach cha ghabhadh esan deur de

dheoch sam bith ach meug a's uisge. Bha iadsan ag òl's ag òl, gus an do thuit iad 'n an sineadh mu 'n bhord. Dh' iarr an steud airsan mu 'n do dhealaich i ris, e thoirt an aire 's gun chadal, 's a chothrom a ghabhail airson tighinn air falbh. 'N uair a chaidil iad, thainig e mach as an t-seomar, 's chual e 'n aon cheol a bu bhinne chualas riamh. Ghabh e air 'aghaidh agus chual e ann an aite eile ceol moran ni bu bhinne. Thainig e gu taobh staidhreach, 's chual e ceol ni bu bhinne's ni bu bhinne, agus thuit e 'n a chadal. Bhris an steud a mach as an stabull; thainig i far an robh e; bhuail i breab air, 's dhuig i e. "Cha do ghabh thu mo chomhairle," ars' ise, "'s cha 'n eil fios a nis am faigh thu do ghnothuch leat no nach faigh." Dh' eirich e le duilichinn Rug e air claidheamh soluis a bha 'n oisinn an t-seomair, 's thug e na se cinn deug a mach. Rainig e 'n tobar: lion e botull, 's thill e. Choinnich am fith-each e. "Falbhaidh tu agus stablachaidh tu an steud, 's theid thu 'luidhe 'nochd; 's am maireach theid thu 's bheir thu beo na laoich, 's marbhaidh tu chailleach; 's na bi cho anaideach am maireach 's a bha thu roimhe so." "Nach tig thu leam an nochd a chur dhìom mo chianalais?" "Cha tig; cha fhreagair e dhomh." An la 'r na-mhair-each rainig e 'n uamha. "Failte dhuit, Iain," ars' a' chailleach. "Failte dhuitse; ach cha shlainte dhuit." Chrath e 'n t-uisg air na daoine, 's dh' eirich iad beo. Bhuail e 'chas air a' chaillich; agus spread e 'n t-eanachainn aisde. Ghabh iad a mach, 's chaidh iad gu ceann deas an eilein. Chunnaic iad an t-iasgair dubh an sin ag obair ri chuilbheartan. Tharruinn e 'bhas, 's bhuail e e; spread e 'n t-eanachainn as, 's thug e na laoich dhachaidh do cheann deas an eilein. Thainig am fitheach far

an robh e. "A nis theid thu dhachaidh, 's bheir thu leat an steud—'s coingeis leatha muir no tir. Tha trì nigheanan an Ridire ri banais a bhi aca—dithis ri bhi posda air do dha bhrathair, agus an te eile air a' cheannabhart a bh' air na daoine aig a' chreig. Fagaidh tu an ceap agamsa; agus chibhi agad ach smaoineachadh orm, 'n uair a bitheas e dhith ort, 's bithidh mi agad. Ma dh' fheoraicheas aon diot co as a thainig thu, abair gun d' thainig thu as do dheigh; 's ma their e riut c' aite 'bheil thu dol, abair gu bheil thu dol romhad." Chaidh e air muin na steud; thug e h-aghaidh ri muir, 's a cul ri tir; 's air falbh a bha e; 's cha d' rinneadh stad no fois leis gus an d' rainig e 'n t-sean eaglais ann an Grianais; 's bha lòn feoir an sin, agus tobar uisge, agus tom luachrach. Thainig e bharr na steud. "A nis," ars' an steud, "gabhadh tu claidheamh, agus bheir thu 'n ceann diomsa." "Cha toir gu dearbh; bu duilich leam a dheanamh; cha b'e mo chomain e." "Feumaidh tu 'dheanamh; 's ann a th' annamsa nighean òg fo gheasaibh; 's cha bhi na geasan dìom gus an toirear an ceann dìom. Bha mi fein 's am fitheach a' suiridh—esan 'n a ghille òg, 's mise am nighinn òg; 's chuir na fahairean druidheachd oirnn; 's rinn iad fitheach dhethsan agus steud dhìomsa." Tharruinn e 'chul; 's thug e 'n ceann dìth le sgath bhuille; 's dh' fhag e 'n ceann 's a' chlosach an sìod. Ghabh e air aghaidh. Choinnich cailleach e. "Co as a thainig thu," ars' ise. Thainig mi as mo dheigh." "C' aite 'bheil thu 'dol." "Tha mi 'dol romham." "Sin freagairt fir caisteil." "Freagairt gu math freagarrach air cailleach mhiobhail mar a tha thusa." Chaidh e stigh leatha 's dh' iarr e deoch. Fhuair e sìod. "C' aite 'bheil t-fhear." "Tha aig tigh an Ridire ag iarraidh òr a's airgiod a ni

ceap do nighean òg an Ridire, mar a th' aig a peathraichean; 's gun leithid nan ceapan r'afhaotainn an Albainn." Thainig an Gobha dhachaidh. "De 's ceaird duit, òganaich." "Tha mi 'm ghobha." "'S math sin; 's gu' n cuideachadh tu leamsa ceap a dheanamh do nighean òg an Ridire, 's i dol a phosadh." "Nach 'eil fios agad nach urrainn thu sin a dheanadh?" "'S eiginn feuchainn ris; muran dean mi e, bithidh mi air mo chrochadh am maireach." "So is fearr dhuit a dheanamh—glais mise stigh 's a' cheardaich; gleidh an t-or 's an t-airgiod; 's bithidh an ceap agamsa dhuit 's a' mhadainn." Ghlais an gobha stigh e. Ghuidh e 'm fitheach a bhi aige. Thainig am fitheach. Bhris e stigh roimh 'n uinneig, 's bha 'n ceap leis. "Bheir thu 'n ceann dhiomsa 'nis." "Bu duilich leam sin a dheanamh, 's cha b'e mo chomain e." "Feumaidh tu 'dheanamh; is gille òg fo gheasan mise; 's cha bhi iad dhìom gus an tig an ceann dhìom." Tharruinn e 'chlaidheamh; sgath e 'n ceann deth; 's cha robh sìod doirbh a dheanamh. Anns a' mhadainn thainig an gobha 'stigh, 's thug e dha 'n ceap. Thuit e 'n a chadal. Thainig oganach ciatach le falt donn a stigh, 's dhuig e. "Is mise," ars' esan, "am fitheach, 's tha na geasan a nis dhìom." Choisich e leis sìos far an d'fhag e 'n steud marbh, 's choinnich boirionnach òg an sin iad cho aluinn 's a chunnaic suil riamh. "Is mise," ars' ise, "an steud, 's tha na geasan dìom a nis." Chaidh an gobha leis a' cheap gu tigh an Ridire. Thug an searbhanta thun nighean òg an Ridire e, 's thuirt i rithe gu robh a' sìod an ceap a rinn an gobha. Dh' amhairc i air a' cheap. "Cha d' rinn e 'n ceap so riabh. Abair ris an t-slaightire bhreugach e 'thoirt an fhir a thug dha 'n ceap an so, air neo gu 'm bi e air a chrochadh gun dàil." Chaidh an gobha 's

fhuaire e 'm fear a thug an ceap dha; 's 'n uair a chunnaic is' e ghabh i boch mor. Chaidh a' chuis a shoilleireachadh. Phos Iain agus nighean òg an Ridire; 's chaidh cul a chur ri cach, 's cha 'n fhaigheadh iad na peathraichean eile. Chuireadh roimh 'n bhaileiad, le claidheamhnan maide, 's le criosa-guailne conlaich.—*Bho Sgeulachdan Gaidhealach le I. F. Cairnbeul.*

—o—

ORAN AN IASGAIR.

Air fonn "Ho mo Mhairi laghach."

SEISD.—Hò mo bhàta laghach,
'S tu mo bhàta grinn,
Hò mo bhàta laghach,
'S tu mo bhàta grinn,
Hò mo bhàta laghach,
'S tu mò bhàta grinn,
Mo bhàta boidheach, lurach
'Thogadh taobh Loch-fin'.

'Sud a' chungaidh 'chàireadh
'M bàta choisinn buaidh—
Druim de'n leamhan ruighinn
'N sàs 's an darach chruidh,
Fiùghanan, a's ùrlar
Sùgha, fallain, buan,
Giubhas glan na Lòchluinn
Fuaight' le copar ruadh.
Hò mo bhàta, &c.

B' àluinn air an tràigh i
Mu'n deach' i air sàil—
A leagail cho bòidheach
Air gach dòigh am b'àill;
Urlar glan gun chaise—
Saibhir, làn m'a bràigh—
Suighean dlùth ga 'dùnadh,
Cuimir, cruinn gu h-àrd.
Hò mo bhàta, &c.

B' àluinn i 'n a h-uidheam
Mach 's a' chala chiùin—
Fèath nan eun mar sgàthan
D'a croinn àrd 's d'a siùil;
Eòin na mara aoibhinn,
'S mar le farum ciùil,
'G itealaich mu'n cuairt dhi,
'Cur an cèill a cliù.
Hò mo bhàta, &c.

Bu thogarach mo bhàta
'Mach air aghaidh cuain,
'N uair thigeadh oirnn le caitein
'A ghaoth sgaiteach, chruidh;

'S ann an sin, air thoiseach,
 Choisneadh tusa buaidh,
 'G iarraidh suas ri fuaradh,
 'S crònan binn fo d' chluais.
 Hò mo bhàta, &c.

'N uair dh' èireadh i 'n a meallaibh,
 'S thigeadh oirnn le gair,
 Na cnapan àrda, geala,
 'S cirein air am bàrr;
 'S tusa thilleadh uait
 Na stuaghan ribeach, àrd,
 Rathad aca, 's agad,—
 'S tu nach fliuchadh clàr!
 Hò mo bhàta, &c.

'N uair thigeadh i 'n a griosaich
 'Nuas o shliabh nam beann,
 Siobain gheal' ag éirigh
 Suas mu bhàrr nan crann;
 'S tusa 'sin nach géilleadh,
 Ach, ga h-iarraidh gann,
 Shadadh i bho chéil'
 'N a caoirean dearg mu d' cheann.
 Hò mo bhàta, &c.

Sud an té nach diùltadh
 Tilleadh 'n uair a b' fheum;
 Thigeadh tu le sinteig
 'N uair a dh'iarrainn féin;
 Do sheòl-cinn mu d' chluais,
 Mu'n cuairt bhiodh tus ad leum,
 Cliathach eile fothad,
 'S cuartag chruinn ad dhéigh.
 Hò mo bhàta, &c.

Fhad 's is maireann dòmh's
 Mo bhàta boidheach, grinn,
 'S fhad 's a chaomh' near slàn
 Na gillean gleusd 'tha innt',
 Ged a tha mo dhachaidh
 Air a' chladach luim,
 Gheibh mi lòn, a's stòr
 A grinneal gorm Loch-fin'.
 Hò mo bhàta, &c.

Feudaidh sibh caraid na firinn a
 chlaoidh agus a sharuchadh, ach
 mairidh an fhirinn fein gu 'n truail-
 eadh. Feudaidh sibh am Bard, am
 Fear-eadblain, agus an Criosduidh
 'irioslachadh gu mor, ach cha 'n 'eil
 e 'n ur comas a' bhardachd no ealadh-
 ain, no 'n Creideamh Croisduidh a
 mhilleadh, no 'mhaslachadh air sheol
 sam bith.

MAR A FHUARAS AMACH AMERICA.

AN DARA EARRANN.

(*Air leantainn bho Aireimh 21.*)

[At the author's request we have
 adhered to his own orthography.—
 Ed. GAEL.]

Anns a' bhliana 1499, chaidh
 Spainneach d' am b' ainm Alonso
 Hocheda air turus gu America mu
 Dheas. Bha an duine so marrai
 Columbus air a dhara turus; agus
 cha robh e ach a' leantuin' n a l' horg.
 Gidheadh l' hean e an oir-thir gu tuath
 agus siar, bho bheul na h-aimhne
 mhoir Amason gu ceanu an iar mor-
 roinn Bhenesuela.

Bha Eadailteach, ris an abrar
Amerigo Bhespuci, 'n a sgiobair aig
 Hocheda, air an turus so. Chaidh
 Amerigo amach 's a' bhliana 1501,
 gu oir-thir Bhrasil, le daoine a bha
 fo Rhìgh Phortugal. Thill e 's a'
 bhliana 1504, agus sgriobh e aithris
 breugach, 's an robh e ag radh gu 'n
 deach e air turus, 's a' bhliana 1497,
 agus gu 'n d' fhuair e mach tir-mor
 America, air thoiseach air Columbus.
 Chaidh a bhreug a chreidsinn; agus
 uime sin thugar *America* mar ainm
 air ant shaoghal ur. Cha d' fhuair
 Amerigo amach tir air bith; ach cha
 robh fios air a so gus an robh Colum-
 bus marbh, nuair a chaidh an fhirinn
 a dhearbhadh le iomad fianuis, an
 cuis-lhagha eadar Diego, mac Cho-
 lumbuis, agus cuirt na Spainn.

An toiseach a' gheamhraidh, 1499,
 sheol Bhinsent Pinson, le ceithir
 longaibh, á port Phalois, agus stiuir
 e an iar mu dheas, gus an do chroisg
 e Cearcall-Meadhon na Talmhuinn.
 Chaill e nise sealladh air an rannaig
 thuathaich, agus thainig reultan ura
 fo amharc gu deas. Chuir so mor
 eagal air na maraichibh: ach bhuan-
 aich Pinson air a thurus gus an d'
 rhainig e Brasil, coig ceud a's leth-
 cheud mìle gu deas air a' Chearcall-

mheadhoin. Sheol e an sin gu luath, agus rhanusaich e mach beoil fhar-suinn na h-Amason, a tha naoi fichead mìle air leud. Thainig cuid de shluagh na tire, 'n a ionnsuidh a thug do na Spainnich pairt de gach ni a bh'aca; ach ghlac iadsa caochladh dhiu le foill, agus thugar air falbh iad mar thraillean. Thug daoine Phinsoin leotha *oposum*, ainmhidh aig am bheil poca airson nan cuileinean fo broinn. On nach cualas sgeul air a lheitid de chreutair riamh roimhe, chuir i moran ioghnaidh air sluagh na Spainn.

An samhradh na bliana 1508, chaidh Pinson amach a rithisd, marrai maraiche ainmeil eile, Iain Dias Solis, Rhainig iad Rudha Agustin air oir-thir Brasil. Bho sin lhan iad an cladach gu deas agus siar, còrr a's da mhìle mhiltean agus coig ceud mìle, gus an d'rhainig iad Patagonia, tir fhamhair-ea, a reir na h-aithris. An sin dh'eirich connspaid eadar Pinson agus Solis, agus thill iad do'n Spainn.

Chaidh Solis amach a rithisd 's a bhliana 1514, agus rhanusaich e an oir-thir gu beul na h-aimhne mhoir *La Plata*, no *Amhain an Airgid*. Nuair a bha e dol suas an caolas, chaidh e air tir, le beagan dhaoine, a dh'amharc na h-ire agus a toradh. Thainig an sin daoine fiadhaich na duthcha air gun fhios; ghlac iad e fhein agus coignear d'a chuideachd agus air ball mharbh, rhoisd a's dh'ith siad iad. Chuir so eagal air a' chuid eile de na maraichibh, agus thill iad do'n Spainn.

Am faoghar na bliana 1513, thug Innseinich a bha 's a' choimhearsnachd, brath do Nunes Balboa, mu chuan mor a bha astar beagan lhaithen gu deas air Darien, gu tuath air Panama, far an robh Balboa air ceann aiteachas Spainn-

each Uime sin dh'fhalbh e, le cuideachd shaigdeirean, air toir a' chuain, ach cha b'fhurasd sin a ruigheachd. Chaidh e thair bheanntaibh a's chàr, a's choilltibh garbh, far an robh na h-Innseinich a' tilgeadh saighdean puinnseanta orra. Mu dheire, air dha dìreadh gu mullach beinne, chunnaig e an cuan mor farsuinn ris an abrar a nis am *Pasific*; ach thug esa *A' Mhuir gu Deas* mar ainm air, cheann gu'n robh e a reir coltais a' sineadh gu deas, ged a bha e a rìreadh a' ruith n'as fhaide an taobh an iar. B'e Balboa a' chiad duine geal a' chunnaig an cuan sin. Dh'innis daoine na tire dha gu'n robh am fearann a' sineadh gu deas gun chrich, agus gu'n robh e air aiteachadh le cinnich chumhachdach, aig an robh moran oir agus beothaichean iomchair. Tharruinn iad samhladh nan ainmhidhean sin air a' ghainneamh; agus shaoil na Spainnich gu'm bu chamhail iad; ach b'e 'n *lama* mu'n robh iad ag aithris, beothach coltach ris a' chamhal, ach moran n'as lutha.

Chuir Balboa an sin teachdairean thun Iompaire Tearlach a Coig, a bha nise 'n a rhigh air an Spainn, a dh'innseadh mu dheanadas, agus a dh'aslachadh dreuchd a b'airde. Ach b'fhaoin an turus. Bha Tearlach n'a bu tithich air cumhachd na air ceartas. Chaidh duin' eile, d'am b'ainm Dabhilce a chur an aite Bhalboa, mar uachdaran; agus chaidh esa a dhith-cheannadh 's a' bhliana 1517, le ceithir d'a chompanaich, gun aon chiont' bhi air a dhearbhadh 'n an aghaidh.

An deire na bliana 1519, sheol Ferdinand Magellan á Port San Lucar, an taobh deas na Spainn le coig longaibh a'runachadh America a chuartachadh agus na h-Innsean shios a rhuigheachd. Bhuineadh Magellan do Phortugal; ach bha e a' seoladh

fo 'n Iompaire. Rhainig e oir-thir Bhrasil gun dail gun sgiorra; agus lhean e an traigh astar mor gu deas, gus an d'thainig e gu cala tearuinte am Patagonia, air an d'thug e *Port Naomh Iulian* mar ainm. Bha e nise toiseach a' gheamhraidh's an tir sin, far am bheil an aimsir sin fuar agus stoirmeil. Chuir e roimhe fantuinn an sin gu h-earrach; agus chuir e an sluagh fo chruaidh smachd, mu bhiadh agus gach ni eile. Uime sin bha caipteinean nan longan a' runachadh tilleadh gun dail do 'n Spainn; agus nuair a dhiult Magellan sin a dheanamh, dh'eirich iad 'n a aghaidh. Chuir Magellan a nise teachdaire gu Luthais Mendosa, a bha 'n a cheannard air luchd na ceannairc, le ordugh cuir as da air ball leis a' bhiodaig. Nuair a chaidh sin a dheanamh, chuir e gu bas Cesada, aon de na caipteinibh, agus chuir e fear eile air tir. Mar sin chuir e crìoch air a' cheannairc, ged a bha droch rhun aig na Spainnich uaibhreach dha, on bu choigreach e.

Chan fhac' iad neach de dhaoine na tire gus an robh iad da mhios 's a' phort. Thainig an sin fear mor thun na traighe, 'a bha, reir na h-aithris, mar fhamhair air mheud, le guth mar bhuirich tairbh. On a bhuin iad gu caoimhneil ris thainig moran dhiu thun na traighe; agus b' ioghnadh leotha na longan mora 's na daoine beaga. Thainig fear dhiu air bord gu tric; dh'ionnsaich iad a' Phaidir dha; agus mu dheire chaidh a bhaisteadh, fo ainm "Iain Famhair." Chunnaig iad aig na h-Innseinich an lama, agus bha cuarain d'a chraicionn air an casaibh. Uime sin thug na Spainnich *Pata-gones* mar ainm orra; 's e sin ri radh "daoine brod-chasach."

Nuair a thainig ant earrach, an deire na bliana 1520, sheol iad gu deas, agus an ceann beagan lhaithian,

rhainig iad an caolas, aig ceann deas America, ris an abrar *Caolas Mhagellain* gus an latha 'n diugh. Tha an caolas so mu thri cheud mile air fad, agus bho lbeth-cheud mile gu ceithreamh mhile air leud. Bha na maraichean fo aoibhneas nuair a chunnaig iad am fosgladh so, le uisge domhain agus sruth laidir a' ruith siar. Gidheadh dh' fhan aon de na longaibh air ais gu diomhair, agus thill i do 'n Spainn; agus bhrisear te eile le ainneart na sid: ach chaidh Magellan air aghart, leis na tri longaibh, agus air ant sheachdamh latha fichead de 'n naoitheamh mios, rhainig e an cuan mor, ceann amach a' chaoil. Bha an aimsir fuar, agus bha iomad teine aig sluagh na tire gu deas. Uime sin thug e *Terra del Fuego* (Tir an Teine) mar ainm air an eilein.

Stiur Magellan a nise taobh an iar thuath; agus an ceann thri miosan a's ochd laithean, rhainig e na h-eileinean 's an ear dheas bho Tiona, ris an abrar *Ladrones*, no *Meirlich*. Thug e ant ainm sin orra, on a bha an sluagh ro bhradach. Ged a chaidh e seach iomad eilein air a thurus fada, cha 'n fhac' e ach da eilein bheag mio-thorail; agus dh' fhuiliun na daoine bho thinneas agus gorta. Rhainig e Eileinean Philip air an ochdamh latha deug de 'n Mhart, 1521, far an deach a mharbhadh, an còraig ri sluagh na tire. Chaillear dithis de na longaibh an so; agus rhainig an long a bha lha-thair, an Bhictoria, an Spainn am faoghar na bliana 1522. B' i so a' chiad long a chaidh mu 'n cuairt do 'nt shaoghal. P. MAC-GRIOGAIR.

(Ri leantainn.)

Feudaidh esan aig am bheil cumhachd a chorruidh a chiuineachadh air ball, moran laithean amhghair a chumail air ais.

TARSNACHAN.

RANN-CALLAINN DO 'N GHAIÐHEAL.

[Tha ceud litrichean nan sreath a' deanamh nam facal, "An latha chi's nach fhaic, a Ghaidheil.]"

A n latha chi's nach fhaic, a *Ghaidheil*,
 N a h-uile la 'measg chairdean baigheil;
 L an do shonas cliùmhòr, buadhmhòr,
 A g ùrachadh d' oige gu snuadhmhòr;
 T ional meala as na bruachan—
 H -uile meas 'tha 'n gleann 's an cruachan;
 A' tighinn le d' mhaileid gu loinneil,
 C aithreamach, failteachail, sloinneil.
 H o, gur tu 'n grinneas air cheilidh!
 I nnsidh tu eachdraidh a's sgeula.
 'S miann leat gach oigeir a's ainnir.
 'N an subhailcean arda bhi 'n lainnir.
 A ir na linntean a dh' fhalbh 's air na suinn,
 C ha mhath leat gu 'm bitheadh di-chuimhn'.
 H -uile fluran tha 'fas 's na glinn
 F ighidh tu 'n am fleasgan gu grinn—
 H -uile seorsa de mhìn-fhraoch nan stùc,
 A gus fiadh-rosan cubhraidh le driuchd;
 I s air foid is clach-chuimhne nan sonn,
 C airidh tu le deoin iad 's le fonn.
 A ir cuimhne nam bard anns gach linn
 G hleus clarsach nam beanntan gu binn,
 H -uile maoth bhlat gu 'n toinn thu le gradh;
 A gus pogaidh na beo dhiubh do lamh.
 I s a nis bidh mi guidhe leat buaidh,
 D reach is maise na slaint' bhi ad ghruaidh,
 H -uile la dhuit an duthaich an fhraoich,
 E ornach, bonnagach maille ri d' laoich!
 I s an Nollaig bhi dhuit mar a chleachd—
 L an sonais a' bhliadhn' ur ri teachd!

MAIRI NIC-EALAIR.

Lochluinn, Ceud Mhìos a' Gheamh. 1874.

NA CURRAICEAN-OIDHCHE.

Ann am Baile-na-drochaid, o chionn a nis moran bhliadhnaichean, bha a chomh-nuidh duine fiachail, agus figheadair bar-raichte d' am b' ainm Eoghan Mac-Cail-ein, agus a bhean, boirionnach ùtagach, tapaidh, a bha, ma dh' fhaodas sinn a radh, car beag tilgte 'n a doigh. Thuirt sinn gu 'm b' i an fhigheadaireachd a b' obair do Eoghan, ach cha 'n 'eil sinn a' ciallachadh leis a so idir duine aig a bheil

ri saothrachadh le fallas a ghnuise air son cuibhrionn an latha a tha dol thairis air, agus a tha gu buileach ag earbsadh a obair a lamhan. Cha 'n 'eil idir. Bha Eoghan 'n a dhuine glic 'n uair bha e og, agus am feadh 's a bha tuarasdail ard rinn e maorach 'n uair a bha an traigh ann; chuir e airgoid mu seach a dh' fheith-eamh an latha fhliuich. Cha 'n e mhain so, ach le cuid de thoradh a shaoithreach

chuir e suas, aig a chosdas fhein, an tigh anns an robh e aig an àm so a chomhnuidh — tigh beag, comhfhurtachail le gàradh air an taobh-beoil anns am b' abhaist do Eoghan 'fheasgair a chur seachad am measg nam flur 's nan lus, anns an do ghabh e mor thlachd agus as an robh e ro uailleil.

Ach cha robh tigh Eoghain leis fhein. Direach lamh ris bha tigh-comhnuidh Iain Mhic-Aindrea, a bha ach beag anns gach doigh 'n a leth-bhreac do thigh Eoghain Mhic-Caillein. Bha Iain fein annsant-suidheachadh cheudna ri Eoghan — bha esan cuideachd 'n a fhigheadair agus air beagan a chur mu seach mu choinneamh àm feuma, agus bu leis fein an tigh anns an robh e an drast a' comhnuidh. Chi sinn, mar so, gu 'n robh Eoghan agus Iain 'n an dluth-choimhearsnaich; agus uime sin bha am mnathan-posda 'n an dluth-choimhearsnaich cuideachd; ach cha d' thuirte so gu 'n robh iad idir cairdeil no ann an deadh rùn d' a cheile. Bha an cridheachan lan gamhlais d' a cheile — gamhlas a bha gu mor air a chumail suas le eud agus farmad a bha a' lionadh an inntinnean, air eagal gu 'n leigeadh an darna te leis an te eile barr a thoirt oirre ann an coltas soibhreis ann an ni sam bith a bhuineadh aon chuid d' an dreach fein, no an tighean, no am fir-phosda fa leth. Na 'm faigheadh aon diubh ball aodaich ur, dh' fhaodteadh a bhi cinnteach gu 'm faigheadh an te eile a cheart leithid, no na 'm bu chomasach e, gu 'n tugadh i barr oirre; bha an spiorad farmadach so air a nochdadh anns gach cuis a bhuineadh daibh fein 's d' an tighean.

Cha mhò bha moran cridhealais eadar an da dhuine; oir, a thuilleadh air iad a bhi a' cophairteachadh de mhi-run am mnathaibh-posda, bha aobhar-naimhdeis nach bu bheag eadar iad fein. Tha e coltach gu 'n do chlach Iain Mac-Aindrea aig aon àm tunnagan Eoghain Mhic-Caillein á lub a bha air an taobh-cuil, agus leth an rathaid eadar an da thigh; a' tagar gu 'n robh an lub an sin air son a thunnagan-san a mhain; agus ciod a thachair ach gu 'n do leòn agus mhill e dràc briagh a bhuineadh do Eoghan. Mar bu dual do Eoghan, bha e fo mhor chorruich mu 'leithid de ghnìomh neo-ghnètheil; agus a bharr air sin cha gheilleadh e air chor sam bith gu 'n robh tuilleadh còir aig tunnagan Iain air an lub na bha aig 'fheadhain fein. Chonnsaich na bodaich gu searbh, salach, agus is e bu deireadh gu 'n deachaidh iad gu lagh; rud a chosd daibh mu leth-chiad punnd-

Sasunnach am fear; agus is i a' bhreth a chaidh a thoirt anns a' chuis gu 'n rachadh lub nan tunnag a roinn eadar riutha, leth mar leth.

Bha, uime sin, fuath uaigneach aig an dithis dhaoine d' a cheile, ach cha robh gamhlas nam ban daonnan an uaigneach; agus bha bean Mhic-Aindrea a' h-uile buille cho smiorail ri Nic-Caillein, agus 'n a seise dhi air aon doigh 'g an gabhar iad.

Thachair do bhean Eoghain Mhic-Caillein a bhi aon latha ag amharc a mach air an uinneig, agus faicidh i Iain Mac-Aindrea a' sraidimeachd anns a' ghàradh le currac-oidhche ùr, stiallach, dearg air a cheann. Cha luaithe chunnaic a suil so na chuimhnich i air an t-seann churrac lachdunn a bha aig Eoghan aice-se, agus a bha, mar thuirte i rithe fein, "na bu choltaiche ri breid-urlair na ri rud sam bith eile." Chuir i roimhe gu 'm faigheadh i fear ùr dha gun tuilleadh dalach — fear fada a b' fhearr na fear a coimhearsnaich. Gheobhadh an duine aice-se currac a bhiodh uile dearg; rud moran a bu ghrinne 's a bu bhoidhiche na 'm fear stiallach, mosach aig Iain Mac-Aindrea.

Cha robh i ach goirid a' gabhail mu chul a' ghnòthaich; thainig i gu seolta m' an cuairt air Eoghan, mar gu 'm b' ann a' gabhail a chomhairle ach aig a' cheart am a' ceiltinn an aobhair air son an robh i cho deidheil air gu 'm faigheadh e currac-oidhche ur; oir bha i lan chinnteach nach tugadh Eoghan bochd gnuis sam bith dhi 'n a leithid de chomhfharpais fhaoine, amaidich. Coma-co-dhinbh, thog i oirre moch air madainn an ath latha, 's rainig i am baile-mor a cheannach a' churraic. Roghnaich i fear lasrach, dearg nach mor nach d' thug sealladh nan sul o Eoghan còir an uair a thill i 's a sgaoil i mu choinnimh e.

"A Sheonaid," ars' esan gu socharach, agus e gu tur aineolach air ciod a b' fhior aobhar do 'n churam a bha a bhean a' gabhail d' a chomhfhurtachd aig an àm so — "a Sheonaid, air m' fhacal tha an currac boidheach da-rìreadh," thuirte e 's e 'sparradh a laimhe suas anns a' churrac agus 'g a chumail a mach mu 'choinnimh, 's a' dearcadh air le mor thoil-inntinn.

"Mo riar, gu bheil e eireachdail," thuirte e rithist, "agus theid mi an urras gu 'm bi e seasgair."

"Bidh e sin," fhreagair Seonaid, gu buadh-mhor. Agus cha mhor nach d' thuirte i mar an cendua, "Nach mor is boidhiche e na fear Iain Mhic-Aindrea!" Ach leigeadh so a mach tuilleadh 's a' choir de na bha 'n a h-inntinn dhiomhair, agus is ann a thuirte i, "Nis, Eoghain, a

ghraidh, caithidh tu e mu na dorsan agus an uair a theid thu an gharadh. Cuiridh e dreach a's coltas ort nach robh ort anns an loirein a tha thu 'caitheamh—is ann a tha thu na 's coltaiche ri fuathaiche a bhiodh ann an talamh-buntàta, na tha thu ri duine Crìosdail."

Rinn Eoghan feith-ghaire, ach cha d' thuir e diog.

An fhad so, ma ta, chaidh a' chuis gu math le Seonaid. Cha robh d' a dith a nis ach gu 'm faigheadh i Eoghan a chur an gharadh 'n a churac ur, lannireach, far am faicteadh e le a bana-choimhearsnach—agus cha b' fhada gus an deachaidh so leatha cuideachd. Gu faicilleach, seolta a' comhairleachadh Eoghain, fhuair i gu 'n do ghabh e mach le 'chomhdach-cinn dealrach; agus cha b' urrainn do 'n ghnothach tachairt na bu fhreagarraiche. Chunnaic bean Iain Mhic-Aindrea an currac-oidhche, gu lan mhath thuig i an suaicheantas-dùlain, 's bhòidich gu 'm biodh dioghaltas aice. Ma bha a h-uail air a toirt a nuas, bha a spiorad air a togail leis a' chiad sealladh a fhuair i de churrac-oidhche Eoghain Mhic-Caillein; chuir i roimhe gu 'n tugadh i air a fear-posda an currac stiallach a chur a nuas agus fear ur eile chur a suas—leth-bhreac an fhir aig Eoghan Mac-Caillein—no na b' fhearr, na 'n gabhadh e faotainn; ach cha robh i cinnteach an gabhadh so ruigheachd air.

Shaoileamaid nach bu ghnothach furasda impidh a chur air Iain currac-oidhche ur eile a chur suas; oir am fear a bh' aige, cha robh seachdain o 'n fhuair e ur, nobha as a' bhuth e, agus cha robh reusan saoghalta, shaoileadh duine, a ghabhadh cur air aghaidh air son fear eile a cheannach. Ach ciod e nach dean seoltachd nam ban! Mar dhearbhadh air so cha ruig sinn leas 'ainmeachadh ach gu 'n deachaidh aice air; fhuair i gu 'n d' aontaich Iain leigeil leatha dol an bhaile-mhor, currac-oidhche ur, dearg eile cheannach dha, agus thug i air a ghealltainn gu 'n caitheadh e e 'n uair thigeadh i dhachaigh leis. M'an gann a fhuair i a chead, air falbh bha i do 'n bhaile-mhor, 's an uine ghoirid bha i air a h-ais le currac-oidhche boillsgeach, dearg, a' h-uile mir cho lasrach ri fear Eoghain Mhic-Caillein; agus bha de thoileachadh aice gu 'n do tharraing i e mu cheann Iain, a bha a' cheart cho aineolach mu ciod a bh' aice 's an amharc 's a bha a choimhearsnach, Eoghan Mac-Caillein.

Shoirbhich cuisean mar so le bean Iain Mhic-Aindrea; cha robh uaip e ach Iain

a sheoladh a mach do 'n gharadh; 's cha b' fhada gus an d' fhuair i a miann. A mach an gharadh steoc Iain coir le 'cheannbheairt ur, dhearg; agus O, aoibhneas nan aoibhneas! chunnaic Nic-Caillein e. Chunnaic—ghrad dh' aithnich i an spiorad a dh' aobharaich an taisbeanadh; 's mhionnaich i nach biodh e a nasgaidh dhi.

"Annag, Annag," ghlaoidh i 's a guth lan corruich—mar so a' gairm a stigh a h-ighinn, caileag bheag, mu dheich bliadhna dh' aois—"ruith a nunn cho luath 's a bheir do chasan thu, agus abair, ri bean Iain Mhic-Aindrea an trinnseir a fhuair i air choin-gheall uamsa, a thoirt duit air a' mhionaid." Bhual i a cas air an urlar, las a h-aodann, 's chaidh i ann am feirg oilteil. Dh' fhalbh Annag air a gnothach. A nis, feumar 'aideachadh nach robh an toir so a chuir i air an trinnseir idir ceart no dligheach. Bha sar-fhios aig Nic-Caillein, agus chaidh 'innseadh dhi da fhichead uair gu 'n deachaidh an trinnseir a bhristeadh; agus a bharr air sin, chaidh a luach a thairgseadh dhi a' cheart cho bitheanta—b' fhiach e ùr mu thuaiream thri fairdeinean. A thuilleadh air so a rithist, bha tri bliadhna o 'n fhuair an te eile air choin-gheall e. Chithear bho so nach robh anns an iarrtas a chuir i leis a' chaileig ach leth-sgeul air son innleachd air choreigin eile a chur an gnìomh. Cha b' urrainn ni tachairt a b' aimhealaiche leatha na gu 'n tilleadh an trinnseir; agus bha cinnt aice nach robh eagal sam bith gu 'm faigheadh a' chaileag e. Ann an uine ghoirid thill Annag, leis an fhreagairt ris an robh suil aice—bha an trinnseir briste; ach bha bean Iain Mhic-Aindrea lan thoileach paigheadh air a shon, na 'n abradh Nic-Caillein ciod b' fhiach e. Leis an fhreagairt chuir i beagan fhacal sgaitheach nach do chord idir ri Nic-Caillein. Thuir i "gu 'n robh i a' deanamh moran tuilleadh gleadhraich mu 'trinnseir truailidh, salach, mosach na b' fhiach e uile gu leir," agus ghuidh i oirre gu tamailteach, a ghaoil an fhortain, "i a dheanamh na bu lagha starruim uime 's gu 'n rachadh làn an dusain a chur dhachaigh 'n a àite."

"Mo riar, nach ann aice 'tha an dalmachd," thuir Nic-Caillein an uair a liubhair a' chaileag a teachdaireachd; "nach ann aice 'tha an dalmachd da-rìreadh," ars' ise 's i cur a lamhan air a cruachainnean, 's a' sealltainn mar aon air an deachaidh eucoir mhor a dheanamh. "An cualas riabh a leithid? An toiseach coin-gheall a ghabhail de m' thrinnseir,

an sin a bhristeadh, agus a nis, an uair a tha mi 'cur air son mo chodach fhein, 'innseadh dhomh gu bheil mi a' deanamh tuilleadh gleadhraich uime's a b' fhiach e uile gu leir. Moire! tha aghaidh aice, An t-seana bhanasgal, mhiomhail a tha i ann! Iadsan's an curraicean-oidhche dearg!" A' cur a currac-biorach mu 'ceann thog i oirre i fhé'-fhéin a thoirt a mach tòrachd. Rainig i tigh Iain Mhic-Aindrea's a stigh ghabh i. "Thainig mi," thuirt i gu h-athaiseach, dòigheil, ged is gann a ghabhadh a' chorruch a bha'n a h-uchd ceiltinn, "thainig mi dh' fheuch am biodh sibh cho math agus mo thrinnseir a thoirt domh, ma's e ur toil e."

"Do thrinnseir," arsa Nic-Caillein's i'g a tarraing fhein suas, 's a' nochdadh na feirge' bha cheana a' toiseachadh airtòcadh 'n a com; "do thrinnseir, a Sheònaid! Ubh, ubh, a bhean, is fuathasach an upraid a tha thu a' deanamh mu 'n trinnseir so agad. Cha robh e cho luachmhor; agus is iomadh uair a dh' innis mi dhuit gu 'n deachaidh a bhristeadh, agus gu 'n robh mi deonach paigheadh air a shon."

"Cha 'n e paigheadh a tha 'dhith orm," arsa Nic-Caillein's i a' godadh a cinn gu h-naibhreach; "tha mi a' sireadh mo thrinnseir, agus bidh mo thrinnseir agam. An cluinn thu sin?" Bhuail i an sin a dorn air a bois, mar is cleachdadh leis na boirionnaich an am a bhi a' trod. "Agus o'n thainig thu gus a sin, their mi riut nach 'eil annad ach boirionnach miomhail, dalma an uair a theireadh tu rium nach mor a b' fhiach e, an deigh dhuit a bhristeadh."

"Air m' fhacal," fhreagair Nic-Aindrea, le ceann gu h-ard, 's a gnuis a' lasadh le corruich, "cha 'n 'eil thu sgàthach an uair a theireadh tu an leithide sin de dh-ainmeannan rium ann am thigh fein."

"Their mi sin, agus na's miosa na sin ruit, ann ad thigh fein no ann an aite sam bith eile," arsa Nic-Caillein's i a' casadh a fiacalan's a' cur a dùirn ri peirceall na te eile. "Seadh, a' so, no an aite eile, their mi riut nach 'eil annad ach boirionnach miomhail, gun oilean, gun tuigse. Gu 'n cuireadh tusa suas do dhuine le currac-oidhche dearg!"

"Agus c'arson nach cuireadh?" fhreagair Nic-Aindrea gu h-uailleil; "tha e cheart cho comasach air paigheadh air a shon's a tha sibhse; agus theagamh, na 'm biodh a chuid fein aig a' h-uile neach, gu bheil moran na's comasaiche. Currac-oidhche dearg, gu dearbh, a bhanasgail mhiomhail, mhosaich!"

"Abair sin a rithist agus spionaidh mi an teangadh asad!" arsa Nic-Caillein's i aig a' cheart am a' leum 's a' beireachdainn air bhad-mullaich's air churrac air Nic-Aindrea's 'g an spionadh le cheile 'n am mirean mu 'cluasan. Rinn ise a leithid eile oirre-se's am badaibh a cheile ghabh na cailleachan, 's thoisich an strith's an sgiamhail, 's an sgreadail. Ghrad lion an tigh leis na coimhearsnaich a dh' fheuch ri an cur bho cheile. Am feadh 's a bha an cath 'n a airde, co thainig a stigh ach Iain Mac-Aindrea, agus aig a shail Eoghan Mac-Caillein, 's an curraicean-oidhche dearg air an cinn mar gu 'm biodh ann brataichean-catha a bhrosnachadh nam bana-churaidh.

"Ciod e air an talamh is ciall d' a so?" ars' Iain Mac-Aindrea's e 'leum a nunn am meadhon an t-sluaigh.

"O, an aigeannach!" ars' a bhean's lan na glaise aice de fhalt Nic-Caillein air a thoinneadh mu 'dorn; "tha e uile mu d' churrac-oidhche, Iain, agus m' a trinnseir salach, truailidh."

Thuig Iain gu math mu 'n trinnseir, ach cha do thog e idir mu 'n churrac-oidhche; coma-co-dhiubh, mar dhuine dleasnachail ghabh e taobh a mhna, agus bha e dol a chur na te eile as an rathad, an uair a rug Eoghan Mac-Caillein air chul amhchadh air, ag radh, "Air d' athais, Iain, na tog do lamh, gus am faic sinn ciod idir is ciall do 'n aimhreit so."

"Thoir an uabhar le leathad, Eoghain! —thoir an uabhar le leathad!" arsa Nic-Caillein an uair a mhothaich i gu 'n robh a leithid de chuideachadh aig laimh. "Thoir an uabhar le leathad—nach stroic thu an currac-oidhche bharr ceann Iain. Tha a' bhanasgal ag radh gu bheil iad na's comasaiche air a phaigheadh na tha sinne."

An sealbhan a cheile nis ghabh na bodaich, 's an taice nam bodach ghabh na cailleachan, gach aon a' feuchainn ri greim 'fhaighinn air currac-oidhche fir na te eile—a' cheathrar a' cur nan car dhiubh air an urlar's an impis an aitreabh a thoirt a nuas leis a' h-uile uilneag a bheireadh iad.

Ach cha b' urrainn d' a so mairsinn fada, 's cha mho rinn e sinn. Thachair sgiorradh diubhalach a chuir gu grad agus gu buileach stad air an t-sabaid. Ann an aon de na gramannan-gleachd eagalach a bh' aca thainig iad gu mi-fhortanach tarsaing air seann dresser critheanach air an robh luchd mor de shoithichean creatha de gach gne, as an robh Nic-Aindrea ro uailleil, agus a bha aice air an cur an ordugh 'n an sreathan greadhnach a suas gu ruig anainnean an tighe. Is gann a

ruigeas sinn leas 'innseadh ciod a thachair. A nuas thainig an *dresser*, agus a nuas leis thainig gach soitheach beag a's mor 'n am bloighdean air leac an urlair; cha d'fhagar aon slàn diubh. Cha 'n fhacas agus cha chualas riamh iomradh air a leithid de sgrios. Stad an iorghuill mar bhuille na boise; agus sheas gach aon ag amharc le h-uamhunn air an t-sealladh eagalach. An uair a chunnaic Mac-Cailein agus a bhean ciod a thachair, agus air doibh fios a bhi aca nach robh an lamhan glan d' an ghnathach, gun diog a radh, sheap iad air falbh dhachaigh.

"Ma tha lagh no ceartas anns an tìr," arsa Nic-Aindrea, 's i 'trusadh suas nam bloighdean briste, "creanaidh Eoghan Mac-Cailein agus a bhean air so. Na faiceam-sa grian an la maireach mur bi iad agam air beulaobh an t-Siorraim m'an teid seachdain thar mo chinn!"

"Tha 'n gnothach eireachdail da-rìreadh," thuirt Iain; "ach ciod air an talamh a thog an iorghuill?"

"Ciod a thog an iorghuill?" ars' ise; "nach d'innis mi dhuit cheana? Ciod ach an trinnseir dubh sin aice! Ach bheir mise oirre gu 'n diol i air son obair an la diugh. Moire, bidh so na 's daoire dhoibh na lub nan tunnag, mur 'eil mise meallta."

"Cha chreid mise gu 'n robh a' bheag de chulaidh-uail againn fhein anns a' ghnathach sin," ars' Iain air a shocair feip.

Thoisich e fhein 's i fhein agus chrunnich iad suas a' h-uile crioman de na soitheichean briste bharr air urlair ann an aon chliabh mor, a chum an gleidheadh mar fhianuis air meud a' chall agus a' mhillidh a dh' fhuiling iad.

Cha d'fhairich Eoghan Mac-Cailein agus a bhean iad fein idir saor o amharus mu 'n sgiorradh a thachair ann an tigh Iain Mhic-Aindrea. Is ann a chuir e mor champar orra, oir cha robh iad a' faicinn ciamar a dh'fhirinnicheadh iad iad fein no a gheobhadh iad an casan a thoirt as an rib, a cheann gu 'n deachaidh iad 'g am foirneadh fein agus a thogail brionglaid ann an tigh an coimhearsnaich far nach robh gnothach sam bith aca dol. Le inntinn lan d' an iomaguin so, agus le aodann muladach, thuirt Eoghan Mac-Cailein r'a mhnaoi, 's i an deigh cunntas falls' a thoirt da mu aobhar na streupaid, "B' eagalach an stairich sud, a Mhor. Cha chuala mi riabh a leithid. Tha an fhuaim oillteil ann am chluasan fhathast."

"O, 's math leam aca e! Gabhadh iad e!" ars' ise 's i mar gu 'm biodh i caoin-shuarach mu 'n chuis, ged a bha e furasd fhaicinn nach robh i idir saor o amharus

mu dheireadh na cluiche. "Bha i tuilleadh 's a' choir moiteil as a cuid shoithichean co-dhiubh; cha b' urrainn na b' fhearr tachairt di."

"Biodh sin mar sin," arsa Eoghan, "ach bha am pronnadh ud searbh."

"Ceol a bu bhinne 'chuala mi riabh," ars' ise.

"Theagamh gur e," ars' esan "ach tha eagal orm gur ann oirine thig paigheadh a' phiobaire. Bheir iad gu lagh sinn."

"Deanadh iad sin ma thoilicheas iad. Cha 'n 'eil lagh no ceartas anns an duthaich ma bhuidhinneas iad."

Cha robh an amharusan gun aobhar, oir air feasgar an ath latha co thainig orra 's iad gu seasgair 'n an suidhe mu 'n chagailt, ach maor a dh'fhag da shumanadh aca gu cuirt a sheasamh air beulaobh an t-Siorraim, an da chuid air son gu 'n do bhuail 's gu 'n do mhill iad Iain Mac-Aindrea agus a bhean 'n an tigh fein, agus mar an ceudna, a'tagar luach na chaidh a bhristeadh de shoithichean—còrr agus coig puinnnd-Shasunnach.

"Sin agad a nis!" arsa Eoghan an uair a leugh e na paipearan. "Is i mo bharrail gu 'm faigh sinn ar leoir dheth nis, a Mhor. Is e so amharus a bha orm. Ach coma-co-dhiubh seasaidh sinn ar cuis gu duineil; bheir sinn doibh greim ruighinn ri 'chagnadh."

"Seasaidh sinn ar cuis," arsa Mor, "mo riar gu 'n seas, agus theagamh gu 'n dean sinn tuilleadh 's sin. Cha 'n 'eil fhiosam nach dean sinn tuilleadh 's seasamh, buailidh sinn orra gu foghainteach 's bheir sinn orra an rathad 'fhagail."

"Sin agad a nis. a Mhor, far am bheil thu 'nochdadh d' aineolais air an lagh."

"Lagh ann no as," fhreagair Mor, "tha fhios agam ciod e ceartas agus tuigse, agus foghnaidh sin domh. Agus ceartas bidh agam," ars' ise 's i 'bualadh a duirn air a bois, "ma bheir meud an sporain no cruas non dorn a mach e."

Moch air madainn latha na cuirte thog iad orra 's a stigh ghabh iad gun athadh gun sgath do thalla a' mhòid. Co bha 'n sin air thoiseach orra ach Iain Mac-Aindrea agus a bhean. Sheall na caill-eachan gu colgach air a cheile, 's shuidh iad a dh-fheitheamh an t-Siorraim. Lamh ri Nic-Aindrea bha ùdabac mor de rud nach robh e furasda do na bha 's a' chuirt a bhreathnachadh ciod a bh' ann; ach bha deadh bheachd aig Nic-Cailein ciod a bu chiall da. B' e sin cliabh mor. Ciod a th' agaibh air no dheth, ach gu 'n do shlaod i leatha an cliath loma lan de na soitheichean briste, ann an cairt a' h-uile ceum do 'n chuirt, a' cur roimhpe a thilg-

eil fosgailte an lathair a' bhreithimh a leigeil fhaicinn nach bu chall faoin a thug an sin i.

An uair a thainig an Siorram 's a chaidh a' chuir a shuidheachadh, ghairmeadh a mach gu cruaidh ainm Iain Mhic-Aindrea agus a mhna, 's a suas steoc iad agus ghabh iad an aite fa chomhair a' bhreithimh. A cheart cho staiteil chaidh Mac-Cailein agus a cheile fein a suas 'n uair chaidh an ainmeannan a ghlaodhaich, agus sheas iadsan mar an ceudna beagan thun an darna taobh. Chaidh iarraidh air Nic-Aindrea a cuis a chur an ceill, 's cha d' fheith i an darna cuireadh. Thoisich i mar so :—

“Fhaic sibh, a bhreithimh uasail, so agaibh mar thachair an gnothach—agus tha mi a' toirt dùlain d' ise ann a' sin,” (thug i suil aingidh air Nic-Cailein) “tha mi a' toirt dùlain di facal dheth 'aicheadh; ged tha mi 'lan chreidsinn gu 'n deanadh i e na 'm b' urrainn di.”

“Mo bhoirionnach math,” ars' an Siorram 's e faicinn gu 'n robh shad air a teangaidh ruith momha's bras, “am bi thu cho math agus cumail an sealladh air do sgeul—innis dhuinn dìreach gu h-aithaiseach, firinneach ciod a thachair, 's gun ni tuille.”

“Ni mi sin, fhaic sibh, ma ta, so mar thachair.”

Chaidh i an sin air a h-aghaidh 's chuir i an ceill gu h-ordail gach ni. Cha d' thuirt i smid mu na curraicean-oidhche, ach chuir i coire na h-aimhreit gu leir air an trinnseir. A nis ghabh Nic-Cailein beachd air so, agus chuir i roimhe, ciod sa bith mar thachradh, gu 'n deanadh ise a' bhuil a b' fhearr de na curraicean-oidhche — gu 'n leigeadh i ris do 'n t-saoghal, mar shaoil i fein, uabhar agus ceilg Nic-Aindrea.

An uair a sgair Nic-Aindrea chaidh an sin gairm air an dithist eile an taobh fein d' an chuis 'aithris. Chaidh an da chuid Eoghan agus Mor air an aghaidh, mar gu 'm biodh iad le cheile dol a labhairt aig an aon am. Agus is ann mar sin dìreach a bha. Trath dh' iarradh orra labhairt—

“Fhaic sibh,” arsa Eoghan; agus—

“Fhaic sibh,” aig a' cheart am arsa Mor.

“Nis, nis,” thuirt an Siorram, “aon mu seach, ma 's e ur toil e.”

“Air a' h-uile cor,” arsa Eoghan, “seas a thaobh, a bhean, 's an innis mise a' chuis do 'n chùirt.”

“Cha dean thu ni d' a leithid, Eoghain,” arsa Mor, 's i aig a' cheart am a' beirsinn air ghuallainn air 's 'g a chur air ais.

Cho luath 's a fhuair i mar so an fhaiche dhi, fein thoisich i 's dh' innis i gu riochdail gach ni bho thoiseach gu deireadh—mu na curraicean-oidhche 's gu leir; ach a' cur an sgeoil air a leithid de dhoigh 's gu 'm measadh daoine gu 'n robh a cuid fein d' an chuis gu tur saor o dhroch rùn 's o gach sion d' an gabhadh coire faighinn; agus nach d' aobharaich ni sam bith an aimhreit agus am bristeadh eagalach a thachair 'n a lorg, ach “straic, a's eud, a's uabhar” Nic-Aindrea i fhein. Am feadh 's a bha i ris an aithris so cha mhor nach do sgain na bha 's a' chuir a' gaireachdaich, agus is gann a b' urrainn do 'n bhreitheamh cumail air gun bhristeadh a mach leotha.

Bha buaidh gu tur eadar-dhealaichte bho so aig a' ghnathach air da fhear-posda nan cailleach. Lan ioghnaidh, naire, agus rugha-gruaidh aig a leithid de thaisbeanadh tamailteach air mar a bha iad, gun fhios doibh fein, air an deanamh 'n am buill-mhagaidh an lathair an t-saoghail, sheap iad le cheile 'mach as a' chuir, 's dh' fhag iad na cailleachan a chur crìch air a' chuis mar b' fhearr a b' urrainn doibh. Ciamar a chaidh dhaibh cha 'n fhios duinn; so mar chrìochnaich ar sgeul mu fharpais nan curraicean-oidhche.

Eadar. le MAC-MHARCUS.

—o—

ALASDAIR MAC CHOLLA.

B'ainmeil an duine so an Gael-tachd Alba la'g an robh an saoghal; agus tha sinn a' deanamh dheth nach miste le 'r luchd-duthcha caileiginn a chluinntinn uime. Bha 'n duin' ainmeil so de Chloinn-Domhnuill Antrim an Eirinn. Bu mhac e do Cholla Ciotach, a ghlacadh ann an Dun-naomhaig an Ile, agus a chuireadh gu bas an Dunstaidhinis. 'N uair a rugadh Alasdair, tha beul-aithris, (as nach ion mor earbs' a chur,) ag innse mu nithibh iongantach a thachair mu thigh 'athar, air chor 's gu 'n do chomhairlich cuid de na cairdean cuir as da, gun tuille dalach. “Cha dean sibh sin,” a deir a mhuime, aig an robh fiosachd a reir barail nan amanna sin; “bithidh e fhathast 'n a ghaisgeach foghainteach, agus eiridh

buaidh leis, gus an sath e 'bhratach an Gocam-go." Dh' fhas e suas gu bhi 'n a dhuin' eireachdail, agus 'n a fhear-claidheamh co maith 's a bha 'n Eirinn. Anns a' bhliadhna 1644 bha buidheann de 'n fheachd ri 'n cur a h-Eirinn chum comhnadh le Montros, as leth an dara Tearlach. 'N uair a chruinnich Maithean na tire a shonrachadh co a rachadh air ceann an airm, bha da fhath uasal Eirionnach aig an robh fiughair ris an urram sin, a thaobh meud an cairdean aig a' choinneimh. "Bu choir," a deir Ceann-mhath na cuideachd, "an t-urram a thoirt do 'n ghairdein is treine an Eirinn, nam biodh fios co e." "So e," deir Alasdair, 's e tar-ruing a chlaidheimh, "a dh'aindeoin co theireadh e." "C'ait a bheil an t-ath-ghairdein," a deir an Ceann-suidhe? "So e," a deir Alasdair, 's e tilgeadh a chlaidheimh 'n a laimh chli. Cha do chuir duine 'n a aghaidh, agus fhuair Alasdair a bhi 'n a Cheann-feadhn' air a' chuideachd. Thainig Alasdair le cuig ceud deug fear, air tir air taobh na h-aird an an Iar de dh-Earra-ghaidheal. Tha iomad sgeul beag air aithris m' an duine so, nach fiach a bhi air inn-seadh, ach is iomad gnìomh euchdach a dh' fheudt' aithris air, mar tha e againn sios ann an eachdraidh. An deigh dha Caisteal Mhingairidh an Ardnamurchann a ghlacadh, ghabh e suas do Ghleanngaraidh, far an do choinnich na daoine sin agus muintir Bhaideanach e a bha air an aon taobh ris fein; ghabh iad air an aghaidh gus an d'rainig iad Dun-chailleann, far an do choinnich iad Iarla Montros, a thug do dh-Alasdair an t-aite bu tinne air fein 's an fheachd; agus cha b' fhada gus an do dhearb e gu 'm b' airidh air an urram sin e. Bha fuath anabarrach aig Alasdair Mac Cholla, agus aig Clann Domhnuill air teaghlach Earra-ghaidheal, cha 'n e mhaing a chionn

gu 'n robh iad an aghaidh an Rìgh, ach gu 'n do bhuin iad moran d' am fearann o na Domhnulluich, agus chum aicheamhail a thoirt a mach air a shon, dh' aom e Montros gus an Geamhradh 1645 a chaitheamh ann an duthaich Mhic-Cailein. Dh' fhaireach orra an Caisteal a ghlacadh, ach loisg iad bail' Inbhear-aora, agus chreach iad an duthaich air fad m' an cuairt. 'S gann a dh' fhagadh tigh air bonn, ionnas gu bheil e 'n a ghna-fhocal 's an tir sin gus an la an diugh, "Alasdair Mac Cholla fear tholladh nan tighean," agus bha na h-uiread eagail roimhe, 's gu bheil ainm fhathast air a chleachda mar bhoichdan gu clann a chumail samhach.

Dhearbh Alasdair e fein 'n a dhuine ann an iomad cumasg beag, ach 's e la Inbhear-lochaidh a thar-ruing gu mor mheas e. 'N uair a thainig e le Montros roi 'n bhlar sin air toir nan Caimbeulach, 's e Iain lom, am Bard a b' fhear-iuil doibh. Air dhoibh tighinn an sealladh nan Caimbeulach, thuirt Alasdair ris a' Bhard, "Theid thu sios leam amaireach gu cath a 'thoirt do na Guimh-nich." B' e Iain lom an gealtair bu mho a bh' air an t-saoghal; ach cha robh chridh' aige a dhiultadh. "Ma theid mise sios, agus gu 'n tuit mi, co a dh' innseas sgeul air do ghaisge? ach theirig thusa sios, agus dean mar is gna leat, agus seinnidh mise do chliu." "Ni mi sin" ars' Alasdair. Tha fios mar choisinn Montros an la sin, agus mar chaidh an ruaig air na Caimbeulaich. Bha Alasdair Mac Cholla maille ri Montros ann an iomad cath cruaidh, an deigh sin, gu h-araidh aig Allt-Eirinn, agus Kilsyth: agus tha daoine fiosrach ag radh nach robh buaidh le Montros an deigh dha dealachadh ris.

Rinneadh Alasdair so 'n a Ridire air son a rioghalachd do Rìgh Tearlach. An deigh dha dealachadh ri Montros, leis a' bheagan Eirionnach

a bha lathair, rinn e air son Chinn-tire, far an robh fhathast beagan fearainn agus cumhachd aig Cloinn-Domhnuill; agus as am bu reidh dha dol thairis do dh-Eirinn. A thuilleadh air na h-Eirionnaich a bha leis, bha Mac-Dhughail Latharna's a chuid daoine, agus muinntir eile a bha fhathast dileas do 'n Rìgh, a chaidh sìos leis chum comhnadh a dheanamh ri Clann-Domhnuill an aghaidh Sliochd Dhiarmaid, a bha miannachadh a chuid fa dheireadh d' an oighreachd a bhuntainn uatha.

Tha e air aithris mu Alasdair Mac Cholla, mar bha e air a thurus sìos do Cheann-tìre gun d' eirich dha air latha araidh, stad e fein's a dhaoine, chum am biadh maidne ghabhail; am feadh's a bha iad 'g a dheasachadh, shuidh e a' cur a sgios, air cnocan boidheach uaine, dlu do mhuileann, air an do shath e 'bhratach. "Is boidheach an cnocan so," a deir e, "C'ainm a th' air?" "Tha," ars' am Muilleir, "Gocam-go." Gu grad dh' eirich Alasdair, "Fagamaid, Illean an t-aite so," oir chuimhnich e air faisneachd a mhuimhe. Ghabh iad air an adhart, agus mar bha iad a' dol seachad air Caisteal a bha san am sin san Lochan-leathann, an sgìreachd Ghlasraidh, loisgeadh air, agus thuit am fear a bha r'a thaobh. "Is moch," a deir Alasdair, a ch—c a' chuthag ort," oir b'e la Bealltuinn a bh' ann. "Ceum ris a' bhruthach, illean," a deir e, gun tuille suil a thoirt air an fhear a thuit.

Air a' cheart am so bha 'n Triath Earragha idhealach le arm laidir fo'n Cheann-fheachd urramach sin *Leslie*, a fhuair buaidh air Montros aig *Philip-haugh*, a' gabhail sìos do Cheann-tìre, chum an buille deir-eannach a thoirt do chumhachd Chloinn-Domhnuill a bha air taobh an Rìgh. B'fhurasda do Alastair am feachd so a ghearradh as ann an

Garbhlach Sliabh-gaoil, far an do theab e fairtleach' air *Leslie* a mharc-shluagh a thoirt air an aghaidh: ach o 'n la a shath e a bhratach ann an Gocam-go, cha robh soirbheachadh leis. Air a thurus mu dheas chuir e fein's a dhaoine seachad oidhche ann an garadh Tighearna nan Learg. Bha trupairean *Leslie* air a thoirt, ach bha sgath orra roimhe o nach d' thainig an t-arm-coise air an aghaidh. Dh' fhan iad uime sin air an ais an duil gu 'm biodh an t-arm aca air an ath-mhaduinn. Dh' fhadaidh Alasdair teinntean mora timchioll a' gharaidh, mar gu 'm b' ann chum a dhaoine a bhathachadh, agus an deigh dha fear 'fhagail a chumail an teine suas, agus Piobaire d' an d' aithn' e seinn fad na h-oidhche, thog e air le dhaoineibh, agus bha e dlu do Chaisteal Dhunabhartaigh m' an d' ionndrain cach air falbh e. Ma thruaighe! am Piobaire bochd, chuireadh á' chomas an cleas ceudna dheanamh, oir thug iad gu neo-ìochd-mhor dheth na meoir.

Dh' fhaig Alasdair trì chend fear ann an Dunabhartaigh, agus thug e ille air, agus an deigh dha da cheud eile d'a chuid daoine fhagail aig 'athair, Colla Ciotach, ghabh e'n t-aiseag do dh-Eirinn, far an do mharbhadh e beagan 'n a dheigh sin, ann an cath a chuir e leosan a dh' eirich an aghaidh Iarla *Charlingford*.

Mar so chaochail an Curaidh treun so. Cha robh duine a thug barr air fo stiuradh fir eile, ach cha da choisinn e cliu leis fein. Bha e iomraideach an dan, agus rinneadh iomad oran molaidh dha an da chuid an Eirinn's an Albainn.

Alasdair a laoigh mo cbéille,
Cò chunnaic no dh' fhàg thu 'n Eirinn;
Dh' fhaig thu na mìltean, 's na ceudan,
'S cha d' fhaig thu t-aon leithid fhein ann.

Calpa cruinn an t-siubhail eatruim,
Cas chruinneachadh an t-sluaigh ri cheile;
Cha deanar cogadh as t-eug'ais,
'S cha deanar sith gun do reite;
'S gar am bi na Guimhnich reidh riut,
Gu'n robh an Rìgh mar tha mi fein duit,
&c. &c.

—*An Teachdaire Gaidhealach.*

—o—

BREACAN MAIRI UISDEIN.

*Le Iain Mac Illeathain Baile-mhar-
tuinn, Eilein Thirithe.*

[An uair a thainig muinntir tigh-
soluis na Sgeire-moire an toiseach
do Thirithe, 's e feadhain Ghallda a
bh' annta, nach fhaca breacan riamh.
Bha Mairi Uisdein 'n a nighinn
ghloin, speisealta, math air deilbh 's
air sniomh, 's rinn i dhoibh am
breacan, do'n deachaidh an t-oran
a leanas a dheanamh.]

SEISD.—'S e 'm breacan lurach, fasanda
Nach fhaighear anns' na buithean;
Tha dubh, tha geal, tha sgarlaid
Ann am breacan Mairi Uisdein.

Tha 'm breacan measail, ainmeil so,
Measg gharbh-chrioch agus stuc-bheann,
'S o'n dhealbhadh dhuinn le Mairi e,
Chaidh feadh gach aite cliu air.

Bho 'n chuala Clann nan Gaidheal e,
Ni chunnaic cach le 'n suilean,
Tha Clann nan Gall ga'm boradh leis,
Am baile mor 's air duth'aich.

M'an cumar anns' an fhasan e
Gu deise 'mhac an Diuca,
Bidh obair mhor aig taileirean,
Air breacan Mairi Uisdein.

'Nuair theid gach sreath airfhiaradhdheth,
Le sioda liath ri chul-thaobh,
Bi earradh ur do 'n Bhan-rìgh
Ann am breacan Mairi Uisdein.

'S lionmher laoch, le brogan fraochain,
Thig gu faoilidh, sunndach,
Fo earraidh sgeanail Gaidhealach
De bhreacan Mairi Uisdein.

Gach teaghlach rioghail bh' anns' na glinn
Fad tim roi linn a' l'hrionnsa,
'S an clann 'n an deigh, tha gradh aca
Air breacan Mairi Uisdein.

Tha leoghann, bradan tarragheal glas,
Lamh dhearg, a's dealbh a' chruin air,
Ceann tuirc a's feidh, mar sgathan,
Leight' air breacan Mairi Uisdein.

Bidh glaoth crois-tarr a's piob dhos ard
'S claidheamhan stailinn ruisgte;
'S e 's comhdach-blair do Chlann nan
Gaidheal,
Breacan Mairi Uisdein.

Chaidh naigheachdan do dh-Ile air,
Do Cheann-tìre, Ghigha, Dhiura;
Tha Muil', tha Coll' air bhainidh
Air son breacan Mairi Uisdein.

Tha Comhal, Bodhd, a's Arainn,
Tha Braid-Albann, Lathurn, Muideart,
'S Morairne nam beann arda
Cluich mu bhreacan Mairi Uisdein.

Bho chriocheibh garbh taobh tuath na
h-Alb'
Thig fir chalma, lughar,
A' tagradh coir air pairt bhi ac'
De bhreacan Mairi Uisdein.

Ach 's coir dhuinn crìoch le reit' thoirt
dha,
M'an dean Prionns' Tearlach dusgadh,
'S m'an tog e spiorad ardanach,
Mu bhreacan Mairi Uisdein.

—o—

AN SEANN GHaidheal AGUS AM MINISTEIR.

Bha seann Ghaidheal ann an aite
araidh, 's air dha fas gu tinn, chuir
e fios air a' mhinisteir. Ruith e
thairis air moran de dh-eachdraidh a
bheatha, agus d'a dheanadais nach
gabhadh firinneachadh. Thuirt am
ministeir gu 'u d' inuis e moran d'a
dhroch-bheirt, an robh ni math idir
aige r'a inuseadh? "Tha sin agam,"
ars' esan;—"bha, o chionn fhada,
Factor cruaidh, feithcheanta 's an
duthaich. Dh'fheumadh an tuath
am mal a bhi deas aca air an latha,
neo bhiodh a' bhairlinn aca. Air
bliadhna araidh nach robh an aim-
sir fabharach, bha na croitearan
air bheagan barraidh. Thainig latha
mhail; 's thainig am *factor*. Sgrìob e
leis gach sgillinn a chuir na daoine
bochda gu h-eiginneach cruinn.

Thachair mi air's an oidhche 's e
'dol dachaigh; leag mi e, 's le m'
ghluin air 'uchd, thug mi uaith an
t-airgiod, 's thug mi an cuid fein do
na daoine bochda.—Nach robh sin
'n a ghuimh math?"

J. W.

Lag-na-h-abhunn,
An t-Samhain, 1874.

SGIÀLACHD NA TROIDHE.

Air a thionndadh bho Ghréugais Hómeir
gu Gàidhlig Abraich.

LE EOBHAN MAC-LACHAINN.

DUAN I.

IOMARBHAIDH AN AICHILL AGUS
AGAMEMNON.

(Air leantainn.)

Aig taobh a' chabhlaich, fo ghruaim,
Shuidh mac Pheleus nan ruag cràidh,
Fearg mhillteach air ghoil 'n a chliabh,
Gun fhaighneachd air gnìomh a' bhlàir,
Gun suim de choinnimh nan slògh
Thogas an glic gu mòr uail :
Fuil a's dioghailt, sgrios a's ar,
Ri stoirm-bhàis 'n a aigne cruaidh,
A nis bha 'n dàrna madainn déug
Ag éirigh gu driùchdach nuadh :
Iobh uile-neartmhor, 's na dé,
Dh' fhalbh bho 'n fhéill aig taobh a'
chuain,
'N an sreith shoillse suas gu nèamh,
Dh' ath-thill iad 's e fhéin air thùs :
Ach cha leigeadh Thetis thlàth
Fàintean a mic ghràidh air chùl.
Bha h-éirigh gu moch bho 'n stuaidh,
Mar mheall cuairteach de 'n ghorm cheò.
Ràinig i iarmailt nan spéur,
Gu lùchairt gheal, chéutach Iòbh.
Chit' am mòr Thorunnach àigh
Cian bho chach an àird' a ghlòir
Air mullach Olimpuis fhuair
'Dh' fhalaicheas a chiad cruach 's na neòil.
Shléuchd ise ri bhialaobh dlùth ;
Ghabh i ghlùinean 'n a bois chlàth,
Shlib i fhiasag le 'deas-làimh,
'S ghéur aslaich i gràs an rìgh.
Athair chaoimh, ma dhearbhu thu m'
fheum,
'S an fheachd nèamhaidh 'm béul nan
gnìomh,
Iarram aon achain gu fòil :
Eisd le bàigh 's thoir deòin do m' mhiann.
Thoir biùthas do m' mhac do 'n dual
Anradh truaighe 's ùine ghéarr :
'S eòl dut mar ghlac rìgh a shluaigh
A dhaor-dhuais le ainneart cèarr.
Dioghail-s' e, dhé ghlic, bhith-bhuain,

Eireadh le Tròidh buaidh 's an strìth,
Los gu 'n tig urram bho 'n Ghréig,
Dh' ionnsaidh 'n trèun a fhuair an spìd.

Freagradh cha d' thug Iòbh d' a riar,
Ach shuidh cian 'n a thosd fo ghruaim :
Ghlais Thetis gu teann mu ghlùn,
A's spàrr i 'cùis le h-ùrnaigh chruaidh.
Athair na cruitheachd, dean fòir,
'S mur deònaich thu, diùlt gun fhiamh :
Taisbein domh firinn mo chràidh,
Gur mi 's tàire measg nan dia.

Fhreagair dia nan duibh-nial dlùth,
'S e 'g osnaich bho ghrùnnd a chleibh :—
C'uime bhiodh an-ghnìomh ad rùn
A dhùisgeadh dhomh brìonglaid ghéur ?
Bhiodh Iùno 'n a lasair dheirg,
'S bhrùchdadh orm sruth garg a beòil,
I casaid feadh nan nèamh gu buan,
Mu m' leth-phairt fhéin ri sluagh Thròidh.
Bi-sa falbh 's dian faicill chòrr,
Mu 'n gabh Iùno mhòrach beachd :
Leamsa biodh gach ni tha 'd réir,
Thoir am òrdugh fhéin gu teach.
Los gu 'n tuig thu 'n rùn tha 'm chom,
Naisgeam le crathadh mo chinn,
Daingneachadh cudthromach, teann,
D' an toir nèamh gu h-iomlan suim :
Suim nach d' fhuair combarradh riabh,
Saineas nach teid fiar le feall ;
'S an dòigh so ceanglam a' mhionn,
Dòigh a bheir gu crìch na gheall.
Thuir iompire 'n toruinn chruaidh,
'S thug caismeachd gu 'n d' fhuair mar
dh' iarr.

A theann-nasgadh nam bóid tróm,
A dhubh mhailghean chrom e siar,
Tiugh fhalt cùbhraidh 'chùil bhith-bhuain
Dh' iom-luasgadh a null 's a nall,
Timchioll guailnean àigh an dè,
'S chlisg an spèur bho cheann gu ceann.

Còmhraidh na deise cho-dhùin,
Léum Thetis gu grunnnd a' chuain
Bharr Olimpuis nan cruach sneachd,
'S dh' imich Iobh gu 'aitreamh buan.
Gu grad às an cathraichean òir,
Romh theachd mhòraich dia nan dia,
Dh' éirich àrd mhaithéan nan spéur,
'S rinn sléuchdadh gu léir le fiamh.
Shuidh esan 'n a chathair àigh :
Ach Iùno bha 'n àird' a fraoich,
Dh' aithnich i comhairl' a chuim,
'S co bha deilbh nan luim ri thaobh ;
Thetis chas-airgiodach, dhonn,
Nigheann sean-fhir nan tonn gorm :
An sin thionnsgain Iùno gu géur
A' ghlòir tharsainn, bhéura, bhorb :—

Co i sid, a chinn nan gò,
Ris 'n a dheilbh thu 'n còmhraidh-cùil ?
'S cleachdadh sìorruith dhut 's gach
beairt,
Mise bhi 'n taobh mach de d' rùn.
Gach leth-bhreth fhalaich d' an dian,

S nial dlomhair iad ormsa chaoidh.
Aon neach dh' am fiosrach do bheachd,
Cha 'n fhiù Iùno feairt no suim.

Iùno, tha do chnuasachd faoin,
'S e thuirt athair dhaoine's dhia ;
Tigh-tasgaidh dlomhair mo rùin,
Cha sgrùd thusa chaoidh nan cian.
Ma's ni tha cuimte ri d' chéill,
'S gur féumail dut fios 's a' chùis,
Thair gach bàsmhor 's gach bith-bhuan,
Riut fhéin theid a luaidh an tùs.
Ma's comhairl' i thaisgear leam
Fo ghlasan an grùnnd mo chléibh ;
Bhi 'mion-fhorfhais ciod a brigh,
Dhutsa's dhaibhsan 's ni gun fhéum.

Làn-sheall i air rìgh nan dia,
Le 'da mheall-shuil chiataich, ghuirm,
'S fhreagair : C'uim' do bhriathran
cruaidh,

Mhic Shathurn an uabhair bhuirb ?
Co tha 'g ad ghrabadh 's na 's àill,
'G ad chuibhreach an ràdh no 'n gnìomh ?
Dh' fhaotainn mion-eolais mu d' rùn,
'S beag mo chùirtsa 's bu bheag riabh ;
Aeh mu 'n Ghréig tha m' eagal mòr :
Cha tuiginn leth-chòmhradh-cinn,
Eadar rìgh nam beithir dearg
'S ban-dia nan cas-airgid grinn.
Sheas ri d' thaobh 's a' mhadainn mhoich,
Nighean riaghlair nan tonn glas,
Ghlac i do dhà ghlùn 'n a bois,
'S barail leam nach b' fhaoin a' ghreis.
'S teann a fhuair i d' a mac gnùth
Gealladh air àrd-chliù 's air buaidh.
Cha 'n ag nach robh 'n crathadh-cinn,
Toirt binn' air mhiltean sluaigh.

Thuirt Fear theanal nan nial luath,
'S coufhadh ruaimleach 'n a ghruaidh
àigh :

A bhan-sgrùdair nan lùb fiar,
'S mion-chriathradh do bhéus gu bràth.
Fidrich a's cladhaich mar chli,
Chaoidh cha tig do mhiann gu buil ;
Càrnaidh tu m' fhearg-sa air do cheann,
'S aithnghidh tu gur h-ann gu d' ghuin.
Gheall mi ni, cha cheilim ort,
'S ma gheall mi, bheir mi gu teach,
Bhrìgh na cùis' ud na tog lochd,
Suidh ad thosd, 's thoir géill do m'
reachd.

Ma léumas mis' ort, 's gu 'n lèum,
Le m' throm làimh is éuchdach gnìomh
Ge d' éireadh uil' fheachd nan spéur,
'S meanbh an gléus 's an stréup gu d'
dhìon.

Dh' oclaich Iùno 's shuidh fo oillt,
Chaidh mòrchuis a cuim gu draip ;
Mighean ghabh talla nam buadh,
'S sgaoil a' ghruaim feadh nèamh air fad.

Dh' éirich Vulcan nan cèird còrr,
'S dh' aisig sith le glòir neo-bhaoth ;
B' fhiathail a chomhairle ghràidh

D' a dhia-mhathair làimh-ghil chaoin.

'S duaichnidh gu 'n togteadh 's an
spéur

Brionglaid ghéur mu chnuimhean truagh ;
Dhaibhsan biodh con-ghlas a's strìth,
Dhuinne sith a's éibhneas buan.

Ma bhuaidhicheas iorghuill chas,
Air cuilm cha bhi blas no miagh :
Strìochdsa, mhàthair chaomh gu fòil,
'S na broснаich rìgh mòr nan dia.

Na 'n lasadh an Tì 'n a fhearg,
Bhiodh dealanaich dhearg 'n an léum,
Sgapteadh gach flath 'n a bhuan 'chùirt,
'S thilgt' iad do 'n dubh ghrùnnd gu léir.

Taisich a dhiùmb le glòir mhìn,
'S deònaichidh e sith gu beachd ;
'S ann d'asan d' an iomchuidh géill,
Oir 's e fhéin is tréine neart.

Ghrad-éirich e 's cuach 'n a láimh,
Fo gheal-bhàrr de nectar caoin,
Dhlùth-lean e na briathran tlàth,
'S shin e 'n dìbh d' a mhàthair ghaoil :—

Seas fo 'n luchd ge goirt do chrádh,
'S dean strìochdadh, a mhàthair rùin,
Mu 'm faic mi, 's gun seòl do dhìon,
Droch dhìol air na 's ionmhuinn leam.
'S eaglach rìgh nam beithir dearg,
Ge b' e dhùisgeadh fearg a chléibh.
Chaidh mis' uair 's an iorghuill dhoirbh,
Gu d' dhìdinn bho stoirm nan créuchd.
Ghlac e mi air chois 'n a dhòid,
'S thilg thair stairsnich mhòir nan spéur ;
Shiubhail mi 'n coinnimh mo chinn,
Am luath still 's an aibheis chéin.

Fad an là feadh chearcall cian
'Tuaineal romh tholg nan nial faoin ;
'N uair laidh grian air cùl nan stuadh,
Thuit mi 'n Lemnos, cluain mo ghaoil ;
M' anam-sa dh' fhosgail am chom,
'S mi 'dhìth càil air lom an raoin :
Fhuair na Sintich mi 'n teinn ghéir ;
Thog iad suas mi 's ghréidh le faoil.

Dh' éisd Iùno bu chruinn-gheal làmh :
Le fiamh 'ghàire ghlac i chuach ;
Riaraich Vulcan deas a's cèarr
Iocshlaint ùr bu nèamhaidh buaidh.
B' iasgaidh 'n dia balcach le sùrd,
Sios 's a suas feadh tùr nan réul :
Thaitinn ris na flaithean àrd,
'S le buan ghàire chrith an spéur.

Chaith iad an là 's a' chuil fhial
Gus 'n a theirinn grian gu tuinn ;
Leth-bhreth cha 'n fhaicteadh 's an dìol,
'S fhuair an t-iomlan miann an cuim.
Sheinn Apollo, dia nan calg,
Clàrsach airgid bu chaoin póng ;
Cho-fhreagair a' cheòlraidh ghrinn
Le àrd-laoidh bu mhilse fonn.

'N uair cheileadh 's a' ghailbhinn ghlaia,
Lòchran dearg-lasrach nan spéur,
Sgaoil an làn chomunn bho 'n bhòrd,
'S thriall gach flath gu chòmhnuidh fhéin,

Gu tighean spleadhneasach, àrd,
De 'n aitreabh a b' àillidh sgèimh,
Mar dheilbh Vulcan bu ghlic crìdh'
Gach cuirt rìoghail fad nan nèamh.
Dhìrich an Torunnach àigh
Suas a thàmh air uirigh phòst',
'S chaidil Iuno 'n taic an dé,
'S a' bhuan-leabaidh chéutaich oir.

CRIOCH A' CHIAD DUAIN.

DUAN II.

SUM.—Ann an co-lorg na casaide a rinn Thetis, màthairan Aichill, chuir Iobh brùdar-meallta gu Agamemnon a dh-iarraidh air an t-arm Gréugach a tharrainn amach gu cath. Rinn e so los gu 'n tuigeadh e nach éireadh buaidh leis gun an t-Aichioll 'g a chòmhnaidh. Chruinnich an rìgh comhairle nan seann cheann-feadhna; agus chunnacas iomchuidh a thoradh na comhairle, gu 'm fiosraicheadh cìod an rùn 's an robh na Gréugaich mu 'n ghnothach mu 'n d' thainig iad, a thoirt gu deadh-bhuil. Cho-ghairmeadh an sin, am mòr-fheachd an ceann a chéile; agus an deigh do Agamemnon faidead na h-uine a bha an cogadh air chumail a shoilleireachadh dhaibh, agus cuideachd, na chaill iad de dh-ionmhas, agus na dhòirteadh de dh-fhuil gun fhéum, chomhairlich e dhaidh teicheadh dhachaidh do 'n Ghrèig, agus gun fhuireach na b' fhaide air sgàth gnothaich nach robh coltach gu 'n gabhadh e toirt gu ceann a chaidh.

An uair a chuala am feachd comhairle an rìgh, dhòirt iad 'n an aon-mhaoim a dh-ionnsuidh nan long, los an cur air saile 's a bhi 'grad-fhalbh. An uair a chunnaic Uisges an sluagh anns an dòigh so a' togail orra gu triall, bhrosnaich e ri gu garg 'g an cronachadh, 's 'g an tàmailteachadh a thaobh mar a thog iad docharrach beachd Agamemnoin. An lorg na h-impidh so, agus an smachdachaidh a fhuair Thersites, duine droch-bhialach, a chionn a bhi dìteadh an rìgh, thill an sluagh gu h-iomlan air an ais a dh-ionnsuidh na comhairle. 'N an èisdeachd uile, labhair na h-ard chinn-feadhna, fear ma seach, gach ni a bha 'n an rùn, a' dearbhadh gu 'm bu mhianas sìorruith e, na 'n dìobradh iad an cogadh gus an rachadh e an darna taobh; 's e bh' ann gu 'n d' thug so air na Gréugaich nach robh iad riabh na bu togarraiche gu comhrag ris na naimhdean. Air an aobhar sin, dh'òrduich Nestor gu 'n

tàirnteadh suas am feachd 'n an sreathan-catha, agus gu 'n roinnteadh iad 'n am fineachan air còmhnaidh Scamandar mu choinnime na Tròidhe. Tha am filidh, an sin, 'a' toirt làn-àirimh air na fineachan Gréugach, agus mion-sgrìbheadh air na duthchannan às an d' éirich iad a leanailt Agamemnoin gu cogadh na Tròidhe.

Cha 'n 'eil an aimsir an duain so ach earrann de dh-aon latha. Is e an t-ionad-gnìomha an long-phort Gréugach, faiche Scamandair, agus baile mòr na Tròidhe.

Gheobhar toiseach an duain so anns a' GHÀIDHEAL, Air. 13, taobh, 12.

Dhuin gach créutair talmhaidh 'n rosg, &c.

—-0—

Faigh a mach gach bonn dhe d' theachd a steach, agus g' e b' e cìod e, biodh e mor no beag, thig beo air ni 's lugha. A nis, dean so, agus cha bi thu chaidh bochd.

An uair a chith sinn duine do 'm bheil speis aig na h-uile, feudaidd sinn a bhi cinnteach g' e b' e co dona 's gu 'm bheil a' chliu, gu 'm bheil deagh - bhuaidhean araidh dluth-cheangailte ris, agus sin ann an tomhas mor.

Feudar a radh nach 'eil ann an Gamhlas ach "domhlas na seirbhe agus cuibhreach na h-eucorach. 'S e gamhlas an toradh a's seirbhe a dh' fhasas air craobh a' pheacaidh, agus cha 'n urrainn ni sam bith ach teas-ghradh an Ti a's Airde a smalach as an anam.

Tha deuchainnean againn mar bhalaist do 'n luing; tha iad gu tric 'g ar sumail gun dol thairis. An uair a tha moran againn r'a ghiulan, ni am Freasdal an druim freagarrach air son na h-uallaich. An uair nach 'eil ni sam bith againn r'a ghiulan, cha tric a ghiulaineas sinn sinn fein. Feudaidd an long luchdaichte a bhi mall ann an ruigheadh chum a calaidh fein, ach tha e cunnartach nach ruig an long eutrom an caladh gu brath.

KEY C.

BRUTHAICHEAN GHLINNE-BRAOIN.

Slow, with feeling.

:M.f | s : s : d¹ | l : s : L.d¹ | r¹ : r¹ : m¹ | r¹ : d¹ : R¹.m¹



| s : m : r.m | s : d¹ : R¹ | m¹ ., r¹ : d¹ : l | s : —

SEISD.—Beir mo shoraidh le durachd,
Do ribhinn nan dlu-chiabh,
Ris an tric bha mi 'sugradh,
Ann am Bruth'chean Ghlinn-
Braoin.

Gur e mis' tha gu cianail,
'S mi cho fad uait am bliadhna,
Tha liunn-dubh air mo shiaradh,
'S mi ri iarguin do ghaoil.

Cha 'n fheud mi bhi subhach,
Gur e's beus domh bhi dubhach,
Cha dirich mi bruthach,
Chaidh mo shiubhal an lugh'd.

Chaidh m'astar am maillead,
Bho nach faic mi mo leannan;
'S ann a chleachd mi bhi mar riut,
Ann an gleannan a' chaoil,

Anns a' choill' am bi 'n smudan*
'S e gu binn a' seinn ciuil duinn,
Cuach a's smeorach ga 'r dusgadh,
'Cur na smuid diu le faoil'.

'S tric a bha mi 's tu mireadh,
Agus cach ga n-ar sireadh,
Gus 'm bu deonach linn tilleadh,
Gu Innis nan laogh.

Sinn air faireadh na tulaich,
'S mo lamh thar do mhuineil,

Sinn ag eisdeachd nan luinneag,
Bhiodh am mullach nan craobh.

Tha mise ga raite,
'S cha 'n urrainn mi 'aiceadh,
Gura iomadach saruch'
'Thig air airidh nach saoil.

Gur mis' tha 's a' champar,
'S mi fo chis anns an am so,
Ann am prìosan na Frainge,
Fo ainneart gach aon.

Ann an seomraichean glaiste,
Gun cheol, a's gun mhacnas,
Gun ordugh á Sasunn,
Mo thoirt dhathaigh gu saor.

Cha b' ionnan sud 's m' abhaist.
A' siubhal nam fasach,
'S a' dìreadh nan ard-bheann,
Gabhail fath air na laoigh.

A' siubhall nan stuc-bheann,
Le mo ghunna nach diultadh;
'S le mo fhlasgaichean fudair,
Air mo ghlun anns an fhraoch.

Beir mo shoraidh le durachd,
Do ribhinn nan dlu-chiabh,
Ris an tric bha mi sugradh,
Ann am Bruth'chean Ghlinn-
Braoin:

* The Ringdove.

—Uilleam Ros.

CAISMEACHD CHLOINN-CHAMROIN.

Cha 'n 'eil óganach treun de Chloinn Chamroin gu léir,
Nach téid dednach fo bhratach Lochiall;
Gu buaidh no gu bàs, 's bidh iad dileas 's gach càs,
Oir géill cha d' thug Camronach riamh.

Chuala mi pìobaireachd, pìobaireachd, pìobaireachd,
Tighinn àrd thar monaidh a's ghleann;
Agus cas-cheuman eutrom a' saltairt an fhraoich—
'S i caismeachd Chloinn-Chamroin a th'ann.

O, 's uallach an ceum, ged tha fios aig gach treun
Gu'm faod e bhi màireach 's an ùir;
Ach gach àrmunn, gun sgàth, theid le 'Cheannard do'n bhlàr,
Far 'm bu dualach dhoibh buaidh agus cliù.
Chuala mi pìobaireachd, pìobaireachd, &c.

Tha 'ghealach ag éiridh, 's tha 'gathan air ceuman
Nan òigfhear tha treun agus fìor;
'S àrd dòchas an cléibh, 's thuirt an Ceannard e féin
Gu'r laoich iad nach géill anns an strìth.
Chuala mi pìobaireachd, pìobaireachd, &c.

Ead. le D. MACNEACHDAINN.

AN OIGE.

Dhia, dealraich air ar n-oig' gu leir,
Sar thiodhlaic naomh nan gras:
Mar shìol a' frasadh nuas o 'n speur,
A' freumbachadh 's a' fas.

Ge bith an t-aite 's an cinnich gras,
Ged 's ann o neamh tha 'n sìol;
'S i 'n oige t-am 's an dosraich' 'fhas,
'S am fearr a bhlath 's a nial.

Mo chreach! nach eisd an oige thruagh,
Ri cuireadh graidh an Uain,
Oir ged tha 'n cridh' le peacadh cruaidh,
Gidheach tha 'throcair buan.

Mur biodh an cridhe cruaidh mar chloich,
Do 'n neach a's oig' air bith;
Cha d'fhuair an ciontach fois na h-oidhch',
Lo geilt, a's bron, a's crith.

An naigheas a's am follais fos,
Tha deoir a's urnuigh 'n t-sluaigh
A' tagradh, Iosa, as bhur los;
Nach gairm sibh fein gu luath!

A's guidheamaid gu 'm foghlaim sibh,
Fo lamh an Spioraid Naoimh,
'S nach lethsgèul idir oige dhuibh
Mur lean sibh Iosa chaoidh!
—*The Treasure.*

—o—

FACAL D' AR LUCHD-
LEUGHaidh.

Tha am mìos a tha nis air tighinn
m' an cuairt a' toirt a' Ghaidheil gu
crioch bliadhna eile—is i an aireamh
so an te mu dheireadh d' an treas
leabhar. Is iomadh ceum a thug e,
agus is iomadh aite dluth agus fad
as anns an do thaghail e bho thois-
each na bliadhna a tha 'nis ach beag

air ruith a mach. Ged a thainig, uair no dha, bacaidhnean's an rathad a chuir maille air a shiubhal's a bhrìst air an riaghtailteachd leis am bu choir dha tighinn, 's ged a dh'fheum e a bhi a' gabhail a leisgeil fein air uairibh air son a bhi cho mairnealach; air a shon sin uile, chi a chairdean gu'n deachaidh aige air da chuairt dheug a dheanamh ann an deich miosan—no mar dh'fhaodar a radh, rinn e “bliadhna-leum” d'an te so; an aite tighinn uair's a' mhios le 'mhaileid air a dhruim, thainig e dà uair a' giulan dà mhaileid loma làn de gach gnè bhathair a chordadh ri clann nan Gaidheal. Is minig a fhuair an t-eilthireach aonaranach, ann an tìr chein, fada bho dhuthaich 's bho chairdean, togail spiorad, agus misneach a's faothachadh d'a inntinn thruim bho'n *Ghaidheal*, oir nach d'thug e seanchus dha araon air cor a luchd-duthcha anns gach cearn, agus naidheachdan an àm a tha 'lathair cho math ri “sgeula na h-aimsir a dh'fhalbh”—mar so a' cumail air mhaireann a' chomh-cheangail bhlath agus laidir sin a bha, agus a tha, agus tha sinn an dochas a bhios, ann an cridheachan nan Gaidheal ri cheile, c'aite air bith am faighear iad; agus a' neartachadh an tàlaidh a tha aig an aignidhean ri cuimhneachain nan cleachdainnean ion-mholta agus nan sgeulachdan 's nan eachdraidhean iomraiteach a choisinn ainm a's meas a's cliù nach bàsaich do thir nam beann's do shìol nan laoch. Ma thug an *Gaidheal* sgeulachdan agus duanagan taitneach seachad, fhuair e failte's furan a's aoidheachd an eirig sin o gach neach; agus tha e 'nis, mar is cubhaidh, a' tairgscadh buidheachais do gach aon a shin an lamh dha, no 'chuir guidhe mhath 'n a chois re na bliadhna dh'fhalbh. A thuilleadh air so tha e nis 'dol a

ghabhail de dhanadas facal beag uail a dheanamh as na tha aige 'n a bheachd air son bliadhna eile—oir their iad “nach 'eil an uail an aghaidh na tairbhe.” Cha 'n 'eil an *Gaidheal* idir 'dol a ghabhail “Cead deireannach nam Beann” a nis, no 'dol a chur dheth a mhaileid 's a dh'fhagail “a shoraidh leis na frithean.” Cha 'n 'eil aon chuid a cheum fann, a cheann air liathadh, no a chiabhagan air tanachadh—is fhada ghabh e uaith! Tha e 'dol a leanailt air a thurais, 's cha 'n e mhain sin, ach, le comhnadh na muinntir a bha 'g a chuideachadh roimhe so, cho math ri dream eile a tha a' gealltainn an taice 's an àm ri teachd, tha e 'cur roimhe gabhail a mach gach mios cho riaghailteach ris a' ghealaich, le neart as comas ùr a sgaoileadh a chuid bathair, a's rìomhaidh, a's an-nasan thar an t-saoghail gu leir; agus

“Cha 'n 'eil baile beag 's am bì e,
Nach tamh e greis ann a' cur a sgìos
dheth;
Bheir e lamh air a leabhar rìomhach,
A ghabhail dhuanag 's a bhuaireadh
nigh'nag.”

Tha an sgioba ghaisgeil a bha ag aiseag a' *Ghaidheil* air a' bhliadhna dh'fhalbh a' cheart cho togarrach gu falbh leis a rithist; agus a thuilleadh orrasan tha moran de dhiulnaich ùra, fhuasgailte a tairgseadh an seirbheis 's a' gealltainn, ma leigear leotha dol 'n a chuideachd, nach diobair 's nach geill iad ged dh'eireadh gaillionn nach bu bheag. Bidh aige, uime sin, sgioba air nach tugadh barr eadhon leòsan a thug gu “cala réidh” Birlinn ainmeil Chlann-Raonuill; agus bidh e iongantach mur eirich gu math do 'n luing a bhios fo 'n curam. Ciod sa bith mar thachair roimhe so, cha 'n 'eil an t-eagal is lugha nach teid i as a dheigh so air fuaradh d'an rudha ruighinn sin ri san abrar *A'-chiad-latha-'n-Mhios*.

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THE FAIRY'S PALACE.

It happened several years ago, when I was traversing the Highlands, along with a much beloved, but now departed friend, one of the true men of the old school; one who was rich in classical and legendary lore, but still more in sterling moral virtues. For it has been my lot to possess friends and companions from whom I was ever gaining, till my store has become somewhat bulky. Alas! there are so many deserters from the corps by this time, who shall no more return, that I wish to cherish the persuasion, that to be gone and to be with them will be far better. My friend and I were among the thickly strewn mountains, and rugged rocks of the wildest branch of the Highlands, where there is a remarkable natural ravine; which we visited and explored. It is, rather than a ravine, a fearful pit, or dungeon, descending deep among the yawning rocks. It is as if a volcano had boiled there, but in course of time spouted out all its lava, forming strange adjacent peaks all round; thus leaving the furnace or cratur dry and empty. It is a terrific throat wide open, on the very edge of which one may stand and look down to the very bottom.

There is a mode of descent into its depths which visitors may command. This is by means of a rope and windlass, as it were into a coal pit, which are fixed and worked from a prominent brow of the highest frowning peak. To the main rope a machine is attached, called a cradle, by four shorter cords, that tie to its distinct

corners. He that descends takes his stand or seat in the cradle, within the stretch of the four diverging cords that meet above his head. A rough old Highlander presided at the windlass, who appointed my friend first to go down. Ere the cradle came up for me again, a presentiment of some horrid accident about to happen to one of us began to take hold of my nature, and I could not resist inquiring if all was right with my friend below. "Hoo, surely," was the answer. "And the cradle will be up for you in a minute; ye are as heavy as twa o' him." "Is the rope frail?" "No very rotten ava; the last ane was rottener afore it brak, and let a man fa," was the alarming reply. "Was he killed, say you?" "Killed! though he had had a hundred lives, he wud hae been killed; he was smashed to pieces down on yonder jagged rock," quoth the hard-hearted Celt. I now examined the rope, and it appeared to be much worn and old. "How old is it?" inquired I. "Just five years auld; the last was a month aulder afore it brak," was his next piece of tantalizing information. With some irritation of manner I put it to him, why a new one had not been provided before any risk could attend the descent; and, to make things worse, he provokingly announced, "We are to get a new ane the morn; ye'll likely be the last to try the auld."

But already the cradle waited for me to step into it. I could not disappoint my companion by not doing as he did; and ashamed to seem to hesitate before the hardy Highlander,

at once I took my seat. It was perhaps to encourage me that he said, as he let me off,—“A far heavier man than you gaed down yesterday.” “Then he strained the rope,” cried I; but it was too late to return, and after all I got safe down. The sun shone brightly, and made every intricacy, in the deep crater, clear and open to the eye. The floor might allow a hundred and fifty people to stand on it at once; and consists of a fine sand that sparkles with pebbles, which have dropt from the surrounding and impending rocks. The face of these rocks is also gemmed by thousands of the same sort, that glittered beautifully in the sun-beam; all which has naturally suggested the idea of a work of enchantment, for it is called the Fairy’s Palace. But I confess, though a palace, it had few attractions for me; for, besides the disheartenings the Highlander filled me with ere my descent, my friend, now that I was down, though without any mischievous intent, crowned my fears by giving, with startling effect, the following narrative:—“A young man once ascended from this, but when he came to the top, he incautiously stood bolt upright in the cradle, and the moment ere it was landed, being impatient to get out of it, he took an adventurous leap for the breast of the rock. But the cradle being still pendant in the air, without a stay, fled back on the impulse of his spring, and fearful to think, let him fall between it and the landing place.” “Horrible! most horrible!” was my natural exclamation. “But,” continued my friend, “keep ye your seat in the cradle till it be firmly landed on the rock, and all will be safe.” He ascended, and I prepared to follow.

I thought of the young man’s leap and fall; I figured to myself the spot where he alighted, and the rebound

he made when he met the ground, never more to rise. And as I took my seat, my limbs smote one another, and my teeth chattered with terror. When I had descended, I kept my eyes bent downwards, and was encouraged the nearer I got to the bottom. But on my ascent, though I looked all the while upwards, I was tremblingly alive to the fact, that I was ever getting into higher danger. I held the spread cords as with the gripe of death, never moving my eyes from the blackened main-rope. “There! there it goes!” I gasped the words; for did I not see first one ply of the triple-twisted line snap asunder, as it happened to touch a pointed piece of granite? And when once cut and liberated, did the ply not untwist and curl away from its coils? Did I not see another ply immediately follow in the same manner, leaving my life to the last brittle thread, which also began to grow attenuated, and to draw so fine, that it could not long have borne its own weight? I was speechless; the world whirled round, I became sightless, and when within one short foot of being landed, I fell!—I fell into the grasp of my friend, who, seeing me about to tumble out of the cradle from stupor, opportunely snatched and swung me, cradle and all, upon the rock. When strength returned, I ran from the edge of the precipice, still in the utmost trepidation, shaking fearfully, and giving unintelligible utterance to the agony of my awe-struck soul. And if my hair did not undergo an immediate change of colour, I was not without such an apprehension; for certainly it stood on end during my ascent from the floor of the Fairy’s Palace.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

CAPTAIN PATRICK ROSS AND HIS FATHER.

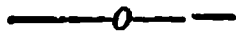
In the action of the 21st of March 1801, near Alexandria, Lieutenant Patrick Ross, of the Cameron Highlanders, was wounded, and his arm amputated close to the shoulder. Having a good constitution he rapidly recovered, and, with a spirit equally honourable and exemplary, he refused the leave of absence offered him to go home for the cure of his wound. Eager to be at his post, he joined his regiment before the skin had closed over the amputated arm; and on the 25th of April, less than five weeks after his arm was cut off, he mounted picket, and continued to perform every duty, however fatiguing, during the whole campaign; in the course of which, at Rhamanich, he nearly lost his other arm, a six-pound shot having passed under it as he was in the act of giving directions to his men. On all occasions, indeed, he displayed the same spirit; and the Duke of York, with that attention which he always showed to merit, when made known to him, promoted Lieutenant Ross to a company in the sixty-ninth, at the head of which he was killed, at the storming of Fort Cernelis, in Java, in 1811; on which occasion he was animated with the same enthusiastic zeal and heroic bravery.

Those who have faith in the hereditary influence of blood, will also believe that this young man had an hereditary predisposition to firmness and bravery. His father, Mr. William Ross, formerly a tacksman of Brae, in Ross-shire, evinced similar qualities in very early life. In the summer of 1746, when so many gentlemen who had been engaged in the rebellion were forced to take shelter in the woods and mountains, and when the troops of Pit-

calney, a chieftain of the clan, was an object of more than ordinary search, having joined the rebels in opposition to the remonstrances and threats of his uncle, Lord President Forbes. As no concealment from the people was necessary, Pitcalney was in the habit of sleeping, in bad weather, in his tenants' houses, but always going to one or other of his hiding-places before daylight, in case of a search of the house by the troops. One night he slept in the farm-house of Brae; and remaining later in the morning than ordinary, Ross, then a lad of sixteen, was directed by his father to accompany Pitcalney through the most unfrequented parts of the woods, in case the troops should be stirring at that hour of the day. The lad had performed his task, and was returning home, when he met a party of soldiers, who knew him, and suspecting where he had been, questioned him very sharply about his knowledge of Pitcalney's retreat. He pleaded total ignorance, and, persisting in doing so, they threatened to shoot or hang him on the next tree, which, in those times, was the usual mode of extorting confession; but threats having no effect, they proceeded to action, and tied him up to a tree, placing four men before him, with their pieces ready to fire, if he still denied what they were sensible he knew. But all in vain; neither the fear of death, nor the previous preparation, which, to a boy of his age, must have been sufficiently trying, could induce him to betray the friend and landlord of his father. So strong were the principles of affection, and regard to promise and to principle, instilled thus early, by the instruction of his parents, and the example of his countrymen. The party, either respecting the boy's firmness, or not

wishing to go to extremities, released and allowed him to go home. When he told the story, he always concluded—

“When I shut my eyes, waiting to be shot, I expected to open them again in Heaven.” Such was the father of the late brave Captain Patrick Ross.



NEWS OF THE HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS.

GLENELG.—The Registrar of the Parish of Glenelg, Invernesshire, remarks regarding marriages:—“They are rare events, and consequently there is scarcely a house in the district in which more than half of the members of the family are not old maids. We might say Aharcle could compete with any parish in so far as old maids and bachelors are concerned; but we are glad to report that the cold weather is making ‘two and two’ creep together.

AUSTRALIA.—We are glad to see that the Rev. Duncan Ross of Sydney, N.S.W., who is a son of Mr. Henry Ross of Kinnaheid, Ross-shire, has been winning golden opinions in our Australian colonies. It would appear that on the occasion of the Rev. Mr. Ross removing from the Presbyterian Church at Muswellbrook to that of North Skene, New Sydney, he was made the recipient of an address and a purse of £226 from the people he was leaving. This speaks well for our countryman, and we are very glad to have the pleasure of recording it—honourable as it is to Mr. Ross and his late congregation.

PROFESSOR BLACKIE.—This distinguished gentleman, who is a host in himself, not only fills the Greek Chair of our Edinburgh University in a most admirable manner, but he is to be found speaking and lecturing on the branches of the Gaelic language and kindred Highland subjects with a vigour characteristic of him. In Glasgow, Edinburgh, Inverness, Inverary, this indomitable, genial friend of the Highlanders is to be seen wherever deeds of kindness are to be done to a neglected people, or doughty championship exhibited for a much abused language. The very look of him is enough to encourage the most dispirited, and his hearty, fervent utterances so full of *verve*—his wonderful facility of bringing quaint anecdotes and amusing little incidents

into the thread of his discourse form a combination which keeps his audience in a constant state of laughing and applauding. Long life to him! May his eloquence so fiery and his constancy so remarkable be rewarded by the full endowment of the Celtic chair, and may he long live to see the good done by the institution which, but for him, would never be one at all.

THE GLASGOW FREE CHURCH STUDENTS' CELTIC SOCIETY.—This body met recently and elected Wm. Mackinnon, Esq., of Balinakill, president; Mr. Donald Macdonald, vice-president; Mr. M. Morrison, secretary; and Mr. Donald Connel, treasurer. This society has existed for ten years, and its success is said to be “far beyond the most sanguine hopes of its promoters.” We can well understand that an institution in which that noble Highlander Mr. Mackinnon takes an interest must get on, or some one must blunder. Mr. Mackinnon's munificence is proverbial, and we know that his zeal in any cause affecting the Highland people is worthy of him. With such a president and office-bearers, we augur well for the society under notice.

THE WEATHER AND THE CROPS IN THE NORTH.—We regret to find that although, on taking an average of the crops of the country, the reports show that 1874 has been a very good farmer's year, we learn that in some parts of the Highlands the past season's returns are far from equal to those of preceding years. We quote from our contemporary the *Northern Ensign*:—“The Registrar of Carlway, in the island of Lewis, mourns that crops of all kinds are below the average, especially the potatoes. What a pleasant contrast is the report of the Botrephine cheery official, who says, ‘the parish has been very healthy during the quarter, and an excellent and bountiful crop secured in fine condition.’” The weather has been exceedingly cold and stormy. Heavy falls of snow and gales of wind with frost experienced everywhere. We regret to state that all the bodies of the men wrecked in the unfortunate “*Maju*” have not been recovered for interment, and we fear that they never will be.

THE 42ND ROYAL HIGHLANDERS (BLACK WATCH).—This glorious corps has had but a very short period of home service to recruit after the Ashantee campaign, whose dangers and honours it had a large share of, for we find it mustering at Portsmouth in November, and embarking, under Col. Sir John C. Macleod, K.C.B., on board

the S.S. "Himalaya," for Malta, where it is now quartered. We do not feel surprised at finding "*the wonderful steadiness*" of the regiment spoken of in the public press, while we would be astonished to hear of any Highland regiment being spoken of in any other terms. We know how highly the 78th, 79th, 92nd, and 93rd Highland regiments have always been praised, and *The Gael* is proud of his countrymen. The Black Watch mustered about 700 all told when it embarked for Malta.

ABERDEEN.—NEW BURSARIES FOR THE HIGHLANDS.—We are glad to observe that through the generosity of the heirs of the late Rev. Hugh Munro, Minister of Uig, Lews—to wit, John Munro Mackenzie, Esq., of Mornish, Mull and Garion Tower, Wishaw; Hugh Mackenzie, Esq., of Prospect, Cumberland; and Mrs. Catherine Robertson Walker, of Gilgarran, Cumberland—all children of the late John Mackenzie, Esq., Sheriff Substitute of the Lews, Ross-shire, the monies inherited by the Messrs. Mackenzie and their sister have been handed over by them to the University of Aberdeen, at which their great grandfather and grandfather graduated as Master of Arts, for the purpose of founding bursaries in the Faculty of Arts, and to be called the "Munro Bursaries," to be of the value of £20 sterling, to be obtained by competition, and to be tenable only by youths born within the Synod of Glenelg, of the Synod of Caithness and Sutherland, or of the Presbytery of Mull, and studying at the University with a view to graduation in arts. The Presbytery of Lews has passed a resolution of sincere thanks to the donors.

MARRIAGE OF ÆNEAS RANALD MACDONELL OF GLENGARRY.—The fine feeling which makes Highlandmen continue to respect an old family by calling it by the name of the estate which once it owned is very commendable. Of the occasion to which our heading refers the press has shown that the interest which the public feel in the gallant, honourable family of Macdonell of Glengarry is still keen, by speaking of the recent marriage of the heir to the name as of importance. We say nothing of the *right* of the young gentleman to be styled *Glengarry*, but we are glad to find that he has the spirit to assert it. If we knew no more of the Glengarry family than the splendid defence of Hogoumont on the ever-memorable 18th June, 1815, yields, we could not

but venerate it for Colonel Macdonell of the Guards there made it illustrious. All the Glengarries were valiant, and we wish well to the present representative of the ancient house. One of the last of the chiefs of Glengarry was sent to learn Gaelic in Lochbroom manse, when the late Rev. Dr. Ross was minister of the parish. An able master had there an able, willing pupil. We are very sure that many readers of *The Gael* in Canada and other Colonies of the Empire will feel a deep interest in the subject of this notice; and it will be especially interesting to the numerous members of the clan in the Glengarry of Canada. It is gratifying to be able to speak of the fact that many Macdonell's have highly distinguished themselves in the Colonies—thus proving them worthy of the name they bear.

THE GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS.—The subject of "Gaelic in Highland Schools" was exhaustively and keenly discussed at the last meeting. Mr. Donald Macrae, of the Highland School, moved a resolution, which was unanimously agreed to, and it was to the effect "that however well the education of the Highlands should be carried on, the experience of generations goes to prove that knowledge of Gaelic, instead of being a hindrance to the acquirement of and progress in English, certainly facilitates instruction in English, no method of teaching languages being so successful as that of double translation; and this being the case, that the new Act should make special provision for the teaching of Gaelic in the Gaelic-speaking districts." Mr. Macrae is a native of Plockton, Lochalsh.

The wreck of the ill-fated "Maju" was one of the most fatal catastrophes of the terrible gales of this winter. Every soul on board perished, and so there is no account of how the unfortunate vessel was lost. The "Maju" belonged to Dundee, was commanded by Captain Smith, and was well found in every respect. The disaster occurred on the Barvas Coast, island of Lews, and nothing could be more complete—not a soul escaping out of the twenty-four on board to tell the tale, and nothing being saved that was on board. The bodies of the captain, chief officer, and a number of the crew were cast ashore, but several will, we fear, never be interred in dry land.

A TRUE PATRIOT.

About the end of August 1786, one Roderick Mackinnon, aged 97 years, was drowned at the fishing, between the islands of Skye and Uist. It is remarkable that in the year 1746, this same man fell overboard near the place where he ended his days, while he was piloting the pretender; and being with difficulty brought to life, and congratulated by his friends on his escape, he replied in Gaelic:

"What signifies my life? I had rather that I and 10,000 more had died if my prince had gained his end."

This same Mackinnon is taken notice of by Voltaire.—*Scots Mag.*

GRANTOWN HALLOWE'EN MARKET.—

This fair, which is one at which masters and servants meet to make their engagements, was well attended by masters, but the servants were scarce—especially females. The latter got from £3 to £4 for the six months readily in consequence. First ploughman were engaged at £9 to £10; second ditto at £8 to £9; cattle-men £7 to £8, with rations.

A Scotch lady, ninety-six years of age, who one day fell downstairs, on being told by her medical advisers that her arm was only bruised, not broken, said—"Oh, I am glad of that, for what a terrible thing it would have been for a puir old wife like me to have broken my arm, and be a cripple for life."

TO OUR READERS.

In bringing the GAEL to the close of the third volume, it becomes our duty to express our obligations to subscribers and contributors, for the large and encouraging measure of support which has been accorded to it during the past year. Notwithstanding that, on account of the pressure of other business, its monthly appearance has not been so punctual as we would desire, it will be seen that we have been enabled by the issuing of two double numbers—one in October, and the other in the present month—to make up the leeway, and have made the volume close with the year instead of February as formerly. In the editorial department we have made such

additional arrangement for the ensuing year as we are confident will ensure the regular and punctual appearance of the magazine on the first day of each month. It will be simultaneously published in Edinburgh and Glasgow. During the coming year the GAEL in its general features will remain unaltered. The same eminent Celtic scholars who have kindly lent a helping hand in furthering our past efforts to provide an entertaining and instructive periodical for the special use of Highlanders, and in their native tongue, still promise us their countenance and support. Various other friends have also promised contributions during the coming year; and in announcing their names we would specially thank those of them who have assisted us in the past, and gratefully receive the assurances of them all of their kindly intention of promoting our objects in the future. The following will be among the principal contributors to the new volume;—The Rev. Mr. M'Gregor, Inverness; the Rev. Mr. Cameron, Brodick; Rev. Mr. Blair, Glasgow; Rev. Mr. Farquharson, Tiree; Rev. Drs. Lauchlan and Masson, Edinburgh; Rev. Messrs. Strachan and Macrae, Lewis; Rev. Mr. Macintyre, Kinlochspelve; Rev. Drs. Macnish and Lamont, Ontario; Rev. D. B. Blair, Nova Scotia; Rev. Messrs. Mackay and Macdonald, Prov. of Quebec; Mr. P. M'Gregor, Toronto; the Bard MacColl, Canada; D. Beaton, Australia; Messrs. D. M'Phail, Glasgow; D. C. Macpherson, D. M'Kinnon, Dr. Morrison, and N. Macleod, Edinburgh; Mr. J. Macdougall, Oban; Mr. Clark, Achnagoul; Dr. Halley, London; Mr. Carmichael, Uist; Mr. W. Mackenzie, Inverness; Messrs. J. Whyte, sen., and J. Whyte, jun., Mrs. Mary Mackellar, &c.

AN
GAIDHEAL;

PAIPEIR-NAIDHEACHD

AGUS.

LEABHAR-SGEOIL GAIDHEALACH.

AN CEATHRAMH LEABHAR.

(AIREAMH 37 GU 48.)

“Mar ghath soluis do m’ anam fein
Tha sgeula na h-aimsir a dh’ fhalbh.”—OISEAN.

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(CONTENTS OF VOL. IV.)

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I N D E X

TO ENGLISH DEPARTMENT OF VOL. IV.

	PAGE		PAGE
Anecdotes	253	News from the Highlands and Islands	31, 62, 96, 126, 254
Buchannan, Unveiling of Monument	379	"Olim Marte, nunc Arte"— <i>D. M.K.</i>	87
Celtic Chair	192	Reviews—Gaelic New Testament	347
Celtic Chair, Subscriptions for the 156, 374	374	———Ossian and the Clyde	185 215
Celtic Chair Endowment Fund	224	———Poems of Ossian— <i>Dr.</i>	
Club of True Highlanders	27	<i>August Ebrard</i>	279, 313
Edinburgh Argyll Club, Dinner of the	60	———Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness	313
Gaelic—New Testament— <i>Rev. Prof. Macgregor</i>	223	———Bourne's Aryan Origin	377
Gaelic in Highland Schools— <i>D. M.K.</i>	23	Re-Union of Inverness Highlanders in Glasgow	30
Gaelic School Society	93	Shoulder to Shoulder	21
Gaelic Society of Inverness	95	Soiree of the Natives of Skye in Glasgow	28
Gaelic Society of London	90	Sutherland Association	62
Greenock Highland Gathering	91	Topography of Scotland— <i>Dr. Mac- lauchlan</i>	53
Highland Society of London	92		
Highlanders appreciation of scenery	151		
Inverness Ross and Nairn Club Dinner	59		
Lavers to Raise our Peasantry— <i>Machaon</i>	89, 124, 219, 249, 343		
Lord Advocate, Deputation to	22		
Mac- lauchlan, Dr. Thomas, Presentation to	219		
Macleod, Dr. John, jubilee of	60		
National Prejudice— <i>D. M.K.</i>	121		

POETRY.

A Vision of Ossian and the Celtic Chair— <i>Professor Blackie</i>	15
——— <i>Ead. le Mairi</i>	
<i>Nic-Eallair</i>	367
Lay of the Brave Cameron	58
The Tongue of the Gael	123

AN GAIDHEAL.

*“ Mar ghath soluis do m' anam fein
Tha sgeula na h-aimsir a dh' fhalbh.”—OISEAN.*

IV. LEABH.] TREAS MIOS A' GHEAMHRAIDH, 1875. [37 AIR.

BLIADHNA MHATH UR.

Bliadhna mhath ùr agus mòran diu—'s e durachd ar cridhe do gach Gàidheal, ge b'e aite am beil iad.

Tha nis tri bliadhna gu leth o'n a chuir sinn a cheud aireamh de'n *Ghaidheal* far comhair; agus an deigh a bhi bliadhna, le moran dragh, 'g a thoirt a mach an Canada, rinn sinn imrich do Ghlaschu, a chum ar leabhar a dheanamh na b' airidh air fàbhar nan Gàidheal. na bha e comasach dhuinn a dheanamh air taobh thall a' chuain. Tha sinn a nis air atharrachadh eile 'dheanamh a tha dochas againn a ni an leabhar na's fiachaille na bha e roimhe so. Le dà aireamh dhubailte a chur a mach an deireadh na bliadhna 'dh' fhalbh, tha sinn comasach air a' bhliadhna a thoiseachadh le leabhar ùr a thig a mach á so suas, an Duneideann 's an Glaschu, air toiseach gach mios.

Tha sinn an comain ar cairdean lionmhor 's an righeachd so 's an duthchannan cein air son an cuid-eachaidh luachmhoir, 's an deagh ruin d'ar n-oidheirp anns an am a chaidh seachad; agus cha 'n 'eil sinn gun aobhar dochais gu'm faigh sinn an cuideachadh agus an run ceudna ann an tomhas, eadhon na 's saibhire 's an am ri teachd. As aon ni tha sinn dearbhte nach lagaich ar dicholl-ne a chum an leabhar a dheanamh cho tarbhach agus cho taitneach 's a tha e 'n ar comas a dheanamh.

Bitbidh e 'n cuimhne ar luchd-

leughaidh gur e 'n run araid a bh' againn 's an amharc leis an leabhar so, a bhi toirt cothrom do na Gàidheil, 'n an cànan fein, air an eolas air Eachdraidh an duthcha, an cinnidh, 's an cànan a mheudachadh; a bhi toirt seachad fiosrachaidh earbsaich mu ghnothuichean feumail an la diugh; air cothrom a thoirt do Bhaird 's do sgrìbheadairean Gàidhealach ar latha fein am bardachd 's am beachdan a thoirt fa chomhair an luchd-duthcha; agus gu h-araid, an da chuid anns a' Bheurla 's anns a' Ghaidhlig, a bhi 'dearbhadh do'n t-saoghal nach 'eil an cinneach Gàidhealach 's an la diugh, na's mo na bha 'n aithrichean, suarach mu'n eachdraidh, mu'n cànan, no mu'n cliù. Tha e gu tric air aithris gu bheil coigrich na's eolaiche air ar n-eachdraidh 's air ar cànan na tha sinn fein; agus tha 'n radh ann an tomhas fìor. Is ann 's a' Ghearmailt a gheobhar na sgoilearan Gàidhealach a's fearr. Tha so maslach d'ar cinneadh; agus bu mhath leinn ar n-oidheirp a thoirt a chum am maslach a chur dhinn. Tha fios againn nach robh ar saothair, gu ruige so, cho soirbheach r' ar run, agus cha 'n 'eil fiughair againn gu'm bi; ach cha 'n aobhar so gu bhi 'cur dhinn ar 'n armachd, ach gu bhi 'g ar crioslachadh fein as ùr.

Is ann leis an run cheudna a bu mhath leinn an leabhar so a chumail air aghart, agus dh' iarramaid air ar cairdean anns gach aite, an comhnadh, an comhairle, agus an

cuideachadh. Bhitheamaid an comain gach aon d'ar luchd leughaidh air son an leabhar a thoirt fa chomhair an luchd-eolais; agus tha moran d'ar leughadairean a bu mhath leinn a bhi 'n an sgrìbheadairean.

Am measg ar sgrìbheadairean tha atharrach beachd mu thimchioll iomadh ceist chudthromaich a tha 'luasgadh inntinnean Ghaidheal a's Ghall 'n ar latha; agus feudaidh e bith air uairean gu'n saoil ar luchd-leughaidh gu'm faic iad beachdan air an toirt air an aghart nach 'eil a reir am barail-san cothromach. Their sinn, a dh' aon fhocal, nach robh, nach 'eil, 's nach bi an *Gaidheal*, cho fad's a bhitheas an fhailm's an achlais 's am beil i, de bhuidhinn seach buidhinn. Gun teagamh feumaidh gach sgrìbheadair a shaorsa fein fhaotainn air son a smuaintean a chur an cainnt; ach cha bhi ceist air am beil atharrach barail am measg Ghaidheal air a deasboireachd 's an leabhar so. Air taobh na firinn 's nan deagh-bheus—an aghaidh foirneirt a's ceilg, seasaidh sinn gu daingean, a dh' aindeoin co 'theireadh e; agus air son a' chorr, bu mhath leinn a bhi 'meudachadh eolais 's ag ardachadh cliu ar luchd-duthcha.

Is ann a chum an t-aobhar so a chur air aghaidh, a tha sinn a nis, le mor-thaing air son gach fàbhair a fhuair sinn, ag iarraidh às ùr soraidh mhath gach Gàidhil a leughas ar leabhar.

FAILTE DO'N BHLIADHN'-UIR.

Fàilte 's furan do'n bhliadhn'-uir,
Le 'trusgan geal is sunntach greann,
Dhùisgeas aiteas anns gach gnùis,
A sgaoileas fleagh mu bhùird le fonn.
Ged nach nach fhaigh sinn a bhi dlùth,
Do 'r luchd-comuinn rùn 's an am,
'S e 'n ciad làn a theid 's a' chuaich:
Slàinte bhuan do Thìr nam beann.

Tàmh am baile-mór nan tùr,
Cha bu dùthchas dhuinn bhi ann?
Far nach fhaic sinn fiadh air stùic,
No bradan ùr 'g a thoirt á allt;
Far nach cluinn sinn pìob air cluain,
No gillean-callainn shuas an gleann.—
Ach cuiridh sinn mu 'n cuairt a' chuach,
Dianamh luaidh air Tìr nam beann.

Tìr a' mhànrain, tìr a' chiùil,
Tìr nam fiùran nach robh fann;
Ged tha 'n sliochd 'g an cur air chùl,
Dhianamh *ruim* do chlann nan Gall—
'S ioma fàrdoch tha gun smùid,
Far 'm bu shiubhlach fonn nan rann;
Ach bidh an aigne blàth gach uair
Ni iad luaidh air Tìr nam beann.

Saoghal fada, maoin, a's cliù,
Do'r luchd-dùthcha bhos a's thall;
Dòirteadh beannachdan mar dhriùchd
Gach bliadhn'-ùr thig air an ceann.
Ged a sgaradh sinn ri luaths,
Bidh ar càirdeas buan 's gach am;
'S òlaidh sinn le caithrim chruaidh,
Làn na cuaich air Tìr nam beann.
N. MAC-LEOD..

SEAN-FHOCAIL.

I. CIOD IAD?

Bithidh mi air uairean a' smuain-eachadh, an uair a bha 'n Saoghal na b' oige na tha e nis, an uair nach robh iarrtasan an duine cho lionmhor 's a tha iad air fàs, 's an uair nach robh an sluagh a' stri cho dian 's a tha iad a nis ris na sean iarrtasan a shasuchadh agus ri iarrtasan ura a ghineamhuinn, gu'n robh an Cinne-daonna a' mealtuinn toil-inntinnean luachmhor air nach 'eil sinne ag amas, no, mar bu choir a radh, ris nach 'eil sinn a' fuireach. Gun teagamh, is mor agus is lionmhor na sochairean a bhuilicheadh oirne a tha beo anns na linnibh deireannach so, air nach cuala ar n-aithrichean iomradh. Is luachmhor an dileab a dh' fhag na ginealaich a chaidh thairis againne a thainig 'n an deigh. B' fhialaidh a thaom ar n-aithrichean fallus an gruidhe, agus gu tric fuil an cridhe a chum.

na beannachdan nach do mheal iad fein a bhuannachd d'an cloinn. Tha na sochairean a choisinn misneach agus cruaidh-chas, eolas agus seirc ar sinnsearan dhuinne do-aireamh; agus bhiodh e eu-comasach a chur an ceill gach doigh air am bheil an Saoghal air a chur fo chis a chum sonas an duine a mheudachadh. Tha so a' cur dleasdanas chudthrom-aich oirne gu'n aisig sinn 'n an lan-thoirbheartas d'ar cloinn na tiodh-lacan luachmhor a tha sinn fein a' mealtuinn.

Ach an uair a tha so uile fìor, cha'n 'eil mi gun amhurus nach robh luchd-aiteachaidh an t-sean shaoghail, am measg iomadh anacothroim, a' mealtuinn cuid de fhìor shonas ann an doighean air nach 'eil sinne ruigheachd a nis. Cha 'n ann uile gu leir gun aobhar, tha mi meas, a bhitheas na Baird a' treorachadh ar n-aire gu sonas na 'tim a bh' ann o shean.' A dh-aon ni, cha toir a bhi 'beachdachadh 'air an domhan 's na bheil ann 'co-ionann toilinntinn do'n duine a nis, 's a bheireadh e anus na 'linntibh a threig.' Dhuisgeadh an cruinne-ce faireachdainnean ann an inntinn an duine o shean nach eil comasach an diugh. Co-dhiu a chitheadh e 'chruitheachd 's na lagh-annan a tha 'riaghladh innte mar bhalla iarunn mu'n cuairt da ach an taobh muigh dheth, agus e fein mar mhol air a luasgadh leis gach oiteig, —gun fhios aige cia às no c'aite a bha 'thus no 'thriall; co-dhiu bha e 'g a fhaicinn fein mar chuid de'n chruitheachd mhoir, a' tarruing beatha uaipè 's a 'tiomnadh a bheatha dh'i —le cheile a' coimhlionadh an Dain ged bha an Dan am folach air; no co-dhiu a bha inntinn air a treorachadh gu bhi saolsinn gu'n robh e 'faicinn ann an obair a' chruthachaidh dearbhadh air lathaireachd Bith uile-ghlic agus uile-chumbachdaich 'n a shuidhe air Rìgh-chaithir na Cruinne,

aig am bheil an Saoghal 'n a ghlaic 's a tha 'g orduchadh gach ni a reir a' ruin: bha 'n Cruinne-ce an comh-nuidh 'n a aobhar-ioghnaidh, 'n a aobhar-uamhuinn, agus 'n a aobhar arthoilinntinn do anam an duine o shean, air dhoigh nach bi e gu brath tuillidh dhuinne. Gheibh sinn dearbhadh follaiseach air so ann an saoth-air nan sean Bhard. Gun a bhi 'dol seachad air prìomh-Bhard ar duthcha fein, — c'aite am faigh sinn Bardachd 's a' Ghaidhlig a th' air a lionadh le Morachd 's le Maise a' Chruthachaidh mar a tha 'Bhardachd a th' air a h-ainneachadh air Oisean. Agus co-ionann tha Bardachd nan Iudhach, nan Greugach, 's nan Romanach. Tha cumhachdan an t-saoghail fhaicsinnich agus neo-fhaicsinnich an da chuid 'g am brosnuchadh agus 'g an claidh. 'S ann napa a tha am beatha spioradail a' teachd, ach tha 'bheatha ro neart-mhor air an son: agus chi sinn iad 'g an sleuchdadh fein sìos an lathair nan cumhachdan so. Tha gun teagamh an Aineolas a' cuideachadh an t-sasuchaidh anna a tha iad a' mealtuinn. Tha Diomhaireachd a' chruthachaidh cho math r'a Mhorachd 'g an lionadh, 's a' dusgadh a suas an Spioraid gu h-urram agus gu h-umhlachd. Ach tarruing a thaobh an brat a tha 'comhdach na Diomhaireachd, thoir lochran an Eolais a steach do'n ionad naomha so, agus ruaigidh tu tuillidh a's Aineolas — ruaigidh tu Spiorad na h-irisleachd, na h-umhlachd agus moran de Spiorad an fhìor ghliocais.

Cha 'n ann le anam lionta le h-urram agus le h-eagal a sheallas Feallsanach an la diugh mu'n cuairt da, no os a chionn. Cha 'n ann le bhrogan bharr a chos, no le bhoineid 'n a dhorn a sheasas esan aig dorus an tighe so "nach do thogadh le lamh-aibh." Cha 'n ann; — ach sgeadaichte, uidheamaichte, tha e 'g eigheach

an dorus fhosgladh a chum 's gu'n rannsaich e 'n tigh,—gach cùil a's oisinn deth. Bha 'n t-eolas so “ro-iongantach” le Daibhidh agus cho ard 's nach ruigeadh e air; ach cha'n 'eil a' chuis mar so dhasan air an dothaomadh gu pailt solus an Eolais agus a' Ghliocais 'n ar latha-ne. Cha 'n 'eil gun teagamh, fios aige co leag Clach-oisinn an talmhainn; ach dearbhaidh e dhuit nach 'eil Clach-oisinn idir ann. Chuir e 'shnathainn-tomhais, cha 'n ann a mhaire thar an talamh ach thar an iarmailt mar an ceudna. Chaidh e steach gu tobraichibh na fairge; chunnaic e ionmhasan an t-sneachda. Dh'fhosgail e mionach an talmhainn; rannsaich e doimhneachd a' chuain; lean e slighe an dealanaich; cheasnaich e 'ghrian. Thug e air oibre Naduir gu leir an ionmhasan a thoirt am follais, 's am fagail aig a' chosan, a chum a bhi 'frithealadh do chombhfhurtachd an duine. Is mor agus is urramach an dearbhadh so air cumhachd buaidhean an duine an uair a tha iad air an deagh chleachdadh; agus is luachmhor a' chreach a thug iad dhachaidh dha á tir an Aineolais. Ach an lorg so, chaill sinn, saoilidh mi, faireachdainnean a bheireadh tolinntinn a's solas do'n anam. Ma dh' fhairich esan a dhearbhadh gur iarann a' ghrian an t-ardachadh inntinn a tha dligheach dhasan a bheir buaidh a mach, nach eigin gu'n do mhothaich e mar an ceudna nach ionann faireachdainn a dhuisgeas “ard-locharan na speur” an cridhe an t-sluaigh gu brath tuillidh, an uair a chithear i “mar fhear-nuadh-posda a' teachd a mach á 'sheomar.” Anns na h-inntinnean is airde, cha 'n 'eil gun teagamh Spiorad an urrainn no na h-irisleachd air a lughdachadh ach air a mheudachadh mar a tha eolas a' dol am farsuingeachd. Tha e eu-comasach dhasan, anns nach eil Spiorad an Aoraidh marbh, a tha 'beachdachadh

air gloir na h-iarmailt, 's a tha 'creidsinn gu bheil gach reul a's rionnag a chi an t-suil, agus na miltean do-aireamh nach faic, 'n an Grein a' soillseachadh Saoghail gun chrìch ann am farsuingeachd na Cruith-eachd, gun a bhi 'g altrum beachdan na 's airde agus na 's soluimte mu thimchioll a' Chruinne-che agus an Ti a chruthaich e. Cha 'n fhaic a' leithid so de fhear anns gach fearann a theid a cheannsachadh ach crìoch na tire neo-chrìochnaich air nach do chuir duine fathast a chas. Ach cha 'n ann mar so a chi an Saoghal. “Millidh danadas modh;” agus faodar a' radh mu mhoran gu'n lughdaich Eolas urram.

Ach a ris, dh' atharraich ar n-eolas, agus na h-innleachdan a fhuair eolas amach, gutur ar beachd mu thimchioll Morachd agus Greadhnachas an talmhainn. Cha 'n ionann beachd dhuinne agus d' ar n-aithrichean air Astar, no eadhon air Tim. Thug innleachdan taobh eile an t-saoghail na's dluithe dhuinne na bha 'n athsgireachd d' ar n-aithrichean. Siubhlaidh tu roimh 'n tir leth-cheud mìle 's an uair. Bithidh tu an Albainn an diugh agus anns an Fhraing am maireach. Gheibh thu litir á America na's luaithe agus na's saoire na gheibheadh do sheanair á Glaschu i. Gheibh thu fios air ais á Australia na's luaithe na gheibheadh d'athair as an ath bhaile. Cha 'n 'eil e duilich dhuitse snathainn-tomhais a shìneadh air an talamh;—nach 'eil cearcaill de shnathainnean iarainn thairis a's thairis air, a' giùlan le luathas an dealanaich teachdaireachd o dhuine gu duine, o bhaile gu baile, 's o rioghachd gu rioghachd; 's nach 'eil so a' tabhairt aobhair-dochais do mhoran gur goirid an uine gus am bi luchd-aiteachaidh an t-saoghail 'n am braithrean mar tha iad cheana 'n an coimhearsnaich; gus “am buail iad an claidhean gu coltairean, 's an

sleaghan gu corranaibh-sgathaidh 's nach foghlum iad cogadh na's mo." Ach tha so uile ag ardachadh ar meas air cumhachd an duine agus ag isleachadh greadhnachas an talmhainn 'n ar suilean. Cha 'n 'eil eagal, saoilidh mi, gun dean an duine aoradh do fhiodh no do chloich - gu brath tuilleadh; tha mor eagal gun dean e aoradh dha fein.

Ach cha 'n e mhain gu bheil sinn air call faireachdainnean a bheireadh fìor sholas do'n anam an lorg an eolais agus nan innleachdan a fhuaradh a mach; tha sinn a' call moran de fhìor shonas leis a' chabhaig leis am bheil sinn a' siubhal roimh 'n t-saoghal. Cha 'n ann le foighidinn a tha sinne 'ruith réis na beatha. Cha 'n ann a mhain 'n ar n-obair lathail a tha an dian stri so ri bhi air thoiseach air ar coimhearsnaich. Cha leor gu bheil ciocras do-shas-uichte air a ghintinn 'n ar cridheachan air son a bhi 'deanamh stòrais, agus sinn fein a chuairt-eachadh leis gach comhfhurtachd a bhuannaichdeas stòras dhuinn. Eadhon 'n ar dachaidhean, 'n ar uaigneas cha ghabh sinn socair. Cha 'n fheith sinn ri bhi sona. Tha sinn a' feuchainn ri sonas fhaotainn ann a bhi 'n comhnuidh air ghluasad, ag atharrachadh o aite gu h-aite 's o thoilinntinn gu toilinntinn; agus tha mi 'meas gu bheil sinn a' deanamh cli. Gun teagamh cha bhi aon chuid an inntinn no 'n corp fallain gun ghluasad, no laidir gun obair; ach feudar an inntinn a sharuchadh cho math ris a' chorp, agus 's e mo bheachd gu bheilear 'n ar latha-ne anns a' mhor chuid de'n t-saoghal a' ruigheachd na h-inntinn 's a' chuirp tuillidh 's a' choir. A reir barail mhorain cha 'n 'eil sinn cho treun r'ar n-aithrichean an corp no 'n inntinn. Cha 'n 'eil iongantais ged nach 'eil. Cha lean an Sgoilear na's mo na 'n Sionnach air sior ruith.

Ach eadar co dhiu 'tha no nach 'eil sinn a' saruchadh na h-inntinn le obair ghoirt, tha sinn. gun amhurus, 'g a milleadh le bhi 'sior chur innte. Cha 'n 'eil, gun teagamh, so cho fìor an Gaidhealtachd na h-Alba, no am measg an t-sluaigh nach labhair ach Gaidhlig. 's a tha e anns a' chuid eile de'n rioghachd; ach 's ann a' dol na's fìrinniche 'tha e gach latha. Ged nach leir do'n t-suil an gad a tha 'ceangal na h-inntinn 's a' chuirp, tha fios againn gu bheil an ceangal dlu; agus ceart mar a tha slainte 's neart a' chuirp air am milleadh ma dhinneas tu de bhiadh ann barrachd na 's urrainn da 'chnamh, tha buaidhean na h-inntinn air an lagachadh ma bheir thu m'a coinneamh barrachd na 's urrainn dh'i 'chnuasachadh. Gabhaidh goile na h-inntinn cho math ri goile 'chuirp milleadh le 'bhi sior chur ann. Bheir geocaireachd cho maith ri ocras do bhàs; tha gais cho cunnartach ri gort. Mu 'd lòn spioradail cho math ri mu 'd aran lathail tha 'n radh fìor: "Is fearr sgur na sgaineadh."

Ann an oige an t-saoghail, ma ta, an uair a bha an inntinn a' gleidheadh ceum ris a' chorp, 's a bha iad le cheile a' siubhal roimh 'n t-saoghal air an socair; an uair a bha 'n t-suil a' fuireach ri faicinn, 's an inntinn ri breithneachadh; an uair a bha daoine a' sealltuinn na b' athaisiche na tha iad a nis mu'n cuairt doibh 's an taobh stigh dhiu; an uair nach robh biadh cho blasda, tighean cho blath, eudach cho riomhach, eolas cho farsuing, no leabhraichean cho pailt;—bha, tha mi'meas, daoine a' mealtuinn anns a' bheagan thoil-inntinnean a bh' aca sonas cho fìor agus, ma dh' fhaodte, cho làn 's a tha sinne leis na cothroman do-aireamh a th' againn fein. Anns na linntean so bha moran de theagasg an t-sluaigh air a thoirt seachad an Sean-fhocail no 'n Gnath-fhocail. Bha 'chleachd-

uin coltachionn am measg gach cinneach air am bheil eachdraidh againn. Tha gach aon againn eolach air Gnath-fhocail Sholaimh. Am measg nan Greugach 's nan Romanach bha moran de'n eolas agus moran de'n creidimh air aiseag o ghinealach gu ginealach air an doigh so. Agus am measg nan rioghachdan Eorpach eile bha 'chleachduin cheudna. Ach tha mi 'creidsinn nach robh sluagh air am bheil iomradh againn am measg an robh 's am bheil uiread cumhachd aig Sean-fhocail ri Gaidheil na h-Alba anns gach aite an robh no am bheil iad. Tha fios againn gu'n robh a' mhor chuid de fhoghlum nan Druidhean—ar luchd-teagaisg o shean—air a thoirt seachad an Sean-fhocail a bha gu tric air an cur an rann a chum a' mheodhair a chuideachadh gu bhi 'g an gleidheadh air chuimhne; agus gus an la diugh chithear gu minic 'n ar glinn 's 'n ar n-eileanan an oidhche gheamhraidh air a' cur seachad ri taobh an teine le rann, sgeul, toimhseachan, a's Sean-fhocal. Gu ma buan gach cleachduin o'm faigh an oigridh tuigse 's toilinntinn o bheul an aosda!

Is ann. mar bu trice, leis na daoine a bu ghlice 's a bu gheire a chaidh na Sean-fhocail a chur ri cheile; agus am measg nan daoine a b' fhoghlumte anns gach linn's anns gach aite bha iad air an altrum le mor - urram. Air Gnath - fhocail Sholaimh—an duine a bu ghlice a chunnaic an saoghal riamh—rìnsinn a cheana iomradh. Rinn an Greugach a b' ainmeile 'n a rioghachd fein air son eolais 'us gliocais cruinneachadh de Shean-fhocail a dhuthcha. Tha dearbhadh againn ann am Bardachd an Ughdair is airde cliu a sheinn 's a' Bheurla air a' mheas a bh' aige-san air Sean-fhocail Shasuinn; agus rinn sgriobhadairean ainmeil uair a's uair cruinneachaidh dhiu so. Ann

an saothair nam Bard Gaidhealach chi sinn an cumhachd a bh' aig Sean-fhocail thairis air na h-inntinn-ean a b' urramaiche d' ar cinneadh fein. Rinneadh cruinneachadh de na Sean-fhocail Ghaidhealach o chionn moran bhliadhnachan le deagh sgoileir—Mac-an-Toisich—ach cha 'n 'eil an leabhar a nis ach tearc. Chuala sinn le mor-aoibhneas gu bheil Gaidheal foghlumte — an Siorramh Mac-Neacail—a' deasachadh clo-bhualaidh uir de 'n leabhar luachmhor so. Ann an duilleagan a' *Ghaidheil* chunnacas o am gu am, agus tha sinn an dochas gu 'm faicear fathast, cuid de na Sean-fhocail a tha siubhlach am measg an t-sluaigh. Cha bhi e neo-fhreagarrach, ma ta, saoilidh mi, a bhi feoraich, mu dhoigh-chainnt a bha 's a tha cho cumhachdach 's cho coitichionn am measg dhaoine, 's gu h-araid am measg Ghaidheal—ciod iad—ciod e an luach—agus ciod e an cunnart mar ghne-theagaisg?

Ciod e Sean-fhocal? Aithnichidh gach aon againn e an uair a chi no 'chluinneas sinn e; ach cha 'n 'eil e cho farasda a mhineachadh do neach eile ciod iad na feartan a tha 'dean-amh suas na doigh-chainnt so. Thuirt Sasunnach ainmeil a tha fathast maireann gur e Sean-fhocal 'gliocas morain, ach geiread aoin;' agus thuirt sean Ughdar Romanach gu bheil an Sean-fhocal mar an Seillean, 'gu'm faighear a' mhill 's an gath ann an coluinn bhig.' Gheibhear an so, tha mi meas, an da chuid mineachadh agus eisimpleir air Sean-fhocal; ach cha ruigear leas fiughair a bhi gu'n seas am mineachadh an comhnuidh fìor. Cha 'n fhaighear Sean-fhocal, tha mi creidsinn, as eugmhais nan tri nithean so—Gliocas, Geiread, Giorrad; ach cha 'n 'eil mi cho dearbhta gu'n deanar suas e leis an tri a mhain. Mu 'm fas e 'n a Shean-fhocal is

eigin gu'n gabh an Saoghal ris mar aon; agus cha bhiodh e duilich iomadh radh fhaotainn a tha glic, geur, a's gearr, nach d' fhuair fard-och am measg an t-sluaigh. Ach ma theid agad air firinn a thilgeadh ann am beagan de fhocail shnasmhòr a ni greim air inntinnean dhaoine, air chor 's gu bheil an fhirinn air a h-aiseag o bheul gu beul ad chainnt fein, 's e mo bharail gu'm feudar a radh gur Sean-fhocal an fhirinn so. Ma bhitheas an radh air a thoirt seachad fo shamhladh, no an rann, no ann am focail a ni fuaim thaitneach do 'n chluais, bithidh e na's dòcha gu'n gabh an sluagh ris, ach ma nithear a bheatha as eugmhais nan innleachdan so is Sean-fhocal e.

Chunnaic sinn a cheana am meas a bh' aig na daoine treun a dh' fhalbh air a' mhodh-theagaisg so; agus cha 'n aobhar iongantais ged a bha. Air an cur ri cheile leis na daoine a bu ghlice 's a b' fharsuinge fiosrachadh anns gach linn; air an tilgeadh an cumadh taitneach do'n t-suil 's do'n chluais; chaidh an giulan air meodhair an t-sluaigh o dhuthaich gu duthaich, 's o ghinealach gu ginealach, ged chaidh, mar bu trice, na blair a chuir iad, na fearainn a cheannsaich iad, 's na h-ealaidhean a dh' ionnsaich iad, gu tur a dhi-chuimhneachadh. Dhuinne tha na Sean-fhocail ro luachmhor. Gheibh sinn annta gu tric am fiosrachadh is earbsaiche air gliocas, gleustachd, beachdan, a's creidimh ar sinns-earachd. Cha 'n 'eil cearn de thir an Eolais, no ach beag de rioghachd a' Chreidimhnach eiliada' comhdachadh. Eolas mu'n chruthachadh 's mu chuibhrionn an duine ann; eolas mu laghannan na h-inntinn 's a' chuirp; riaghailtean-stiuiraidh air son a' ghluasaid anns gach dleasdanas dha fein, d'a choimhearsnach, 's d'a Chruith-fhear;—agus so uile ann an cainnt shnasmhòr, farasda

'thogail 's a ch'rimhneachadh, a bheir tolinntinn cho math ri foghlum seachad. Cuid de na Sean-fhocail gheibhear anns gach canain 's anns gach duthaich—fior luchd-aiteachaidh an domhain—a' ruigheachd air ais gu tus ar n-eolais, 's air falbh gu crìoch ar n-aithne, a' toirt dearbhadh laidir air firinn an Abstoil Phoil gu'n do 'rinn Dia a dh' aon fhuil uile chinnich dhaoine; cuid eile dhiu gheibhear duthchasach do'n tir so no do'n tir ud eile, a' tarruing an cruth 's an dreach o'n t-sluagh 's o'n tir o'n d'fhuair iad am beatha;—ach gu leir ro-luachmhor dhuinne mar na tinneachan is treise anns an t-slabhraidh shiorruith a tha 'ceangal dhuthchannan a's inntein an t-saoghail ann am bannaibh teann an Eolais, a' Ghliocais, agus a' Ghraidh.

Ach luachmhor 's mar tha na Sean-fhocail, agus measail 's mar is coir dhuinn an comhnuidh an gleidheadh air chuimhne, cha 'n 'eil iad gun chunnart 'n an lorg. Tha 'n Sean-fhocal mar an Teine, 'n a dheagh Sheirbhiseachach 'n adbroch Mhaighstir. Ma ghleidhear 'n a aite fein e, tha e fiachail a's goireasach—beathaichidh a's geuraichidh e'n inntinn; ach ma bheirear an lamh-an-uachdar dha, cha dean e ach a claidh. Mar tha eolas a' dol am farsuingeachd, a's mar tha laghannan a's cleachduinean ura a' faotainn aite am measg an t-sluaigh, tha dleasdanas ura ag eirigh suas. An Sean-fhocal a bha fìor mìle bliadhna roimhe so, feudaidh e bhith nach 'eil e fìor an diugh. An Sean-fhocal a tha fìor 's an Airde-Near, feudaidh e gun bhi fìor 's an Airde-Niar. Agus gu h-àraid an radh a tha fìor an aon seadh, is tric nach 'eil e fìor ann an seadh eile. A thuillidh air so, tha mi'meas gu bheil sinn anns a' Ghaidhealtachd buailteach do bhi toirt barrachd uachdaranachd do na Sean-fhocail na tha ar coimhearsnaich na

Goill. Cha 'n 'eil againne an cothrom a tha aca-san air foghlum fhaotainn á leabhraichean. Bha sinn riamh a' faotainn na bu mho d' ar n-eolas leis a' chluais na leis an t-suil, agus bha moran de'n eolas air a thoirt seachad ann an Sean-fhocail. A ris, tha 'leithid de thlachd aig Gaidheil de gach ni a tha deas, cuimhir, 's gu bheil an cumart ro mhor gu'n gabh sinn ri radh a thaitneas ruinn anns an rathad so, gun moran rannsachaidh a dheanamh mu 'fhirinn. Chuir sinn ann an Sean-fhocal ar n-earbsa á firinn nan Sean-fhocal thar cheann,—‘Ged dh' eighichear an Sean-fhocal, cha bhreugraichear e.’ Tha 'leithid de bhuaidh aca thairis oirn, 's a' leithid de dh' earbsa againn 'n am firinn, 's nach 'eil ni cho feumail dhasan leis am bu mhiann beachd ur a thoirt fa chomhair Ghaidheal ri cairdeas nan Sean-fhocal a dheanamh. Tha e air aithris mu Bhard ainmeil Sasunnach gu'n do mharbh 'oraid e anns an robh breith chruaidh air a thoirt air a shaothair. Cha 'n 'eil neach a leugh an *Teachdaire Gaidhealach* nach faca am mort a dheanadh an t-Olla Mac-Leoid leis na Sean-fhocail. Mar shlachdan-druidheachd nan sgeulachdan, bha iad an comhnuidh aig 'uilinn a chum cur as do gach namhaid a thigeadh 'n a charamh. Agus cha 'n 'eil aon againn nach faca, uair a's uair, Deasbair eigin, leis an fhirinn ma dh' fhaodte 'n a bheul, air a thilgeadh le aon de na saighdean cuimseach, basmhor so. Is claidhean da fhaobhair air an deadh liobhadh na Sean-fhocail. Gearraidh iad dlu, agus gearraidh iad glan. Ach is ann mu'n chuid is lugha dhiu a mhain is urrainnear a' radh, mar theirteadh mu chlaidheamh Fhinn, ‘nach d' fhag e riamh fuigheall beuma.’

I'eucaidh sinn o am gu h-am ri aon na dha de na Sean-fhocail Ghaidhealach a chur fo ghloine-

amhaire dubailt' a Sgrudaire, a bheir am fada am fagus, 's a ni am beag mor, agus ri 'rannsachadh a mach, a reir ar comais, ann an solus ar latha fein ciod e 'n fhirinn a gheibhear fillte annta. D. M.K.

CUMHA.

Cumha a rinneadh le Iain Mac-an-t-Saoir, Fear Chamus-na-h-Eirbhe, 's a' bhliadhna 1746, mu 'bhrathair, Donull agus a chairdean, a thuit Latha Chuilfhodair.

Bliadhna Thearlaich, cha robh Donull ach ochd bliadhn' diag a dh-aois. 'S ioma gille òg, fearail, 's b' ann diùbh esan a ghabh le dian-dheòthas am port so 'n a inntinn fhéin a' bhliadhn' ud:—

Na 'm bithinn fhéin am shia bliadhn' déug,

Na 'mbithinn fhéin mar b' àill leam :

Na'm bithinn fhéin am shia bliadhn' déug.
Gu'm falbhainn fhéin le Teàrlach.

Luchd nam breacan, luchd nam breacan,

Luchd nam breacan sgàrlaid ;

Luchd nam breacan ballach, uaine.

Dol mu Thuath le Teàrlach.

Is tric leis na fleasgaichean a bhi 'gearan gu'm bi na màthraichean 's an rathad. Cha do thachair sin do mhathair Dhònuill — is ann de na Seann-mhnathan còire, Gàidhealach a bhà i. An àite a mac a chumail aig an tigh, is ann a bhrosnaich i e gu éirigh leis a' Phrionnsa, agus, na'm b' éudar e, fhuil a dhòrtadh an aobhar na Rìgheachd. Is e éirigh a rinn e. Mar a bha e togail air, ruith a phiuthar amach às a dheaghaidh a' spiondh 'a fuilt, 's ehnam i a da làimh mu theismeadhoin, ag grìosad air fuireach aig an tigh. Spìon e putan òir às a léine 's thug e sid d'i mar chuimhneachan air ; 's tha sin fhathast 'n a bhall-sinnsireachd an teaghlach Chamus-na-h-Eirbhe.

A réir coltais fhuair e leòn-bàis an Cuilfhodair. An deaghaidh a' bhlàir fhuaradh leòinte 's an àrfhaich e, le fear de Reisimeid Earraghaidheal—Caipin Macan-t-Saoir Chinn-a'-Chraicinn. Dh' aithnich esan 'fhear-cinnidh, 's theirg e'n t-each aige fhein da gus an arfhach fhàgail. Bha e cho lag, fann 's nach b' urrainn da dol air muin an eich; agus dh' iarr e mar fhàbhor air a' Chaipin a thaice a leigeil ri gàradh-droma bha faisg orra. Cha d' fhuaras tuille innse-sgeòil mu dhéighinn. A reir coltais, dh' éug e taobh a' ghàraidh 's rinn a bhràthair an cumha so dha. Chaidh e fhéin a leòn latha na h-Eglaise-brice, air chor 's nach robh e comhla ri Donull an Cuilfhodair an uair a thuit e. 'S e an t-Urrramach Iain W. Mac-an-t-Saoir iarogha a' bhàird a chuir gu m' ionnsaidh e. Is ann aig athair fhein nach mairionn, an t-Ollamh Man-an-t-Saoir, Aodhaire Chill-monibheig, a dh' ionnsaich e e.—GLASRACH.

FOON—*Latha Raon Ruairidh.*

Fhir a dhìreadh an fhrith,
Tha thu sìor-thighnn fosnear dhomh;
'S tha mi 'g innse le fìrinn,
Gu'm beil m' inntinn fo smalan;
Mu na dh' fhuirich de m' chàirdean
Anns a' bhlàr a bha 's t-earrach;
'S nach d' thàinig mo bhràthair,
'S e 's cràitich' tha m' sgaradh.

Tha mo chiabhan air glasadh,
Tha mo leacan air mùthadh;
Tha mo shùilean a' sìleadh,
Tha chridhe bochd brùite:
Mu na dh' fhuirich de m' chàirdean,
Anns an àrfhaich 'g an rùsgah;
'S gur h-e mhiadaich mo phràmh,
Gun fhios co chàirich an ùir orr'.

Tha Sliochd Iain Mhic Ailein *
Gu h-airtealach, pràmhail;
Sid a' bhuidheann bha rìoghail,
Ged a dhìobair an càil iad;

* *Sliochd Iain Mhic Ailein*, so called from John second son of "Ailein nan Creach," the first laird of Callart. The Callart branch of the Clan Cameron is so designated.

Tha Ailein a's Iain
Gun tigh'nn as na blàraibh;
Agus mòran de' n itean,
Bu ghibht le fear-àitich.
Tha ur Caipteanas suairce,
Gun ghluasad a' Sasunn;
Sid a' ghnúis bu mhor cruadal,
'S d' am bu dual a bhi sgairteil:
Agus cridhe na féile,
Chuireadh spéid air a' bhrataich;
Ged rinn e 'liubhairt do'n nàmhaid,
'S e 'n impis sgàineadh le masladh.
Lath' na h-Eglaise-brice,
Ghlac thu mhisneach bu dual dut;
Ged a fhuair thu do ghearradh,
Le neimhe na luaidhe:
Cha d' rinn thu sid innse,
'S ann bu spìd leat a luaidh riut;
'S tu 'g an cur air an aghart,
Ann an aghaidh an fhuathais.
Tha do bhaintighearna shuairce
Dh' fhìor fhuil uasal na h-Apann;
'S ged a fhuair thu 'n a h-dig' i,
'S ioma dòigh th' aic' air glasadh:
Bho'n chuir i 'm preasan a b' ùire—
Cha b' e dhùthchas do Shasunn;
'S tric leann-dubh agus bròn
A' mùthadh neòil air a leacan.
Ach, a Dhùghaill Choir'-uanain,
Gura truagh leam tha d' àros;
Tha na làraichean fuara,
'S gun aon luadh air an àiteach;
B' i sid innis nan uaislean,
Bha riabh truacanta, bàigheil;
'S an àm seasamh na còrach,
Bha sibh dhòmhsa mar bhràithrean.
Tha leann-dubh air do chàirdean,
'S gun ad bhràthair ach leanabh;
Tha do pheathraichean truagha,
Mo thruaigh! air an sgaradh:
Ach 's dorra do mhàthair,
'S ann d' i is gnàth a bhi galach;
A rìgh! 's mòr a ceann-fàth air—
B' ùr àluinn a leanabh.
Cha'n 'eil Diùc ann an Albainn,
No gu dearbh ann an Sasunn;
Nach iarradh an t-oigeir
Deas og bhi 'n a mhac dha:
Ann an toiseach a thìme,
Ghlac e 'n inntinn bha beachdail;
Agus cridhe glan, rìoghail
'S a bhi dìreach 's an aigue.
Craobh de dh-abhul a' ghàraidh,
Chuireadh blàth anns gach téurmann;
Ged a leagteadh gu làr i,
Ann am blàthas a' Chéitein:
Bha a' bhuille sid cràiteach,
Dh' fhàg sinn pràmhanach, deurach;
Ach, 's éudar fhulang na thàinig,
Bho'n is fàinte Mhic Dhé e.

Sguiridh mise 'g ur n-ìomradh,
 No idir 'g ur n-àireamh ;
 Bho'n a chaill mi na gibhtean,
 Nach tig gu la bhrath mi :
 Ged a thigeadh Rìgh Séumas,
 'S ged a dh-éibht' air gach sràid e,
 Ann an deireadh gach cunntais
 Bidh mo chùis-sa mar tha i.
 Fhìr a dhìreadh na frithe,
 Tha thu sìor thigh'nn fosnear dhomh ;
 'S tha mi 'g innse le fìrinn,
 Gu 'm beil sgìos ann am bhallaibh :
 Cha 'n e gearradh na luaidhe,
 Ged a bhuail i mi neimheil ;
 Ach na dh' fhuirich de m' chairdean
 Anns a' bhlar a bha 's t- earrach.

—o—

FIONN AN TIGH A' BHLAIR-BHUIDHE GUN CHOMAS EIRIGH NO SUIDHE.

La dh' an robh Fionn mac Cumh-
 ail 's a' chuid eile de'n Fheinn anns
 a' bheinn-sheilg, dh' éirich cur a's
 cathadh; 's mu'n d' fhuair iad an t-
 sealg a chur cruinn, thainig an an t-
 anmoch orra. Sgith, airtealach mar
 a bha iad, thog iad orra gu téarnadh
 gu baile. Mar a bha iad ag gabh-
 ail air an aghart gu trom, athais-
 each, thainig iad air bothan fàs am
 bràighe glinne; agus ghabh iad gu
 tàmh ann. Dh' fhadaidh iad teine
 's chaidh na gillea air surd gréidh-
 idh; 's gus am biodh an t-eunbh-
 ruich ullamh, thòisich iad air
 iomairt nan corn 's air seanchus mu
 'n àm bho shean. Chuir cuimhne
 air cliu an sinnsirean togail fothpa
 mar a b' àbhaist; 's thuirt iad uile
 cruinn-còmhluath, gu 'm b' e mo
 thruaighe duine no beathach a
 thigeadh a chur dragh air an Fheinn
 an oidhche sin; no a theannadh
 ri tàir a thoirt do dh-Fhionn, An
 teis-meadhoin na bruidhne so, thig-
 ear maigheach chaol, ruadh a
 stigh; agus, gun fhiamh, gun umh-
 ail, cuirear car no dhà dh'i air a'
 chagailt, 's togar an luath mu na
 sparran; agus thugar amach oirre.
 Ma thug cha deachaidh sin air
 mhithapadh dhaibhsan—thug iad
 daoidh-leum amach às a deaghaidh;

ach chaidh iad 'n am bràth-cheò cho
 mor le dorchadas a thainig orra, 's
 nach bu léir dhaibh a cheile. Lean
 Fionn 's a dhà ghille dhiag i, a bhun
 's a lorg, thair gualainn a' ghlinne,
 's cha do chaill iad sealladh oirre gus
 'n a leum i stigh air sgùid de thigh
 ùdlaidh a thachair orra aig bun
 sithein. 'D e an tigh a bha 'n so
 ach tigh 'a' Bhlair-Bhuidhe,' famh-
 air a bha tighinn beo air tuirc-
 nimhe 's air feoil dhaoine. Rachar
 a stigh, a's gabhar sgial ach cha d'
 fhuarasforfhais air a'mhaighich. Cha
 robh stigh ach a' bhean 's i fuineadh:
 cha d' thainig am Blar-Buidhe dhach-
 aidh às a' bheinn-sheilg. Thug i
 biadh a's deoch dhaibh; 's thuirt i
 gu'm b' fhearr dhaibh a nise bhi
 falbh mu 'n tigeadh am Blar-Buidhe
 dhachaidh. Thuirt Fionn nach do
 theich iad romh dhuine riabh, agus
 nach dianadh iad toiseach de 'n
 Bhlar; 's theann iad na b' fhaide
 stigh. Feith ri dheireadh, os' a'
 bhean. Mar a b' fhior; cha d'
 fhuair iad iad fhein a shocrachadh
 ach gann, tra a dh' fhairich iad
 stùirn-stàirn aig an dorus; co bha
 'n sid ach am Blar-Buidhe 's a
 ghillea, 's torc-nimhe mor, fiac-
 lach aigesan air a mhuin. Thug e
 crathadh beag mor air fhein a chur
 an t-sneachda dh' e, 's chuir e crith
 fo 'n ursainn 's fo shuidheachan an
 tighe! Tha mi faireachdainn fàilidh
 fharbhalach romham, a bhean, co so
 th' agad a nochd, os' am Blàr. Dh'
 innis a bhean na h-aoidhean a thainig
 air choimheadachd oirre bho 'n a
 dh' fhalbh e. Amach do ghillea,
 'Fhinn, a thoirt na h-eallaiche dhiam,
 os' am Blàr. Cha d' thug Fionn an
 an t-éuradh do dhuine riabh, agus
 cuirear sianar amach dhiubh far an
 robh am Blàr. Mu 'n gann a bha
 iad seach an stairsneach bhuail am
 Blàr slat-na-draoidheachd orra, 's
 bha iad 'n an colbh-cloiche; 's chuir e
 air taobh tuath an doruis iad a chur

stad air a' ghaoith-dheathaich. Dh'fhag e 'n sin iad; 's thug e fhein 's a ghillean a stigh an torc. Cha d'fhuirich iad ach ri robladh lomaidh a thoirt air, 's chuir a' bhean air e 's a'choire-mhór—'u a chlosaich mar a bhà e. Mu 'u d'fhuair e ach goil a's leth-ghoil, sparr am Blàr bior-na-feola ann, 's bha sid aig air an ùrlar; 's gun tuille dàlach shuidh e fhein 's a ghillean mu 'n cuairt da. Gach cnainh mar a chreidhmeadh iad, thilgeadh iad sid gu Fionn 's gu ghillean. B' olc a' bhiatachd è, ach cha robh comas air. Bha Fionn 'n a thosd 's 'n a chuimhne, 's b' ion da sin. An uair a bha 'n ròic thairis, 's cha b' fhada h-uige, dh' iarr am Blàr-Buidhe an t-ubhal òir a thoirt a nuas gus an oidhche fhada gheamhraidh a chur seachad air Fionn. Thug i nuas an t-ubhal 's thug i dhà e. Thòisich iad air a cheile leis an ubhal 's ma thòisich, cha b' fhada gus 'n a chuir am Blàr às do 'n iomlan de ghillean Fhinn. Thuig am Blàr nach dianadh e an gnothach air Fionn fhein leis an ubhal, 's thuirt e gu 'm feumadh iad dol a ghleachd. An dromannan a cheile gabhar iad; ach, ged a bhiodh iad fhathast ag gleachd, cha tugadh e glideachadh air Fionn. Tra a chunn-aic am Blàr gu 'u do thachair a sheise ris, dh' iarr e air a mhnaoi a' ghreideal a chur air gus an rachadh casan Fhinn a gharadh, gur cinnte gu'n robh e fuar, 's an oidhche chruidh rèdhta bh' ann; 's dh' iadh iad uile mu Fhionn (sin tra a thuirt e, 'cha duine duine 'n a ònar), agus sparr iad air a' ghreidil e gus 'n a loisg a chasan gu ruig na sléisdean. Bha e nise gun chomas suidhe. Leig am Blàr rochd gàire as, agus sparr e stob-na-feola romh a dha mhàs; 's bha e 'n sin gun chomas éirigh no suidhe. Shaoil leis a' Bhlàr gu'n robh e gun phlosg anal-ach, 's thilg e seachad 's a' chùil e.

Cha robh Fionn riabh roimhe an gailc na bu mhò na so, ach, an uair a bha e eadar an t-éuradh 's an aim-beairt, agus cuimhnichear e gu'n robh corn nam-fiùbh aige, 's gu'n cluinnteadh e an cóig chóigean na h-Eireann. An uair a ghabh an tigh gu fois, mhàgair e mach gu dubh-balbh-sàmhach gu mullach cnuic a's shéid e 'n còrn trì uairean! Fad an ama so bha chuid eile de 'u Fheinn gu dubhach, déurach air tòir Fhinn, Cha d' fhàg iad cùil no cial gun sireadh, 's iarraidh-mhairbh aca air. Mu dheireadh thall, an uair a thug iad géill a's dubh-ghéill, chuala Diarmad donn mac a pheathar an còrn; 's ma chuala cha bu rabhadh gun fhreagairt. Bha fhios aige gur h-éiginn-bhàis a bheireadh air Fionn a shéideadh. Thuig e gu'n robh an gnothach gu h-olc; 's thug e bóid a's briathar air a chlaidheamh nach rachadh biadh no deoch thair 'anail gus an coibhreadh e air bràthair a mhàthair. Thog e air, e fhein 's a ghillean, 's bu cham gach dìreach leotha thair chnoc a's shloc, 's ge b' fhada bhuapa e, cha b' fhada 'g a ruighinn iad. Fhuair iad Fionn 'n a dheòiridh truagh gun chomas éirigh no suidhe am fasgadh tuim. Dh' fharraid Diarmad d' e ciod a dh' fhairich e. Is coma sin, osa Fionn; 's dh' innis e dha gach car mar a thachair: mar a mharbh am Blàr-Buidhe na gillean, agus an droch ghiullachd a fhuair e fhein bhuaith; 's chomhairlich e dhasan tilleadh dhachaidh mu'n éireadh an cleas ciadna dha—gu'n robh esan mar a bhitheadh e co dhiubh. Bhóidich a's bhriathraich Diarmad nach till-eadh e gus an d' thugadh e mach an aichmheil; 's gun tuilleadh a ràdh thug e tigh a' Bhlàir-Bhuidhe air.

Cha robh stighach a' bhean 's i fuin-eadh. Thug i biadh a's deoch dhaibh 's ghabh i an sgial. Dh' innis i dhaibh

Sheachainn i Greugach nan glonn,
 Thair a ghualainn chli le srann.
 Thilg an sin mac Thid a chruaidh
 Nach d' imich gun bhuaidh á 'dhorn ;
 Buaillear mu'n da chich an treun,
 'S leagar bharr a steud gun deo.
 Leum Idceus 'n a thuil mhaoim
 A 'charbad bu loinntreach dealbh,
 Bior-ghointe mu 'bhrathair-gaoil,
 'S gun phlosg ann an laoch nan arm.
 Ach 's beag nach d' rinn gnìomh gun ágh,
 A reic-san ri dan an éig ;
 Mur b' e feart Vulcain 'g a dhion,
 Le comhdach ciar nial nan speur,
 Thoirt misnich d' an athair graidh,
 Los nach dearbht' an crádh cho trom.
 Ghlac Mac Thid a chàraid steud,
 'S dh' ordaich iad gu sreud nan long.
 Chunnaic Troidhich nan euchd bras,
 Dosgainn mic an t-sagairt leith ;
 Aon air teicheadh bho 'n bhlar shearbh,
 'S aon fo charbad marbh air feur.
 Cho-ghluais a' measgnadh 's gach cliabh,
 Ioghnadh a's fearg, fiamh a's truas ;
 Ach ghlac Pallas Mars air laimh,
 'S thaisbein i 's an radh a smuain :

Areis shuain-mharbhaich nan creuchd,
 Nigheas dùin nan treun am fuil,
 C'uim' nach tairneadh Troidh 's a' Ghreig,
 Le 'n neart fhein an gnìomh gu buil ?
 Imreadh iad fhein comhrag chruaidh,
 'S gheobhar buaidh bho rìgh nan speur :
 Diobrar leinne strith nan laoch,
 Los nach taosg oirn fraoch an de.

Stiur i 'n sin á teas a' bhlair,
 Ares nam paidhe craiteach trom,
 Shuidh aig Xanthus nam bruach tlath,
 'S dh' eisd iad ri gaoir-bhais nan sonn.

An sin chuir Greugaich Troidh 'n a
 deann,
 'S chaisg gach ceannard laoch dha fhein.
 Thorchradh Odus mòr an tus,
 Le mac Atreus iul nan treun,
 'S e tionndadh a steud gu taobh.
 Romh 'n sgrios chiurraidh 'n a mhaom-
 ruaig ;
 Bhuaile 'ghlocach cul an t-suinn,
 'S tholl romh 'n uchd bho'n druim le
 fuaim.

Triath nan Alisonach garbh,
 Mach á charbad thuit gun deò ;
 Shlintrich na buill phrais mu 'chom,
 'S dh' fhalbh an sgail gu fonn a' bhròin.
 Mharbh Idomen Phæstus corr,
 Iarmad Bhoruis bu chian cliu,
 Air ùr theachd gu magh a' bhlair,
 Bho chrìch Thairne nan gorm lùb.
 A mhiann grad-shuidh air a steud,
 Los bhi shios a leum 's a' ghreis ;
 Thainig fad shleagh nan creuchd trom,
 'S bheum i 'n sonn 's a' ghualainn deis :
 Thuit e marbh á charbad nuadh,

'S dhùin uime nial fuar an aoig ;
 Dh' iath an luchd-freasdail mu'n chairbh,
 'S réub iad dh'i na h-airm 's am faobh.

Thuit Scamandrius bu mhath sùrd
 Feadh nan stùc a shealg an fhéidh,
 Menelaus mharbh an t-òg.
 Le shleagh mhòir bu stròiceach béum.
 Nochd Diana cèird a làmh,
 Do'n chuimseir a b' àirde miagh
 A' lot gach faoghaid le 'ruinn
 A dh' araicheas coill nan sliabh.
 Beag tairbhe do 'n fhleasgach àigh.
 Cèird Diana nan luath chalg
 Cuinse lamh air bac nan sron
 An gnìomh sonraicht' a sgaoil ainm
 Menelaus 'g a ruag dlùth
 Nach d' fhas fann air cùl nan sleagh.
 Thilg e 'n a dheigh le fios bàis,
 An gath treun bu chràiteach blagh,
 Eadar dà shlinnein an òig.
 'S romh uchd garbh chaidh cròc nan
 ruinn :

Thuit e gun phlosg air an leirg,
 'S chluinnteadh gliongraich airm an t-
 suinn.

Thorchuir Merion le chruaidh chaoil,
 Phereclus mac saor-nan-long,
 Làmh a bha teom' air gach gnìomh
 'Chunnacas riabh 'g a dheilbh air fonn.
 Aig Pallas bu mhòr a thoirt ;
 'S e rinn cabhlach an toisg thruaigh
 A dh' aisig gu Tròidh, 's dha fhein
 Aobhar millteach nan creuchd buan.
 Bu bheag fhios air run nan dia :
 Dhruid ris Merion 'g a dhian-ruag.
 'S esan a' deann-ruith le geilt,
 Lot e bhòdhan deas le chruaidh.
 Romh shoire 'n uisge fo'n chnàimh,
 Shiubhail gloc nan àr le srann ;
 Thuit 's an raoicich air leth-ghlun,
 'S an ceo storruidh dhuin mu 'cheann.

Mharbh Meges Pedæus bras,
 Mac Atenoir bu ghasd iul,
 Ged rugadh romh 'n cheangal-phòst'
 Thog Theano 'n t-òg le muirn.
 Ceart amhuil a maca ruin,
 Stiur i 'm fiuran 's gach deagh-bheua,
 Mar urram do 'n ghaisgeach àigh,
 D' an d' thug i buan ghràdh a cleibh.
 Dhruid 'n a choir mac Philcuis treun,
 Bu mhor euchd an streup nan ruinn ;
 Thilg e trom-ghath nam beum dluth,
 'S bhuaile 'm fuirbidh 'n cul a' chinn,
 Ghearr romh 'n teanga an searbh bhall.
 Eadar fhiacalan le srann fhuaim.
 Thuit esan 's an dust fo'n chreuchd.
 'S ghlais e dheudach mu 'n chalg fhuar.

Fhuair sagart Scamandair eug
 Bho neart mhic Ethemoin chorr,
 Siol Dholophioin nan àrd euchd,
 Dhearbh e urram dé bho'n t-slogh.
 Bha 'n Greugach 'g a ruag 'n a leum

'S e grad-theicheadh romh'n bheum ghoirt
Bhuail garbh-strailleadh le 'lainn,
'S sgar e lamh an t-suinn bho 'chorp ;
Thuit e 'n a spaid air an raon,
Dhoirt an fhuil 'n a caolas luath ;
Leag an trom bhàs e 's an uir,
'S bhruchd mu 'shuilean mar mhuir
ruaidh.

B' amhuil conbhadh nan garg laoch.
A'dian chaonnag 's a' chruaidh ghleaeht ;
Chiteadh Diomed 'n a dheann-chaoir,
A' steud-leum 's gach taobh de'n fheachd.
Thall 's a bhos mu'n Ghreig 's mu Throidh.
Am buillsgein a' chomhstrith ghaire ;
Sear a's siar bho thùs gu déis,
Bha torunn an trein 's an fheirg,
Mar mhor-shruth geamhraidh nan sian,
A' barcadh gu dian romh 'n fhonn ;
Drochaidean daingean nam bruach,
'G an sguabadh le neart nan tonn ;
Drochaid no bruach, 's dearbh gur faoin,
'N uair ghrad-thaosg maom nan beann,
Leir-sgrìos air garaidhnean-fion'
Barr na bliadhna 'g a thur-chall.
Iobh a' dortadh nam bruchd luath,
Dh' fhagas gnìomh gach sluaigh gun
fheum ;

Sin mar ghluais an Greugach àigh,
'S a dh' fhasaich e 'm blar gu leir.

Mac Licàoin a b' ard glonn,
Bheachdaich air an t-sonn 's a' ghnìomh,
A' dith-mhilleadh neart an t-sluaigh,
'S Troidh 'g a fuadach le ruaig dhian.
Ghrad-chuir e saighead an crois,
Los a lot 's e teachd 'n a dheann ;
Bhuail an iuthaidh 'ghuala dheas,
'S shiubhail romh'n deis airm le srann.
Reubadh an uchdach mu'chliabh,
Le luath chalg a b' fhiadhaich guin :
Shath na gloic iarainn 's an fheoil,
'S mu'n ghorm mhaillich dhoirt an fhuil.
Mac Licàoin bu mhor buaidh,
Dh' eubh an cluais an t-sluaigh gu leir :—
Fheachdan Troidheach nan steud fionn,
Bruchdamaid a null gu gleus.
Thorchradh leinn ciad laoch na Greig' :
Dearbham gur dluth eug do 'n t-sonn,
Cho ceart 's a rinn dia nan calg.
Mise mhosgladh gu garg-chonn,
Labhair e, 's bu diomhain 'naill,
Lot a' bhais cha d' fhuair an treun.
Bu bheag 'fheairt air calg a chraidh,
'S cha diobradh a lamh an t-euchd,
Ghluais an gaisgeach le ceum-cuil,
'S sheas e dluth d' a charbad nuadh,
Dh' iarr e grad-thuirling gu lar,
Air siol-Chabain nan arm cruaidh :
A Stenelus mheannmnaich mhoir,
Grad bhi nuas, dean foir am fheum ;
Dearc air mo ghuala le toirt,
'S tarrainn a m' lot gloc nam beum.
Thug Stenelus iasgaidh geill,

'S bharr nan steud, bha nios air lom :
Spion e á gualainn an t-suinn,
Calg nan ruinn bu neimhneach toll.
Bhruchd an fhuil 'n a coilchibh ruadh,
Sios le maillich nan dual breac ;
'S thairg mac Thid an urnaigh ghearr
Do dh-ard bhan-dia nan treun fheachd —

Eisd rium, inghean ti nan spéur
A Phallas d' an reidh a' bhuaidh,
Ma dhìdinn thu m' athair gràidh,
No mhac cliùiteach an dail chruaidh.
Nise, nise, Phallas ghaoil,
Seas ri m' thaobh 's cuir lùs am dhòrn ;
Stuir gu neart mo shleagh a 'n laoch
A thilg an gath caol gu m' leòn,
'S e 'sior-uail am measg nan cliar.
Nach fhaic mi chaoidh grian nan spéur.
O ! leag-sa sìnte e fo m' leòn,
'S a' phosgail le spàirn an éig.

B' i sid urnaigh 'ghaisgich fhéil :
Dh' éisd Minerva 's thuig mar dh' iarr,
Dh' fhàg i gach ball mènneil, ur,
Aotrom, eangbhaidh gu dluth ghnìomh..
An sin chuir i cagar 'n a chluais :
Mosgail suas, a mhic an t-suinn.
Dearbh do neart an cruadal gleòis,
A's nochd do Throidh miad do shuim.
Meanmna d' athar bu mhòr loinn,
Dhòirt mise 's gach roinn de d' chréubh ;
Cuimhnich Tìd nan cruibh-each luath,
'S duisg gach buaidh bu dual do 'n treun.
Gach smal feola 'dhall thu 'n tus,
Fuadaichims' air chul gu léir,
Measg chlann-daoinè 'n iorghaill chruaidh,
Chì thu flaithean buan nan speur.
Ni d' an eirich sear no siar,
Na fagar aon dia gu h-euchd.
Bi cinnteach nach gluais thu m' fhearg,
Far nach dian neart talmhaidh feum.
Ma thig ort Venus nan gradh,
Torchuir le d' staillinn chaoil,—
Sin mar thuirt Pallas nam blar,
'S an grad phriobadh dh'fhag i 'n laoch.

Ghluais an sin mac Thid an àigh,
Le sgrìb ghàbhaidh 'n tus nan slogh ;
Tri fillte bha chonn 's a fhraoch,
Gu ath-chaonnaig ri neart Throidh.
Mar leomhann riabhach bho 'n uaimh,
Acras 'g a bhuaireadh gu feoil,
Thair mainnir aird, uir nan geug,
Air leum am measg treud a' chro ;
'S diomhain ma thilgear air calg,
Feargnaichidh an lot a' bheisd ;
Am buachaill' air bhall-chrith aoig,
Teichidh fhad 's a dh' fhaodas slan ;
'S millteir spogach nan tosg cruaidh
Ag cur neart na buaile fas.
Doirtear muin air mhuin an t-al,
'N am fuil marbh air blar an fhuinn.
Leumaidh e 'n sin 's a bhru lan,
Le buaidh thair a' gharadh chruinn.
Sid mar rinn mac Thid an t-ar,

'N a chaoir-mhaoim feadh bhlar na Troidh' :

Thuit Astinous fo 'lainmh threin,
'S deagh Hipenor iul nan slogh;
Thorchuir an t-sleagh fear mu'n chich.
'S bha fear sinte fo lainn mhoir;
Sgath i 'n trom ghuala bho 'n chorp.
'S thuit esan fo 'n lot gun deo.
Chunnaic e 'n sin Abas corr,
'S Polyidas og nan gleachd;
Da mhac Eurydamais leith,
Faidhe-bhruadar bu gheur beachd.
'Cha d' fhoillsich e brigh an dain
'N am triall dhaibh gu blar nan sonn;
Fhuair iad bho 'n deagh Dhiomed eug
'S thuit na laoch fo chreuchdan trom.
Xanthus, Thoon thuit 'u an deigh,
Mic iad sid do Phænops caoin;
Dh' fhag iad an seann athair graidh,
Gu h-anfhann a' spairn fo'n aois:
Mac eile cha d' fhuair an laoch,
D' an tiomnadh e mhaoim s' a dhuil:
Bhuail mac Thid am beum gun agh,
'S mhill am bas na gallain ur.
'S craiteach guin an athar thruaigh,
Nach till a dha luaidh na's mò;
Aois a's tursa bhuan 'g a chnamh,
'S roinn aig càch air an t-seilbh mhòir.
Fhuair e 'n sin dà fhleasgach òg,
'S an aon charbad taobh ri taobh,
Bu chlann iad do rìgh na 'Troidh'
'Siubhal sìos gu còmhraig laoch.
Mar leomhann béucach 'n a dheann,
A' saighdeadh romh sgann nam bò,
Damh no tarbh an sàs air ghial,
'S 'g a ghrad-riasladh le chrom dhòid!
Sin mar thilg e bhàrr nan each
An da og, 's a ghlac e m faobh;
'S dh' òrduich e gu sréud nan long,
Na stéudan thair fonn an raoin.

Æneas thug aire do 'n t-sonn
A' tilgeadh reang bun os cionn;
Ghluais e romh sgreaddail nan lann,
Romh stoirm shrannraich nan cruaidh
ruinn.

Dh' iarr a's fhuair e 'n neach bu mhiann,
Mac Licàoin Triath gun cheal;
Dhluthaich e gu teann ri thaobh,
'S ghrad-chuir ceist air laoch nam fear:

A Phandaruis, c' e do chliu,
Do bhogh' ur 's do shaighdean luath.
Cinnt' do làmh gun seis' air féum,
Mu 'n d' rinn Lycia gu léir uaill?
Dh' ionnsaidh an fhir ud leig deann,
Ma 's bàsmhor a th' ann 's nach dia,
A ghluais an diugh ole a's bàs,
Nach d' fhiach rium cho cràiteach riabh.
Ma 's aon a thuirling bho'n spéur,
Gu'r léireadh mu dhearmad faoin,
Iarramaid le umhlachd sìth,
'S eaglach an nì dia fo fhraoch.

Fhreagair mac Licàoin ghéir:—

Ard Ænéais iuil na Troidh',
Samhlaichim an laoch 's gach nì
Ri deagh Dhlomed nan gnìomh còrr.
Aithnighim a sgiath 's éideadh cinn,
'S seang-eich luthmhor an t-suinn bhraia.
Ach 's beag m' fhios nach dia bho'n spéur,
A thaosg oirn an léir-sgrìos cas.
Ma's neach daond' e réir mo ràdh,
'S dearbh gur mac Thid nan sàr ghlonn;
Gun dia bhi cur neart 'n a làimh,
'Cha'n imreadh e'n t-àr cho trom.
Tha flath neo-bhàsmhor 'g a dhìon.
'S còmhach nan gorm nial mu 'chom,
Ged thig fras shaighdean 'n an léum,
Airsan cha druigh béud bho ruinn.
Thilg mis' air le m' iuthaidh chruaidh,
Bhuail mi guala dheas an tréin,
Spealg mi 'n uchdach phrais mu 'chliabh,
'S shaoil leam nach bu chian an t-éug;
Snisneachadh cha d' rinn a chorp,
'S ann a bhrosnaich mi 'n saoidh garg;
'S cinnteach leam gur dia bho'n spéur.
'S uaibhreach éuchdan, 's millteach fhearg.
Gun each, gun charbad ri m' chul,
'S diubhail sid 's an uair nach b' fhéum;
Aon charbad diag bha fo m' làimh
An tigh mòr Licàoin fhéil:
Na buill loinntreach, dhiongmhalt', ur,
Fo dhìon duinte nam brat sgàil
Faisg gach aon diubh tha cuing each,
Air bialaobh nam prasach làn,
Fhuair mise bho 'n aosda mhìn
Iom' earail bu bhrighmhor blagh,
Gu'n leanainn gaisg' agus còir,
'N uair dh' fhagainn tigh mor nam fleagh.
Dh' iarr e mi bhuin leam nan steud,
Le m' charhad bu chéutach dealbh.
'S marcachd air tus arm na Troidh'.
Am buillsgein nan còmhstrith garg.

(*Ri leantuin.*)

MU 'N GHAILIG A BHI AIR A TEAGASG 'S NA SGOILIBH. LEIS AN URR. AN T-OLLA MAC- LACHLAINN.

Tha ceisd air éirigh aig an àm,
co dhiubh bhuineadh do 'n Ghàilig
bhi air a teagasg do chloinn 's na
sgoilibh ùra 'tha air an cur suas 's
an tìr a réir an Achd Phàrlamaid a
thugadh a stigh o cheann ghoirid.
Bha buidheann o Chomunn nan
Sgoilean Gàidhealach ann an co-
labhairt ris an "Lord Advocate" air
a' phuing so, ag agradh nach bith-
eadh dearmad air seana chànan na
dùthcha; ach tha cuid 'n a aghaidh,
'us tha cuid eile meagh-bhlàth.

Is fiù aire a thoirt do na their daoine an aghaidh na cùise. Their cuid, mar is luaithe a theid a' Ghàilig às gur h-ann is fearr. Cha 'n urrainn do dhuine a bheul fhosgladh mu 'n phuing air a' Ghalldachd, nach fhaigh e sud 's an aghaidh. Their iad gu'm b' fhearr nach bitheadh ach aon chainnt 's an rìoghachd, gur h-ann a tha a' Ghàilig a' cur bacadh air maith na Gàidhealtachd, agus gu 'm buineadh a h-uile meadhon a chleachdadh a chum a cur às an tìr. Their cuid eile nach 'eil a' chainnt cho fiùghail, foghainteach, ris a' Bhéurla, nach 'eil focail innte air son iomadh nì a tha am measg dhaoine an diugh, agus mar sin nach airidh i air gu 'm bitheadh i air a teagasg ann; agus ma theid a teagasg anns na sgoilibh, nach 'eil sin ach 'g a cumail beò an uair a b' fhearr gu'm bàsaicheadh i.

Ach stadadh iad sud orra tacan gus am faicear ciod a ghabhas a ràdh air an taobh eile. Cha 'n 'eil amharus air nach fheairrd na Gàidheil eòlas a bhi aca air a' Bhéurla. Duine gun Bhéurla 's an là 's am bheil sinne ann, is duine e air leth làimh. Agus ma 's éigindoibhsan an dùthaich fhéin fhàgail, agus, mo chreach! cha mhòr caidreamh a gheibh iad innte (ged a b' e an aithrichean a choisinn, agus a ghleidh an cuid do shinnsribh nan daoine a tha uis 'g am fògradh aisde), agus ma bheir iad na bailtean mòra orra, no ma dh' iarras iad am beòshlainte ann an tìribh céin, mar a rinn mòran diubh, is anacothrom nach beag dhoibh a bhi gun Bhéurla. Bu cho maith dhoibh, air ámaibh, a bhi gun teangaidh. Faigheadh iad a' Bhéurla ma ta. Cha chuir an caraid an aghaidh sin. Ach an déigh sin uile cha 'n 'eil i aca fhathast; 'us ged a bhitheadh, cha mbisd i a' Ghàilig a bhi 'n a cuideachd. Tha faisg air trì cheud mìle de shluagh na

h-Alba do 'n i a' Ghàilig fhathast an cainnt mhàthaireil. Cha 'n 'eil i aca ri fhoghlum—tha i aca mar thà; 'us tha sinne coma cho fada 's a bhitheas a' chùis mar sin. Ach is i a' cheisd, ma 's i a labhaireas iad, c'arson nach léughadh iad i. Tha sinn a' meas gu 'm buineadh do na h-uile duine a' chainnt a labhaireas e a léughadh, air neo is duine leth-ionnsaichte e. Ciamar a fhreagradh e do 'n t-Sasunnach gur h-i a' Ghàilig a dh' fhéumadh e fhoghlum an toiseach. Is fhurasd a thuigsinn nach ann le gean maith a dh' éisdeadh e ris an nì 'g a agairt. Agus ma 's fìor sin carson a sparradh e a chainnt fhéin sìos an amhaichean nan Gàidheal, mar an t-aon nì a b' fhiù fhoghlum. Ach, abradh daoine gur maith gu 'm bitheadh a' Bhéurla aig a' chloinn Ghàidhealaich. Ma 's eadh is ann is fhusa dhoibh i bhi aca ma gheibh iad leasan 's a' Ghàilig. Tha aon bhuaidh air a' Ghàilig, an uair a léughas an sgoileir Gàidhealach i, gu'n tuig e na focail, 's mar sin tuigidh e brìgh na tha roimhe 's an leabhar. Sin an céum is àirde de 'n ionnsachadh, gu'm bitheadh an inntinn a' togail suim na tha an t-sùil a' faicinn. Is i a' chainnt mhàthaireil a chuidicheas ri sin; agus mar sin, air na h-uile dòigh, is fheairrd oilean na cloinne gu 'm bitheadh comas aca air a' chainnt mhàthaireil a léughadh.

Agus nach fhaod so a bhi air a ràdh air mhodh sònraichte, gur bochd a bhi 'faicinn luchd-aoraidh ann an eaglaisean Gàidhealach, nach urrainn an stéidh-theagaisg a léughadh 's a' chainnt 's an léughar i leis an teachd-aire. Ach an uair a tha esan 'g a léughadh gu ciùin, druigheach, 's a' chainnt shnasail, chudthromaich ris am blàthaich cridhe, is ann a tha am fear-éisdeachd a' strì ri bhi leantainn le Bìobull Gallda 'n a laimh, a' cogadh ri cainnt nach do chuir gluasad air a

chridhe riamh. Agus anns an aoradh-theaghlach theid an caibdeal a léughadh 's a' Bhéurla agus an ùrnuidh suas 's a' Ghàilig mar a' chainnt is fhearr a ruigeas air fìor fhaireachadh a' chridhe. Is aithne dhuinn iad aig am bheil so mar chleachdadh. Agus ma theid fhoighneachd dhiubh carson tha so mar so, their iad nach d' fhuair iad leasan Gàilig riamh 's an sgoil. Agus a thaobh nan ceisd a b' àbhaist a bhi air an teagasg 's a' Ghàilig, is ainmig a nis a gheibhear iad aig òganach 's a' Ghàidhealtachd anns a' Bhéurla. Ach cha 'n 'eil so mar bu chòir. An áite a bhi 'cabhar eideachaidh na cloinne is ann a tha e 'n a éis dhoibh. Fhad 's a tha a' Ghàilig air a labhairt ann an teaghlachan ar tìre, fhad 's a tha i air a cleachdadh 's na h-eaglaisibh againn, fhad 's is i cainnt cridhe a' Ghàidhil an gnothuch beatha 's air leabaidh-bhàis, 's an t-saoghal agus 's an eaglais, is dleasdhanach i bhi 's an sgoil a chum 's nach bitheadh leanabh Gàidhealach innte nach ruigeadh air comas a chainnt fhein a léughadh. Agus an uair a bhitheas luchd-sgìreachd na Gàidhealtachd a' cur dhaoine a stigh air a' "Bhòrd" thugadh iad an aire nach roghnaich iad daoine a bhrathas iad 's a' phuing a tha 'n so. Tha maith aimsireil agus agus spioradail na tìre 'g a agairt.

PIOBAIREACHD DHONUILL DUIBH.

FHIR MO CHRIDHE,—Mo bhonnag ort—Tha 'n Nolluig mu na dornaibh againn—na mnathan a' fuineadh nam bonnag, na h-ingheanan ag cur àirde air rìmheadh, na sean-ghillean a' snaidheadh nan caman, 's na daoine an deaghaidh tighinn dhachaidh às an Tòiseachd, agus a' chlaun a 's caithream aca mar a b' àbhaist air—

Tha 'n Nolluig a' tighinn,
'S a' Challainn 'n a deaghaidh,

'S bidh ioma gobhar odhar
Gun cheam againn.

Agus cuid eile dhiubh ag gabhail—
Cha tig an fheill Anndrais
Gu ceann bliadhna tuille oirnn;
Cha tig an fheill Andrais,
Gu ceann bliadhna tuille oirnn.
Cha tig an fheill Andrais,
Bithibh cridheil dannsaibh,—
Cha tig an fheill Anndrais,
Gu ceann bliadhna tuille oirnn.

Tha camanachd mhór gu bhi againn am maireach, agus fhad 's a bhios am piobaire ag almadh a' mhala tha bhuam fhin cuairt a thoirt dut air 'Piobaireachd Dhonuill-Duibh.' Tha e comhdach orm nach eil e ceart agam; ach tha e agam mar a bha e aig m' oid'-ionnsachaidh, agus dh' ionnsaich esan e mu'n d' rugadh am piobaire.

Their feadhain gur h-ann do Dhonull Ballach a chuir ciad latha Ionarlòchaidh a rinneadh am port; ach, co sa bith dh' an deachaidh a dhianamh, is e is 'Spaidseireachd' do Chlann-Chamrain. Is dualach gu 'm beil fhios aca fhein carson a roghnaich iad e. Is so mar a dh' ionnsaich mi e:—

Piobaireachd Dhonuill duibh,
Piobaireachd Dhonuill;
Piobaireachd Dhonuill duibh,
Piobaireachd Dhonuill;
Piobaireachd Dhonuill duibh,
Piobaireachd Dhonuill;
Piob agus bratach
Air faich Ionarlòchaidh. (*a rist.*)

Piobaireachd, piobaireachd,
Piobaireachd Dhonuill;
Piobaireachd, piobaireachd,
Piobaireachd Dhonuill;
Piobaireachd, piobaireachd,
Piobaireachd, Dhonuill;
Piob agus bratach
Air faich Ionarlòchaidh. (*a rist.*)

Chaidh an diugh, chaidh an diugh,
Chaidh an diugh òirne;
Chaidh an diugh, chaidh an diugh,
Chaidh an diugh òirne;
Chaidh an diugh, chaidh an diugh,
Chaidh an diugh òirne;
Chaidh an diugh, 's chaidh an dé,
Le Clann-donuill. (*a rist.*)

Fire faire, Lochial,
Ceana thriall do ghaigich?
Fire faire, Lochial,
Ceana thriall do ghaigich?
Fire faire, Lochial,
Ceana thriall do ghaigich
Fire faire, Lochial,
Fire faire, Lochial,
Fire faire, Lochial,
Ceana thriall do ghaigich?
Lochial, Lochial,
Lochial, Lochial,
Lochial, Lochial,
Lochial, Lochial,
Lochial, Lochial,
Lochial, Lochial,
Lochial, Lochial,
Lochial, Lèchaidh. (*a rist.*)

Thug na fir chaola
Mach ri Srathlòchaidh;
Thug na fir chaola
Mach ri Srathlòchaidh;
Thug na fir chaola
Mach ri Srathlòchaidh;
Thug na fir chaola,
Thug na fir chaola,
Thug na fir chaola,
Mach ri Srathlòchaidh. (*a rist.*)

Thug na fir, thug na fir,
Thug na fir, thug na fir,
Thug na fir, thug na fir,
Thug na fir, thug na fir,
Thug na fir, thug na fir,
Thug na fir, thug na fir,
Thug na fir, thug na fir,
Thug na fir chaola
Mach ri Srathlòchaidh. (*a rist.*)

Pìobaireachd Dhònuill duibh,
Pìobaireachd Dhònuill;
Pìob agus bratach
Air faich Ionarlòchaidh.

Is sin agad ma ta mar a dh' ionns-
aich mise 'Pìobaireachd Dhònuill-
Duibh;' ach ged is ann, is éudar
dhomh aideachadh nach 'eil e ro
choltach gu'n cuireadh pìobaire, no
idir bard Mhicdhonuill-duibh am port
a sìos an leithid de bhriathran; mur
d' rinn e e, air son rud nach ruigeadh
e leas, gu misneach a's spéirid a
mhosgladh 's na daoine ri am cruadh-
aich: cha chualas riabh àite no
ionad ri uchd gàbhaidh 's an d'
thug Camranach a chùl.

Ma 's àill leat e an deaghaidh so,
cha'n 'eil fhios nach toir mi dhut
'Fàilte Shir Eobhan.' Air an àm,

faodaidh mi innse, mar is i an
'Tuagh' roinn de shuaicheantas
(Chlann-chamrain, gur h-i amhuil sin,
an 'Caismeachd,'

D' fhaicinn slàn,
An Tombuidhe, ABRACH.
Oidhche Nolluig, 1874.

MAIRI NI MHIC-GUIDHIR.

Innleachd na h-Eirionn,
Na Gréige, 's na Ròimh,
Ged bhiodh sid an aonfheachd,
An aonbheairt am chòir,
Ghlacainn gu h-éibhneach
Ro mhéud sid de sheòid,
Màiri na h-Eirionn,
Na 'n éireadh i beò.
'S tùrsach làn éislein
Mi fhein gach tràth nòna,
'S a' mhadainn ged éirich,
Cha 'n éirich i dhòmhsa;
Ged gheobhainn ioma tréud,
Agus spréidh, agus stòras,
Cha ghabhainn bean fo'n ghréin
Air do dhéigh-sa ri 'pòsadh.

Fhuair mi seal an Eirinn
Gu h-éibhinn 's gu sòghail,
Ag òl leis gach tréunfhear
Gu h-éifeachdach ceòlar;
Dh' fhàgadh na dhéigh sin
Leam fhein mi gu brònach
An deireadh mo ré,
'S gun mo chéile bhi beò leam.
M' aon-tlachd 's mo shòlas thu,
Og-bhean bu chiùine,
M' inntinn ad dhéigh,
Och, is léir gu bheil mùiteach;
Gu deimhinn cha 'n fhéud mi
Ad dhéigh a bhi sunntach,
A Mhàire na céille,
'S nam béus a bha cliùiteach.

UA-CEARBHALLAIN.


COMHAIRLE.

Ma 's math leat srian a chur ri d' an-
miannan, agus an spionadh às am bun, thoir
shìl an dràsta 's a rithist a stigh air do
chridhe; thoir fosnear ceannfàth dosmaoint-
ean, agus ciod a th' air d' aire; ciod a
rinn thu, agus ciamar a rinn thu e; ciod a
ni thu 's an úine ri tighinn, agus ciamar.
Faodaidh tu so a dhianamh an àm gnothuch
a ghabhail os laimh, agus an àm sgr dh' e,
no ceann-fnìd a chur air; an àm buairidh,
no, ma dh' éireas dhut tuiteam am fàillinn,
no an uair a chuirear trioblaid ort. Faodaidh
tu so a dhianamh ad ònrachd no am
measg cuideachda.


A' BHEAN CHOMUINN.*

Key C. *Slow.*

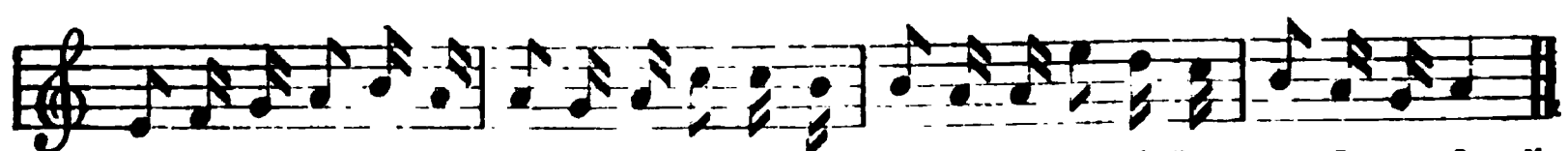
Arranged by D. R. M.

FONN. 

D¹.l, l:d¹.d¹,T | r¹.m¹,d¹:t.,R¹ | m¹.r¹,d¹:r¹.d¹,T | t. l, s:l, ||



L | d¹.l, l:s.m, M | m¹.r¹,d¹:d¹.,R¹ | t. l, t:l.s, L | t. l, t:l.,M |



m. f, s:l.t, L | l.s, l:d¹.D¹,t | t. l, l:m¹.r¹,D¹ | t. l, s:l ||

FONN—Dh' fhalbh mo bhean chomuinn,
 Cha tig mo bhean ghaoil;
 Gu'n d' fhalbh mo bhean chomuinn,
 Bean 'thogail nan laogh,

Thig blàth air a' ghiubhas,
 Agus ubhlan air géig;
 Cinnidh gucag air luachair,
 'S cha ghluais mo bhean fhéin.
 Thig na gobhra do'n mhainnir,
 Beiridh aighean duinn laoigh;
 Ach cha tig mo bhean dachaidh,
 A clachan nan craobh.
 Dh' fhalbh, &c.

Thig màrt oirnn, thig foghar,
 Thig todhar, thig buar;
 Ach cha tog mo bhean luinneag
 Ri bleoghann, no buain.
 Cha dìrich mi tulach,
 Cha shiubhail mi frith;
 Cha'n fhaigh mi lochd cadail,
 'S mo thasgaidh 's a' chill.
 Dh' fhalbh, &c.

Tha m' aodach air tolladh,
 Tha'n ollann gun snìomh;
 Agus deagh bhean mo thighe,
 'N a laidhe fo dhìon.
 Tha mo chrodh gun an leigeil,
 Tha an t-eadradh aig càch;
 Tha mo leanabh gun bheadradh,
 'N a shuidh' air an làr.
 Dh' fhalbh, &c.

'Tha m' fhàrdach-sa creachte,
 'S lom mo leac a's gur fuar;
 Tha m' ionmhas 's mo bheairteas,
 Fo na leacan 'n a suain.
 Uist, a chagarain ghràdhaich—
 Caidil samhach, a luaidh;
 Cha tog caoineadh do mhàthair,—
 Dean bu-bà a nis, 'uain.

* From "An Duanaire," MacIachlan & Stewart, Edinburgh.

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ENGLISH DEPARTMENT.

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HIGHLANDERS SHOULDER TO SHOULDER.

We offer to our readers all over the world our hearty congratulations upon the advent of another year; and fervently do we wish that they may cherish the dear old motto which is expressed with greater precision and comprehensiveness in our own language, "The children of the Gael to the shoulders of each other."

We live in times of peace, and we enjoy the numberless blessings which a long-continued peace always secures. We are not called upon, as our fathers often were, to vindicate our rights and liberties by the sword. But it is none the less desirable that our attachment to our ancient motto should be zealously maintained. We are the inheritors of an ancient name, and of a noble history. It is our duty to revere the name, and to live, in altered times, worthy of those who went before.

We are occasionally told that our attachment to our motto is not so firm as we ourselves represent it to be; and that neither in our past history, nor in our present position among the nations, have we been the most conspicuous example of the principle that "Union is Strength." In the department of literature especially, we are frequently reminded of our supineness and neglect. We are often told that the world is indebted to the labours of strangers for its knowledge of Celtic literature.

The allegation is in a great mea-

sure true; but in some respects it is desirable that it should be so. As free men, living under a free government, and enjoying the benefit of free institutions, difference of opinion upon the many vexing questions which agitate the public mind of our day is unavoidable, even necessary. Upon such questions we may well learn "to agree to differ," for in respect of them uniformity may be intellectual death, diversity a sign of a vigorous vitality. But in regard to what we venture to call questions of far deeper and more enduring interest, the position of the Celtic people among the nations, their history and fortunes, their literature, their influence, past and prospective, among the civilizing races of the world, we must admit that the reproach of neglect is not altogether undeserved. Why Celts, and especially Highlanders, with their passionate attachment to their homes, and their proverbial readiness to resent any aspersion of their name, should have left the investigation of their history and origin to others, is a question of psychological and historical interest, upon which we cannot at present enter. For the little that was done by them in this matter we feel grateful. All honour to our patriotic countrymen who in the past exposed themselves to ridicule and scorn—weapons of far greater dread to them than the flash of sabre or the roar of cannon—in their attempts to uphold the name and the fame of the ancient race from whence they sprung!

Of late years a genuine spirit of historical inquiry, of philological research, and of impartial criticism, has pervaded, in a measure unknown before, the literature of Europe. And as a consequence an increasing interest has been manifested in everything which tends to throw light upon the history and literature of the Celtic race. It is true that the interest has hitherto been exhibited chiefly by others; but Celts also, we are glad to see, have shown themselves alive to the general awakening. The Teuton has hitherto beat the Celt, even within his own domain; but we see, in a variety of ways, that the Celt is resolved this shall not be the case for long. Here surely is a field for our countrymen, upon which they may well unite 'shoulder to shoulder,' — a field upon which they may win fame as noble and more enduring than their fathers won by their swords. And the present seems an opportune time to place the claim of the Celts as a race of noble parts before the world. The nations who sneered at our fathers for making the attempt will cheer us in our efforts. And in the present generation our countrymen have peculiarly vindicated the claims of our race to those qualities which make a people great. Not to speak of lesser names among us, who have won distinction in literature, science, and art, as well as in the civil and military professions, the youngest of us will remember the names of two Argyllshire men—Lord Clyde and Lord Colonsay—lately gone from among us, who won their way to the most exclusive assembly in the world—the British House of Peers. At the present moment, a Perthshire Highlander heads the Canadian ministry; a Sutherlandshire Highlander leads the

opposition. A Celt of Irish descent rules France; a Celt of Scotch extraction is President of the United States.

To trace the history and fortunes of this people, as far as it can now be done, from the cradle of the races upon the plains of Asia; to follow them in their wanderings, as they successively came in contact with, and influenced the supple Greek, the proud Roman, and the massive Teuton; and to forecast the part of the imaginative Celt in the civilisation of the future, whether in Europe, America, or Australia, is surely a noble task. It is the work, not of one man, nor of one generation. But it is peculiarly the work of Celts; and in the work, it ought to be our privilege, as it is our duty, to bear a share however humble. We hold the key of the position. We are in possession of a living dialect of the language which named the mountains, and rivers, and plains of Europe; and we are the inheritors of the traditions, as well as the descendants of the people who influenced the history, the philosophy, and the literature of ancient and modern Europe, to an extent which has not yet been determined.

In this Magazine, especially in the English department, as our readers are aware, we have endeavoured, with the powerful co-operation of some of our foremost Celtic scholars, to discuss these questions. It is our wish to continue to do so. And in order to enable us to prosecute the work with even greater success than we have hitherto been enabled to do, we respectfully yet earnestly request our countrymen who have, with praiseworthy zeal, devoted their energies to the investigation of the subject, to aid our efforts, and to unite "shoulder to shoulder" in forwarding the great cause of Celtic scholarship.

DEPUTATION TO THE LORD ADVOCATE.

A deputation from the Gaelic School Society had an interview with the Lord Advocate on the 11th ult. by appointment, regarding the teaching of Gaelic in the National Schools in the Highlands. The deputation consisted of the Rev. Dr M'Lauchlan, the Rev. Alex. Mackenzie, the Rev. J. C. Macphail, the Rev. Wm. Ross (Rothesay), Councillor Maclaren, Mr Thomas Martin, and Mr Donald Beith. Dr M'Lauchlan said they appeared not in the interests of the mere teaching of Gaelic, but of education generally. The society had the experience of 63 schools in the work in which they were engaged, and the result of their observation was that the education of the pupils in the Highland districts was largely aided by their being taught to read in their native tongue. In these circumstances the society had lately appointed a deputation to visit certain portions of the Highlands. They had found in some places an inclination to adopt their views, but in others none. Their ideas were, however, in general confirmed, that it would serve the purposes of education largely if a certain place was to be given to the teaching of Gaelic in the National Schools. The Rev. J. C. Macphail read several suggestions as to alterations in the Educational Code, with reference to the Gaelic-speaking inspectors or assistant teachers and pupil teachers, and to grants to be given in consideration of this work being effectually carried on under the eye and with the approbation of the Government inspectors and the Scotch Board. The Rev. Mr Ross gave an account of his long experience as inspector of the Gaelic schools, and his recent visit to the West Highlands. The other

gentleman addressed the Lord Advocate in support of these representations. The Lord Advocate, in reply, expressed considerable interest in what had been said, and stated that he was quite prepared to take the suggestions of the deputation into consideration. A conversation ensued upon the application of the late Act to the circumstances of education in the Highlands, when his lordship said that there was every prospect of some modification being made either in the Act itself, or in the Code by means of which it was practically applied throughout the country; and state dfurther, that he hoped such modification would make the Act both more effective and more economical.

GAELIC LANGUAGE IN HIGHLAND SCHOOLS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE
"SCOTSMAN."

EDINBURGH, *December 23, 1874.*

SIR,—Will you allow me, as one who has had a somewhat varied experience of these matters, to corroborate the views advanced by your correspondents in reference to the teaching of the Gaelic language in the districts where Gaelic is the language of the children; and more especially to endorse the seeming paradox of Mr Macquarrie, that "to include Gaelic in our school curriculum is to ensure, if not to hasten, its decline and extinction as a spoken tongue?"

The question is of importance primarily to that section of the country where Gaelic is still the spoken language of the people; but, secondarily, to the whole nation, of which these people form a considerable portion. It is an

educational question in the widest sense of the term; and, in my judgment, it involves grave issues which bear upon the social and moral, as well as upon the intellectual, well-being of the Highland peasantry. In the present transition period of our educational history it is of great practical importance, especially in its bearing upon the administration of the public grants for education in the Highlands and Islands.

Happily with us the question is not complicated by any difficulties of race, politics, or religion. It is also gratifying to note that the difference which obtains regarding it is a difference in means only. Those who contend for the teaching of the language in the school, equally with those who would exclude it, declare their final aim to be to secure for our Highland youth the best attainable English education, and, by consequence, the extermination of Gaelic as a living language; for a bi-lingual population in the Highlands would be impossible, even if it were desirable. It may be true that there exist some people who would, from the highest motives, uphold and perpetuate the old language. It is certainly true that many among us contemplate the extinction of it with regret. We know that traits of character conducive to the highest well-being of a people die with the people's tongue; but, in reference to Gaelic, we are fully aware that it will die out, notwithstanding the most strenuous efforts to maintain it; and we believe, moreover, that the practical advantages in store for our countrymen on their acquiring English will more than compensate for the loss sustained through the demise of Gaelic. And we contend

for a recognition of the language in the schools as the surest and most effective means for its final extirpation, as well as for the intelligent teaching of the present and proximate generations who are destined to speak it, and it alone.

Those who have hitherto guided the educational policy of this country have held a different and, in my judgment, a mistaken view. They have proceeded upon the twofold assumption that to ignore a language is to extinguish it, and that the schoolmaster is all-powerful to mould the character and change the language of a people. It would be difficult anywhere to find assumptions more completely falsified than these have been, in the educational history of the Highlands of Scotland. The difficulty of placing the means of education within the reach of the Highland people, owing to the physical configuration of the country, and the poverty of the inhabitants, found legislative recognition in the Acts of 1838 and 1872. But the fact that these people speak a different language from the rest of the inhabitants of Scotland appears to have escaped the notice of our modern educational legislators. It was not so in the past. In 1616 it was declared, "That the vulgar English tounge be universallie plantit and the Irishe language which is one of the cheif and principall causis of the continewance of barbaritie and inciuiltie amongis the inhabitantis of the Illis and Heylandis may be abolisheit and removeit;" and for this purpose it was enacted that an English school should be erected in every parish, and that the children of the chiefs and leading men past nine years of age should attend and learn to

read, write, and speak English, under penalty of not being "seruit air to their father or vtheris predecessouris nor ressaunt nor acknowledgeit as tennentis to his maiestie." And the Registrar-General for Scotland in his Report on the Census of 1871, published this year, politely leaving out the "barbaritie and inciuiltie," as well as the pains and penalties, and forgetting that Gaelic is *not* taught in the public schools, writes:—"The Gaelic language ought therefore, in the opinion of the Registrar-General, to cease to be taught in all our national schools; and, as we are *one* people, we should have but *one* language. In 1839 public grants from the Imperial Exchequer began to be given, under the administration of Her Majesty's Privy Council, for elementary education, and for the training of teachers, and these grants have been continued, by the Act of 1872, under the Scotch Education Department. What official recognition of the lingual difficulty in the Highlands was made in the distribution of these grants? For a time a Gaelic paper was set to schoolmasters sitting for certificates, a *pass* in which entitled the holder to claim £5 per annum as long as an inspector who knew not Gaelic certified that he taught a school in a district in which a knowledge of that language was desirable in the teacher. Under the new Scotch Code, in districts where Gaelic is spoken, we are told the intelligence of the children examined in the second and third standards may be tested by requiring them to explain in Gaelic the meaning of the passage read. But the teacher is neither encouraged nor expected to make use of the language of the children in order to teach them English.

He and they are tested by the same standards as if English were their mother-tongue.

It is needless to say that the method so persistently followed has completely failed. If Acts of Parliament, Codes, and English Schools could have annihilated Gaelic, the language had long ago become a thing of the past. But a living tongue is not so easily got rid of. Languages always die hard. And the Celtic race have been found peculiarly conservative of old habits. Why, Acts of Parliament with their consequent pains and penalties failed to compel us to clothe our limbs; no wonder that they have been powerless to make us hold our tongues. But if this method of ignoring the native tongue has failed to make us English readers and speakers, it has been most successful in preventing us from becoming Gaelic readers. Our vernacular literature is of the most meagre character, and the little there is, is not read. And yet that the Highland peasantry have a capacity for literature is conclusively proved by the pure and lofty diction of their everyday speech, as well as by the quantity of prose and verse literature lately collected by J. F. Campbell and others among them. That the refusal to acknowledge the language of the people as a means of education has operated injuriously in the past, can, I think, be easily proved. To it is mainly to be attributed the fact, that till the year 1802 we had not a complete Gaelic translation of the Scriptures. It may, I think, be justly chargeable with the circumstance that we had no young Highlanders (the late Ewen M'Lachlan, of Aberdeen, is almost the only exception that occurs to me) going direct from the

parish school to the University, and making their mark in the country by their scholarship. And as a consequence we do not find, as in the south, endowments left for educational purposes. Many Highlanders made their fortunes abroad, and made wise and foolish wills like their neighbours; but only two or three, notwithstanding their well-known attachment to their homes, have left a part of their fortune to encourage education in their native parish. They did not consider that they owed their success in life to the teaching of the parish school. (It is to be hoped that Professor Blackie will not have to wait till a rich Highlander leaves his fortune to endow a Celtic Chair.) Highlanders figured prominently before the public mind from the verdict they gave upon the ecclesiastical controversy of thirty years ago. If they will judge differently from the rest of the country in the controversy which threatens us now, as they did at that time, outsiders will be apt to attribute their conduct to the same cause.

But, it is frequently said, English has made such rapid progress of late years in the Highlands, that if you allow matters to take their course it will cover the country in a generation or so—what need, then, to disturb our educational arrangements? If I believed what is frequently said upon this question, I would not have taxed your kindness with this long letter. That English has made progress in the Highlands for the last forty years—greater progress than it did for a hundred years previously—will, I believe, be admitted; but I do not anticipate such progress for the next forty years through the same agencies. Tourists, steamers, railways, farmers, and tradesmen from

the south have penetrated a great part of the country, and the English language accompanied them; while in many other places the necessity for any language at all has ceased, owing to the removal of the people. But beyond the routes of tourists and the places of call of steamers, the Gaelic-speaking population may yet, I believe, be counted by hundreds of thousands, and it is with these that the Highland educationist has to deal. The schools of the large Highland villages may be left out of account. What is the educational condition of the outlying parts? The interesting and exhaustive report of Sheriff Nicolson to the Education Commission can tell. English schools have been in operation for generations, and the children of the present day are as helpless in English as their ancestors were 100 years ago. It is true that a larger number of the youths of the present day come south, or go to the east coast fishing, and acquire the power of making themselves intelligible in English; but when these return and settle at home, as many of them do, their English is laid aside—reserved for State occasions, to indulge their vanity, or to guide a stranger, never to educate their children. The children of these people will occupy the same platform in the English school which they themselves did. They will spend their school life learning to read English; they will close their English books when they leave school, and when the next generation of children appear, the process is repeated. The few that remain long enough at school to become scholars are encouraged to learn Latin in order to acquire a knowledge of English!

A fair test of what the schoolmaster unaided has done in diffusing a knowledge of English among the

people is to take a Gaelic-speaking district, and find out, not the number of people who *can* read and write English, but the number who *do* read and write the language after they are grown up. How many of the Lewis peasantry outside of Stornoway *do* read an English book? Not, I fancy, one in ten of those who *can*, and Mr Nicolson's report gives us the percentage of these. The fact is, in a purely Gaelic district the schoolmaster is practically powerless to change the language of the people till he can make them read. It is, therefore, in order to make them readers that we would advocate the teaching of Gaelic. And surely Gaelic which they know, is as serviceable as Latin which they do not know, to furnish material for exercises to be translated into English. I am confident that by the judicious and persistent use of the native language in the school, the extinction of it in the cottage would be hastened by a generation, and in the meantime the intelligence of the inhabitants would be stimulated.

Nor is this a new theory. The opposite method has been tried and has completely failed. Common sense and past history alike demand a change. Intelligent Highlanders have all along demanded it. The best of Highland teachers, notwithstanding legislative enactments and official patronage, have acted upon it. The late James Munro, well known to every reader of Gaelic, taught the language in his school. All his Gaelic scholars were intelligent men, and most of them English scholars as well. The two Highland clergymen of the last generation (Dr Macleod and Dr Mackintosh Mackay), who could speak with the greatest authority upon the question, earnestly and eloquently contended for the same view. Sheriff Nicolson, after

quoting valuable testimony in support of it, adopts it. And now we have the testimony of Mr Macquarrie, a practical teacher of repute, when brought face to face with the difficulty in the outlying parts, as Inspector of Church of Scotland schools.

How best to carry out the principle is a matter of detail. Different plans might be suggested; and the scheme of your correspondent "MacLaon" appears reasonable. To adjust codes is, however, the task of our educational administrators. It is ours to represent to them the urgency of the case; and to assure them, so far as our experience can be a guide, of our firm conviction that the quickest and most effective method of extirpating the Gaelic language is to make a freer use of it in educating Highland children than has hitherto been done.—I am, &c.

DONALD MACKINNON.

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CLUB OF TRUE HIGHLANDERS, LONDON.

The Club of True Highlanders held their 58th Annual Dinner and Gathering at the Masons' Hall Tavern, Basinghall Street. The ladies and gentlemen were received by the chief (Mr Chalmers), chieftain (Mr Cumming), treasurer (Mr North), steward (Mr Meffin), and secretary (Mr Macleish). The dinner was served à la Russe in the Hall of the Club, on the walls of which were displayed the portraits of several deceased members, the arms and badges of the clans; drawings illustrating the ancient sword and other dances, pipe-playing, weapons, and other interesting memorials of the past. The Chief was supported by the chieftain and steward as croupiers. The toasts (with one exception) were given with Highland honours, the warder standing to his arms and the piper playing appropriate airs. Dinner over, the speeches were of the briefest description, so as to allow as much time for dancing as possible.

The Treasurer, in proposing the next toast, "Prosperity to the Club of True Highlanders and Kindred Societies," said, the toast was one that he had very much at heart; and after briefly reviewing the

constitution of the Club, its enrolment by Act of Parliament, &c., he said that, as their oldest member there present, he looked with pride on the muster roll (of the 1800 and odd members) which bore the names of the Ettrick Shepherd, Imlah Macdonald Menzies Logan (the historian); Peter Nicholson (the architect); Clanranald; Macdougall of Lorn; the son of the immortal Burns; Generals Macdonald and Macnab; Sir William Wallace Sibbald; Sir Francis Mackenzie, and many other men distinguished in war, politics, literature, and the scientific world. These names showed what support it had received in maintaining its fundamental principles of preserving the garb, manners, sports, and music of the Scottish Highlanders, and affording assistance in a prompt manner to our distressed brethren. But, he continued, most respected Chief, the fact that members of this and kindred societies wear a quaint and picturesque garb, and meet in friendly converse, is not the only claim we have for existence—we have a far higher one. In “auld lang syne” it was not always the fashion to judge the merits of the Gael and Cymry with impartiality; the ancient dress was proscribed; then it was intimated that the language, dress, poetry, and customs were simply invented by amiable and not over-scrupulous enthusiasts to throw a halo of romance over a barbarous and savage people; the ridiculous Saxon theory was strongly developed, and all great deeds done were ascribed to Saxon determination and courage; Dr Johnson and others, either from ignorance or prejudice, giving the most far-fetched and ridiculous guesses as to the derivation of many words; and if the noble sentiment, which is the motto of our Club, “Clann nan Gael an gvaillibh a cheile,” had not kept alive that conservative spirit which is the very essence of these societies, all traces of the dress, language, and customs would have been swept away by the storm of attempted ridicule and invective. Happily, the effects of the fright of the '45 and the mists of prejudice have passed away, and it is not only acknowledged that in the time of the Romans the tartan was known; that the ancient Britons were not all naked savages, but it also will be seen from the facsimiles on the wall of drawings made in the 15th century, that the kilt is of a respectable antiquity; and there is no doubt that the language of which we are so fond, and which was styled an outlandish gibberish, is the language that gave the name of Albion to the country we live in, the name of London to the great city in the midst of which we at present

stand, the name of Shakespeare to the immortal dramatist, and is the foundation on which is raised the safe structure of (in my opinion) the most beautiful and expressive language in the world; and that is the English language. This shows that, broadly speaking, the whole of the inhabitants of this United Kingdom, from Lands End to John O'Groat's, and from the Thames to the Shannon, were a Celtic people, although the Lowlands, being more accessible to foreigners, have been more influenced by the changes of fashion than the Highlands; but, in looking at the great deeds which like gems encrust the historic zone of Britannia, the “Fior Ghael,” may proudly lay claim to having lent no sparing hand in its enrichment, proving that British pluck and endurance is not owing to the later admixtures of blood, but rather that the old breed was so good that it could not be spoiled; and when, on occasions of danger, the Highlander has been conspicuous, it has not been because of his kilt (although that gave him a great advantage over his limbs-swaddled brethren), but rather, if I may say so, because of his inborn fear of shame, and knowledge that whatever he does reflects credit or disgrace on an ancient race, that stimulates him to do those deeds of which the entire nation is so proud. On these grounds, therefore, gentlemen, I feel justified in proposing prosperity to the “Club of True Highlanders and to Kindred Societies” the wide world over.

The company, in which were natives of Caithness in the North, and Cornwall in the South, then addressed themselves to the remainder of the evening's entertainment, the programme containing a spirited selection of English and Scotch dances, interspersed with songs and pipe music, the first dance being a Strathspey and Reel o' Tulloch by four members. The singers were—Messrs Chalmers, Grimmond, Cumming, Macleish, and Lauder. Mr Macleish's “Scots wha hae,” and Mr Lauder's “M'Crimmon's Lament,” being delivered in the best possible style. Mr North danced the Gillie Callum, and the piper, Mackenzie, attended with the set of pipes he carried off from the last Northern Meeting, the tone and finish of which met with the members' hearty approval. The entertainment closed with the singing of “Auld Lang Syne.”

SOIREE OF NATIVES OF SKYE IN GLASGOW.

The Ninth Annual Social Gathering of Natives of Skye and their friends, under the auspices of the Glasgow Skye Association, was held on Friday night, the 4th ult., in the

large Hall of the Queen's Rooms, which was filled in every part. In the absence of the President, Mr Lachlan Macdonald of Skeabost, who had to leave suddenly for India on business, the chair was occupied by his brother, Mr N. M. Macdonald of Dunach, Oban. On the platform were likewise Professor J. S. Blackie, who arrived while the Chairman was giving his opening address, Mr J. H. A. Macdonald, advocate, and Mr W. G. Roy, S.S.C., Edinburgh; Mr Murdoch, of the *Highlander*, Inverness; Rev. Dr Walter C. Smith; Dr Campbell Black, Oban; Rev. John Gardiner; Messrs Nicholson (of the *Gael*), Thomas Williamson, John Watson, C. M. Williamson, A. Williamson, Bell, Sharp, and M. Macpherson.

The Chairman, who was much applauded on rising, stated that his brother, on the eve of his departure for India, had asked him to take his place, and however unworthy he was to occupy the position, he did not hesitate to come forward to do his best for their interests. The Chairman proceeded to say—With your leave, I will now read a letter from my brother, written in pencil in the hurry of departure. He says—“Express to the meeting how very much pleased I was to hear that the office-bearers of the Society had determined on giving the surplus of the proceeds of the evening's gathering in aid of the funds for the endowment of a Celtic Chair in Edinburgh, and give my thanks to Professor Blackie—he is not here—as one Highlander, at any rate, who feels grateful to him, and I am sure — (at this point Professor Blackie appeared on the platform and was received with enthusiastic applause). The Chairman having repeated the proceeding portion of the letter for the information of the learned professor, read the remainder as follows:—“Such must be the sentiments of every Highlander, for his noble exertions and plucky conduct, at evidently great personal trouble to himself, in his endeavours to perpetuate our mother tongue. Had circumstances allowed me to preside at the meeting, I intended proposing a subscription from members of the Glasgow Skye Association, in aid of the funds for the endowment of a Celtic Chair, and I hope this may yet be managed, for the proceeds of the night's entertainment (which it had been agreed should be given for that subject) will not be sufficient to represent in cash the feelings of Skye people towards this object. Put my own name down for £100.” In my humble opinion, added the Chairman, your president has set a very good example, and one which I trust a great many here to-night will follow. For myself, I certainly shall.

The secretary Mr Macqueen read the annual report of the directors of the Glasgow Skye Association for the year ending 31st October 1874. It stated that the Association had been in a satisfactory condition. The income during the year, including a balance on hand in November 1873 of £25, 11s. 6d., amounted to £79, 8s., and there had been expended £18, 3s. 11d., leaving a balance on hand of £61. 4s. 1d., the income having thus exceeded the expenditure by £35, 12s. 7d. A principal part of the money expended had been given towards the relief of natives of the Islands. The Society at present held three beds in the Royal Infirmary.

Mr J. H. A. Macdonald subsequently gave a short address, making a few suggestions as to the principles on which those before him, as Highlanders, ought to act, now that they were living in the midst of a teeming industrial population like that of Glasgow.

Professor Blackie, who was received with loud cheering, after describing in his own piquant style his experiences in learning the Gaelic language, and in his attempt to get an endowment for a Celtic Chair, concluded as follows:—With the help of one or two excellent friends, he had, in the course of six short weeks, collected £1200. He had the honour and pleasure, when living at Inveraray Castle, of reading translations from Alister Macdonald, of Ardnamurchan, and some other poets, before the Princess Louise and Marquis of Lorne, and the whole ducal family, and they all expressed themselves perfectly astonished to find such sublime poetry in the Gaelic language. He said, “No wonder you are astonished; you don't know anything at all about it.” They said, “We will support you in this, and we have the Queen at our back; we know that she is in favour of this movement; but the Gaels must first prove that they want it, and then the Queen will come and hurrah them on to the assault.” Professor Blackie concluded by reading a list of the subscriptions already received. Among the subscribers were—The Marquis of Bute; Mr Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P.; Mr Mackinnon of Balnakiel; Mr Hall of Tangy; Mr Duncan Smith, Glasgow; Mr Barbour, Bonskeid, Killiecrankie; Mr Duncan Macneill, London; the Mackay Clan, Sir William Stirling-Maxwell, Professor Blackie, Mr Donald Beith, Edinburgh; Mrs Campbell of Inveraray, Mr E. S. Gordon, M.P.; Mr Macpherson of Cluny, The Mackintosh, &c. He advised the Highlanders to help themselves, and God would help them.

RE-UNION OF THE NATIVES OF INVERNESS-SHIRE IN GLASGOW.

The Seventh Annual Re-union of the Natives of Inverness-shire in Glasgow—and perhaps the most successful and enjoyable of the number yet held—took place on Friday night, the 11th ult., in the large Hall of the Queen's Rooms, under the auspices of the Glasgow Inverness-shire Association. The hall was filled. The chair was occupied by Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, Esq., M.P., chief of the Association, who appeared in full Highland costume; and on the platform were Dr Cameron, M.P., and Mrs Cameron; Rev. Dr David MacEwan; Rev. Mr Cameron, Govan; Bailie Collins and Mrs Collins; Bailies Torrens and Scott; Bailie and Mrs Macbean, and Miss Macbean; ex-Bailie Matheson; Mr Hector Stewart and Miss Stewart; Mr William Macbean and Mrs Macbean; Mr Duncan Cameron and Mrs Cameron; Messrs Bell, C.E.; J. R. Napier, Thomas Morrison, M.A., Walker, James F. Barron, Nigel Macneil, Hugh Macmillan, and D. Ross, H.M. Inspector of Schools; Dr F. A. and Mrs Mackay; Mr W. B. Forsyth and Mr J. Murdoch, of Inverness. Apologies were received from the Provost of Inverness; Bailie Simpson, Inverness; and Professor Young of the University. While the ladies and gentlemen who occupied the platform were taking their places, Pipe-Major Mackinnon, of the Glasgow Highlanders, discoursed stirring music. A blessing having been asked by Dr MacEwan, tea was served.

The Chairman, who was received with great applause, said, Ladies and Gentlemen—The objects of your Association are twofold, viz.—1. The relief of individuals, natives of, or connected with, Inverness-shire, who may be residing in, or passing through Glasgow, and affording assistance in procuring situations for such as are unemployed. 2. The mutual improvement of its members, the promotion of social and friendly intercourse, an annual gathering, and the revival of former associations connected with the county. All these objects are most praiseworthy and proper; but as I am limited in time, I shall chiefly confine myself to the last—"The revival of former associations connected with the county." Which county is it, then, that we belong to? Is it insignificant in extent? Is it barren in history? The very reverse. The sheriffdom of Inverness once extended from benorth the mountains of the Grampians to Caithness, comprehending the present shires of Inverness, Ross, Caithness, and Sutherland; and though for a long time shorn of

its original bounds, it is still the largest in Scotland, and stretches from sea to sea. In it are the highest mountains, some of the largest lakes, and the sources of some of our finest rivers. From the mighty hills in the Braes of Badenoch, which culminate in the lofty Ben Alder, flow waters which find their respective exits—the one at Dundee in the German, the other at Fort-William in the Atlantic Oceans. Again, it has been essentially the land of chiefs and clans. Beginning with the Outer Hebrides, you would find Macneils; next in Inner Hebrides, Macleods, Mackinnons, and Macdonalds of Slate. On the mainland we have those powerful houses of the Macdonald family, Clanranald, Glengarry, and Keppoch; also, Camerons—worthy representatives of whom I have on my right and left—the great confederacy of the Clan Chattan, with its sixteen tribes; Frasers, Chisholms, and Grants. These clans—"our fathers"—with their kith and kin, friends and followers, absorb most of our surnames; and while we feel glad that several of these chiefs remain and hold a high position, we also much regret that some have merely names without "local habitation." Again, our county is more closely associated with that brilliant event (the rising in 1745) than any other part of Great Britain. Prince Charles landed in, and took his departure from, the county. The raising of his standard at Glenfinnan, the first brush with the Hanoverian soldiers near Inverlochy, the last final fight at Culloden, all occurred within its bounds. Next, I would refer to our county as being, at least, one of the great seats of the Gaelic language. Considering its antiquity, its expressive comprehensiveness, its poetry, that the poets and bards knew no other language, it appears to us that we are bound to preserve it, as far as possible, and to do otherwise would be acting falsely to those who have preceded us. These points touch and affect us as Highlanders; but apart from this, we have the testimony of famous scholars and philologists that this language is an interesting and valuable one, and ought to be preserved, though it ultimately came to be catalogued as a dead language. It is needless, therefore, to add that I entirely approve of the proposal to found a Celtic Chair, so energetically taken up by Professor Blackie, and commend it to your liberality. Our position in regard to Gaelic is this—to insist, as a matter of right, that it be taught in schools in Gaelic-speaking districts; and, after we have done our part by adequate voluntary subscriptions, to insist, as a right, on the government supplementing the fund to establish the Chair. Again, our county

is distinguished in the number of eminent men it has produced, particularly soldiers and poets, these pursuits being characteristic of hill tribes all over the world. Among the former I need only refer to Sir Ewan Cameron of Lochiel, Mackintosh of Borlum, Allan Muidertach; and in later times, out of hundreds who have distinguished themselves, I select Marshal Macdonald, Sir James Macdonell, and Colonel Cameron of Fassfern. Among the poets I may mention Donald Macdonald, Lochaber (Domhnall MacFhiunlaith nan Dan); Mary Macleod, Harris (Mairi nighean Alasdair Ruaidh); John Macdonell (Ian Lom); Juliette Macdonell, Keppoch; Neil MacVurich, bard and historian of Clan Ranald; Lachlan Macpherson, of Strathmashie; Kenneth Mackenzie, Castle Leathers; and I am happy to think that several bards flourish amongst us in the present day. Nor has the eminence of our county's sons been limited to the two classes I have referred to, for among statesmen the names of Sir James Mackintosh and Lord Glenelg; among physicians and scholars, Martin and Maclachlan, hold high places; and in other pursuits the like would be found, if my time permitted. Next, ladies and gentlemen, I would say, that one of the objects of your Association—"the promoting social and friendly intercourse"—is of the greatest importance. There must be many thousand Highlanders in Glasgow—most certainly in no other locality so numerous or influential—who, if they really banded together as indicated in your motto, "Shoulder to shoulder," could do great good. You have numerous Highland associations in Glasgow. It is well. I do not object even to parochial organizations; but I should like to see a representative federation of all these Glasgow societies, which, when social and economic questions connected with the Highlands came up for discussion before the legislature or otherwise, would be able to speak with effect, for it would do so, in the name, and by the authority of a united people.

Miss M. Smith sang "Jock o' Hazeldean," and, as an encore, "Bonnie Charlie's noo awa." Mr J. Macpherson danced the Highland Fling; after which a communication was sent up to the Chairman to the following effect:—"Honoured Sir,—This assembly is promising to be in harmony with the Highland spirit, but in the programme we see omitted the mention of a Gaelic song. Therefore, honoured sir, we, the undersigned, crave your attention to this in amending it." The Chairman said it was a capital suggestion, and Mr Graham, who was in Highland costume, then sang a Gaelic song, for which he was encored.

Dr Cameron, M.P., afterwards gave a short and humorous address, in which he claimed kinship with Inverness-shire, from the fact that his grandfather and grandmother were both Camerons, and that both hailed from Inverness.

Mr Thomas Morrison, M.A., ex-Bailie Matheson, and Bailie Torrens, also gave short addresses. The speeches were varied by songs from Miss M. Smith, Mr W. H. Darling, Mr Houston, and Mr W. Graham. Mr J. Macpherson, in a manner which elicited great applause, danced the "Highland Fling" and "Gillie Callum," to the music of the bagpipes, on which Pipe-Major Mackinnon performed at intervals during the evening. The usual votes of thanks brought the entertainment to a close and an assembly followed.

NEWS OF THE HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS.

CONFERENCE OF SCHOOL BOARDS.—On Thursday, the 10th December, a Conference of the Representatives of School Boards of the West Coast of Ross-shire, was held at Achnasheen, to consider the bearing of the Education Act in the remote Highland parishes of Scotland. The conference was called by the Chairman of the School Board, of Gairloch (Sir Kenneth MacKenzie, Bart.), "in order that such points in the Scotch Education Act, and the Code of Regulations relative thereto, and such omissions therein as appear to call for amendment be considered, and to take such steps with regard to them as may seem most desirable." There were present Sir Kenneth Mackenzie, of Gairloch, Bart.; Mr and Mrs Matheson, of Ardross; Mr Mackenzie, Esq., of Dundonell; Mr Ferguson, Tulloch; Rev. Mr Matheson, &c. Resolutions were passed giving expression to the extreme difficulty of working the Education Act and Code in the large parishes of the district, and copies of the resolutions were sent to the Lord Advocate; the Secretary of the Scotch Education Department; the Secretary of the Board of Education; the Clerks of Highland School Boards, with a request for an amendment of the Act and Code in the direction of the resolutions adopted by the meeting.

FREE GAELIC CHURCH, ABERDEEN.—At the Annual Social Meeting of the members of the Free Gaelic Church, on Tuesday night, the 8th ult., the pastor, the Rev. Geo. Macdonald, was presented with a handsome hand Bible, a purse and sovereigns, and a receipt representing the gift of a chiffonnier to Mrs Macdonald.

THE DUGALD BUCHANAN MONUMENT.—On Tuesday evening, the 8th ult., the Rev. Dr Macmillan, of Glasgow, delivered a lecture on the "Hospice of St Bernard," in the Gaelic Church, Greenock—Bailie Campbell presiding. At the close of the lecture Dr Macmillan stated that he had delivered it at the request of the committee in charge of the Buchanan Monument. The Rev. Mr M'Askil gave a short sketch of Dugald Buchanan's life and works, and hoped Greenock would contribute handsomely to the object. The proceeds of the lecture are to go to the monument fund. The lecture was, as it well deserved, heartily applauded throughout, and at the close a hearty vote of thanks, on the motion of the chairman, was accorded to the Rev. Doctor.

In connection with the same object the Rev. A. C. Sutherland, Strathbraan, gave a lecture in St Columba's Free (Gaelic) Church, Edinburgh, on Tuesday, the 15th ult., on the Life and Works of Dugald Buchanan. The proceeds of the lecture were handed over to the Monument Committee.

DEATH OF BARON MACDONALD, OF ARMADALE CASTLE, SKYE.—Somerled James Brudenell Macdonald, fifth baron of the name, died on Friday last, in Edinburgh, of acute inflammation of the lungs. The deceased nobleman, who was born in 1849, was the eldest son of the fourth Baron Macdonald, whom he succeeded in 1863. His lordship caught a severe cold in the beginning of last week, and had been confined to his room, for two days, when inflammation set in and proved fatal within a few hours. His lordship was unmarried, and the title now devolves upon his younger brother, the Hon. Archibald Brudenell Macdonald, who was born in Edinburgh in 1853.

THE RELIGIOUS IMPROVEMENT OF THE HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS OF SCOTLAND.—On Thursday afternoon, the 3d December, the Twenty-fourth Annual meeting of Ladies and Gentlemen interested in the Association for the Religious Improvement of the Remote Highlands and Islands of Scotland, in connection with the Free Church of Scotland, took place in the Hall of St George's Church, Shandwick Place, Edinburgh. There was a large attendance.

The Chairman stated that the individual objects of the Association were (1) to aid the education of the Highlands and Islands; (2) to give assistance to promising young men in prosecuting their studies for the

ministry; (3) to provide agencies to bear on the Popery which prevailed so much in the Highlands; and (4) to provide clothing for the poorest of the people, that they might avail themselves of opportunities afforded to them of public worship and attendance at schools.

The report, which was read by Dr M'Lauchlan, dwelt upon the difficulty of providing in the remote Highlands and Islands the means of education under the New Act, quoting a letter written by Dr Maclauchlan to the Association upon the subject.

On the motion of Mr Hugh Mossman, seconded by Colonel Young, the report was unanimously adopted.

THE TWENTY-SECOND ANNUAL MEETING of the Association for the Religious Improvement of the Remote Highlands and Islands, was held on Tuesday, the 15th ult., in the Hall of the New College, Glasgow. The Rev. Dr Buchanan occupied the chair, and was accompanied to the platform by Rev. Dr Maclauchlan (Edinburgh), Rev. Professors Douglas and Candlish, Rev. Dr Adam, Rev. Messrs G. W. Thomson, A. Urquhart, Hamilton, W. Ross (Rothsay), Bain, A. C. Sutherland (Strathbraan), &c. The Rev. Professor Candlish having opened the meeting with prayer, Dr Buchanan made a statement dwelling upon the educational destitution which prevailed in the outlying parts of the Highlands and Islands, after which, the Rev. W. Ross, Rothsay, read the annual report, from which it appeared, that if the Association had not continued its work, no fewer than 740 children would have been left unprovided with the means of education, and with no immediate prospect for some years of having the deficiency supplied.

Dr Maclauchlan moved, "That the report be approved of, and the objects of the Association commended anew to the increased liberality of the Christian public, and that the proposed building fund of £1200 be very specially commended to the liberal support of all friendly to the Association and its important work."

The Rev. Mr Urquhart seconded the motion.

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. We have been reluctantly compelled, from want of space, to reserve for our February number, Reports of the Edinburgh Inverness, Ross, and Nairn Club; the Edinburgh Argyle, Bute, and the Western Isles Association; and the Jubilee of Dr M'Leod of Morven.

AN GAIDHEAL.

IV. LEABH.] CEUD MHIOS AN EARRAICH, 1875. [38 AIR.

SEAN-FHOCAIL.

II. BU-DUAL DA SIN.

Am measg nan Sean-fhocail Gaidhealach cha 'n 'eil teagasg is trice a th' air a thoirt f'ar comhair na so,—gu bheil feartan 'us faillinnean cuirp 'usinntinn, deas-ghnathan 'us cleachduinean a' ruith 's an "fhuil" air an giulan a nuas o pharantan gu cloinn. Cha lugha na fichead Sean-fhocal a th' againn d'an ceud bhrìgh an teagasg so; agus tha moran eile a tha dearbhadh air caochladh dhoighean cho dìongmhalta 's a bha na sean daoine a' creidsinn ann. Tha cuid diu ann an cainnt shoilleir ag aithris an teagaisg na lan-fharsuingeachd: "Mac mar an t-athair"; "Dh' aithnich mi gur meann a bheireadh a' ghabhar"; "Cha tig o'n mhuic ach uircein"; "Cha tig as a' phoit ach an toit a bhitheas innte"; "An rud a chinneas 's a' chnaimh, cha tig e as an fheoil"; "Cha tig á saoitheach ach an deoch a bhitheas ann"; "Cha d' thainig ubh mor riamh o'n dreath-an-donn." Gheibhear cuid eile, fo chaochladh samhlaidh, a dearbhadh an teagaisg le bhi comharrachadh a mach rian sonruichte a th' air aiseag o pharantan gu cloinn: "Bu dual do laogh an fheidh ruith a bhi aige"; "Bu dual tòchd an ime 'bhi air a bhlathaich"; "Ciod a dh' iarradh tu air bo, ach gnusd." Tha cuid a' toirt f'ar comhair riaghladh an lagha anns a' chorp a mhain, "Theid dubhag ri dualchas"; cuid 's an inntinn a mhain, "Cha tig smuaintean maith á cridhe

salach;" cuid araon anns a' chorp 's anns an inntinn, "Cha d' thainig eun glan riamh á neadachlamhain;" "An galar a' bhitheas 's a mhathair, is gnath leis a bhi 's an nighinn;" "Is duilich burn glan a thoirt á tobar salach;" agus aon gu sonruichte a tha 'ceangal ar deas-ghnathan 's air cleachduinean cumanta ris an lagh cheudna, "Theid duthchas anaghaidh nan creag." Feudar an Radh a ghabh sinn mar steigh a chur air ceann an teagaisg; oir tha e filleadh a stigh ann an ceithir focail bheaga na firinn (ma's firinn i) a th' air a h-aithris air aon doigh na doigh eile leis na Sean-fhocail a dh' ainmich mi.

Is gann a chreideas mi gu'm faigh-ear dream eile 'bu mho thug an inntinnean suas do'n bheachd so na 'n Cinneadh Gaidhealach. Tha, gun teagamh, aon no dhà d'ar Sean-fhocail a' teagasg an atharraich,—“Is minic a bha droch laogh aig deagh mhart,” “Is minic a bha claidbeamh maith 'an droch thruaill,”—ach cha 'n 'eil iad ach tearc; agus tha 'n doigh chainnt leis a' bheil iad a' toiseachadh, “Is minic,” a' dearbhadh gu'n robh an Ughdair ag amharc orra mar “easbhuidh cumaidh ris an lagh,” agus nach b' ann mar lagh iad fein. Cha 'n 'eil neach a leugh a bheag no mhor de Eachdraidh 's de Bhardachd nan Gaidheal nach faic an cumhachd a bh'aig an teagasg so thairis air inntinnean ar sinnsearan anns gach linn. Cha 'n 'eil taobh duilleig de Oisein anns nach eil eisempleir ar n-aithrichean

air a cur f'ar comhair a chum ar brosnuchadh gu gaisge 's gu treuntas. Lean na Baird Ghaidhealach an deagh chleachduin so.

“Lean-sa cliu na dh'aom a chaoidh
Mar d'aithrichean bi-sa fein,”

arsa Fionnaghal ri Oscar; agus 's e so a mhor chuid de theagasg Oisein. “Bi gaisgeil mar bu dual duit;” feudar a radh gur e so ceann-teagaisg nam Bard Ghaidhealach, agus nam Bard Gallda a sheinn mu threuntas nan Gaidheal 's mu'n dilseachd do na Stiubhartaich. Agns bha gach Ceannard ainmeil Airm bho Ghalgacus gu Morair Chluaidh lanfhiosrach air a' bhuaidh a bh' aig a' chreidimh so thairis air na Saighdearan Ghaidhealach. Cha mhor de bheachdan ar sinnsearan, ma tha aon idir ann, a ghleidh uiread de'n cumhachd 's a rinn am beachd so. Feudar a mhor chuid de'n spiorad a th' aig bun na dilseachd 's an duine-ealais a th'air a nochdadh 'n ar Comuinn Ghaidhealach 's na bailte mora a lorgachadh gus am bheachd cheudna. Cha 'n 'eil maith na olc a chi sinn 'n ar coimhearsnaich nach 'eil sinn ullamh gu sealltuinn air ais, 's a cheangal ri co-ionann gne a gheibhear 's na “daoine o'n d'thainig iad.” Ma tha mac de choimhearsnaich deas 'n a phearsa, ma tha 'nighean maiseach, no 'n t-atharrach;—ma tha iad slàn no euslan, buan no diombuan, aoidheil no doicheallach, fialaidh no spiocach, glic no amaideach, fìor no breugach, ionraic no bradach;—nach 'eil thu ullamh—ro-ullamh—gu radh, gun moran feoraich a dheanamh, “Bu dual daibh sin.”

'S e mobheachd gur airidhan teagasg so, a rinn greim cho daingean air inntinnean ar n-aithrichean, 's aig a' bheil a leithid de bhuaidh thairis ar Creidimh 'us Cleachduin air latha fein, a rannsachadh gu dlu. A' bheil an Sean-fhocal fìor; agus ma tha,

ciod e cho fìor? A' bheil an lagh a tha 'n Sean-fhocal a' comharrachadh a mach a' riaghladh a' Chruthachaidh leis fein, no 'n comh-bhoinn ri laghannan eile? Ma tha dà thaobh air, mar theirear gu tric a th'air Bean a' Bhaile 's air Rugha Cuain, feuchamaid ri sealltainn air a dha thaobh. Gun teagamh tha Ceistean cudthromach co-cheangailte ris an teagasg. Staid an Duine—aite 's an Domhan—a dhleasdanas dha fein, d'a cho-chreutairean, 's do gach ni cruthaichte—a chor mar bhith reusanta le anam neo-bhasmhor;—tha gach ceist dhiu so, 's iomadh ceist a tha leantainn 'n an lorg so, an crochadh ri teagasg an t-Sean-fhocail. 'S e air dleasdanas ma ta an Radh so a cheasnachadh; an cnaimh a bhriseadh 's an smior a dheothal, oir is eigin gu bheil a bheag no mhor de smior ann.

A reir mar is leir dhuinne, tha trì cumhachdan ann, a tha, le cheile, a' sonruchadh cor nadurra gach creutair air thalamh; 's e sin, a Pharantan, an Saoghal, agus E fein. Tha so cho fìor, tha mi meas, mu thimchioll gach ni anns a' bheil beatha, a reir an gne, 's a tha e mu thimchioll an duine. Tha ar n-aithrichean, anns na Sean-fhocail, ag aideachadh nan cumhachdan fa leth, mu thimchioll an duine co-dhiu; ach anns an t-Sean-fhocal “Bu dual da sin,” 's anns na Sean-fhocail eile a dh' ainmich mi, 's e cumhachd nam Parantan a mhaire a th' air a thoirt f'ar comhair.

Aontaichidh gach neach gu bheil e fìor ann an tomhas ro-mhor mu lusan 's mu gach creutair cruthaichte a mach o dhuine, gu bheil “Am mac mar an t-athair.” Tha gach Garadair 's gach Tuathanach a' saothreachadh anns a' chreidimh so, agus tha toradh an saothrach a' dearbhadh fìrinn an creidimh. Bhiodh e coltach gu leoir gu'm biodh an lagh a' riaghladh na bu teinne thairis air gach creutair

mar a b'isle a staid anns a' chruthachadh. Ma tha e fìor gur iad na trì cumhachdan a dh' ainmich mi a tha sonruchadh cor gach nì anns a' bheil beatha; tha e so-thuigsinn nach ionann neart do gach cumhachd fa leth thairis air cor gach gne chreutair. Mar is isle staid gach creutair 's ann is lugha 's is laige a chomasan; oir 's e meud 'us neart a chomasan a tha 'sonruchadh airde no isle a staid. Cha 'n 'eil mar so dithis de na cumhachdan a dh' ainmich mi ag oibreachadh cho tric no cho comasach ann am beatha a' chreutair 's a tha iad ann am beatha an duine. Cha 'n 'eil a chumhachd fein no cumhachd an t-saoghail a' sonruchadh beatha an ainmhidh is airde staid—a shonais no thruaighe—mar tha iad a' sonruchadh beatha an duine is diblidh 'n ar measg. Cha 'n 'eil an Saoghal (agus leis an t-saoghal tha mi 'ciallachadh gach nì tha buntainn ris o bhreith gu bhàs) a' caisleachadh a' chreutair air cho iomadh doigh 's a tha e 'caisleachadh an duine. Do bhrìgh nach 'eil e fein a' dol an coinn-eamh an t-saoghail cho tric no cho dian 's a tha 'n duine, cha 'n 'eil an saoghal 'g a choinneachadh air cho fìrtha bealach. Ann am beatha a' chreutair an coimeas ri beatha an duine, tha 'chairdean 's a naimhdean na's comharraichte, tha iarrtasan na's cinntiche, 'fheuman na's lugha—a dh-aon fhocal tha 'inntinn na's euinge agus mar sin tha 'n saoghal agus e fein dhasan na's lugha 's na's laige. Ach bhiodh e mealltach a radh mu'n chreutair nach eil cumhachd idir aige fein 's gu h-araid aig an t-saoghal thairis air a bheatha. Mu na h-ainmhidhean is airde comasan, cha ruigear a leas dearbhadh a thoirt seachad aon chuid air a' ghleustachd a tha iad a' cleachdadh a chum sonas a shealbhadh 'us truaighe a sheachnadh, no air gach

iomadh doigh anns a' bheil an saoghal—na siontan—creutairean eile—pailteas 'us gainne lòn—a' sonruchadh an neart, an dreach, 's an aireamh, anns gach tìr. Tha so soilleir do gach neach a sheallas mu'n cuairt da 'n a dhuthaich fein, no 'leughas mu eachdraidh ainmhidhean an duthchannaibh eile. Agus tha na ceart chumhachdan a' riaghladh, 'n an staid fein, beatha nan creutairean is diblidh 's nan lus. Ma leughas sinn oibre nan daoine a rannsaich gu geur gne 'us doigh nan lus 's nan creutairean is isle bith, chi sinn nach 'eil nì is cinntiche na so, gu bheil anns gach staid na comasan is feumail 'chum beatha 'chumail suas air an neartachadh 's air an aiseag 'n an neart do'n t-sliochd. Anns an strì mhior gu bhì beo, tha e fìor, air aghaidh a' chruthachaidh anns gach ceum, gu bheil d'fheum a' sonruchadh do neart; agus cha 'n e 'n duine a mhaì, ach gach bith, a dh' fhaodas a radh, “Cìod e nach toir neach air son a bheatha.”

“Sguiridh mi g'am phianadh, o'n thug mi 'n aire,
Gur e 'n duine diomhain is faide 'mhaireas,”

arsa Donnachadh Ban. Cha 'n 'eil do theagasg fìor, a Dhonnachaidh. Na 'n tugadh tu 'n aire na b' fhearr, chitheadh tu ann am beatha an duine 's a chreutair gu'n teid Neart thar Ceart; 's gur e lagh nadurra beatha an talmhainn, “A' bheist is mo ag itheadh na beist is lugha 's a' bheist is lugha 'deanamh mar a dh' fhaodas i.” Tha 'n lagh “Am mac mar an t-athair” ann am beatha 'chreutair fìor a mhaì ann an comh-bhoinn ris an lagh so eile;—gu bheil na buaidhean 's na comasan a tha feumail do'n chreutair air an tarruing a mach, air an neartachadh, 's air an aiseag d'a shliochd, gu bhì ris air an cothromachadh ri feum na cloinne,

's gu bhi leis gach atharrachadh a nithear orra air an giulan air an aghaidh o ghinealach gu ginealach re nan linntean.

Ach seallamaid air riaghladh an lagha ann am beatha an duine. Do bhrìgh gu bheil iarrtasan an duine na's lionmhoire, 'inntinn na's farsuinge, agus gu h-àraid a thoil na's neartmhoire, cha 'n 'eil e cho farasda a dhearbhadh an cuibhrionn d'a ghne-beatha a tha 'n crochadh ri lagh seach lagh; ach air an laimh eile tha fein-fhaireachduin 'us fein-fhiosrachadh againn air iarrtasan 'us smuaintean an duine, tha eachdraidh againn air iomadh teaghlach de'n Chinne-daonna an iomadh linn, 's air aon teaghlach an iomadh aite; agus tha so a' toirt cuideachadh mor dhuinn gu bhi 'fuasgladh na ceist,— ciod e cho fìor 's a tha 'n Sean-fhocal am beatha an duine? A thuilleadh air so cha mhor aitean anns a' bheil e cho farasda eisempleir fhaotainn air oibreachadh an lagha ris an rioghachd so. 'S gann a gheibhear ann an eachdraidh, tha mi meas, dà shluagh cho fada an taice a cheile ri Gaidheil 's Goill Albainn a ghleidh cho dealaichte an aghaidh gach cothrom 's gach aobhar gu aonadh. Tha mìle bliadhna 'us corr o'n a thuinich Goill an Albainn; tha os cionn ceud bliadhna o'n a tha sith choimhlionta eadar an da shluagh; tha 'n rioghachd fo'n aon lagh, de'n aon aidmheil; tha moran de fhearann na Gaidhealtachd an lamhan Ghall: 's e canain nan Gall a th' air a labhairt anns gach baile 's aig gach feill; ach an deigh so uile tha 'n Gaidheal an diugh 'n a dhreach, 'n a dhoigh, 'n achleachduin, 'n a chanain, 'n a iarrtasan, agus eadhon 'n a bheachdan dlu air bhi cho comharraichte o'n Ghall 's a bha e an uair a chuir a cheud Sasunnach a chas air Albainn. Gun teagamh thainig iomadh atharrachadh air an da

shluagh o'n am sin; ach thae 'n a aobhar iongantais ann an duthaich cho beag nach do shluig an Gaidheal suas an Gall re na h-aimsir a bha 'n lamh-an-uachdar aige; agus gu sonruichte tha e 'n a aobhar iongantais nach robh an Gaidheal air a shlugadh suas leis a' Ghall o chionn iomadh bliadhna. Feumaidh e bhi gu bheil an dealachadh eadar an da shluagh domhain agus farsuing, an uair, a dh'aindeoin gach aobhar gu aonadh, a dh' fhan iad cho fada sgarte o cheile. Tha aobhar an dealachaidh, tha mi meas, ri fhaotainn air tus 's an stoc, 's a ghne, no 's an fhuil, mar their sinn; ged tha gun teagamh eachdraidh 's beul-aithris an da shluaigha' neartachadh a' phrìomh-aobhair so.

Tha e cleachdte 'bhi roinn a' Chinne-daonna 'n an tri teaghlaichean, — GEAL, DUBH, 'us RUADH. Tha sinn a' creidsinn, leis an Abstol Pòl, gur ann de 'n aon fhuil an triuir; ged tha iad 'n an dreach 's 'n an doigh cho dealaichte o cheile 's ged a bhiodh triuir chàraid ann o thus. Bha 'n dealachadh so riamh o'n a tha eachdraidh againn orra a reir coslais cho comharraichte 's a tha e nis. Ge b'e air bith mar dh' eirich no mar thoisich e, tha e dhuinne 'n a dhealachadh 's an fhuil, cho dearbhta ris an dealachadh eadar cu-chaorach 's cu-feidh.

Agus ma thionndaidheas sinn gus an teaghlach GHEAL (o'n is ann air is eolaiche sinn) chi sinn gu bheil e 'sgaoileadh a mach 'n a Chinnich a tha o thus ar n-eolais aithnichte le comharan soilleir araon an corp 's an inntinn o chach a cheile. Tha daoine foghlumte ag innseadh dhuinn gu'm b'e dachaidh an stuic GHEAL taobh an Iar Asia; gu'n robh a nis 's a ris imrich mhor 'g a deanamh o'n t-sean dachaidh do chearnaibh eile; gu'n deachaidh a cheud sgaoth an Ear far am faighear

anns na h-Innsibh iad fein 's an Sean Chanain (Sanscrit) gus an la diugh; gu'n do ghabh an ath sgaoth (na Gaidheil) an Iar roimh Asia 's roimh thaobh deas na h-Eorpa; gu'n do lean car dlu air sàil nan Gaidheal 's a' gleidheadh an aon rathaid na Greugaich 's na Roman-aich; gu'n d'thainig a ris na Goill (no na Teutonaich) an Iar a' gleidheadh na b' fhaide Tuath; agus fa dheireadh gu'n d'thainig na Sclabhonaich a thuinich 'an Ear-thuath na h-Eorpa 's 'an Iar-thuath Asia. Abair gur e 'n teaghlach GEAL an lamh; agus gheibh thu anns na cuig Cinnich a dh' ainmich mi na cuig meoir a' cinntinn o'n laimh 's a' comhdachadh na h-Eorpa 's taobh Tuath 's an Iar Asia. Tha 'n dealachadh eadar na meoir ann an corp 's an inntinn cho maith 's an canain ro chomharraichte. Gun teagamh rinn siontan an athair am prìomh-dhealachadh ann an dreach a' chuirp a mheudachadh, agus rinn eachdraidh 'us beul-aithris 'us foghlum nan sluagh fa leth (a thuilleadh air cumhachd buaidhean a' chuirp) ceud-fàithean na h-inntinn a shonruchadh anns gach teaghlach, 's an canainean atharrachadh mar bha tìm a' ruith; ach mu 'n d' fhuair sinne eachdraidh orra bha iad dealaichte 'n am fuil 's 'n an canain.

Rugadh leis an aon Mhathair, ma ta, an cuignear mbac so, agus dh' araicheadh iad, aon an deigh aon, air comhnardaibh Asia. An uair a bha iad fa seach air fas laidir gu leoir gu bhi 'cothachadh air an son fein, 's ro lionmhor gu bhi tuineachadh mu'n t-sean dachaidh, ghabh iad an domhan m'an ceann; sgaoil iad gach leth 's gach taobh, gach aon a dheanamh air a shon fèin, a' giulan air falbh d'an dachaidhean ùra 'n an cuirp, 'n an inntinnean, 's 'n an canainean, dearbhadh maircannach air an dàimh d'a cheile. Is

cumhne leat an uair a tha *Burns* a' moladh sgeimh na muà os cionn an fhir, mar tha e 'toirt air Mathair nan Uile a bhi feuchainn a laimhe an toiseach air cruthachadh an fhir, agus an uair 'tha i iunnsaichte, tha i 'gabhail os laimh bean a dheanamh:

“ Her prentice hand she tried on man,
And then she made the lasses O ! ”

Ann an tiunnadh a mach nam pobull, nach feud sinn a radh, ann an cainnt cosmhuil ri cainnt a' Bhaird, gu'n do chuir ar Sean Mhathair a stigh a h-ùine a' deanamh an Staic DHUIBH 'us RUAIDH; agus gu'n robh a' cheird air a laimh mu'n d' fheuch i ris an teaghlach GHEAL. Agus a thuilleadh air so, nach biodh e farasda 'shaoilsinn an uair a bha i fein òg—a h-aighnidhean bla, 's a sgeimh grinn, gu'n cuireadh i barrachd luach air cumadh 's air snas na 'chuireadh i air neart 's air saobhreas. Ann am fuineadh nan sluagh, nach saoil sinn gu'm b'e a miann 's a cheud aite an t-suil a thoileachadh; ach an uair tha a h-aois a' ruith, an uair tha a fuil a' fuarachadh 's a falt a' liathadh, an uair tha a h-eolas air feum an t-saoghail a' dol am meud, an uair tha fein-fhiosrachadh aice air luach neart a bhi 's a' chridhe 'us smior 's a' chnaimh, bhiodh e coltach gu'n cuireadh i barrachd meas air neart na chuireadh i air maise, cuirp 'us inntinn. Ma dh' fhaodte gu'n abrar nach eil an so ach faoin-bheachd duine dhiomhain; 's nach eil bun na barr aige an reusan na 'n eachdraidh. Ach 's e mo bharail na 'n gabhteadh dragh 'us uine gu leoir, gu'm faigh-teadh an canain 's an eachdraidh nan teaghlach fa leth dearbhadh laidir gur e *cumadh* 'us *snas* am feart a tha buadachadh 's na teaghlach-eagan is sine, 's gur e *bùchd*, 'us *cud-throm* a tha 'comharachadh a mach nan teaghlach-eagan is oige. Agus saoilidh mi nach 'eil aon de'n chuig-

near a thug dearbhadh 'n an corp, 'n an nadur, 's 'n an canain, an da chuid air maise 's air neart ann an dlu cho-chordadh mar a thug na Greugaich 's na Romanaich, a tha seasamh ann am meadhon na sreath le dà theaghlach air gach laimh dhin.

Bha na ceud mhic fa leth ainm-eil an eachdraidh agus tha sinn an dochas gu'm bi fathast; ach cha 'n 'eil teagamh 'n ar latha-ne nach e 'n ceathramh mac—an Gall—aig a bheil an t-aite toisich ann an riaghladh an domhain. Cia cho fada 's a bhitheas a chuis mar so, cha 'n fhios duinn; no co de'n cheathrar a gheibh aite ma chailleas e fein e. O chionn iomadh bliadhna 's e an Gaidheal is faisge a thig air ann am fìor chumhachd; ach a reir cursa eachdraidh an t-saoghail gu ruig so, cha 'n e an dara mac ach an cuigeamh a ni an ath stri mhor airson uachdranachd an domhain. Tha 'n Sclabhonach fathast mar gu'm b'ann 'n a chodal; ach co their c'uin a thig an gaisgeach a gheibh a mach ciod e 's dusgadh do'n oganach? Nach tugadh cuairt na h-eachdraidh oirnn a chreidsinn gu bheil a latha fein a' feitheamh airsan, anns am bi aige r'a dhearbhadh do na sloigh an airidh e air aite urramach 'n am measg? Agus an uair a thig an latha so, 's a theid e seachad; an uair a gheibh an cuignear bhraithrean gach aon a threis fein air Rìgh-chathair an t-saoghail; —nach cinnteach gu'm feudar an dochas altrum gu'n sguir na pobuill a' chasgradh 's a' leadairt a cheile, 's gu'm bi iad a' stri a mhain airson Gliocais, Eolais, 'us Deadh-bheus? Nach tig an sin 'n a lanachd “Linn an Aigh”—Linn na Sith—an Linn mu'n do sheinn na Baird; mu'n do reusonaich na Daoine glìce; a chunn-aic na Faidhean fada roimh laimh; a bheathaich tograidhean 's a neartaich misneach nan Ionraic anns gach

linn ri am trioblaid 'us amhghair; 's a bheir freagradh do gach eubhghoirt 's do gach urnuigh dhrachdach a rainig na neamhan air son sith 'o thoiseach an t-saoghail?

Gheibhear anns gach teaghlach dhin so comharan aithnichte air nach gabh mineachadh cubhaidh toirt ach beachd ar n-athraichean gu bheil iad a' ruith 's an fhuil. B'e bunait creidimh nan sean daoine am fiosrachadh air riaghladh an lagha am measg an luchd-eolais. Ach cha 'n fhaichear fìor neart an lagha mar so. Cho fad 's a chumas tu do shuil air daoine fa leth, tha 'n dealachadh na 's mo na 'n samh-ladh eadar duine 's duine ga d'bhualadh. Is ann a mhain an uair a sheallas tu air rioghachdan 's air cinnich a chì thu ann an eachdraidh an duine an Iomadachd ann an Aonachd a tha toirt Maise 'us Co-chordadh do oibre a' Chruthachaidh anns gach cearn. Tha 'n Sean-fhocal fìor, ma ta, ann an tomhas ro chudthromach mu thimchioll ar duine, araon 'n a chorp agus 'n 'n inntinn; ach cha lorgaich sinn cumhachd nam parantan ann an inntinn na cloinne cho dlu 's a lorgaicheas sinn e anns a' chorp. 'S e 's aobhar dha so, tha mi meas, gu bheil an da chumhachd eile a' dh ainmich mi—an Saoghal agus E fein—a' riaghladh buaidhean na h-inntinn na's teinne na tha iad a' riaghladh buill a' chuirp. Tha, gun amhurus, siontan, lòn, eideadh, 'us cleachduin ann an tomhas mor a' socrachadh dreach 'us nearta' chuirp; ach tha laghannan, canainean, teagasgan, beachdan, 'us aidmheilean ann an tomhas moran na 's mo a' riaghladh buaidhean na h-inntinn. “Theid duthchas an aghaidh nan creag”; ach anns an dìreadh chas tha 'n greim na 's cinntiche 's an ceum na 's seasamhaiche anns na creagan feolmhor na tha iad 's na creagan

spioradail. Tha e duilich inntinn sluaigh a thionndadh; ach tha e eu-comasach do 'n Etiopianach a chraiceann a mhuthadh, no do'n Leopard a bhrice atharrachadh.

Is ann am beatha an duine a mhain a tha E fein 'n a chumbachd laidir gu bhi sonruchadh a staid. Air thalamh 's ann aige-san a mhain a their sinn a tha Toil. Ciod e gne na feart a tha so, cha 'n fhios duinn; cha 'n aithne dhuinn co bhuaithe tha i 'g eirigh, no ciamar tha i fas; ach tha gach aon againn fein-fhiosrach gur Cumhachd i leis a' bheil comas againn air roghainn a dheanamh. Cha 'n urrainn thu oirleach a chur ri d' airde fein; ach 's urrainn thu maith a roghnachadh 's olc a sheachnadh; agus do bhrìgh so tha e so-thuigsinn dhuit gu'm feum thu cunntas a thoirt do d' Cho-chreutair 's do d' Chruith-fhear "mu d' ghriomharan anns a' choluinn co-dhiu tha iad maith na olc."

Anns a' cheum is cudthromaiche 's is soluimte d' ar beatha, ceum ar dleasdanas, 's ann is laige cumhachd an t-Sean-fhocail. Gun teagamh tha e fìor, "dhasan d'an toirear moran. gu'n iarrar moran uaith;" ach cha 'n e neart do chuirp no doimhneachd d'inntinn a shonruicheas crìoch do dhleasdanas do d' Cho-chreutair no do d' Chruith-fhear, ach am feum a ni thu dhiu. A rèir na builgus an cuir thu na comasan a bhuineas duit, seasaidh tu no tuitidh tu. Feudaidd "na daoine o'n d' thainig thu" farsuingeachd d'inntinn 'us cudthrom do chnamh a shonruchadh; ach cha choisinn Ionracas do Shinnsearan Sonas dhuit, — cha shaor Euceartan d' Aithrichean o Thruaighe thu. Aig Cathair-breitheanais, air Neamh no air Talamh. cha 'n fhaigh "Bu dual da sin" eisdeachd.

D. M.K.

CUMHA ANNA.

RINNEADH an cumh a so leis an Urramach Mr Iain Mor Mac-Dhùghaill a bha'm Braigh Lochabar, do nighinn bràthair màthair dha, Anna Dhònullach nighean Fhir Chraineachan. Dh'éug Mr Iain 's a' bhliadhna 1761, 's chaidh a thiodhlaiceadh an Cille-Chairill. Is ann bho Sheumas Mac-an-tòisich, tuathanach, am Both-Fhionntain, a dh'ionnsaich mi e.

GLASRACH.

[An 'Leabhar-òran a' Ghiliosaich,' gheobhar an cumha so air slìos 66, "Do mhnai uasail ann an Gleanna-Garradh."—ULL].

Fon,—“Alastair a Gleanna Gairidh.”

An ainnir a chunnaic mi 'm chadal,

Cho robh i agam 'n uair a dhùisg mi.

'S e bhi cuimhneachadh nach beò thu,

Dh'fhàg na deòir a' ruith bho m' shùilean.

Cha d'fhuair mi dhiat ach sealladh-ruathair,

'S truagh nach robh 'm brùadar na b' fhaide,

'S gu'm faicinn gach ni mu 'n cuairt dut, Gug dùsgadh á m' shuain gu madainn.

Dh' iadhaunn mo shùilean mar b' àbhaist,

A dh-amharc àilleachd do phearsa:

Urla sholuis is glan dearsadh,

Choisinn cliu gach àrmuinn bheachdail;

De mhuineal mar chanach sléibhe,

Do dheud glé gheal 's do bheul meachair;

Do shlios mar fhiùran deas, dealbhach,

'S do chalpannan mar alabaster.

Aithnghear air an aitreabh uasal,

A' bhuaidh bhios fuaighte ris an tàmhaidh,

Aithnghear air a' choluinn phrìseil,

An t-anam 's am bi brìgh a's càileachd:

Gu'n aithngheadh orts' 'n uair bha thu 'd leanamh,

Gu'm biodh tu gu banail, bàigheil,—

Gu'm bidh tu gu briathrach, sgialach,—

Gu'm biodh tu gu ciallach nàrach.

Cha do mheall thu iad 'n am barail:

Bu tu barrachd nam ban àluinn;

Bu tu Phoenix nam ban feumail,

Bu tu 'n eucag threubhach, stàthor.

'N ad chomhairle gheobhteadh fuasgladh,

'N uair bhiodh tuaireap 'measg do chàirdean.

Bha thu làn misnich a's cruadail—

Gach deagh bhuaidh bha fuaight' ri d' nàdur.

B'fhoghaintich' thn na Debòrah,
 Bha thu cho bòidheach ri Judith;
 Thu cho geimnidh ri Susana,
 'S cho banail rith' anns gach giùlan.
 Bha thu iochdmhor, creidmheach, diadh-
 aidh;
 Mu d' chuid bha thu fialaidh, pàirteach,
 Aig lionmhoiread do bhuìadhean uasal,
 Bu tu bhean shuairce bh' aig Nàbal.
 Càite 'n gabh an gliocas còmhnaidh
 Nise bho'n nach beò thu Anna?
 Càite 'n teid an gealladh cinnteach?
 Càite 'n fhirinn? càite 'ghloine?
 Càite 'n teid an tuigse chòmhnard?
 Càite 'n teid an labhairt bhlasda?
 Càite 'n teid an giùlan banail,
 A nis, Anna, bho'n nach beò thu?
 'S truagh leam do chlann bhi 'n an deòir-
 ibh.
 'S truagh leam bròn bhi air do mhàthair;
 'S truagh leam do pheathraichean deurach
 Mu d' dhéighinn, 's nach dian e stàth
 dhaibh;
 'S gur truagh leam osnaich do bhràithrean,
 Bho'n nach d'fhuairead iad dàil bho'n ug
 dhiat,—
 'S bho'n nach fhaic mi gu là bhràth thu,
 Mo bheannachd gu Paras Dhe leat.

COMHRADH NAN CNOC.

(*Bho 'n Teachdaire Ghaidhealach.*)

*Para Mòr, Fionnlaidh Pìobaire,
 agus Mór Og.*

FIONN. Cò tha againn 'an so a Phàruig? Ma ta is fada o chunnaic mi fein bean uasal a'téarnadh a stigh an catha ud roimhe.

PAR. Tha dà latha uaithe ma chì thu 'n diugh i; tha uat a bhi shuas no bithidh othaisg 's an dris. Cha mhath a fhreagras an sròl uaine ud am measg na droighinn. Nach dubhairt mi riut? Seall an tràs i. O! làn nam beannachd do'n droighinn—'s minic a chuala mi gu'n robh i gun eiseimeil—'s gu dearbh tha mo chead aice.

FIONN. Ud! ud! a ghoistidh, cha dubhairt thu riamh a leithid. A cheart rìreadh a thà mi, tha uainn dìreadh 'n a còdhail.

PAR. Ma ta cha téid mo chas ged a bhiodh i snìomh 'an sud gu

latha; ach ma tha truas agad rìthe; theirig 's an eadraiginn—éudail—'s tusa dh' amais air a' mhnaoi-uasail—tha e coltach gur ann agad fein a tha 'm beachd oirre. 'S e sin thus'a bhi co tric 'an cuideachd nan uaislean. Am beil cuimhn' agad air an té d'an do sgrog thu do bhoineid an là a ràinig sinn Glaschu?

FIONN. Falbh! coma leat sin an tràs—cha 'n ionann so agus Glaschu—is bean-uasal a tha'n sud, no tha mise mèalhtà.

PAR. An cuala tusa, ghoistidh, “Sìoda air cabar, agus bithidh e briagha”—sid agad e. Na'm bitheadh i sid uasal, bheirinnsa urram na h-uailse dh'i—ach mu tha faodar sgur de'n ghnòthach. Am beil thu idir 'g a h-aithneachadh? Nighean bràthair Fhionnlaidh Phìobaire, a's nighean piuthar Phara Mhóir!! Cha 'n 'eil fhios c'aite 'm beil fear-na-bainse? ach cluinnidh sinn. Is math a tha fhios agam an taobh a thug e 'aghaidh an diugh.

FIONN. 'N ann a cheart rìreadh a tha thu? Ma ta, mar thuirt thu fein ris an tailleur Ghallda, “is e'n gille 'n t-aodach”—ach 's i Mór a tha'n so, co dhiubh. Fàilt ort a Mhór—bu mhithich dhut tighinn air do shean eòlas.

PAR. Am beil thu ann a Mhór? Bha eagal oirnn gu'n cailleadh tu'n rùsg 's an dris. Cha b'fheairrd thu 'n teadhair uaine sin slaoda riut 's a' chatha dhroighinn—theab i cipein a chur ort.

MOR. Tha e coltach nach féumadh daoine aodach *decent* sa bith a chur orra 's an dùthaich so.

PAR. Tha iunndrain agads' air a' Ghalldachd, agus air na cabhsairean. Is tus a dh' fhaodas a ràdh—leis an sgeulachd, Gu'n deach thu air do thuras le brògan paipeir mu d' chasaibh. Cha mhath a fhreagras na leòban sin 's na sgrìodain. Bheil

fios agad ciod a tha Fionnladh 'n so ag radh? Tha, gu'm b' fhèarr leis gu'n tugadh tu dha stiall de'n riobain sin air son na pìoba—'s gu'n gléusadh e i air do bhainis a nasguidh.

MOR. O *Uncle!* is *droll* an duine sibh! bithidh sibh daonnan ri *fun*, 's ri magadh.

PAR. Bithidh a Mhór. *Am fasan a bha aig Niall, bha e riamh ris.* Ach an saoil thu, a Ghoistidh, nach 'eil sid gu math. *Uncle*, ars' ise! Nach iongantach nach dubhairt i, *Mr Finlay*, agus *Mr Peter*, mar thuirt am Bodach Gallda.

FIONN. Ud, a Phàruig tha thu tuille's cruaidh air Móir bhoichd, a's i air ùr thighinn dachaidh; nach ann is math leat i labhairt Béurla? Ciod a bheireadh daoine' òg gu Galldachd idir mur togadh iad beagan d'i.

MOR. Gu dearbh a dhuine is math a dh' fhàg sibh e. Abraibh sin—tha e coltach, ma's fìor esan, gu'n robh e cho math dhuinn fuir-each aig an tigh.

PAR. Cha'n 'eil fhios agam nach robh cuideachd, a bhuinneag, air dòigh no dhà—ach Fhionnlaidh, an saoil thu nach faod daoine Béurl' ionnsachadh gun a' Ghailig a dhì-chuimhneachadh. Labhradh i Beurla a's neorthaing mar cum sinne rithe mar is urrainn duinn—ach is coma leam an cothlamadh mosach, mì-chiatach a tha nis aig a h-uile fear a's té air an dà chànan.

FIONN. Ciod tha ris a sin, a mhic chridhe, ach an cleachdadh?

MOR. Ciod eile, a dhuine, ach an cleachdadh? An saoil sibh an amais mis' a nis air a' Ghailig?

PAR. Cha'n amais, mo thruaighe! Cha'n iongantach sin! Théid an cleachdadh mar an dùthchas, an aghaidh nan creag. Cha'n iongantach leam idir mar a dh'éirich dhut. Bha thu trì ràidhean air Galldachd, ag cagnadh ablaich de Bhéurla—'s cha robh thu ach deich bliadhna

fichead's a' Ghaidhealtachd, a' sgoltadh cainnt d'athar 's do sheanathar. Ach ma chaill thusa, Mhór, do Ghailig, 's i mo bharail-sa gu'm faod thu radh, mar thuirt a' Chailleach a h-eab a bruidhinn a chall, 'n uair a chaidil i fa chomhair na gréine, "An cnocan, an cnocan," ars' ise gu leodach, "far an do chaill mi mo Ghailig—'s far nach d'fhuair mi mo Bhéurla."

FIONN. Ach cha'n 'eil fhios, a Phàruig, nach 'eil a' Bhéurla na's pailte aig Móir na tha dùil agadsa.

PAR. Cha 'n 'eil fhios nach 'eil—ach chì mi gur h-ann mar is lugha tha aig daoine dh'i is bitheant' a tha i 'n a gurracaig mhosaich an uachdar gach seanachais—dìreach mar tha'u rìomhadh gu léir air an druim—'s ann mar sin a tha Bhéurla gu léir daonnan air an teangaidh. Nach feuch an cluinn thu iad air feadh a chéile aig a' mhaighstir-sgoile; is fada m'an cluinn. Coma leat—mar thuirt an t-amadan e,* "*An la bhios sin ri òrach bitheamaid ri h-òrach—an uair bhios sinn ri maorach bith-eamaid ri maorach.*" An uair a bhios sinn a' bruidhinn Béurla, bruidhn-eamaid Béurla; ach an uair a tha sinn a' bruidhinn Gailig, labhramaid Gailig. Is don' a fhreagras ad a's casag ort fein le d' fhéile 's le d' osain; is ceart cho mì-chiatach leam fein a Bhéurl' agus a' Ghailig a bhreacadh—fóghnaidh sid d'e. Tiugainn, a Mhór, dìreamaid a dh' ionnsuidh an tighe, 's mur tuig thu Gailig, ni

* Bha amadan o shean ann an teaghlach Mhic-Leoid, agus fear eile ann an teaghlach Mhic-Dhonnail; agus chuir an da Cheann-fheadhna geall co aig a bha 'n t-amadan bu ghoraiche. Chuireadh a thrusadh maoraich iad do'n chladach, agus chàireadh bonn oir air cloich 's an traigh 's an robh iad. Mhothaich amadan Mhic-Dhonnail do'n or. Am faic thu 'n t-or? ars' esan ris an fhear eile. Falbh! ars, amadan Dhunbheagain, an la bhios sinn ri orach, biomaid ri orach; ach an la bhios sinn ri maorach, biomaid ri maorach.

'bhean do bheatha 's a' Bhéurla chruaidh Shasunnaich 's fearr a tha aice.

MOR. Bha gnothach beag agam ribh fein agus ri bràthair m' athar an so, 's o'n a dh'amaid mi oirbh cha bhi mi taoghal gus am till mi. Bha toil agam dìreach mo chomhairle chur ribh m'an ghnòthach so tha mi cinnteach a chuala sibh fein a bha mi dol a dheanamh.

PAR. Dìreach—Cò b'fhearr gu fiosachd na *Coinneach Odhar*? Bha fios agam fein gur h-ann mar so a bhitheadh—an geall thu gu'n gabh thu comhairle? Is minig a thainig comhairle an rìgh á beul an amadain—'s na'm biodh tus', a Mhór, a dhuinneag, air a' chomhairle mu bheireadh a thug mise dhut, a lean-ailt, bha thu'n diugh gu socrach, cothromach pòsda ri Eobhan ruadh, 's cha'n ann mar tha thu'am beul an t-sluaigh, le sìochaire de Ghall lachdunn—ad bhristeadh-cridhe do'n bhantraich bhochd is màthair dhut; 's ad thàmailt do gach aon a bhuineas dut.

MOR. Eobhan Ruadh! thug sibh coimeas domh gu dearbh. Gu dearbh cha'n 'eil farmad agam ris an té a fhuair e. Cha b' ann le leithid a chitheadh, an cuideachd, no an clachan mi. Mac an dubh choiteir.

FIONN. Mac an duine chòir, chneasda; ach inuis so, a Mhór, Cò b'athair do'n fhleasgach so a tha 'd chois fein? Eudail b'fhada o chéile crodh-laoigh ur dà shean-athar, 's mi tha cinnteach.

PAR. Cha'n 'eil fhios aicese, mo thruaighe, an robh a' chearc a sgriobadh an dùnan aig 'athair, no aig a sheanathair, gun tighinn air crodh-laoigh. Ach gu dearbh ma bha crodh-laoigh aig 'athair, tha bhuil aisans gu'n do chuir iad an dìosg gu math tràth e. Is glas an neul a th' air an deòra thruagh—

dìreach mar gu'm faigheadh e ma sgaoil á priosan. Cha 'n 'eil fios an aithne dha fein cò a b' athair dha.

MOR. Is e fein a tha mis' a' dol a phòsadh, 's cha'n e athair no mhàthair; 's ma tha esan gu math, tha e coltach gur coma mar bha iadsan.

FIONN. 'S eadh—an e so e'n tràs? Cha choma, Mhór, is minic a bha laogh math aig bó chrotaich, ach air a shon sin ma 's i mart fein a tha mi ceannach, is math leam i bhi de shìolach math: 's gu cinnteach bu tàmailt do d' athair còir a tha sìinnt' anns an ùir gu'n abradh iad ogha mèirlich ri d' leanabh. Cha 'n e air a shon sin nach faod an gille bhi math, agus de dhaoine matha, ach gu dearbh ma tha, a bhuidheachas sin da fhein—'s cha'n ann dutsa, a Mhór, a ghabh leis gun eòlas, gun aithne air fein no air a mhuinntir. Ach am beil a bheag idir aige?

PAR. Innsidh mise dhut mar tha sin—fhad 's is léir dhomhsa. Tha aig 'n *Umbrella* rìomhach ud a tha fo 'achlais—agus a' chasag odhar a tha slaodadh ri dha shlinneig, mar gu'm faiceadh tu sean aodach air stob, no air sgàth ann an eorna—agus mar thuirt an t-òran,

Gun fhios a béil n'a phoca
Na dh'oladh a deoch-slainge.

MOR. Mur 'eil cèird no stòras aige, tha rud is fearr aige—modh a's ionnsachadh, 's bheir e e fein as gach cuideachd le ceòl 's le con-altradh.

FIONN. Tha'n t-ionnsachadh gle mhath, a Mhór, ach dh' fheumadh an saoghal so beagan de anns 'n a lamhann, cho math ris a' chean. Air son modh dheth—tha e gle mhath a rithist—ach 's minic a chunnaic mi'n duine bha math gu thoirt fein á cuideachd, gu'n robh e mutha 's math gu chur fein ann—agus air son ciùil deth—tha e glé thaitneach

dhaibhsan a tha 'g a éisdeachd: ach creid thusa mise, cha 'n 'eil e ro tharbhach dhasan a tha 'g a chluich—mo chreach, 's ann agam tha fios!

PAR. Nach abair thu 'n sean-fhocal, a Ghoistidh. Cha mhinic a bha *moll aig sabhal Pìobaire*. Ach cia air bith mar tha sin, cha 'n 'eil dùil agam gu'n dean am fear ud a lòn le binneas a bheòil, no gluasad a mheur am feasd. Mur dean e *Drumair* beag do na *Volunteers*, ma theid iad air an cois a ris, cha 'n 'eil fhios agamsa ciod tuilleadh a tha air a shon—am fearagan bochd.

MOR. Falbh! cha'n 'eil dùil agam gu'm beil e 'an comain ur molaidh, co dhiubh. Bha teagamh agaibhse auns na Goill riamh. Is sibh a bha coimbeach riutha. An saoil sibh nach faodar amas air duine math idir 'n am measg?

PAR. Cha'n 'eil, a Mhór, mis anns a' bharail sin. Faodar amas air daoine còir 'n am measg, agus air daoine fiachail—ach am fear a ghabhas leis a' cheud iasg a thig air a dhubhan, cha'n 'eil fhios nach fhaigh e dallag. Agus an té a ghabhas le fear sa bith a thig 'n a tairgse, ma dh'fhaidte gu'm faigh i biasd—agus mar d'fhuaire thusa biasd, a Mhór, thoill thu e. Ghabh thu leis gun eòlas air fein, no air a mhuinntir. Gun chomhairle chur ri mathair no ri cairdean, chuir thu thu fein am beul an t-sluaigh, mu 'n robh thu 'm beul a' Chleirich—agus ged a chi thu bean a's clann a' tighinn air a dheigh an ceann ràidhe, mar thachair do'n te a phòs am marsanta mòr an uraidh, 's math an airidh. Is tu fein an òins-each bhochd, shocharach mar bha thu. Sin agad sin. Gabh 's an t-sròin no 's a' chluais e. Ach thoir ort, ruig an tigh—ma tha na mnathan 'n an abhaist, theid iad na 's faide ad leisgeal na theid sinne.

MOR. Ma ta olc mhath 's mar rinn mise tha mi 'm barail nach b'

uilear dhaibh sin—is gabhaidh mi ur comhairle an fhad so, co dhiubh—gu'n robh maith agaibh air son ur caoimhneis.

FIONN. Dh'fhalbh i ghoistidh—'s cha'n 'eil i toilichte, ach bitheadh aice—rinn thu cheart chòir beagan de'n fhirinn innse dh'i; ach ciod am math a ni e—tha i nis am beul an t-sluaigh, agus cia air bith mar tha'n Gall, feumaidh i bhi gabhail leis.

PAR. Feumaidh, feumaidh, cha'n 'eil ach an suaineadh an luib a chéile, 's e sin ma chi am ministear iom-chuidh sin a dheanamh; 's cha 'n 'eil fios agam cuideachd.

FIONN. Ach an saoil thu, a ghoistidh, nach féumar sealltainn riutha. Ged a bha i fein socharach 's i nigh-ean a h-athar 's a màthar i, 's féumar cuideachadh leatha.

PAR. Nach e sin, a mhic chridhe, a' chomhairle bha dhìth oirre. Tha teann air tuarasdail leth-bhliadhna crochte ri dà chluais; 's ciod a nis a theid 'n a beul. Ach na'm bu ghille measail a bha i faotainn, cha bu ghearan sin, ge b'e 'ait as an tigeadh e, ach an siochaire beag lachdunn. 'S mòr leam, ge beag e, amhach circe shineadh air a shon—'s gun fhios co è.

FIONN. Cha 'n 'eil atharrachadh air a nis, ach an dreach is fearr a chur air a' ghnothach. Ach gu dearbh ge nach àbhaist domh mo chlann a leigeil gu bàinis; leigidh mi 'n sid iad. Ma tha mothachadh aca bheir sid an sùilean daibh. Tha mi air m'oilteachadh an leigeil as mo shealladh, gun fhios nach éirich tubaist daibh.

FIONN. Ma shaoileas tu gu'n dean e féum trus a h-uile nighean 's an dùthaich ann; ach cha dean—cha'n 'eil annt' ach na dall-chuileineam thall 's a bhos. Ach coma—mur seall iad rompa—seallaidh 'n an déigh—ach tiugainn a dh' fheuch

ciod a ghabhas deanamh; 's gu dearbh 's beag a tha de shunnd bains' e orm,

An oidhch' a rinn iad a bainis,
'S truagh nach i'n fhairire bh'ann.

PAR. Thachair e dhomh, ach cha'n 'eil atharrachadh air. A Mhór! a Mhór! mo thruaighe bhochd! cha robh thu riamh 's an dris gus a nis.

FIONN. Tha e coltach; ach mar thuirt *Iain amadan* e 'n uair a ghabh e air fein, Cò air a rinn thu sin? Ort fein, a ghràidh. 'S i fein a dhìolas air, air a cheann fa dheir-eadh, ged a thug i tàmailte dhuinne 's a cheud dol a mach. J. M'L.

CRUINNEACHADH CHLANN-GHRIOGAIR.

Tha 'n ré air a' chuan,
'S tha an ceò anns a' ghleann;
'S, o'n a dhìteadh ar n-ainm
Anns an latha gu teann,
Ar cath-ghairm iomraiteach,
Rìoghail o chian,
Ni sinn éigheach 's an oidhche
Le dìoghaltas dian!
Bi deas! bi deas!
Bi deas, a Ghriogaraich!
Ma bhios ruaig air ar tòir,
A's ar n-ainm air a bhacadh,
Loisg am fàrdach!—'s am feòil
Biodh aig eunlaith 'g a sracadh!
O, tionail, tionail, tionail,
Tionail, tionail, tionail!
Fhad 's tha duilleach 's a' choille
No cobhar air sruth-thuinn,
Mar is dual, cinnidh buaidh
Le Mac-Griogair gu suthainn!
De Ghleann-urchaidh nan àrd-
bheann
'S de Chaol-chuirn nan saoidh,
De Ghleann-lìobhann 's Ghleann-
srath
Tha sinn creachte a chaoidh—
Tur spùinnte, spùinnte,
Spùinnte, Ghriogaraich,
Spùinnte, spùinnte, spùinnte!

Troimh dhoimhneachd a' chuain
Theid an stéud-each 'n a dheann;
Chithear bìrlinn a' seòladh
Thar cìrein nam beann;
Leaghaidh creagan mar eigh,
'S theid 'n an still gus a' mhuir,
M'an strìochd sinn ar còir,
A's ar dìogh'ltas m'an sguir!
Bi deas! bi deas!
Bi deas, a Ghriogaraich!
Ma bhios ruaig air ar tòir,
A's ar n-ainm air a bhacadh,
Loisg am fàrdach!—'s am feòil
Biodh aig eunlaith 'g a sracadh!
O, tionail, tionail, tionail,
Tionail, tionail, tionail!
Fhad 's tha duilleach 's a' choille
No cobhar air sruth-thuinn,
Mar is dual, cinnidh buaidh
Le Mac-Griogair gu suthainn!
EADAR. LE MAC-MHARCUIS.

IAIN AGUS ALASTAIR.

[Chuireadh an sgialachd so h-ugainn leis an Urr. an t-Olla Mac-Lachlainn. Tha e 'g ràdh nach 'eil e 'meas gu'm beil dad de dh-eid-eachadh innte, ach gu'm beil e 'g a cur h-ugainn air sgàth na Gàilig snasmhoir anns am beil i air a h-aithris. Sgrìbheadh sìos i ann am Barraidh bho bhial fir-aithris bho chionn àireamh bhliadhnaichean le caraid òg.]

Bha rìgh ann uair aig an robh dithis mhac do'm b' ainm Iain 'us Alastair. An uair a shiubhail an rìgh, bha cileadairean 'us cléirich ùine mhór a' cur ceart a chuid chunntas, gus mu dheireadh an d'fhuaradh, an deigh a h-uile ni 'chur ceart, nach robh dad gu ruighinn air Iain 's air Alastair, ach aon choil-each agus seann fhàradh. 'S e Iain bu shine de 'n dithis. Thuirt Alastair ris gu 'm bu chòir dhoibh bàrr a chur 's an talamh. Dean thusa sin, ars' Iain 's e 'breith air a' choileach 's 'g a chur 'n a achlais.

Dh' fhalbh e mar so 's an coileach aige 'n a achlais, gus an d' ràinig e 'chéud bhaile mór. Bha e fad an làtha 'coiseachd air ais 's air aghart tre 'n bhaile, 's cha do thachair neach air a thairg sgillinn air a' choileach. Cha robh fhios aige ciod a dheanadh e an uair a thigeadh an oidhch' air — cha robh peighinn ruadh aige 'n a phòc a cheannaicheadh leabaidh no biadh.

An uair a bha e fad a dh' oidhch' agus a ghabh am baile mu thàmh, chunnaic e uinneag an sin 's an robh solus, ghabh e null g'a h-ionnsaidh, 's ciod e chunnaic e tre tholl a' chùirteir a bh' air an uinneig, ach bòrd air a shuidheachadh air meadhon an urlair, agus a h-uile seòrsa bìdh air, agus duine 's bean ag itheadh dh' e. Bha e 'miannachadh pàirt a bhi aige fhéin d' e. Bha e 'feith-eamh a h-uile ni a bha iad a' deanamh, gus mu dheireadh am fac e an duine 'cur dh' e a chuid aodaich 's a' gabhail a laidhe. Ach sùil dh' an d' thug e, ciod e 'chunnaic e ach duine 'tighinn a nuas an t-sràid, agus ghabh e lom 'us dìreach a dh-ionnsaidh dorus an tighe aig an robh e fhéin 'n a sheasamh, agus bhuail e e; ach ma bhuail cha d' fhuair fosgladh. Bhuail e rithist 's cha d' fhuair fosgladh.

Bha Iain, fad na h-uine bha 'n duine 'bualadh an doruis, a' feith-amh air an uinneig; agus ciod e an obair a bh' aig a' mhnaoi, a' cheart cho luath 's a chual i 'bhi bualadh an doruis, ach a' cur a' bhìdh am falach am preas beag a bha 's a' bhalla; agus am fear a bha 's an leabaidh, thug i air éirigh, agus chuir i fo bheul togsaid e rùisgte mar a bhà e. Is ann an déigh dh' i sin a dheanamh a chaidh i dh' fhosgladh an doruis do 'n fhear a bha 'm muigh.

Ach ciod a mhothaich am fear a bha 'bualadh an doruis ach duine 'n

a sheasamh aig an uinneig. Ghabh e far an robh e, 's dh' fhaighnich e dh' e, ciod è a bha e' deanamh an sud. 'Tha mi an so, ars' Iain, 's mi gun fhios agam c'àite an teid mi; cha-n 'eil sgillinn agam a gheibh biadh no deoch, 's tha mi gu bàsachadh leis an acras. Thig a stigh do m' thigh-sa, 'ille bhoichd, ars' an duine, agus gheibh thu do leòr bìdh. Tha mi gle dheònach, ars' Iain.

An uair a dh' fhosgail an dorus, 's e 'cheud fhocal a thuirt am fear a bha 'm muigh rithe, i thoirt bìdh do 'n ghille bhoichd so; agus co am fear a bh' ann ach fear an tighe. Thuirt a' bhean, Ciod e an gille boichd a th' agad an sin mu'n àm so dh' oidhche, nach 'eil fhios agad nach b' urrainn biadh a bhi bruich agamsa cho anmoch 'us so. Ach, arsa fear an tighe ri Iain, Ciod e an coileach a th' agad an sin fo d' achlais? Tha, ars' Iain, fiosaiche. 'S e 'n coileach so tha 'g am chumail suas le 'chuid fiosachd. Cha b' fhada gus an d' thug Iain bruthadh air a' choileach fo 'achlais, agus leig an coileach neo-choireach gog as. O, ciod e tha 'n coileach ag ràdh an dràst, arsa fear an tighe. Tha e 'g ràdh, ars' Iain, gu'm bheil am preas beag ud thall lom-lán bìdh. Am bheil, arsa fear an tighe. 'S e sin a tha 'n coileach ag ràdh, ars' Iain. Dh' fhalbh fear an tighe agus dh' fhosgail e 'm preas 's bha e cho làn bìdh 's a ghabhadh e. Thug fear an tighe a leòr do dh' Iain d' e. Ach coma, cha b' fhada gus an d' thug Iain an t-ath-bhruthadh air a' choileach, agus rinn e gog eile 'g a ghearan fhéin. Ciod e tha 'n coileach ag innse dhuit an dràst, Iain, arsa fear an tighe. Och, och, is coma sin, ars' Iain, tha e 'cantainn gu'm beil an t-abharsair fhein rùisgte fo 'n togsaid mhóir a th' air meadhon an urlair. Innsidh mise,

ars' Iain, cìod a ni sinn : seas thusa aig an dorus agus thoir leat deagh bhata ; agus an uair a thogas mise 'n togsaid, bheir esan an dorus air cho luath 's a th' aige, agus bi thusa cinnteach gu'n toir thu dha tarraing mhaith-de'n bhata 's an druim. Rinn fear an tighe sud, sheas e 's an dorus ; agus a' cheart cho luath 's a chuir Iain car de'n togsaid, sud a mach an t-abharsair. Tharraig fear an tighe am bata air cho làidir 's gu'n do lean craicionn a dhroma ris. Thug an t-abharsair an t-sràid air dearg rùisgte mar a bhà e agus a dhruim air a bristeadh leis a' bhuille a thug fear an tighe dha. Cha do thuig fear an tighe co b' e an t-abharsair a bh' ann--cha d' aithnich e idir gur h-e bh' ann fear de mhuinntir a' bhaile a bhiodh a' tighinn an còmhnaidh a dh-ionnsaidh a thighe a h-uile cothrom a gheibheadh e, 's e sin, an uair a bhiodh fear an tighe o 'n bhaile. O, arsa fear an tighe, 'S ann agadsa 'tha 'n coileach fiachail, Iain--na 'n reiceadh tu rium fhéin e, bheirinn dhuit tri cheud punnd Sasunnach air. Cìod a ni mi fhéin, 's gur h-e tha 'g am chumail suas le 'chuid fìosachd. Ro cheart, arsa fear an tighe, ach bithidh e fuathasach riatanach dhòmhsa a leithid a bhi agam. Tha mise coma o 'n is tu am fear a th' ann, ars' Iain, ged a bheirinn dhuit e air an tri cheud punnd Sasunnach. Thug fear an tighe dhà an tri cheud agus thuirt e ri Iain, e dh' fhuireach an oidhche sin 's gu'm falbhadh e an là air n-ath-mhàireach. Cha robh Iain deonach fuireach leis an eagal bh' air gu'n iarraidh air a' choileach fìosachd a dheanamh. Thug fear an tighe an coileach do'n mhnai agus a ghleidheadh. Dh' fhalbh ise 's chuir i an ciste mhóir e, ach, cìod a's droch uair ach a dh' fhàg i an ceann aige air taobh a muigh clauachdair na ciste, agus thachdadh

e. 'S e Iain còir a bha toilichte ged a bha e 'cumail a mach ri fear an tighe gu'n robh e duilich ; ach dh' fhalbh e dhachaidh le 'thri cheud punnd Sasunnach. An uair a ràinig e 'n tigh bha Alastair ag itheadh bhìdh, 's dh' innis e dha gu'n d' fhuair 'e tri cheud punnd Sasunnach air a choileach. Is maith sin, ars' Alastair ; cumaidh sin suas sinn fhad 's is beò sinn. O, ars' Iain, cha laimhsich thu sgillinn ruadh dh' e fhad 's is beò thu, faigh rud dhuit fhein. An uair a chuala Alastair so smaoinich e gu'm falbhadh e leis an fhàradh. Rinn e sin agus a' cheud bhaile mòr a thug e mach, chruinnich a' chlanna bheag mu'n cuairt da, agus thòisich iad air a ribeadh thall 's a bho. Theich e as a' bhaile so agus thug e baile eile air, ach ged a bhiodh e anns a' bhaile fhathast cha 'n fhaigh-eadh e duine a bheireadh tairgse dha air an fhàradh. Bha 'n so an oidhche air tighinn, agus Alastair air ais 's air aghart air feadh na sràide. Mu mheadhon oidhche chunnaic e solus ann an unnieig gu h-àrd os a chionn. Chuir e am fàradh suas ris a' bhalla dh' ionnsaidh na h-uianeig, 's cìod a bha 's an t-seòmar ach ceathrar bhaintigh-earnan 'n an suidhe mu'n bhòrd. Chual e an seanehas a bh' ann, agus 's e sin, thuirt an té bu shine dhiubh, nach b' fhuilear leatha gu'n tigeadh làn basaidh de 'n bhloanaig aisde fhéin. Thuirt té de na baintigh-earnan a b'oige, gu'n robh gu leòr leatha fhéin làn truinnseir a thoirt aisde. Chual' Alastair iad ag ràdh gu'm b'fhada leo bha 'n lighich gun tighinn, agus an uine mhòr a bha o 'n a dh' fhalbh fear an tighe g' a iarraidh. Dh' aithnich Alastair gur h-ann a' feitheamh an lighich a bha iad, agus dùil aca ris a h-uile mionaid, los pairt de na bha anna de bhloanaig a thoirt asda ; agus cìod a smaoinich e ach gu 'n gabhadh e stigh far an

robh iad, agus gu 'n cuireadh e am fiachaibh dhoibh gu 'm b' e e fhéin an lighich. Amhuil 's mar a b' fhior, ghabh e stigh. Shaoil leosan gu 'm b' e an lighich 'bh' aun. Dh' fhaighnich e dhiubh an robh iad deas. Thuirt iad gu 'n robh. Ma ta, ars' Alastair, is obair gle dhuilich a tha sibh a' cur mu m' choinnime-sa an nochd, ach is éudar gu'n deanar i air a' shonsin. Cheangail e iad gu tòiseachadh ri toirt diubh na blonaig. Dh' fhaighnich iad d' e, c' àite an d' fhàg e fear an tighe. Ghabh e choimhead caraid 'th' ann an àite tha 'n sud, ars' Alastair, 's o'n nach 'eil dùil aige tighinn dhachaidh an nochd, thuirt e riumsa sibhse dh' innseadh dhòmhsa an aite 's am bheil an t-airgiod an gleidheadh. Tha eagal orm nach urrainn duibh innseadh dhomh an déigh a' bhlonag a thoirt asuibh. Thuirt mi ris gur fichead punnd Sasunnach a bhithinn ag iarraidh air son mo shaothrach. An uair a chuala na boirionnaich so thuirt iad ris, tha preas an sin air do chùlaobh, agus so dhuit iuchair, 's fosgail e. Ghabh Alastair còir an iuchair, agus dh' fhosgail e 'm preas, 's ciod e a fhuair e ann ach mile punnd Sasunnach, 's a mach thug e cho luath 's a bh' aige.

Ach cha b' fhada gus an d' thainig fear an tighe 's an lighich, 's mur do ghabh iad iongantas an uair a fhuair iad na baintighearnan ceangailte air meadhon an lobhta. Cuidich mise! arsa fear an tighe, ciod a tha sibh a' deanamh ceangailte mar sin? Nach 'eil, ars' iadsan, an lighich 'chuir sibh fhéin a thoirt dhinn na blonaig. An e mise? arsa fear an tighe; cha do chuir mise lighich 's am bith thgauibh. Nach 'eil an lighich chaidh mise dh' iarraidh agam an so.

Dh' aithnich na baintighearnan nach robh an Alastair ach am

mealltair mór. Seall, ars' iadsan; thuirt am fear a cheangail sinn an so gu'n d' iarr thu fhéin air a radh ruinne, sinn a thoirt dha a thuaras-dail. Dh' innis sinn dha an t-àite 's an robh an t-airgiod an gleidheadh, agus a'cheart cho luath 's a fhuair e e, am mach ghabh e. O! tha mise briste, arsa fear an tighe 's e leum a dh-ionnsaidh an àite 's an robh an t-airgiod an gleidheadh aige, agus fhuair e gu'n robh a h-uile sgillinn d' e air a ghoid.

O! am bheil fada o 'n a dh'fhalbh e, ars' esan. Faighear each dhòmhsa, agus theid mi dh' fheuchainn am beir mi air. Bha Alastair ùine mhaith air falbh mu'n am so; ach ged a bha, bha amharus aige gu'm biodh an tòir air. Thachair duine air aig taobh aimhne, agus e 'buain feòir. 'S eadh, ars' Alastair, an dean thu fasdadh rium fad thri uairean an uaireadair, air chuig sgillinn Shasunnaich? Ni mi, ars' an seann duine. 'S e an t-seirbhis a dh' iarras mi ort, ma ta, ars' Alastair, thu 'dhol air do dha ghlùn fad thri uairean a thim, agus gun aon fhocal a thighinn a mach as do bheul fad na h-uine; cuimhnich, ma their thu smid nach fhaigh thu sgillinn. Gu dearbh cha'n abair mise guth, ars' an duine gus an ruith na tri uairean. Rach air do ghlùinean, ma ta, ars' Alastair. Rinn an duine sud, agus thòisich Alastair air air cur an fheoir air a' mhuin. Ach mar a bha an t-amharus aig Alastair, agus fios aige nach b' fhada gus an tigeadh iad air a thòir, thòisich e air cur an fheòir air muin an duine mar gu'm biodh e 'deanamh cruaidhe dh' e. Amhuil 's mar a b' fhior, co nochd a' tighinn air an rathad ach marcaich, agus is ann air fhéin a bha am fraoch. Dh' fhaighnich e de dh' Alastair am fac e duine dol seachad an rathad an diugh. Chunnaic mi, ars' Alastair,

agus 's ann air fhéin a bha 'chabhag. O! am mèirleach bradach, ars' am marcaiche, sin dìreach am fear a ghoid mo chuid airgid; an urrainn duit innseadh dhomh ciod e an taobh a thug e air? Is urrainn, ars' Alastair; agus tha fios agam na'm falbhainn fhéin as a dheigh leis an each sin a th' agad, gu'n deanainn a mach cia an taobh a thug e air. Falbh ma ta, ars' am marcaich, agus beir air, agus bheir mi dhuit fichead punnd Sasunnach an uair a thig thu leis. Bi-sa ma ta, ars' Alastair a' deanamh gurrugaig de 'n fheur so gus an tig mi. Bithidh, ars' am marcaich. Dh' fhalbh Alastair; ach ma dh' fhalbh cha b' ann gu tilleadh ris a' mharcaich. Ruith e'n t-each cho cruaidh 's a bh' aige; ach an uair a bha e gu bhi aig na tighean leig e an t-each as—bha e'n so cinnteach gu'n robh e sàbhailt. An uair a fhuair e am measg nan tighean, cha b' fhurasda 'dheanamh a mach tuilleadh. Ach am marcaich 'dh' fhuirich a' deanamh na cruaike feòir gus an tigeadh Alastair air ais, 's e ghabh an t-uamhas an uair a thòisich a' chruach air gluasad. Co bha 'toirt oirre 'bhi gluasad ach an seann duine a rinn fasdadh ri Alastair, an uair a shaoil leis gu'n robh na tri uairean air ruith. Ach bha am marcaich 'cumail na cruaike fotha cho maith 's a b' urrainn da, gus mu dheireadh an do leig an seann duine an éigh "murt." An uair chual 'am marcaich so, leig e leis an t-seann duine éirigh. An uair a dh' éirich e, thòisich e air iarraidh a thuarasdail, agus e'n duil gur h-e Alastair a bh' aige. Thuirt am marcaich ris, Cha'n fhaca mi riabh thu, dhuine. A thruthaire bhradaich, ars' an seann duine, nach d' thuirt thu rium gu'n d' thugadh tu dhomh cuig sgillinn Shasunnach, na 'm fanainn an so fad thri uairean an uaireadair gun

smid a thighinn a mach as mo bheul. Cha d' thuirt mi, ars' am marcaich. Nach ann agad a tha 'n t-aodann dalma, ars' am bodach. An uair a chunnaic am marcaich na fhuair e de dhroch cainnt, rug e air a' bhodach, agus rug am bodach air. Bha iad an so a' gabhail da chéile gus an do leth-mharbh am marcaich am bodach. 'S e am marcaich bh' ann an so fear an tighe as 'n a ghoid Alastair an t-airgid. 'S e dh' éirich do'n mharcaich gu'n deach a chur an làimh air son an diol a rinn e air a' bhodach, agus fhuair e sia miosan prìosain, a thuilleadh air a dheanamh a mach gur h-e Alastair a ghoid a chuid airgid. Bha coguis gle fharsainn aige—shaoil leis gu'n robh e onorach gu leòr dha airgid an duine eile ghleidheadh. Cha'n fhac e sgàth lochd ann.

ALTACHADH AN UISGE-BHEATHA.

An uair a dh' eireamaid gu moch,
Mu'n rachamaid air fiar a mach,
B' ionmhuinn an spisearnach bruich,
Do'n sìansireachd beirm a's braich.

Aithneasaich tha snuadhor glas,
'S 'n a chuir caoin ghriosach teas;
Mac na cleithe ris a' phrais,
Bragairneach is cruighneach treis.

Ogha 'chaochain ar dara h-uair,
Romh'n chleith luaith 's a cursa cam;
Spiorad cas an ic' gun smur,
A dh' fheumas tuchadh air a cheann.

Is caoranach an t-uisge cas,
Canranach gun smuid fo theas;
Craobh ad chridhe ga do mholadh,
'S do chneas ag comhdach do threis.

'S grismhor garg an claigneach cruaidh,
Sgailc nam buadh cha choir a chleith;
Bidh e teith ri latha fuar,
Agus fuar ri latha teith.

EARAIL DO MHUINNIR NA GAIDHEALTACHD MU'N GHAIIDHEAL.

A GHAIIDHEIL URRAMAICH.

Ceadaich dhomh beagan fhacal a chur an altaibh a cheile mu thim-chioll na muinntir sin, mo luchd-duthcha, air son an d'rinn thu spairn chruaidh re nan tri bliadhna a chaidh seachad chum an ath-leasachadh ann an eolas, agus anns gach fiosrachadh feumail air son an staidhe. Tha na Gaidheil 'n an sluagh a tha comh-arrichte thair gach sluagh eile air aghaidh a'chruiuneathaobh bhuaidhean eug-samhla a tha dluth-cheangailte riutha. Mur nach 'eil cearna de'n talamh anns nach faigh-ea iad, cha'n eil cearna dh'e nach 'eil eolach air an deagh-ghiulan, an euchd, agus am mòr-ghniomh. Tha iad measail agus cliùiteach, agus air an aobhar sin, is lionmhor dichìoll a rinneadh riabh, chum fuasgladh a thoirt dhaibh 'n an teanntachd, agus chum gach eòlas a chraobh-sgaoileadh 'n am measg. Nach mòr, 's nach cudthromach an spàirn a rinneadh leat fein, a' *Ghaidheil* ionmhuinn, ad chuairtibh lionmhor am fad 's am farsuing, bho chionn thri bliadhna, a chum math do luchd-dùthcha a chur air aghaidh. Is iomadh là fiuch, fuar a thug thu na raointean ort. Is tric a bha thu air do chlaoidh le h-ànradh 's le doininn. Is minic a chaidh tu air cuan-thuras a chum dùthchanna cein, gu greim fhaotainn air sliochd nam beann anns na crìochaibh farsuing sin, agus chum comhairle a thoirt orra, agus an leas is fhearr a dheanamh follais-each dhaibh. Bha thu riabh a' giùlan nithe matha agus tarbhach ad lorg. Cha robh do lamh riabh falamh, no do chridhe riabh a dh-easbhuidh deagh-dhùrachd a thaobh na muinntir sin d'am beil mor-speis aig gach neach a tha eolach air na feartan

lionmhor a bhuineas daibh. Agus cha'n e sin a mhain, ach chaidh tu air do chuairtibh re an da mhios a chaidh seachad le h-uallaich dhubailte air do ghuaillan,—uallach a bu leoir, mur b'e gu'm bu *Ghaidheil* thu, gus do leagadh sìos, agus do phronnadh gu duslaich agus gu luaithre! Ach dh' fhuilig thu gach cruaidh-chas de'n ghnè so, leis an durachd leis an robh thu air do dheachdadh air son leas nan Gaidheal. Cha'n 'eil teagamh nach 'eil iad toillteanach air gach ni a rinneadh riabh air an son, an da chuid leat fein, agus le móran eile a chaidh air an cuairtibh air thoiseach ort. Bha iad gu minic an airc 's an eigin,—an gainne 's am bochduinn, ach nochdadh trucantas leis na mìlteibh d'an taobh-san, do bhrìgh gu'n robh iad riabh aiumeil agus measail. Rinn cruadal agus dillseachd nan gaisgeach so an cliù a sgaoileadh thair aghaidh an talmhainn gu leir! B'iadsan gu sònraichte luchd-dìona na righeachd. Bha co-roinn urramach aca an còmhuidh de gach blàr deistinneach agus cath fuilteach, a chuireadh air son an rìgh, agus an dùthcha,—an saorsa agus an lagha. An aon fhacal, cha d' thug saighd-airean na b' fhearr riabh aghaidh do nàmhaid, oir bha iad riabh dileas, fad-fhulangach, gaisgeil. Air do'n chùis a bhi mar so, thugam earail dhùrachdach do m' luchd-dùthcha gu leir, air feadh gharbh-chrìoch na h-Alba, agus anns gach cearna eile de'n t-saoghal, do bheatha-sa altachadh leis gach deagh-rùn 'n an comas. Ge b'e àit' anns am beil iad,—an America, no an Australia,—no 's na h-Innsibh Near no Niar,—no eadhon an China iomallaich,—deanadh iad sòlas do-labhairt. An uair a ruigeas an *Gaidheil* iad, thugadh iad caidreamh, agus aoidheachd-chridhe dha, agus deanadh iad gach innleachd agus strìth 'n an comas

chum a làmh a neartachadh, a mhìsneach a bhrosnachadh, agus a shlighean 'n am measg a dheanamh réidh, taitneach, agus buan-mhaireannach. Ma dh' fhosgaileas muinntir na Gaidhealtachd an sùilean, chi iad gur caraid dileas thu, agus aoidh a tha air gach seòl taitneach. O, bu tu an caraid caomhail, aig am beil an da chuid mor-eolas, agus mòrdhùrachd gu bhi 'g a chomh-phairteachadh am measg nan aineolach. Is aoidh thu a tha air gach seòl ro thaitneach, agus b'olc an aoidh gu'n rachadh grabadh no moille sa bith a chur ort ad chuartibh. Cha'n àill leat am baile fhàgail ach uair 's a' mhios; ach an uair a theid thu a mach, is lionmhor do naigheachdan, agus is binu, blasda an seòl air an aithris thu iad. Tha 'chainnt a tha thu a' gnathachadh soilleir agus drùighteach, — cainnt Oisein agus Fhinn, — agus cainnt aig nach 'eil coimeas idir a thaobh òirdheirceis, aoise agus cumhachd. Ach a *Ghaidheil* ionmhuinn, cha'n e mhàin gu'm beil do chainnt gun choimeas òirdheire agus cumhachdach. ach tha'n rùn leis am beil thu a' dol air do chuairtibh gu'n amburas cliu-thoillteanach. Is e do mhiann agus do thlachd dol a dh' amharc air do luchd-duthcha gu leir, biodh iad àrd no iosal, bochd no beairteach, chum iadsan a tha mi-churamach a theagasg, — agus iadsan a tha aingidh a dhusgadh, gu h-aithreachas. Tha'n t-eòlas agad domhainn agus mòr, — agus tha'm fiosrachadh agad farsuinn, fallain, agus ioma-ghnèitheach. Air uairibh labhraidh tu air blar-aibh fuilteach. — air na Cinn-fheadhna a bha ann bho shean, — air na tagluinnean deistinneach a bha eadar na Fineachan Gaidhealach, agus air eachdraidh nan linn a dh' fhalbh. Air uairibh eile, tha thu togail d' iuntinn bharran talmhainn, agus ag innseadh do d' luchd-

duthcha mu gach grein, 's gach gealaich, 's gach reult, agus gach cruinn-mheall soillseach a tha gluasad ann an gorm-astar nan speur. Tha thu a' cur an ceill am buaidhean, am meud, an airimh, an astair bho chéile, agus gach ni eile mu'n timchioll. A ris, tha thu deònach air fios a thoirt mu thiomchioll gach oibre, gach inleachd, agus gach ealdhain a tha 'g am faotuinn a mach air feadh na righeachd, — agus mu thimchioll naigheachdan na duthcha, agus gach sgeoil a tha teachd á tiribh an cein. Air gach ni tha do chomhairle 's fhearr deas, agus daibhsan a bheir cluas d'i bheir thusa seachad i le durachd's le deagh-ghean. Dhaibhsan a tha dol air imirich á duthaich am breith thair chuantan farsuinn, tha thu 'toirt rabhaidh agus earail, agus ag innseadh dhaibh gach ni mu'n tir chum am beil a mhiann orra dol. Tha thu air gach seòl taitneach, agus os ceann gach ni eile, tha do chòmhradh mu na cuis-ean so gu léir so-thuigsinn agus subhailceach, firinneach agus treibhdhireach. Gun teagamh is e do mhiann a bhi “*'s an uile chruth do na h-uile. chum air gach uile dhòigh*” gu'n craobh-sgaoil thu gach eòlas am measg do luchd-dùthcha. Cha mhath leat dol a mach air do chuairtibh gu'n a bhi air gach seòl deas air son na slighe. Air an aobhar sin tha cuid ann d'am beil e'n a ni taitneach a bhi 'deanamh cuideachaidh leat air son an turais. Tha seann *Renton*, a nis ann am *Brodict*, do ghnàth ad fhochair, gu h-ullamh, eallamh, deas-chainnteach chum clach a chur ad charn. Tha mar an ceudna sgaoth eile dhiubhsan a bha cuideachadh leat roimhe, deas chum an ni ceudna a dheanamh a ris. Is taitneach gu'm beil an t-Olla Mac-Lachlainn a' teachd air aghaidh le a thréunchòmhnadh, agus an t-Olla Masson, companaich dhileas, agus luchd-

cumail suas searmonachaidh na Gailig ann am prìomh-bhaile na righeachd. Tha dòchas agam nach treig *Bun-Lochabar* thu le' theangaidh thlà agus ealanta. Tha e cinnteach nach treig an seann *Sgiathanach* thu, am feadh 's a ruitheas an fhàil rìoghail 'n a chuislean. Ni mo a threigeas *Alasdair Ruadh* thu, oir tha e a' cur mòran bheannachd ad ionnsuidh, agus ag iarraidh innseadh dhut nach 'eil Murachadh Bàn agus Coinneach Ciobair marbh fhathast; ach chum an tròm-ghaillionn shneachda aig a' bhaile iad le chèile, agus cha do chòmhlaich iad chum comhraidh. Ach tha dòchas agam gu'm beil là math a' teachd.

A nis, a *Ghaidhil* choir, an deigh na tha thu a' cur romhad a dbeanamh air son math do luchd-duthcha, bhiodh e nàr ri innseadh gu'm faicteadh aon 'n am measg caoin-shuarach cia aca a ruigeas tu iad no nach ruig. Tha costas mor ad lorg, costas nach tuig a h-uile fear, ach an déigh sin uile, bu bheag agus b' éutrom e air gach aon fa leth, na 'n roinneadh iad 'n am measg fein e. Rachadh iad 'n am buidhnibh anns gach sgrìeachd, agus rachadh seisear anns gach buidhinn, agus cha ruig an costas ach sgillinn Shasunnach air gach fear 's a' bhliadhna, no sgillinn ruadh 's a mhios! Cha shòradh aon anam de shliochd nam beann sgillinn Shasunnach a chur a mach na'n comhlaicheadh e caraìd aig tigh-osda; agus cha bu mhòr da sgillinn bhochd ruadh 's a' mhios a chumail as an tombaca, chum an earrann aige dhe'n chostas iocadh. Tha na Goill a' cumail suas nam ficheadan de na paipeirean luideagach, leathann, libheagach, Gallda aca fein, agus is truagh, duilich an ni e mur cum sliochd nam beann suas aon *Ghaidheal* cuimear, ceanalta eireachdail, mar dhuin'-uasal fòghluimte, chum

gach eolas fo'n ghrein a sgaoileadh air am feadh ann an canan brìghmhor am mathar fein. Gabhadh iad rabhadh 'n a thrath, agus thugadh iad dearbhadh seachad gu'm beil iad glic air an son fein. Is math leam nach tuig na Goill a' Ghailig, air eagal gu'm biodh fios aca gu'm beil sliochd nan Garbh-chrioch cho caoin-shuarach mu'n leas fein. Smuainich-eadh iad gur Gàidhil iad fein, agus gur *Gaidheal*, agus fìor charaid nan Gàidheal thusa, agus thugadh iad uile deagh-mhisneach dhut gu bhi 'dol air chuairt orra aireamh mhor de bhliadhnaichean le d' sgeoil thaitneach, fhallain. Ach, a *Ghaidhil* ro ionmhuinn, gabh mo leisgeul, chum mi tuilleadh's fad thu. Saoghal fad agus deagh bheatha,—agus bliadhna mhath ur dhut,—oir "*an là a chì 's nach fhaic,*" 's e so fìor dhurachd an t-seann.

SGIATHANAICH.

SOP AS GACH SEID.

'S e an ceò geamhraidh a ni an cathadh earraich.
'S i an Nolluig dhubh a dh'fhàgas an cladh miath.
Oidhche Sheann-Challainn bu mhath leis an t-seann-shluagh gu'm buailleadh cuileann a's calltann a chèile.
Cha robh samhradh riabh gun 'ghrian,
Cha robh geamhradh riabh gun smal;
Cha robh Nolluig mhor gun fheoil,
'S cha bhi bean òg le 'deoin gun fhear.
Ma 's math leat do mholadh, faigh bàs;
Ma 's math math leat do chàineadh, pòs.
Dian do ghearan ri fear gun iochd,
'S their e riùt—Tha thu bochd.
Na geill do ghis, 's cha gheill gis dut.
Cha tugainn m' fhalt a mach Dihaoine,
'S dhianainn m' ingnean maol Diluain,
'S shiubhlainn an sin bho chuan gu cuan.
The tri la luchair 's an Fhaoilleach,
'S tri la Faoillich 's an Iuchair.
Faoilleach, Faoilleach crodh am preas,
Gal a's gaoir nitear ris.
Ruinn nathrach 's earball peucaig air an earrach.

EILIDH CHAMARON.

LE EOBHAN MAC-LACHAINN.

Key A. Chorus.

Beating twice to the measure.

BHA am Bàrd, aig an àm a rinn e an t-òran ciatach so, a' fuireach ann an tigh a' Bhàillidh Chamaron ann an Coir'-uanain. Air madainn latha na bliadhn'-ùire chuir a h-athair a stigh Eilidh, agus i 'n a caileig òig, do sheòmar a' Bhàird, le botul 'n a laimh, a thoirt dà a Challainne. An uair a dh' éirich am "filidh barraichte," agus a thàinig e stigh thun a' bhùird còmhla ri muinntir an tìghe, thog e Eilidh bheag, bhòidheach air a ghlùn a's sheinn e an t-òran so an làthair na cuideachd.

FONN.—Air fàill ill ó na hùg oirionn ó,
Air fàill ill ó na hùg oirionn ó,
Air fàill ill éile na hiùrabh ho-ró,
Gaol nan cailin, 's gur a tù i.

Maighdean ùr nan dlùth-chiabh fàinneach,
Eilidh Chamaron, nighean a' Bhàillidh;
Binn mar théud na fìdh' a gaire—
Chiad là 'n bhliadhna diolam dàn d' i.

Tha mo ghaol air do chùl dualach,
'S do bheul meachair dh' fhàs gun ghrua-
main;
Na 'n ruigeadh do cheann mo ghuallainn,
Dhianainn strìth m' an leiginn bhuam thu.

Bu tù n' t-sòbhrach gheal-bhuidhe, ghreann-
ar,
Dh' fhàs a suas mu bhruaich nan alltan,
Neòinein ùr nan lòintean gleannor,
Réul air dhreach na maidne samhraidh.

'Seang-chorp sùndach, aotrom fallain;
Craicionn sneachd mar ohneas na h-eala;
Miann gach stàid' is àird' air thalamh,
Bhi 'n caoimhneas-gràidh dò dhà shùil
mheallach.

Deud geal *ibhrìdh*, dlònach, snaidhte,
'S bòidheche fiamh na sgiamh na cailce;
Bialan siùcair—òigh na maise!
'S binne 'ceòl na smeòrach mhaidne.

Mar phéucaig chiataich fiamh do mhala;
Dà shuil ghorm fo chaol-rosg tana;
Làn do shùl mar dhruachda meala—
Dhianadh do rùn an diùc a mhealladh.

Eilidh Chamaron, 's tù tha bòidheach,
'S do dhà ghruaidh cho dearg 's na ròsan:
Pòg mar shiùcar—rùn gach oigeir;
'S gile do chneas na sneachd nam mòr-
bheann.

Sud mo dhùrachd dhut gu toilleil,
Am meas, 's am mùirn, an cliù, 's an onair;
Buaidh do d' shliochd, 's mo shliochd-s' an
con-agh,
Mar choill ùir a' brùchdadh toraidh!

'S lionmhor buaidh a fhuair an ainnir
Bho 'n chiad là ghluais i 'n tùs air thalamh.
Am mìle trian cha dianainn 'aithris,
Ged bu leam na ciada teanga!

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THE TOPOGRAPHY OF SCOTLAND.

[The following lecture was delivered by Dr Maclauchlan at the opening of the Gaelic class in session 1871-72. The importance of the subject, and the position of the lecturer among Celtic scholars, are a sufficient justification for placing the lecture *in extenso* before our readers.]

At the opening of the Gaelic Class in the New College, an introductory lecture on the above subject was delivered by the Rev. Dr Maclauchlan, on Tuesday evening. There was a large and appreciative audience, and among those present were—Rev. Dr Duff; Professors Blackie, Rainy, and Blaikie; J. F. Campbell, Esq., author of “Popular Tales of the West Highlands;” Standish H. O’Grady, Esq., late President of the Ossianic Society of Dublin; Colonel Robertson; Alexander Nicolson, Esq., advocate; Rev. Mr Lyddell of Livingstone; W. Cattnach, Esq.; A. Kennedy, Esq.; James Grant, Esq., &c.

Dr MACLAUHLAN said—There are not many subjects with which the archæologist has to deal that are more difficult than the subject of topography. It is very true that there is no subject lies more to the hand of the superficial scholar, or offers more temptation to the exercise of fancy; and no subject has been treated in a more fanciful way, many of the common interpretations of topographical terms being altogether indefensible and absurd. But this merely serves to corroborate the truth of the statement already made, that the study of names of places and their accurate interpretation is an extremely difficult one. To be a good interpreter of topographical terms requires several important qualifications. In the first place, it requires an extensive

knowledge of languages. Men pretend to be able to interpret local terms everywhere, who know no language but their own. An enthusiastic Highlander was once giving me his interpretation of early Bible names, every one of which he said was Gaelic. Among others appeared the name Chederlaomer. I was curious to know what my ingenious countryman would make of it, when I found that he made no difficulty whatever about it, but averred that it was nothing but pure Gaelic, being *chitear là o’m fhear*. They shall see a day from my husband, being an expression of the admiration of Chederlaomer’s wife for her gallant spouse. But Gaelic won’t interpret all the names in the world unfortunately; and men, in order to be successful expounders of topographical terms, must know some other tongues. In Scotland, a knowledge of the Gaelic language is essential. Both in the north and in the south Gaelic names abound; indeed, they abound more in some parts of the Lowlands where not a word of the language is spoken, than in some parts of the Highlands. And when we speak of the Gaelic language we do not mean the language as it is spoken now, but as it was spoken when these names were given. There are many Gaelic words which appear in our topography that are quite obsolete, and cannot be even found in our best dictionaries. Men must have some knowledge of the ancient speech before they can interpret these. Then a knowledge of the British tongue as once spoken in Scotland is necessary. There was a British kingdom north of the Solway, extending to the Ochils at least. The Strathclyde Britons were as distinctly marked among the inhabitants of Scotland as are the Welsh of the present day in England. It would be strange if these did not leave their footprints in the topography of the land. That they have done so, and very distinctly, is obvious to any man making the least pretensions to Celtic scholarship. An acquaintance with the dialects of Scandinavia is farther essential to the Scottish topographer. In the Western Isles a vast amount of the names are pure Danish. The *Bosts*, the *Burghs*, the *Buses*, the *Stadtts*, the *Setters*, the *Nishes*, the *Oes*,

the *Fells*, and the *Fiords*, are all purely Scandinavian; so are the *goes* and the *gills*. It is hopeless to expect to be able to expound these names through any other language. Hence to a Scottish topographer Gaelic, Welsh, and the tongues of Scandinavia are essential, and without the knowledge of these men had better let the subject alone. We have heard the most ordinary Danish words attempted to be expounded by means of the Gaelic. For instance, the headland of *Rubha na Circe*, in Lewis, has been translated, and appears in our Maps as Chicken Head. It is quite true that *circe* is the genitive of *cearc*, a hen, in Gaelic; but a gentleman in Lewis, who is an excellent scholar, pointed out to me that close to the point so called there are the remains of an ancient place of worship, and that the *circe* is in all probability the representative of the Scandinavian *kirk*, a word which appears in such names as Kirkibost and others throughout the Highlands.

Then the study of topography requires a minute acquaintance with local history throughout the country. Many of the names are associated with historical events of more or less importance. First of all there is the mythical history—the times of the *Feinn* and of the *Fiantan* or Giants, men so great and so strong that no similar men exist now upon the earth. If Ossian's poems were extinct to-morrow topography would speak of himself and his fellows to the end of time. We have the *Coire Fhinn*, *Uaimh Fhinn*, and *Caithir Fhinn*—Fingal's Kettle, Fingal's Cave, and Fingal's Seat; we have *Clach Oisein*, and *Uaimh Oisein*, Ossian's Stone and Ossian's Cave. Gaul is commemorated in Loch Goil. Bran, the dog of Fingal, is commemorated in *Carn Bhrain*. Thus, the period of the *Feinn* is largely commemorated in the topography of Scotland. So, of the giants called *Na Fiantaichean*, who might be Fingalians or not; but *Dun Fhian*, Dunean, near Inverness, and several other localities are associated with their memories. Men who were, as the stories relate, *Anabarrach*, *uamhasach*, *eagallach mòr*, *nach fhaighear an leithid an diug's an t-saoghal*, terribly, awfully, dreadfully big, so as that their like is not now to be found in the world. This period must be examined, and its history, as believed among the Celts known, in inquiring into the origin of local names.

Then, again, the history of more recent periods must be known, for many places commemorate in their names persons and events which were important in a later day.

It may be true that many such may be beyond the reach of all research into their origin. Who can tell who the Bute was that gave his name to the island of Bute? We know that Bute was a well-known name of a man in the eleventh century, appearing as it does in our national history, and that in the name of Boyd it appears to this day among our surnames; but which of these Butes gave his name to the island, although it is probable that he was of kingly origin, it is hard to say. Dunoon, the *Dunomhain* of the Celt, seems to contain within it the Owen of the ancient Briton. Owen's Castle would seem to be the true solution of the name. That a British name should appear so near the ancient British capital at Dumbarton, or the Castle of the Britons, is nothing remarkable; but who the British Owen was who built and owned it appears to be a question which no research can solve. Who can tell who was the famous *Ollamh*, or Bard, who gave its name to Dunolly in Lorn? And yet there can be no doubt that the Bard's Castle is the meaning of the name. He must have been no ordinary bard who built or owned such a Castle, perhaps one of the Bardic Druids. Yet it would be necessary to know something about him ere the name can be altogether accounted for. But while some historical names in this manner cannot be traced, others can. Such a place as *Caol an t-snaimh*, Colintrive, or the Strait of swimming, in the Kyles of Bute, is known to originate in the fact that there the Butemen swam their cattle to and from the mainland. *Caol Acauin*, or Kyleakin, in Skye, commemorates the famous expedition of the Norwegian Haco, which ended in the disaster that befell him at Largs. *Tuiteam tairbh*, or the Fruitful Falling, in Sutherland, commemorates a famous clan battle, when the soil was enriched by the number of the dead. In Ross-shire is a place called *Blàr na pàirce*, the Battlefield of the Park, called after a famous battle in the fifteenth century between Alexander of Kintail and Donald of the Isles. In Lochalsh, in the same county, is a place called *Glaic Chailein*, Colin's Hollow, so called because at that spot Colin, First of Kintail, was killed by the MacMahons or Mathesons in the thirteenth century. All such names depend for their exposition on historical knowledge, and it is utterly vain, without such knowledge, to attempt to expound them.

Then, further, the study of topography demands a knowledge of the grammatical construction of words in the languages concerned. Upon the whole, the formation of

topographical terms in Gaelic is distinguished by elegance and accuracy. That there are grammatical anomalies is unquestionable. Such a name as *Druim a' ghaoithe*, or the ridge of the wind, where *gaoth* (wind) is construed as a masculine noun, is an instance of such. But usually the grammatical construction is marked by extreme accuracy, and for this there is ample room, seeing that so many of the names are descriptive. Expounders of local names have not made sufficient allowance for this fact, and hence the liberty they have so often taken, in twisting words into all imaginable shapes. It is amusing to listen to such expositions of topographical terms as one hears, expositions which, while creditable enough to the ingenuity of their authors, are in reality the mere result of not knowing words which have become obsolete, and paying little attention to grammatical forms. It is worthy of notice that in old topographical Gaelic the article is often retained in its full form in the genitive, as it is in the Irish. Many examples of this form may be found, especially in the Lowlands, where so many old Gaelic names exist. Auchencairn, Craigencross, and similar names are examples of what is said.

Topography has not hitherto been made a matter of much scientific inquiry in Scotland. Chalmers, in his "Caledonia," was the first to bring the true method to bear on its exposition. Mistaken as he may often be, he was far more competent to deal with the subject than many who censure him without a tithe of either his learning or his talent. His analysis of words applied to places is full of interest and instruction. Since his day it may be said that nothing worth the speaking of has appeared on the subject in Scotland. There have been abundance of fanciful absurdities, for which no man having an atom of science can have the least respect; but in Ireland latterly a volume has appeared which has aimed at bringing something worthy of the name of scholarship to bear on the subject. Mr Joyce's "Origin and History of Irish Names of Places," is a scholarly work, and worthy of the study of every inquirer into the topography of Scotland. The principles which he lays down for the guidance of his inquiry are sound and safe. One sentence from his work may be quoted as a warning to Scottish topographers—"It is very dangerous to depend on the etymologies of the people, who are full of imagination, and will often quite distort a word to meet some fanciful derivation; or they will account for a name by some silly story, obviously of recent invention, and,

so far as the origin of the name is concerned, not worth a moment's consideration." At the same time he sets a high value on the assistance which the natives of a place can give the topographer in many ways while studying the origin of a name.

In proceeding with topographical inquiries, there is one principle which should ever be kept in the forefront. The principle I refer to is, that the mass of the names of places is descriptive. We may rest assured that when men first saw a place, or any natural object, they observed something about its situation by which they came to distinguish it. It was either high or low, hard or soft, rough or smooth, wooded or bare, large or small, long or round, deep or shallow, dark or bright, and from one or other of these qualities it derived its name; so that the first question regarding its name is, has it a descriptive meaning?

Let us apply this principle to our mountain names. And let it be observed, that in examining the names of natural objects I put aside the idea so commonly entertained among scholars, that there must have been a race and a language in Scotland previous to the Celtic—which language could alone explain the older class of names, and take only such names as can be solved by a knowledge of Celtic. Two of our great mountains—one of them the highest in the kingdom—are Ben Nevis and Ben Wyvis, the Gael equivalents to the adjectives being *nimheis* and *uathais*. The meaning of these two words is not far to seek, both being adjectives, and both describing the aspect of the mountains. *Nimheis*, from the same root with *nimh*, which means as descriptive, fierceness, furiousness, represents the fierce and frowning aspect of the hill; *uathais*, which indicates greatness, breadth, represents the breadth and massiveness of the hill which it describes. Nothing could be more correct than the use of these descriptive terms. Benmore, or the great hill, is a common name for a hill. In Perthshire, in the Island of Mull, in Assynt, there are Benmores; and in Caithness, inverting the terms, we have *mòrbheinn*. These are all impressive natural objects, although not our highest mountains. There are hills described by the opposite term. There is *Beinn mheanbh*, usually called Benvenue, meaning the small or thin hill; there is Binnean, the small peak, usually corrupted into Benaan: we have *Cruachan*, the diminutive of *Cruach*, a peak applied to the highest point of Ben Cruachan. Then we have *A' Bheinn Bhuidh*, *A' Bheinn Bhreac*, *an Garbh Bheinn*, and such like; all names taken from some quality distinguishing the hill. So of rivers, the deri-

vation of whose names is often such a difficulty to a topographer. In Inverness-shire we have two rivers which rise in the near neighbourhood of each other. The one is the Spey, rising in the mountains of Lochaber, and flowing down through Badenoch and Strathspey to the German Ocean; the other is the Spean, rising in the mountains of Badenoch and flowing down through Lochaber to the Atlantic. It may not have occurred to many of us that one of these names is the diminutive of the other. The words are *Spé* and *Spean*, the Spey and the Little Spey. The question arises, What is the meaning of the term? I have heard many explanations of it, not one of which is satisfactory, and I have been led to think that from the analogy of the class of languages to which both the Gaelic and the English belong, the root of the word might be found identical with that of the English "speed" or the Scottish "spate," and might describe the rapidity of the streams. Whence, then, the names of the Findhorn, in Gaelic *Eire*; or the Nairn, in Gaelic *Narunn*; or the Ness, in Gaelic *Naoise*; or the Beaul, whose ancient Gaelic name was *Farar*, the valley through which it flows being called *Strath farar*, as appears from the upper valley through which it flows being called *Gleann Strath farair* to this day; whence the Conon, in Gaelic *Conainn*? North of this Scandinavian names abound, and we pass these over in the meantime, merely remarking that some of them are very curious—such a name as *Roundagro*, applied to a stream in Lewis, appearing very strange on a Gaelic tongue. Then we are met by Lossie, and Deveron, and Don, and Dee, and Esk, and Tay, and Forth, and Tweed, and Clyde, and Ayr, and Liddel, and Stinchar, and Tarf—all of them affording room for most interesting inquiry, and inquiry, let it be remarked, that will require an extensive process of induction in order to result in anything. But one thing may be taken for granted and laid down as a first principle, that the mass of these names is descriptive. I will find you men who will have no difficulty in giving you the meaning of all these words in a few minutes. I will not venture upon that. I am too well aware of the difficulties of the study to attempt anything so bold. There are some of them of which I think an accurate explanation can be given, but I forbear, as I am dealing with principles more than details in this lecture.

Another principle which it is essential to admit in studying topography is, that objects have often been named from being associated with *persons* of more or less distinction. Many of the names used in our topography

are proper names. It may be true that the names as applied to persons are now obsolete, but it is remarkable how many proper names, common among the early Celts, are now unknown, and how far we may be misled by our ignorance of them in our study of topographical terms.

Castles and places of defence and security are thus named after persons, probably their builders. *Dùn Abhartaidh*, Dunaverty, is so named; *Dùn Naomhaig*, Dunivaig, in like manner; so with *Dùn Chonuill*, Dunconnel; *Caisteal Shuinn*, Castle Sween; *Dùn Alasdair*, Mount Alexander; *Dùn Deirdre*, Dundear-dail; and many others. The same is true of names of farms. *Baile Lachlain*, Lachlan's town; *Baile nan Gordanach*, Gordon's town; *Baile Bhòid*, Rothesay or Bute's town, are a few instances of this form of name. Then hills are similarly named. Fingal's dog is commemorated in *Carn Bhrain*, Bran's hill; we have *Beinn Artair*, Arthur's hill; *Carn Ghrigoir*, Gregor's hill; then we have *Craig Phadraig*, Patrick's rock; and numerous *Suidhes* or seats, a term often applied to a hill. There are *Suidhe Chuimein*, Cumming's seat; *Suidhe Chatain*, Cattan's seat; *Suidhe Churridain*, Quiritan's seat; *Suidhe Mhic Glais*, MacGlas's seat. Lochs are often named in the same way. *Loch Uilleim*, William's loch, is an instance; *Loch Laomuin*, Loch Lomond, is thought to commemorate *Laomunn mòr Mac Laighe*, a hero of Celtic antiquity; *Loch Maridhe*, Loch Maree, is usually supposed, like many Kilmarees, to commemorate the Culdee saint Malrubha, whose sacred island lies in the loch. So of streams, many of which are named after persons. Who these persons were is in some cases found still living in local tradition, but usually castles; and even mountains have failed to preserve the memories of aught beyond the names of those from whose importance they derive their designations.

A large number of our names are ecclesiastical. Nothing indeed indicates more clearly the power of the ancient Celtic Church than the extent to which it has influenced the nomenclature both of persons and of places in Scotland. A large number of the clan names in the Highlands is ecclesiastical, containing in them the names of famous saints of the early church. We confine ourselves to the names of places. One of the most ancient names of a church among the Gaelic Celts is *Annaid*. Mr M'Queen, of Snizort, a man of learning and cultivation in his day, argued with Dr Johnson that this word was commemorative of the heathen goddess Anaitis, and was thus a relic of heathen worship. This arose simply

from a want of knowledge. Fuller inquiry has made this clear, and that the word was at an early period applied to a place of Christian worship. There are numerous *Annais* throughout Scotland. There is one in the neighbourhood of Perth spelt *Annatin* in English. Throughout the Highlands they abound sometimes with another word prefixed, as in *Tohair na h-Annaid*, at others, and usually simply as *an Annaid*, the *Annat*. Besides this word, *Teampull*, a temple, was one of the earliest names for a Christian church. *Teampull beannachaidh*, the temple of blessing, is of frequent occurrence throughout the West Highlands, and in the East we have *Tigh an Teampull*, temple house, and *Druim a Theampull*, the temple ridge. The word has been thought by some etymologists to have some connection with the Knights Templars of Crusading celebrity, but that has arisen simply from lack of knowledge; the use of the word will, we believe, be found to precede the Crusades. Then, monasteries were celebrated places, and have left their names in our topography. There are two *Manachains*, or monastery lands, not far from each other—one in Ross-shire, and the other in Inverness-shire. We have *Baile' mhanaich* and *Baile nan Caill-each*, commemorative of monks and nuns severally.

The *Cill*, or Cell, no doubt the oratory of the ancient church, abounds. From Columba downwards, the saints of the early church are largely commemorated. It would be impossible, and indeed undesirable, to give a list of these here, as they abound in every part of Scotland; but it may be observed, that the names are to a large extent identical with those which appear in the topography of Ireland, while in several cases they are quite distinct. Columkille, Adamnan, Cumin, Colmonell, Ninian, Ciaran, Finchen, Finan, Malrubha, Finnian, Mary, Patrick, Kenneth, are widely commemorated, while along with them we find Cuthbert, Morock, Maillie, Drostan, Earnadail, Donan, Talorgan, Richard, Quiritan, Duthus, Maluag, and several others. These latter names are less frequently employed than the others, but they appear over the whole of Scotland, some of them belonging exclusively to the Scottish calendar. The period to which these men belonged is not a period to be ignored in our study of Scottish ecclesiastical history, for to it may be traced the sources of influences which operated powerfully in more recent times. In addition to these relics of the Ancient Church, we have such names as *Baile na h-eaglais*, Kirktown; *Baile na cille*, also Kirktown; *Achadh na h-eaglais*, Kirkfield;

Caochan na h-eaglais, the Kirkburn; and such like, all deriving their names from the Church.

There is a class of names, however, with which the topographer has to deal which present him with very serious difficulties—difficulties amidst which he will find little aid from ordinary popular expositions. The very name of this city has given rise to much doubt and discussion. Which is oldest—the Saxon Edinburgh or the Celtic *Duineidin*? I shall not enter on this controverted question, but merely remark that, so far as I can gather, the British name *Din Mynedd* is older than either. Looking the other day at the title-page of that remarkable relic of Celtic Literature, Carsewell's Gaelic translation of Knox's Prayer-book, published in 1567, of which only three copies are known to exist, two of them imperfect—and which I trust to be able soon to reproduce, if the public encourages me*—I find that the book was published at *Duineidin da'n comhainm Dùn monaidh*, Edinburgh, whose other name is *Dun monie*, or, as it may be translated, the Castle on the Hill, a purely descriptive name. Then what of Glasgow? Is it the green field, as some would have it? Or does the *gobha*, *gow*, *mean*, as in ordinary Gaelic, a smith, as others have said? Or does it commemorate the stream on which the Cathedral stands, under the designation of the Dear Stream—*Glas caomh*, *glas* being one of the oldest Gaelic names for a stream, as appears in *Finnghlas*, Finglass; *Dubhghlas*, Douglas; *Conaghlais*, Conglas or Kinglas, and several other words. Then what of the name Lothians, applied to those counties which lie around us, called in Gaelic *Lobhdaidh*. Does King Loth appear in the word, and may it be traced farther back, even to Lot, the cousin of Abraham? So some ancient writers would lead us to think. Then what of Linlithgow, called by the Celt *Lann Iubhaich*; and Stirling, said by some to be *Strì linn*, or the strife of waters; and Perth, where the ancient Roman Victoria stood; some say it is the British *Peart*, a copse; and Dundee, called not *Dùn Dé*, but *Dun Deagh*, in many parts of the Highlands? Is it the hill of God or the castle on the Tay? Then the Cupars, and Forfar, and Alloa, and Crieff are all names hard to account for, although no doubt easily analysed had we sufficient knowledge. The philosophical process in aiming at a solution of these words is to trace the word through all its forms by means of charters and otherwise, back as far as we can go, and, with-

* The book has since been reprinted with an English translation by the reverend lecturer.

out giving ancient orthography more than its due weight, to make use of it for comparison and induction, and thus arriving at the true meaning of the word. I might here farther give sets of words which appear in our topography, whether as generic or specific terms, and which are waiting for a rational solution. I shall mention only a few. There are the Gasks, so frequent within the old Pictish territory, appearing as *Gaisg mhòr*, or great Gask; *Gaisg Bheag*, or little Gask; *Druim Ghaisg*, or Gask ridge; Trinity Gask and otherwise. Then there are the Banchors, or *Beannchor*, probably cognate with the Welsh and Irish Bangor. Is it the Gaelic two or twain, applied to the horns of an animal, or peaks, that appears here? Then there are the Ruthvens, or *Ruadhainn*, probably cognate with the French Rouen, and the Welsh Ruthin. Is the word from *Ruadh*, red, *Rubha*, a point, or whence does it come? Then there is the frequent affix *four*, pronounced *foor*, and appearing in such words as Bal-four, Trinafour, Pittfour. It is not *fuar*, cold, but *fudhair*, apparently a name. Then what are the Kenmores, in Gaelic *Ceann Mòr*, but the *Ceann* usually preceded by the feminine article? Appearing as the places so named usually do, at the outlets of lakes, *Ceann Mara*, or the end of the sea or water, has suggested itself to some as the true solution. Kenmare in Ireland is manifestly derived from this source. Then the Boes, in Gaelic *Botha*, and clearly derived from the word applied to a house, are numerous. The affixes to these are often difficult to explain. Take the case of Balquhidder, in Gaelic *Botha Fuidir*. I have heard several expositions of this word which I could not accept, and yet the explanation lies on the very surface. The word *Fuidir* is a Gaelic word now obsolete, applied to a subordinate chief or chieftain. It is still retained in Northern English as a term of contempt, as a *foutar*—at least I have heard it so used. The above, however, is the original meaning of the word, so that *Botha Fuidir* is just the residence of the subsidiary chief. I may remark here that it is chiefly within the old Pictish territory that these difficult topographical terms appear. In the land of the pure Gael the words are generally unmistakable, unless they be of Scandinavian origin.

But, ere closing, let me just refer in a few sentences to the subject of topographical affixes in Gaelic. One cannot help being struck with the number of these and their peculiar character, besides the wide field over which the use of them extends. The most frequent of these affixes are *aig*, *an*,

ach, *aidh*, *aich*, *ain*. The two first of these are the feminine and masculine diminutives; *ach* and *aich* may be held as standing for *achadh*, a field; while *aidh* and *ain* have been variously understood as representing, the former in some cases *lidh*, a flood, and the latter either *fonn*, land, or *amhain*, a river, according as they are applied. It is doubtful whether these interpretations will answer the purpose of explaining these terminations in every case, and it comes to be a question whether in many cases these affixes are not mere formative particles, used at pleasure in constructing topographical names. It is remarkable how various their use is. The particle *aig* is found in the names of places, as *Grianaig*, Greenock; *Gourraig*, Gourrock; *Ardrishaig*, *Shieldaig*, *Mealbhaig*, and others; in the names of rivers, as *Breunaig*, *Bruachaig*, *Fearnaig*, *Fionntaig*, *Arcaig*, *Faragaig*; in the names of hills as *Muirneig*, *Miniogaig*. The *an* is similarly applied as in *Draighneachan*, *Cruineachan*, *Cuilleachan*, *Sonachan*, places; *Arnan*, *Creran*, *Spain*, *Tuilenan*, *Feotharan*, *Pean*, *Mascran*, streams; *ain* appears in *Drumain*, a frequent name for a place, *Gulbain* the name of a hill and of a river; *Containn* and *Cinchardain*, the names of places. The *achs* and *aidhs* and *aichs* are numerous. *Raineach*, *Ceapach*, *Cabrach*, are instances, as are *Lochaidh*, *Lochy*; *Ilidh*, *Isla*; *Urraidh*, rivers and places; and *Canaich*, *Fannaich*, *Carnaich*, and others. It is not easy to find a general principle which can be applied in all these cases, but doubtless such a principle exists, and there is reason to believe that it is as suggested above.

Let me make one other observation. I have been stating some of the qualifications necessary for the study of topography. These are various, but there is one without which all the others are useless. I mean common sense. Nothing but this, with a competent measure knowledge, will preserve men from running into all kinds of foolish and unprofitable fancies. In no study, judging by what has been heard and seen, is this qualification more necessary. It may, indeed, be said that it is in vain to urge the duty of having common sense upon men. A northern minister of considerable reputation once said that whatever the Creator might do in the matter of grace, He never gave common sense to any man to whom He did not give it at first. This may be true or not; all I mean to say is, that, whether given or gained, a man must have common sense who is going to study topography.

THE LAY OF THE BRAVE CAMERON.

(BY PROFESSOR BLACKIE.)

At Quatrebras, when the fight was hot,
Stout Cameron stood and eyed the shot,
Eager to leap as a mettlesome hound
Into the fight with a plunge and a bound ;
But Wellington, lord of the cool command,
Held the reins with a steady hand,
Saying, "Cameron, wait ; you'll soon have
enough ;

The Frenchman shall taste your fervid stuff
When the Cameron men are wanted !"

Now hotter and hotter the battle grew,
With tramp and rattle and wild halloo ;
And the Frenchmen poured like a fiery flood
Right to the ditch where Cameron stood.
Then Wellington flashed on his captain
brave,

A lightning glance, and the order gave,
Saying, "Cameron, now have at them, boy ;
Take care of the road to Charleroi,
Where the Cameron men are wanted !"

Brave Cameron shot like a shaft from a bow
In the midst of the plunging foe,
And with him the lads whom he loved, like
a torrent

Sweeping the rocks in its foamy current ;
And he fell the first in the fervid start,
Pierced with a shot in a mortal part ;
But his men pushed on, where the work was
rough,
Giving the Frenchmen a taste of their stuff,
Where the Cameron men were wanted !

Brave Cameron then from the mortal fray
His foster-brother bore away—
His foster-brother with service true—
Back to the village of Waterloo.
And they laid him on the soft green sod,
And he breathed his spirit there to God ;
But not till he heard the loud hurrah
Of victory bellowed from Quatrebras,
Where the Cameron men were wanted !

By the road to Ghent they buried him then,
This noble chief of the Cameron men ;
And not an eye was tearless seen
That day beside the alley green :
Wellington wept, the iron man ;
And from every eye in the Cameron clan
The big round drop in bitterness fell,
As with the pipe he loved so well,
His funeral wail they chaunted !

And now he sleeps (for they bore him home,
When the war was done, across the foam)
Beneath the shadow of Nevis Ben ;
With his sires, the pride of the Cameron
men,

Three thousand Highland men stood round,
As they laid him to rest in his native
ground—

The Cameron brave, whose eye never quailed,
Whose heart never sank, and whose hand
never failed,
Where the Cameron men were wanted !

INVERNESS, ROSS, AND NAIRN CLUB DINNER.

The Annual Dinner of the members of this Club was held on the evening of Tuesday, the 15th ult., in the Cafe Royal Hotel, Edinburgh. The chair was occupied by Mr Kenneth Murray of Geanis, and the croupiers were Mr Colin Mackenzie, W.S., and Rev. Mr H. A. Mackenzie, Kingussie. On the right of the chairman were the Lord Advocate, Professor Macpherson, Dr Arthur Mitchell, Mr A. Taylor Innes, advocate ; Mr Donald Beith, W.S. ; and Mr W. Macdonald, M.A., hon. secretary ; and on the left, Professor Blackie, Treasurer Colston, Mr R. Mathieson, H.M. Board of Works, and Mr Arthur Gordon. About one hundred gentlemen sat down to dinner.

After the usual loyal toasts, the secretary (Mr Macdonald) read the annual report of the committee, in which it was stated that the club continued to prosper, its membership having increased by 35 since last year, the total strength being now 404. The funds were also in a satisfactory condition. The committee, it was stated, had taken a deep interest in the proposed establishment of a Celtic Chair in the University of Edinburgh. Into that movement Professor Blackie had heartily thrown himself, and the committee had pleasure in stating that the balance of this year's ordinary income—£50—had been given as a contribution towards the attainment of the object in view. This example was commended to all similar societies.

The CHAIRMAN then proposed the toast of the evening—"Prosperity to the Club"—in a humorous speech. In the course of his remarks he said that there never was a time, so far as the education of the Highlands was concerned, in which the co-operation of societies such as the present was more needed. In the Highlands the question of education was in considerable confusion ; but he held that after a little time, and by dint of sundry amendments, the Education Act would work very well in these remote regions. There were many changes required to be made which would particularly affect such out-of-the-way places as the west coast of Ross and Inverness ; but these, he had no doubt, were in process of consideration, and it was a great pleasure, he added, to know

that among those within whose province this work fell was a most honoured member of the Club—the Lord Advocate.

Mr COLIN MACKENZIE gave “Her Majesty’s Ministers,” coupled with the name of the Lord Advocate. He hoped, he said, that the Ministry which had recently entered into power, under the most noble auspices, would have a policy, and having that, would be able to stick to it; and that they would not begin by throwing up straws into the air to see which way the wind blew. He hoped that people going to the present government with requests would have the answer—If it is right, we shall do it; and if it is wrong, we will not; and he trusted that when they fell—as fall they must—they would fall in a good cause; and in resigning their seal of office would not resign the principles of their lives. Mr Mackenzie concluded by a reference to the late Lord Advocate, who, he said, had passed an Education Bill which would not work without amendments, and a bill which stamped out the Society of Writers to the Signet.

The LORD ADVOCATE, in acknowledging the toast, said that his great desire was that he should be useful in connection with Scotch affairs, and he was doing his best in furtherance of that end. He hoped, at least, that he was not destitute of a desire to bring about improvements in the state of Scotch law.

Mr PATERSON (of the Inland Revenue) proposed “The Lord Provost, Town Council, and Magistrates of the City,” to which Treasurer Colston replied.

The Rev. Mr MACKENZIE gave “Success to Education in the Highlands,” and in the course of his remarks stated that he hoped the Education Act would be carried out for the benefit of Scotland.

A number of other toasts followed.

DINNER OF THE EDINBURGH ARGYLL CLUB.

The Annual Festival of the Edinburgh Argyll, Bute, and Western Isles Association, took place on Wednesday, the 16th ult., in the Royal British Hotel, Edinburgh. About fifty gentlemen sat down to dinner, presided over by Mr J. W. Malcolm of Poltalloch, M.P., who was supported by Lord Ormidale, Mr Forbes Irvine of Drum, Professor Blackie, Professor Fraser, Dr H. M. Fraser, Surgeon-General of the Army Medical Staff, and others. The croupier, Colonel Campbell of Auchindarroch, was supported by, among others, Captain Stewart, R.N.; Mr D. Beith, W.S.; Captain Graham of the

“Pharos;” Mr Brown, Oban; Mr D. Crawford, advocate; Mr P. Murray, W.S.; Mr R. Wilson, C.A.; and Mr W. Mactaggart, R.S.A. The Chairman, in giving the toast of the evening, “The Edinburgh Argyll, Bute, and Western Isles Club,” expressed his pleasure at learning that since the formation of the Club, five years ago, it had gone on prospering. He hoped its existence would be made better known than it had hitherto been in Argyllshire, and he would do all that he could to that end. The object of the Club was not only to meet in a social way, but to offer encouraging bursaries to students. The Croupier proposed “The College of Justice,” and made feeling reference to some of its deceased ornaments from the county of Argyll. He coupled his toast with the name of Lord Ormidale, who replied. After Professor Blackie had sung, “A’ the Blue Bonnets are over the Border,” Mr W. F. Hunter gave “The Houses of Parliament,” to which the Chairman replied. Several other toasts followed. Previous to the dinner, the Secretary read a report, from which it appeared that the Club had made a fair amount of progress, both financially and in membership, the latter now numbering 82; and that it had been resolved to give two bursaries for the year.

THE JUBILEE OF DR MACLEOD OF MORVEN.

A Jubilee Dinner in honour of the Rev. Dr Macleod of Morven, was given in Maclean’s Hotel, Glasgow, on Wednesday night (the 23d ulto.). Mr J. A. Campbell, younger of Strathcathro, occupied the chair. Professor Macpherson, Edinburgh, and Mr Colin Campbell, Glasgow, officiated as croupiers. Seventy gentlemen were present. Letters of apology were received from the Duke of Argyll, the Lord Advocate, Mr Whitelaw, M.P.; Mr A. Orr Ewing, M.P.; Mr P. M’Lagan, M.P.; Professor Fraser, Edinburgh; and several others.

In proposing the toast of the evening, “The Health of Dr Macleod,”

The CHAIRMAN said their venerable guest had recently completed his fiftieth year of the ministry in the Church of Scotland, and of his ministry in the parish of Morven. It appeared to a great many of his friends and admirers that this was a fitting opportunity for giving some public expression of their esteem for him personally, and of his services to the Church and country. It was accordingly resolved that the testimonial to be presented to him

should consist in part of a portrait. The jubilee was no ordinary one. It was the celebration of a second fifty years' service by the same family in the same parish. Just about one hundred years ago, the father of their guest was ordained minister of Morven, an office which he held for fifty years, when he was succeeded by his son, now their guest. Dr Macleod's life, he said, had not been outwardly a very eventful one, because he confined himself to the parish of Morven, though tradition was abroad that he had received no fewer than twenty presentations in his day. It would be difficult, said the Chairman, to exaggerate the benefit done to the Church of Scotland by Dr Macleod before and after 1843. He set himself to vindicate his Church and counteract the false impressions that were abroad, and in that respect he thought they were indebted to him for the fact that the Church of Scotland in the West stood in a very different position from what it did in the far North. The Chairman then referred to Dr Macleod's election as Moderator of the General Assembly, and the more recent honour of the Dean of the Order of the Thistle conferred upon him by Her Majesty. He concluded by asking Dr Macleod's acceptance of a portrait of himself, executed by Mr Macnee, and a cheque, being the balance of the money subscribed.

An Address was then presented from the Synod of Argyll.

Dr MACLEOD in responding was received with loud cheers. What had taken place on the present occasion, he said, was wholly unlooked for, as he had no idea his public life was marked by the public as it had been. If they asked him if religion had advanced or receded in the Highlands during the last forty or fifty years, he was thankful he could answer most decidedly that religious knowledge and religious practice had made great advances in the West Highlands. For a long time they were placed at a great disadvantage in not having the Scriptures translated into the vernacular tongue. Religious knowledge was thus handed down more by tradition than otherwise, and consequently the people received it in a very imperfect state, and perhaps imbued with considerable error. The Bible had now been translated into the vernacular, and—he said it with gratitude—that so far as he had been able to judge, a truer and more perfect translation of the Word of God had not been placed in the hands of any other people. He condemned the idea that it was now no longer necessary to preach to Highlanders through the medium of Gaelic. The idea was

founded entirely in error. The ministers in the Highlands had also the difficulty to face of being called upon to minister alternately in two places of worship, and until that evil was removed they could not expect satisfactory results from the Highlands. Then, again, the country had undergone a great many changes as to population. Without saying whether the result had been good or bad, he might mention that the population of his own parish had been reduced from 2900 to 900, and to a great extent the same state of matters was found elsewhere. The ownership of property had also undergone great changes, for, with the exception of the Argyll family, he believed that over the whole bounds of the Presbytery of Mull, there were not more than three landed proprietors who held the estates of their ancestors. He then alluded to his visit to British North America. He wished the same unanimity existed in this country in religious matters that he witnessed there; but he hardly saw the prospect of such peace until they re-enacted that law which they had recently abolished. He thanked them for their present, and assured them that it would be his earnest prayer in behalf of those kind friends present, and those unable to come forward, that "goodness and mercy might ever continue to follow them."

Mr WILLIAM WILSON, in a humorous speech, proposed "The Church of Scotland."

The Rev. Dr STEVENSON, Edinburgh, replied.

Mr NICOL proposed the toast of the "Synod of Argyll."

Rev. Mr MACKERCHER (of Kilmore) replied.

Our Synod, he said, has been specially honoured in raising up men who have occupied the very first rank among the pulpit orators of the City of Glasgow. Last century, there was not a more honoured name among the clergy of Glasgow, or among the theologians of Scotland, than that of John Maclaurin. He was born and reared in our Synod. And who required to be reminded that Glasgow, which would have the best of everything, was indebted to Argyll for the late lamented Norman Macleod of the Barony.

The other toasts were—"The Members for the City," by Dr Stewart; "The Magistrates and Town Council of Glasgow," by Dr Jamieson; "The Universities of Scotland," by Mr D. M. Lang, and acknowledged by Professor Blackie; "The Proprietors of the County of Argyll," by Rev. John Macleod, Dunse, for whom Mr J. Mackenzie of Cal-

gary replied ; " Dr Macleod's Family," by Rev. John Cameron, Dunoon, Rev. Norman Macleod replied ; " Presbytery of Mull," " The Press," Highlanders Abroad," " The Artist," " The Chair," " The Croupiers," " The Testimonial Committee."

THE SUTHERLANDSHIRE ASSOCIATION.

The Tenth Annual Gathering of the Sutherland Association was held in the Masonic Hall, George Street, Edinburgh, on the evening of Tuesday, 12th ult. (old New Year's day) John Macdonald, Esq., 7 Randolph Cliff, president of the Association, in the chair, and among those present were—Rev. Dr Maclauchlan, Rev. A. G. Macgillivray, Rev. J. G. Mackintosh, Rev. George Macaulay, Mr William Macdonald, of the Royal High School ; Mr Hugh Auld, W.S. ; Mr Lewis Hayes, S.S.C. ; Mr MacKinnon, clerk to the Edinburgh School Board ; Dr Gunn, Canada ; Mr Angus Morrison, London ; Mr John A. Macdonald, Scottish Widows' Fund Society, vice-president ; Mr James Macdonald, W.S., secretary ; and Mr Alexander Mackay, treasurer. Apologies for absence were read from Rev. Principal Rainy, Duncan Maclaren, Esq., M.P. ; Professor Blackie, Sheriff Nicolson, Colin Mackenzie, Esq., W.S. ; Alexander Paterson, Esq., Inland Revenue Office ; and Captain Grant, Leith. The Rev. Dr Maclauchlan having asked a blessing, tea was served to the large company, numbering upwards of 200, by which the beautiful hall was filled.

Addresses were delivered by the Chairman, Dr Maclauchlan, Rev. Messrs Macgillivray, M'Aulay, M'Intosh, and others. In the course of his remarks, Dr Maclauchlan referred to the educational efforts of the Association, and said there could not be a better thing than to encourage the education of their countrymen. They might rest assured that education would do much for the improvement of the Highlands, and that many of their ills arose from the want of an English education ; for, in order to get on, the Highlanders must have English. Gaelic alone is not enough in these days of progress, and must be supplemented by the tongue of the Celt's old foe, but present friend (as witness Professor Blackie), the Saxon ; yet, by all means, the Gaelic too. He felt thankful to Professor Blackie, not only for what he was doing in favour of a Celtic Chair, but also in favour of the proper use of the native language in Highland schools, to which he, with others, was giving a great impetus. Let him, as illustrative of the use of it, ask

how, if unable to read Gaelic, could they enjoy the beauties of their native literature ? Rob Donn's and Donald Matheson's poetry would be lost. Some may say this is of little consequence. He thought otherwise. Some of these men's compositions were admirable—well worthy of being read and appreciated. You will find nowhere a more truly poetical and touching verse than that in Rob Donn's elegy on Mr Murdo Macdonald of Durness—

" Is caomh leam an teaghlach,
'S a chlann sin a dh'fhag thu ;
Is caomh leam na fuinn,
Bhithe seinn ann ad fhardoch ;
Is caomh leam bhi 'g urach
A chliu nach d'thug bas dhuit ;
Is caomh leam an uir,
Air an taobh so de'n bhaghan."

A verse from Matheson was also worthy of a place beside that of Rob Donn. It has reference to his much-lamented minister, Mr Hugh Rose, formerly in Kildonan, on whom he composed the elegy of which it forms a part,—

" Ach bheirinn mo chomhairl',
Na theid mi 's a sgìre-sa,
Gu'n deam iad mo leabuidh
Cho faisg 's a bhi sint riut.
Ri fhaotainn 's an aite ud ;
Tha an rìgh 's am baigear
'S an aon staid anns a bhaghan."

NEWS OF THE HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS.

THE CONFERENCE OF SCHOOL BOARDS AT INVERNESS.

There is reason to hope that the Conference of School Boards, held at Inverness last Thursday, will help in bringing relief to Highland parishes, on which the Education Act has thrown such a heavy burden. The whole case was fairly and temperately stated. When all the public schools in the counties of Inverness and Ross are in operation, the school-rate will average 1s. 6d. or 1s. 7d. per pound ; in at least one mainland parish it will reach 2s. 3d. ; and in the Islands it will mount up to 4s. 3d., and possibly as high as 4s. 9d. Now, the highest rate apparently contemplated by the Act was 9d. per pound—6d. for building purposes, and 3d. as a general school rate. The oppressive poor rate in the Highlands makes this fresh burden more severely felt ; in several cases the assessment under the poor law amounts to 3s. and 4s. per pound.

The grievance being admitted, the question arises, what remedy should be adopted ? The first difficulty is the erection of schools, of which, in some parishes, ten or twelve must be undertaken, at a cost of £700 a

piece. Of this sum the Education Department will contribute £400; but how about the balance of £300 per school, amounting in the gross to £3000 or £4000? Two schemes were suggested. The recent meeting at Achnasheen proposed that Government should bear the whole expense beyond the sum realised by the sixpenny building rate. But, then, is this sixpenny rate to be levied only for one year, or every year until the debt is cleared off? There seems to be ambiguity on this point; and there is certainly little hope that the Government will agree to limit the building-rate in Highland parishes to sixpence for one year. The memorial adopted at the Conference suggests another method—namely, that the whole expense, after payment of the grant of £400, should be borne half by the parish, and half by the Education Department. This should recommend itself as a reasonable proposal; it shows that the Highlanders are willing to bear as fair a share of the burden as their neighbours, and it affords a guarantee against excessive expenditure. The next point is the expense of educating the children after the schools are erected. The Education Department, we believe, calculates the cost of education at 30s. per head, and therefore limits ordinary grants to 15s.; but Sir Kenneth Mackenzie has calculated that the cost of a child's education in the Highlands is at least £2, 2s. 6d., without estimating the interest of borrowed money on buildings; and we understand that, in the four parishes comprising the lordship of Badenoch, the cost for the year ending 15th May last was £2, 10s. per child. Moreover, Highland Boards will realise very little from school fees, and "the Parliamentary grant will fall far short of what was expected, from the impossibility of securing good average attendances, and of paying for the best class of teachers." The Achnasheen meeting suggested two ways of lightening the burden; either that the whole deficiency, after the levy of the three-penny rate, should be met by the Exchequer; or that an increase should be allowed in the sums granted per scholar, according to the average number in attendance throughout the year. The Conference adopted the latter suggestion; they asked the Department to increase the grants for special and elementary subjects, and to do away with the 15s. limit; to give a fixed amount of say £20 to the teachers of schools having a smaller average attendance than 30; to raise the grant given under what is known as the seven-and-sixpenny clause by a sliding scale, when the school rate passes a shilling; and with these adjustments they

hope to reduce the annual burden to an amount which will be at least tolerable to the ratepayers.

We observe that a Free Church deputation to the Lord Advocate suggested the appointment of a Parliamentary Commission to inquire into the effect of the Act in the Highlands. This is unnecessary; the Lord Advocate and Lochiel are both well acquainted with the Highlands, and information can easily be obtained from School Boards. Of the principal facts alleged there is hardly any room for doubt. The deputation added, that "the species of education will be lower than that given by existing agencies," which we take the liberty of saying is an entire mistake. The general character of the teaching will be infinitely superior to what it was; and not a single person concerned in this movement wishes to lower the standard. Cheap schools and uncertificated teachers are only proposed for localities where the school-going population is under twenty; and even in these cases the memorialists contemplate that the children should be presented for examination by the inspector at the nearest school.—*Inverness Courier*.

GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS—ANNUAL MEETING.—The annual meeting of the Gaelic Society, for the appointment of office-bearers, was held in the Guildry Hall, on Thursday night—Bailie Macbèan in the chair. Mr Chas. Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P., was elected chief of the Society for the current year, in room of Sir Kenneth Mackenzie, Bart., who resigns. The three chieftains are Mr Charles Mackay, contractor; Dr Mackenzie, Church Street; and Sheriff Macdonald, late of Stornoway. Mr Geo. Campbell, writer, was appointed honorary, and Mr Alex. Mackenzie, Ness Bank, acting secretary. Mr Noble, bookseller, was elected treasurer, and the council was balloted for as follows:—Mr John Macdonald, Exchange; Mr James Mackenzie, bookseller; Mr Wm. Mackenzie, Crown Street; Mr D. Campbell, draper, Bridge Street; and Mr Macrae, High School. Mr I. Macbèan was re-appointed librarian; and Mr Alex. Maclellan piper to the Society.

CALEDONIAN SOCIETY OF LONDON.—The anniversary festival of this Society was held on Monday evening, at the Freemasons' Tavern, under the presidency of Mr Macintyre, Q.C., who was supported by Sir Albert Woods; Mr D. Macnee, R.S.A.; Dr Ramsay; Mr Colston, treasurer of the city of Edinburgh; Captain Pollock, R.A.; Mr Seton Ritchie; and nearly 300 members and friends of the Society. The Society holds its annual dinner on the anniversary

of the birthday of Robert Burns, and one of its objects being to preserve the ancient Caledonian costume, many of its office-bearers and members appeared in Highland dresses. This Society was one of the first to admit ladies to its banquets; and as many of them on Monday evening wore tartan bands and scarfs, the scene was unusually striking and brilliant. After the usual loyal toasts, the chairman, in proposing "The Caledonian Society of London," said that the Society was established in 1839, with the view of promoting brotherhood and good fellowship among Scotsmen in the metropolis, and in order to combine their efforts for the advancement of any national or benevolent object connected with Scotland. The Society had operated as a bond of union, not only among Scotsmen, but Scottish ladies, in the metropolis, and had always attracted among its members the foremost and most enterprising Scotsmen in London. It had also powerfully stimulated the private contributions, and conspicuously ministered to the success of the various festivals of the Scottish charities. The dinner, served under the superintendence of Mr Francatelli included a Scottish course, composed of cockie-leekie, haggis, and other national dishes. After dinner, the company adjourned to an upper ball-room, where dancing was kept up with great spirit.

LONDON CAITHNESS ASSOCIATION.—The nineteenth anniversary festival of the London Caithness Association was celebrated by the members and friends in the Masonic Hall, Bedford Row, on Friday evening, the 15th ultimo. In their annual report the Committee remark that these festive meetings of the Association "gain increasing support, and are evidently now looked forward to by Caithness people in London as the only and most fitting occasion for Auld Lang Syne acquaintances to enjoy themselves together once a-year."

HIGHLANDERS IN ABERDEEN.—The annual social meeting of the Aberdeen Highlanders' Association was held this evening (13th ult.) in the Music Hall, Councillor Macdonald presiding. There was a large and enthusiastic assembly. After tea, the chairman delivered an eloquent opening address.

Rev. George Macdonald, Free Gaelic Church, advocated the cause of a Celtic Chair in a Scotch University, and the teaching of Gaelic in the Highland Board Schools.

Addresses were also delivered by Mr

Macmillan, architect, in Gaelic, and Mr Macphail, Permissive Bill Lecturer. Humorous Gaelic readings were given by Mr Ferguson, manager. A number of songs, chiefly referring to the Highlands, were given by various artistes. Altogether, the meeting was a most successful one.

GLASGOW ARGYLLSHIRE SOCIETY.—The annual general business meeting of this Society was held in Maclean's Hotel on Thursday last. There were present Messrs J. R. Macarthur, Duncan Macarthur, Duncan Macmaster, Neil Sinclair, Colin Campbell, Alex. M'Neill, Arthur M'Arthur, D. B. M'Leod, J. L. Mackie, and Dr D. C. Black. Mr Neil Sinclair occupied the chair. The following gentlemen were elected office-bearers for the ensuing year:—Mr Duncan Smith, president; Messrs Duncan Macmaster, Duncan Macarthur, Arthur Macarthur, D. B. MacLeod, Thomas Train, R. J. Cowrie, Dr D. C. Black, James L. Mackie, and Alex. M'Neill, directors; Mr George William Campbell, secretary; and Mr Colin Campbell, treasurer.

GLASGOW CAITHNESS ASSOCIATION.—The thirty-ninth annual soiree, concert, and assembly of the Glasgow Caithness Association was held in the Queen's Rooms, Glasgow, on the evening of Friday, 15th ultimo. A most respectable assemblage, numbering over 1000, filled the hall in every part. Wm. Sinclair, Esq., vice-president of the Association, occupied the chair, and was accompanied to the platform by the directors and members of committee, preceded by the pipe-major M'Kinnon of the 105th L.R.V., who were enthusiastically received by the large assemblage.

THE NATIVES OF EASDALE, LUING, AND SEIL, IN GLASGOW.—The tenth annual soiree of the natives of Easdale, Luing, and Seil, resident in Glasgow, took place on Thursday evening last, in the Assembly Rooms, Bath Street. Bailie Macbean occupied the chair, and along with him on the platform were—Bailie Torrens, Rev. Mr M'Millan, Messrs Cowan, Neil, M'Kechie, Smith, M'Intyre, M'Callum, and M'Donald. It gives us great pleasure to notice the presence of two Glasgow magistrates at this gathering. It is not the first time we have recorded their names in connection with similar meetings, and the countenance of such gentlemen ought to be an incentive to Highlanders to band themselves together, and secure that measure of attention which their numbers and circumstances entitle them to.

AN GAIDHEAL.

*“ Mar ghath soluis do m’ anam fein
Tha sgeula na h-aimsir a dh’ fhalbh.”—OISEAN.*

IV. LEABH.] DARA MIOS AN EARRAICH, 1875.

[39 AIR.

SEAN-FHOCAIL.

III.—AN NI A CHI NA BIG, 'S E NI NA BIG.

Anns an t sean-fhocal, “ Bu dual da sin,” chunnaic sinn beachd ar n-aithrichean mu thimchioll feartan cuirp 'us inntinn a bhi 'ruith 's an fhuil; agus cho daingean 's a bha 'n creidimh 'n am measg gu'm bu tiugha fuil na bùrn. Tha teagasg eile air a thoirt f'ar comhair 's an t-sean-fhocal, “ An ni a chi na Big 's e ni na Big,”—teagasg a tha fìor chud-thromach anns gach àm 's anns gach àite, ach gu h-araid 'n ar latha-ne an Gaidhealtachd na h-Alba,—agus 's e sin a' bhuaidh inntinn a tha anns an duine gu bhi leantainn eisempleir, agus gu sonruichte cumhachd na buaidh thairis air inntinn nan òg. Tha iomadh Sean-fhocal againn a tha dearbhadh an luach a bha ar n-aithrichean a' cur air Iunnsachadh 'us Foghlum, “ Cha'n fhiosrach nach feoraich,” “ Deireadh an là, 's maith na h-eolaich,” “ Is trom geum bò air a h-aineol,” “ Ma bhitheas aon chron 's an eolach, bithidh dhàdheug 's an aineolach,” “ Is trom an èire an t-aineolas;”—ged is eigin aideachadh gu'n robh 's gu bheil na Gaidheil air deireadh air na Goill 'n an eud air son teagasg cloinne gu h-araid 's an sgoil. Na 'm b'e so an t-àm 's an t-àite, dh'fhaodte aobhar nodhàa thoirt seachad ann an rathad leth-sgeil air son an deigh-laimh so am measg ar luchd-duthcha. 'S e ar dleasdanas

an traths' a bhi 'g amharc air an riaghailt-theagaisg a th'air a chur f'ar comhair anns an t-Sean-fhocal. Cha robh ach aon uair eile ann an Eachdraidh na h-Alba, agus cha robh uair idir ann an Eachdraidh na Gaidhealtachd, a bha inntinnean dhaoine air an dusgadh gu bhi feoraich mu'n doigh-theagaisg is freagarraiche mar tha iad o chionn beagan bhliadhnachan. Cha 'n 'eil paipeir-naigheachd 's an amhaire sinn, nach 'eil moran deth air a thogail le Buid sgoilean 's le Maigstirean-sgoil—an cuisean 's an connsachaidh. Tha de sgoilean ùra 'g an cur suas, is gu bheil an costas air fhaireachdain trom gu sonruichte 's a Ghaidhealtachd. Bhiodh e ro fheumail, ma ta, gu'm biodh beachdan soilleir 'us co-thromach againn air na 's urrainn an sgoil a thoirt seachad, 's air a' mhodh-theagaisg is freagarraiche 'n ar tìr.

Ach cha 'n ann mu “ na Big ” a mhain a tha 'n Sean-fhocal fìor. Tha bhuaidh a tha 'n Sean-fhocal a' cur an cainnt a' leantuin ris gach creutair rè am beatha, ged tha i na's comharraichte anns “ na Big.” Ann an rathad a bhi leantuin eisempleir, tha 'n duine cosmhuil ris a' chaora. Deanar a cheud bhriseadh, agus leanaidh an duine, mar a' chaora, ged a b' ann g' a chunnart. Is ann o'n bhuaidh so a tha moran d'ar cleachduinean, d'ar beachdan, agus eadhon d'ar n-aidmheilean ag eirigh. Nach 'eil moran diu mu nach urainn sinn aobhar a thoirt seachad ach gu'n

d' iunnsaich sinn òg iad, no gu'n robh iad aig ar coimhearsnaich? Mu thimchioll an roinn is mo d'ar beachdan, cha 'n e "ciod e cho fìor," ach "ciod e cho fasanta" 's a tha iad is trice a dh' fheoraicheas sinn. Thug ar n-aithrichean deagh aire do'n bhuaidh so an inntinn an duine, mar tha na Sean-fhocail a' dearbhadh: "An mi a chluinneas na Big, 's e chanas na Big;" "Tairgnidh gach neach ri 'choslas;" "Seididh aon sroin shalach an clachan;" "Ma their mi fein 'thu' ri m' chù, their a h-uile fear e;" "Miann an duine lochdaich, càch uile 'bhi amhluidh;" "Is uasal mac an uasail an tìr nam meirleach;" "Cuir innte, 's cuiridh an saoghal uimpe." 'S e is brìgh dha so uile gu bheil an duine gu nadurra teom air Eiseimpleir a' leantuin, co-dhiu tha i maith no olc,—gu bheil buaidh na h-Atharraais am measg nan cumhachdan is bunaitiche 's an inntinn.

Gheibhear an Sean-fhocal so, air aon doigh no doigh eile, anns gach canain 's anns gach tìr. Cha 'n 'eil canain 's an Roinn-Eorpa, marbh no beo, anns nach 'eil neart na fìrinn a tha 'n Sean-fhocal a' cur an ceill, air aideachadh "gu minic agus air iomadh doigh." Chaidh a' bhuaidh-inntinn a tha 'n Sean-fhocal a' comharrachadh a mach a mhineachadh 's a shoillearachadh leis gach fear-teagaisg a ghabh os laimh nadur an duine a' rannsachadh 's na laghannan a tha riaghladh na h-inntinn a' lorgachadh g' an cul. Gheibh sinn air uairean inntinn an duine air a coimeas ri ceir, air a bheil an saoghal mar sheula a' dealbhadh gach smuain 's gach faireachduin; air uairean eile ri sgàthan a tha 'tilgeadh air ais ceart dhreach nan cuspairean a chuirear fa comhair; ach mar is trice 'n a cumhachd beo, le laghannan suidhichte a' riaghladh a' chuirp, a' stiùireadh na toil, a' cumadh an t-saogh-

ail, 's a' deanamh a bheatha fein so-thuigsinn do'n duine. Is cainnt shamhlachail so; agus tha e feumail a chuimhneachadh gur ann an cainnt shamhlachail a mhain is urrainn duinn labhairt mu'n inntinn. Cha 'n 'eil ar briathran ach ann an tomhas fìor an uair a tha sinn 'g an cleachdadh ann an seirbhis na rioghachd neo-fhaicsinnich so; oir rugadh 'us bhaisteadh iad 'n an iochdarain an t-saoghail mu'n cuairt duinn, agus tha cruth na tìre d'am buin iad 'g an leantainn. Ged is e inntinn a thug an Saoghal gu bith, ged bhitheas inntinn buan-mhaireannach an uair a theid an Cruinne-cé 'n a smàl, ged tha sinn a' creidsinn nach 'eil anns a' Chruthachadh fhaicsinneach ach sgail na h-Inntinn neo-fhaicsinnich a chruthaich e, 's a tha 'g a chumail suas, gidheadh is ann an cainnt a th'air a cumadh ris na chi an t-suil 's na laimhsicheas an lamh a tha sinn a mhain comasach air labhairt mu inntinn. A thuilleadh air so, ciod e inntinn innte fein, no ciod e corp ann fein, no ciod e gne a' chocheangail eadar an inntinn 's an corp, cha tuig mac an duine. Ciod e spiorad, cha leir dhuinn; 'us ciod e feoil, cha 'n aithne dhuinn. Gun teagamh "is uamhasach, iongantach a dhealbhadh sinn;" agus fendaidh sinn le fìrinn a radh gu bheil sinn na 's aineolaiche oirun fein na tha sinn air an talamh fo ar casan, no air na speuran os ar cionn.

Ach ged nach eil fios againn co dheth a tha 'n aitreibh mhiorbhuileach so air a deanamh suas, tha sinn comasach air eolas fhaotainn air moran d'a feartan a reir mar tha i 'n a h-oibreachadh 'g a foillseachadh fein duinn. Tha sinn a' cleachdadh a bhi mar so a' labhairt mu'n *Reusan* mar a' smuaineachadh, a' breithneachadh; mu'n *Toil* a' sonruchadh; 's mu'n *Chridhe* a' faireachduin; ach tha e cosmhuil nach 'eil bunait sheas-

mhach aig an doigh chainnt so. Bithidh sinn mar an ceudna 'labhairt air buaidhean 'us ceud-fàithean na h-inntinn; ach is cainnt shamhlachail a tha sinn ag uisneachadh. Tha 'n Inntinn gun teagamh, mar is lèir dhuinne, " 'n a h-uile anns na h-uile;" ach 'n a h-aon, do-roinnte, do-sgarte. 'S e an aon Inntinn do-roinnte, do-sgarte so, a tha 'g oibreachadh air caochladh dhoighean, 's a tha 'g a foillseachadh fein duinn a' smuaineachadh, a' breithneachadh, a' dealbh, a' sonruchadh, 's a' faireachduin. Tha na roinnean a tha sinn mar so a' deanamh feumail agus freagarrach, a chum a bhi 'gleidheadh ordugh agus loinn 'n ar n-eolas, agus eadhon 'n ar gnothuichean, ach feumaidh sinn an comhnuidh a chuimhneachadh, gu bheil ar roinnean fìor a mhain ann an oibreachadh na h-inntinn, agus nach eil aite aca ann an aitreibh na h-inntinn fein. Bhith-eadh e cho ceart duit a' radh gu bheil uiread lamhan agad 's a tha de chaochladh ghnìomhan ann ris an cuir thu do lamh gu h-ealanta. Cha 'n 'eil ach aon lamh ann; ach feudaidh iomadh ceird a bhi air an aon laimh. Air a cheart doigh, cha 'n 'eil ach aon Inntinn ann, ged is lèir dhuinn a h-oibreachadh air iomadh caochladh doigh.

Am measg nan laghannan d'am bheil an Inntinn 'n a h-oibreachadh a' geilleadh, cha 'n 'eil aon, ma dh'fhaodte, a tha faighinn umhlachd cho iomlan, no aig a' bheil uachdranachd cho farsuing ris an lagh a tha 'n Sean-fhocal a' cur an cainnt. Tha tus ar n-eolais a' co-sheasamh anns a' chomas a th'aig an Inntinn air aire a thoirt do chuspairean a tha cosmhuil ri cheile, 's an da chuid an coslas 's an eu-coslas a ghleidheadh air chuimhne. Agus ceart mar a chi sinn gu bheil inntinn an fhir-cheird a' faighinn toileachas ann a bhi 'leantuinn a dhreuchd, mar a tha

'lamh ag iunnsachadh teomachd; tha gach slighe air an toir thu comas do'n inntinn a bhi 'siubhal a' fas soilleir d'i; agus a thuilleadh air so, tha gach ceum a bheir thu anns an t-slighe a' dusgadh suas iarrtas air a bhi ag im-eachd innte. Chisinn mar sòguibheila' bhuaidh bhunaiteach, dhiomhair so, a' filleadh a stigh innte fein cumhachd a tha toirt barantas dhuinn air a seasmhachd. Le cleachduin tha 'n t-saothair a' fas taitneach, agus tha miann air a ghintinn 's an inntinn gu bhi 'buanachadh 's an t-saothair. 'S ann do bhrìgh fìrinn na buaidh so a thuirt an t-aon a bu doimhne 'rannsuich inntinn an duine riamh, nach 'eil ann an Deadh-bheus ach Cleachduin. Agus is ann le fìor-fhiosrachadh air neart na ceart bhuaidh a thuirt na Sean-daoine: "'S e 'n t-iunnsachadh òg a bhitheas ealanta," "Is duilich toirt o'm laimh a chleachd."

Cha 'n 'eil ach ceum beag eadar Cleachduin 'us Eisempleir. Is dà phiuthair iad—nigheanan na h-aon Mhathar. An ni a tha thu fein a' deanamh, 's e sin do Chleachduin; an ni a tha do choimhearsnach a' deanamh, 's e sin d' Eisempleir. Gheibh thu toilinntinn a' d' ghnìomh fein le bhi tric 'g a dheanamh; gheibh thu toilinntinn an ghnìomh do chomhearsnaich le bhi an comhnuidh 'g a fhaicinn. 'S e 'n aon bhuaidh inntinn a ni cinnteach nach diobair thu do Chleachduin fein, 's gun iunnsaich thu Eisempleir do choimhearsnaich. Tha e so-thuigsinn, ma ta, gu'm biodh buaidh aig a' bheil aite cho bunaiteach an inntinn an duine, a' riaghladh a' chinne-daonna o thois-each an t-saoghail. Ach tha e dlu air bhi do-thuigsinn, mar tha e gun teagamh do-innseadh, an cumhachd a th' aig cleachduin ar coimhearsnaich thairis air ar caithe-beatha. Cha mhor an aireamh, agus is coma ged nach mor, a tha cho neo-mhoth-

achail air Eisempleir mhaith no olc
's a bha clann fir Ruspuinn, ma 's
fior Rob Donn:

“Bu daoine nach d’ rinn briseadh iad
Le fiosrachadh do chach,
'S cha mho a rinn iad aon dad
Ris an can an Saoghal gras;
Ach ghineadh iad, 'us rugadh iad,
'Us thogadh iad, 'us dh' fhas;
Chaidh stràc de'n t-saoghal thairis orr'
'S mu dheireadh fhuair iad bas.”

“Tha 'n Saoghal air a' riaghladh le
Gliocas, le Ughdarras, agus le Eisem-
pleir;” b'e so beachd duine cho geur
's cho fiosrach 's a chunnacas 's an
Roinn-Eorpa o chionn iomadh linn.
Agus nach feudar a' radh gur e, mar
is trice, Eisempleir is cumhachdaiche
de'n triuir. Nach tric a chunnacas
ann an Eachdraidh an t-saoghail tàir
'g a dheanamh air comhairle ghlic,
dùlan 'g a thoirt do ordugh an Rìgh,
ach c'uin no c'aite nach faighidh
Eisempleir eisdeachd agus umhlachd.
Cha 'n e Reusan no Reachd, ach
Abhaist d'am bheil sinn ullamh gu
striochedadh. Cha 'n e Feachd ach
Fasan nan Greugach a chiosnaich na
Romanaich. Agus o chionn iomadh
bliadhna nach e Fasan is cumhachd-
aiche na Firinn 's an Fhraing.
Ciamar a thuigeas sinn iomadh
cleachduin a ghleidh an lamh-an-
uachdar ann an iomadh duthaich rè
iomadh linn, a dh' aindeoin solus an
Reusain, ughdarras an Lagha, agus
faobhar a Chlaidheimh, gun a bhi
'cumail air chuimhne buaidh na
h-Abhaist thairis air inntinn an
duine?

Cha mhor dhaoine no chinneach,
tha mi meas, a tha toirt barrachd
ughdarrais do Abhaist no do
Chleachduin, na tha 'n Cinneadh
Gaidhealach. Gun teagamh cha 'n
'eil, 's cha robh sinn cho umhail do
lagh na Rìoghachd 's a tha sinn do
bheachd ar n-aithrichean 's ar coimh-
earsnaich. Is e ar n-uail nach
striochedamaid do chumhachd choig-
reach; ach nach dearbh moran

d'ar cleachduinean 's d'ar beachdan
gu'n d' thug sinn iomadh uair umh-
lachd thoileach do chomhairlean
faoin, do theagasgan meallta, 's do
eisempleir neo-thoinisgeil 'n ar duth-
aich fein. Feudaidd e bhi gur ann
do bhrìgh 's gu bheil o chionn
iomadh ceud bliadhna ar coimh-
earsnach ro-chumhachdach air ar
son, a tha sinn cho amhurusach air
gach seoladh 's gach ordugh a ghheibh
sinn o'n Ghall. Tha mi de'n bheachd
gu'n do chuidich ar n-eachdraidh
anns a cheum so cumhachd na tuigse
a' lagachadh 'n ar measg. A dh'
aon ni, cha ghabh sinn ri sochairean
fein gun taing. Cha 'n eisd sinn ri
Gliocas ma bhitheas claidheimh 'n a
dorn. Cha b'urrainn an t-arm dearg
a bhrìgis a chur oirnn; ach an ni a
dh' fhairtlich air Saighdearan, bha
e so-dheanta do Thaillean. Agus
nach eigin aideachadh gu faigh
Faoineas fardoch 'n ar measg ma
labhras i mìodalach ruinn. B'usa
leinn riamh beum claidheimh na
beum teagadh fhulang. Farnach
bradhaicheadh Feachd, bhuannaichd-
eadh Fanoid. Nach 'eil e fìor gun
geill sinn do fhear a' bheoil mhilis,
gun a theachdaireachd a' rannsach-
adh ro dhluth, air thoiseach airsan a
bheir an comhnuidh seachad an fhir-
inn, searbh air uairean mar a dh'
fheumas i bhi. Bha Bard nach
cualas ainm a mach a Sgìreachd
fein a' gearan air a choimhearsnach
air son e bhi ro theom air innseadh
bhreug, ach

“Dh' innseadh tu cho briagh iad,
'S nach iarruinn ach bhi d' eisdeachd,”

arsa 'm Bard, ann an rathad leth-
sgeil. Tha mi meas gu'n do chuir
am Bard sìos anns an rann so,
cainnt a tha fìor mu mhoran d'ar
luchd-duthcha.

'S ann mar is trice ann an rathad
rabhaidh a chluinneas sinn an Sean-
fhocal air a thoirt air aghaidh.

Ach tha a theagasg cho fìor agus cho feumail ann an rathad misnich. Mar a chi thu Tigh-soluis a' comhar-rachadh do 'n Mharaiche an dà chuid cunnart an Rugha 'us tearuinteachd a' Chaoil; gheibhear Eisempleir a' tilgeadh soluis air "slighe fhiar nam peacach baoth," a tha 'treor-achadh gu sgrios, 's air slighe dhirich an fhìrean d' an crìoch "a' bheatha mhaireannach." Gun teagamh sam bith, cha 'n ann an solus an là, le gaoith an cùl nan seol, 's aig caladh tearuinte, a dh' iunnsaicheas am Maraiche an t-seoltachd, a' chruad-ail, 's an earbsadh, a stiùireas long gu sabhailte ri oidhche dhoinnean-aich roimh chuan buaireasach, no seachad air cladach cunnartach; 's cha mho is ann gun iomadh tuis-leachadh 'us tuiteam ghoirt, a gheibh an t-Ionracan an inntinn fhallain, na tograidhean cothromach, 's an toil sheasmhach a bheir tearuinte e roimh amhuinn theinntich na beatha; ach ann an iunnsachadh nan òg, tha e air aideachadh air gach laimh, gu bheil e na 's freagarraiche eisem-pleir mhaith a chum a leantuinn a chur f'an comhair, na droch eisem-pleir a chum a seachnadh.

Am measg nan Sean-fhocal a tha f'ar comhair an traths, 's a tha gu leir a buntainn ri teagasg an t-sluaigh, tha e comharraichte nach eil ach aon, "An ni a chluinneas na Big 's e chanas na Big," a' toirt air aghaidh buaidh Cainnt airson teag-aisg; tha cach 'gu leir a' toirt f'ar comhair buaidh Gniomh. Bha ar n-aithrichean ceart. "'Se Beul a labhras; ach 's e Gniomh a dhearbhas." Tha Comhairle mhaith luachmhor; tha Eisempleir mhaith na 's luachmhoire. Is ro fheum-ail Beachdan cothromach; tha Glusad ceart na 's ro fheumaile. Chaidh cliu nan Gaidheal air son iomadh deagh bhuaidh am fad 's am farsuingeachd. Sheirm iad fein i, 's

sheirm daoine eile i. Ach cha b' ann airson meud ar n-eolais a bhuann-aichd sinn cliu am measg nan sluagh. Cha b' ann 's an Sgoil a dh' iunnsaich sinn na cleachduinean a choisinn urram o chairdean 's o naimhdean. Ach cha robh sinn gun luchd teagaisg 's an àm a dh' fhalbh. Bha deagh eisempleir 'n ar dachaidhean; agus bha cliu nan daoine o 'n d' thainig sinn, an rann 's an sgeul, gu tric 'n ar cluasan. Ma dh' fhaodte nach coisneadh an t-eolas so àite urramach dhuinn o 'n bhaile; ach gun teagamh dheanamh e earbsach sinn gu 'n gleidheamaid an t-àite na 'm faigheamaid e. Tha sinn an dochas gu 'n lean deagh eisempleir na dachaidh; ach tha 'n rann 's an sgeul air dol a fasan. Bhiodh e duilich mur tig na 's fearr 'n an aite. "An ni a chi na Big, 's e ni na Big,"—gu ma fada a bhith-eas deagh eisempleir air a' cur fa chomhair nan òg. "An ni a chluinn-eas na Big 's e chanas na Big,"—nach duilich gur eigin a chur an cuimhne ar luchd-teagaisg gu 'm feum "na Big" *tuigsinn* cho math ri *cluinntinn* mu 'n can iad.

D. M'K.

—o—

SGOILEARACHD NA POIT.

Fonn—Copenhagen Waltz.

Ma bhios duine fuireach
Fada mach ag òl,
Oidhche shleamhainn reòt',
Caillidh e a thrèidir,
Agus bidh e, bharrachd,
Ann an cunnart mòr
Tuiteam air a shròin air an làr :
Géillidh a dha spòig,
Sléuchdaidh e do'n Phòit,
Caillidh e dha bhròig,
Bidh e sin na spòrs
Aig na giullain bheaga,
Mheara, bhinneach, òg,
A bhios ri òb-òb, air an t-sràid :
Ni iad cròithleir mu'n cuairt,
Agus cuiridh iad gruaim
Air a' mhisgeir bhoichd, thruagh,
A bhios gu buileach air neo-urrainn
Teachd 'n an dàil !

Aig na gillean inich
 A bha anns an Ròimh
 'S anns a' Ghréig, bha nòs,
 Mar tha sgrìbhte fòs,
 Toirt air tràilleaibh bochda
 Boslaichean dibh' òl;
 'Nochdadh do'n chloinn òig
 An droch ghnàiths.
 Gu'm bu ghasd' an ddìgh
 Bh'aig na daoine còir';—
 Ach 's e beachd an t-sìdigh
 Tha 's an eilein mhòr s'
 Nach robh annt' ach amadain,
 Gun fhios, gun eòl,
 'Toirt soluis pòit do'n euid tràill':
 Chuir iad car anns an rian
 Rinn na a gliocairean còirnd',
 Agus òlaidh iad fein anis am fion
 'S an t-uisge-beatha 'n àite chàich!

Gur a h-òlc 's gur bochd
 An cleachdadh a chi elann
 'N uair a tha iad fann,
 'S gun an tuigs' ach gann,
 Aithrichean air mhisg
 'S air mhearaichinn fo 'n dràm,
 'S iad a lùgh droch cainnt',
 'S ri droch ghnàs!
 Cha 'n eil smid no drannt
 A thig as an ceann,
 No droch phratan cam,
 Nach grad-thog a' chlann,
 'S fàsaidh iad, gu deimhinn, dut,
 Ma dheireadh thall,
 Anns a h-uile ball mar bha càch!
 So tha fàgail cho truagh
 Ar dùthcha 's ar sluaigh,
 Tha Rati air buaidh a thoirt gu buil-
 each,
 'S rinn e de gach duine *tràil*.

COINNEAMH CHAIDREACH

A' CHOMUINN GHAIÐHEALAICH ANN AN GLASCHU.

"A' chuirm sgaoilte, chualas an ceol;
 Ard shòlas an talla nan triath."

A GHAIÐHEIL SMIORAIL,—Cha
 b' urrainn "Bard caoin Chona"
 fheinged bhiodh e lathair, briathran
 a bu fhreagarraiche chleachdadh gu
 coltas na coinnimh moir' a bha aig
 Gaidheil Ghlaschu air a' chiad
 Dihaoine d'an mhios so, chur an
 ceill, na na facail a chaidh a thoirt
 as a bheul binn agus a sgrìobhadh

os cionn clar-innsidh na cuirme,—
 "A' chuirm sgaoilte, chualas an
 ceol; ard shòlas an talla nan
 triath." A dhuine mo ghaoil, 's ann
 an sin a bha! Ged is lionmhor na
 Goill ann am baile-mor Ghlaschu, 's
 gur gann a chi neach ach iad, cha
 bhiodh e duilich do dhuine air bith a
 cho-dhunadh air an latha ud gu 'n
 robh cruinneachadh mor air chor-
 eigin aig na Gaidheil; cha tionn-
 dadh tu do shuil, gu sonraichte
 shuas mu 'n Each-odhar agus ceann
 near a' bhaile, air an fheasgar ud,
 nach faiceadh tu an sud 's an so
 fear air a sgeadachadh ann am
 breacan an fheilidh, le nighinn oig
 r' a ghuallainn, a' toirt 'aghaidh air
 an t-sraid anns am bheil Talla mor
 a' Bhaile. Is ann an sin a bha an
 togradh 's an othail am measg
 Chlanna nan Gaidheil! "Am fear
 nach feitheadh r' a bhogha cha 'n
 fheitheadh r' a chlaidheamh;" 's
 am fear aig nach robh aon chuid
 feile no breacan, cha robh ach a
 suas le bad fraoich no suaicheantas
 Gaidheilach sam bith air an gabh-
 adh ruigheachd, 's air falbh a
 shireadh na maighdinn oige leis an
 do gheall e dol a dh-ionnsaidh
 Coinneamh Chaidreach a' Chomuinn
 Ghaidhealaich!

"Fhéilidh chruinn nan cuaichein,
 Gur buadhail an t-earradh gaisgich;
 Shiubhlainn leat na fuarain,
 Feadh fhuar-bheann, 's bu ghasd' air
 faich' thu!"

Am measg na thog orra do 'n Talla
 air an fheasgar aimneil so, bha dà
 sheana-ghiullan gun fheile-beag, gun
 bhreacan, gun leannan,—b' iad sin,
 do charaid Donull Charba agus mi
 fhein. Am bheil fhios agad gu 'n
 robh seorsa naire oirnn an uair a
 mhothaich sinn sinn fein anns an
 t-sruth Ghaidheilach a bha a' dumh-
 lachadh a stigh a dh-ionnsaidh an
 Talla, 's gun oirnn ach na "brigisean

liath-ghlas;" theid mise an urras gu 'n robh iad "am bliadhna 'cur mulaid oirnn!" Coma co dhiubh, cha robh an sin uile dithis a bu tairisiche agus a bu teóistinniche ris na Gaidheil na Donull agus mi fhein; agus ma bhios sinn beo gus an ath choinnimh, co aige tha fhios nach fhaic thu feile-beag air Donull Charba agus "biodag air *Mac-Mharcuis*!" Arsa Donull rium fhein an uair a bha sinn a' tighinn a dh-ionnsaidh an doruis, agus a chridhe air togail le sodan ris na Gaidheil—

'Tha gach fasan Gaidhealach

An drast a' tighinn gu feum;
Na deiseachan a b' abhaist dhaibh,
'S a b' fhearr leo aca fein;
Coinneamh anns gach àite
Aig na h-armuinn is fearr beus;
Gach duine 'labhairt Gaidhlig dhiubh,
'S a' phìob a ghnath an gleus.'

A stigh am measg chaich ghabh sinn; agus ma ghabh, fhir mo chridhe, 's ann an sin a bha an sealladh! Bho cheann gu ceann, agus bho urlar gu anainn, bha an talla is momha ann am baile-mor Ghlaschu lan sluaigh. An da chuid gu h-ìosal agus air an lobhta bha buird fhada, chaol a' sìneadh o bhalla gu balla, 's iad cuirnichte le anart cho geal ri sneachd air bharr nan geug. Air gach taobh de na buird so, agus cho dluth 's a b' urrainn daibh suidhe, bha na h-aoidhean air an àiteachan a ghabhail 'n an càraidean grinn, agus iad air an sgeadachadh anns gach dath fo 'n ghrein, ionann 's leis an t-solus dhealach a bha air a thilgeadh orra bho na mìltean leus a bha a' breacadh speur an t-seomair, gur beag nach tugadh iad doille air do leirsinn. Bha "*a' chuirm sgaoilte*;" bha 'n sin aran de gach gnè, ach gu sonraichte aran cruaidh, coirce; agus comhladh ri sin an *tea* dhonn, Innseanach. Ged nach urrainn domh a radh gur ann Gaidh-

ealach a tha an *tea*, tha i a nis air fàs cho cumanta an tìr nam beann 's a tha i air a' Ghalldachd fein; agus a thuilleadh air sin tha i freagarrach do dh-òg 's do shean. Cha robh, uime sin, daoine doicheallach rithe. Bha latha's dheanadh duine uail as gu 'm fanadh a "*Mhairi buileach o 'n tea*," ach dh' fhalbh sin 's thainig so. An *tea* a tha 'tighinn oirnn as na h-Iunsean, agus am buntàta a fhuair sinn an toiseach á America, bu dona dheanamaid feum as an eugmhais. Faodaidh sinn a radh mu 'n *tea* mar thuirt an bard mu rud-eigin eile—

"Bheir an stuth grinn oirnn
Seinn gu fileanta;
Chuir a thoilinntinn
Binneas 'n ar cainnt;
Chaisg i ar 'n lora,
'N fhior dheoch mhilis;
Bu mhuladach sinne
Na 'm biodh i air chall."

A thuilleadh air gach buaidh eile tha air an *tea*,

"Cha chulaidh mhilleadh cheann i;
'S is ro-mhath 'n t-seise mhuineil
Do gach duine ghabhas rann i."

Cha robh sinn ach goirid a' feith-eadh an uair "*chualas an ceol*"—ceol fuaimheil, ard nam piob; 's theid mise an urras gu 'n robh "*ard shòlas an talla nan triath*." Direach air sàil nam piobairean, thainig a stigh ceann-suidhe na coinnimh, Mr. Donnachadh Mac-a'-Ghobhainn. 'N a chuideachd bha moran uaislean anns an deise ghoirid, agus ghabh iad an aiteachan-suidhe air gach taobh, agus m' an cuairt da. Tha bruidhinn mhor an dràst mu "*Chathair Ghaidhlig*" ann an Oilthigh Dhuneideann, ach ma 's e is ciall da sin, cathair air a lionadh le Gaidheal fiachail, foghlumte, agus comasach air a' chainnt mhilis a theagasg do mhuinntir eile, leiginnsa fhaicinn duit "*Cathair Ghaidhlig*" no dhà air an oidhche ud. Eadar

thu fhein 's mi fhein, na 'm biodh riaghladh a' ghnathaich agamsa, cha leiginn le fear sam bith suidhe anns a' chathair mhoir ann an Duneideann ach Gaidheal beothail, tapaidh a chaitheadh am feile-beag "a' h-uile latha 's Di-Domhnuich." Ach tha mi 'dol troimh m' naidheachd. An deigh an altachaidh, ghabh an sluagh an taice na h-itheannaich, 's Moire, 's ann an sin a bha an cnuaipheadh air an aran choirce!—aran a tha gle bhitheanta 'n a annas air Gaidheil nam bailte-mora. Rinn gach neach a dhleasnas ris na bha mu 'choinnimh.

Tha cuimhne agad air deadh chleachdamh a bha, agus an cuid a thighean, a tha fathast am measg nan Gaidheal; an uair a bhiodh na h-aoidhean mu 'n bhord réidh agus sasuite, rachadh fear an tighe m' an cuairt agus bheireadh e gu cairdeil air laimh gach neach dhiubh, a' cur an ceill an toileachaidh a bha aige am faicinn aig a bhord, agus a dheadh-ghean daibh gu leir. Thar leam gu 'm bu chiatach am fasan a bha an so; agus gur mor am beud e bhi dol á cleachdadh. Bha e nochdadh cho cairdeil 's cho fialaidh 's a bha ar sinnsrean, a dh-aindeoin na bhios luchd-tuaileis ag radh mu cho borb agus cho aineolach 's a bha iad. Mur do nochd ar ceann-suidhe còir an gean-math ceudna dhuinne air an fheasgar ud le fàsgadh na laimhe,—oir ghabhadh sin gu meadhon oidhche dha,—rinn e gu h-eireachdail leis an teangaidh e, an uair a dh' eirich e. An deigh dhuinn da rann de aon de na Sailm bhinn a chuir brathair-athar fein, an t-Ollamh Urramach Iain Mac-a'-Ghobhainn, ann an Gaidhlig cho snasmhor, a sheinn, dh' innis fear-na-cathrach dhuinn an toil-inntinn a thug e dha 'bhi air ceann coinnimh cho mor agus cho measail d' a luchd-duthcha. Thug e cliu do 'n Chom-

unn fhiughantach, thapaidh a chuir air chois a' choinneamh, agus mhol e do gach Gaidheal 's an lathair, agus anns gach cearna, iad g' an ceangal fein ris a' Chomunn, agus mar so iad a thaisbeanadh an teochridheachd ri muinntir an duthcha, agus am miann air a bhi cuideachadh leis gach oidheirp a bheirear air leas nan Gaidheal a chur air aghaidh.

Chaidh an fhearas-chuideachd a nis air a h-aghaidh gun ghainne, gun bhacadh. Eadar orain, sgeulachdan, oraidean, ceol, agus dannsadh, cha deachaidh stad air na h-uaislean sgeinmeil, tapaidh a ghabh os laimh ar cumail ann an àbhachd; agus a bheil fhios agad gu 'n robh de thoil-inntinn orm nach d' fhairich mi tri uairean an uaireadair ach mar mhionaid na boise! Fhuair sinn earailean cudthromach agus freagarrach ann an Gaidhlig cho blasda 's a thainig riabh á beul, bho Mhr. Mac-a'-Mhaighstir, bho 'n Urramach A. Camaron, Bhròdhaig, bho 'n *Ard-Albannach*, a' h-uile ceum á Inbhirnis, agus bho Mhr. Sharp, aon de chinn-chinnidh a' Chomuinn. Air son an luchd-chiuil—na piobairean, luchd-seinn nan oran, agus na dannsairean, bha na h-urad dhiubh ann agus iad uile cho barraichte 'n an dreuchd 's 'n an oifig fa-leth, 's gu 'n teirigeadh a' Ghaidhlig fein orm na 'n toisichinn air an cliutheachadh ma seach; cuiridh mi dìreach aon fhleasg mor, greadhnach m' an cinn gu leir, le a radh nach biodh e 'n a ghnothach soirbh barr a thoirt orra ann an snas agus ann an tapachd na h-oibre a chuir iad troimh 'n lamhan, an casan, an ribheidean, agus an teangannan—"Gu robh buaidh leis na seòid!"

An uair a bha gach ni a bha anns a' chlar-innsidh thairis, dh' eirich sinn gu leir, air iarrtas a' chinn-shuidhe, agus sheinn sinn—agus an creid thu

mi gu 'n d'thainig tiomachadh air mo chridhe fhein, agus tha mi lan chinnteach air cridhe iomadh aon a thuilleadh orm, an uair a sheinn sinn—beagan earrannan d'an oran iomraiteach agus thiamhaidh sin, is minig a thug taiseachadh air suil Gadiheil 's e 'fagal a dhuthcha, “*Eirich agus tiugainn O!*” Mar so chuir sinn crìoch le h-onair air coinnimh Ghaidhealaich cho mor agus cho taitneach 's a chunnaic mo dha shuil riabh. Thuirt mi gu 'n do chuir sinn *crìoch* oirre, ach is fada m' am b'e so deireadh na cluiche. Bha coinneamh-dhannsaidh mhor anns a' cheart talla an deigh na coinnimh-caidrich, agus tha mi dearbhta gu 'n robh coig fichead càraid aice, cho math ri sluagh mor de luchd-coimhid, a lion lobhta an talla bho thaobh gu taobh. Bha na lasgairean 's na h-ingheanagan gasda a' cur nan car dhiubh an sin gus an robh a' chiad agus an darna cadal seachad acasan a chaidh dhachaidh aig deireadh na Coinnimh Caidrich. Dh' fhalbh na dannsairean gu dleasnach agus chunnaic iad gu sabhailte dachaidh an cuid leannan. Bho 'n bha Donull Charba agus mise cho mi-fhortanach 's nach robh leannain againn, ghabh sinn a laidhe a bhruidhne mu na chunnaic 's na chuala sinn. B' iad na facail mu dheireadh a chuala mi Donull ag radh agus e 'tuiteam 'n a chadal,—“Feuch am bi thu cinnteach gu 'n sgrìobh thu cunntas a dh-ionnsaidh a' *Ghaidheil*, mu Choinneamh Chaidreach a' Chomuinn Ghaidhealaich ann an Glaschu—Cadal math dhuit.”

Rinn mi nis mo dhicheall gu iarrtas Dhonuill chòir a chur an gnìomh. Tha fhios math gu leir agam nach 'eil mo sgeul cho cuimhir 's a dh'-fhaodadh e bhi; is ainneamh leis an teangaidh bhi cho teoma 's gu 'n teid aice air a chur am briathar na lionas an t-suil 's an inntinn mar

rinn a' chuideachd, an greadhnachas, agus am fleaghachas anns an do thacair sinne air an oidhche ud. Ma ruigeas do chothrom air, no ma cheadaicheas d' ùine, cuir fein caoin agus dreach air mo sheanchus. Sguiridh mi le briathran an t-seann oran-aiche—

“ Chaidh an comunn, an comunn,
Chaidh an comunn air chùl;
Dhealaich comunn r' a chéile,
'S deanaibh fein d' e sgeul ùr.

Sgaoil an comunn o chéile,
'S thug e deur air mo shùil.”

Buaidh leat! Soirbheachadh dhuit!
D' fhaicinn slan, guidhe durachdach
do charaid,

MAC-MHARCUS.

Di-mairt, Inid, 1875.

MUIREACH FIAL.

BHA uair eigin ann an Cinntàile duine ris an abradh iad “Muireach Fial,” agus bha mòran airgid aige. Ma 's fhìor, thug Muireach air uair suim airgid do 'n t-Siosalach, uachdaran Shrath-Ghlais; agus fhuair e sgribheadh laghail no “bann” bho 'n t-Siosalach anns an robh air a cheangal air son an airgid àite ris an abrar “Afaric Mholach.” Chaidh Muireach turus sìos rathad na Machrach; bha gille còmhla ris; agus a' tilleadh dhachaidh bha iad oidhche ann an tigh-osda Shruidh, agus chaidh Muireach a mharbhadh an sin.

Anns a' mhaduinn, an uair a dh' éirich an gille, dh' innis iad da gu 'n d' fhuair a mhaighistir fios-cabhaig gu dol taobh eigin; nach d' innis e cia an taobh, ach gu 'n d' iarr e air-san dol dachaidh. Thog an gille air, agus an uair a ràinig e an tigh, cha robh sgial air Muireach, agus cha robh fhios aige càite an robh e, ach gu 'n do dhealaich e ris air an oidhche

ann an Sruidh. Fhuaradh coire mhór do'n ghille, agus bha cràdh-cogais aige fhein air fhein, air son cho luath 's a thàinig e air falbh; ach 's e rud a rinn e gu 'n d' fhalbh e rithist an ceann cheithirladiag, agus ràinig e tigh-òsda Shruidh. Cha d' aithnich iad e an tùs, agus cha mhò a dh' innis e dhaibh co a bh' ann, no ciod bu ghnòthach dha. Leig e air òl agus dh' iarr e fear-an-tighe. Bha e cumail an uisge-bheatha ris gu math, ach a' toirt na deàgh aire air fhein; agus mu dheireadh an uair a thòisich fear-an-tighe air fàs blath,—ars' esan ris a' ghille:—

“ Air do shlainte, a mhic Dhunnachaidh
mhic Iain chaoil,
Fath mo ghaoil ort, cha b' i 'n deoch;
Ach thu bhi cuide ri Muireach Fial,
A' chóg oidhche diag gus an nochd.”

Bha so ag innseadh gu 'n d' aithnich fear-an-tighe e, ach cha do leig an gille air gu 'n do thuig e e. Goirid an deigh sin thigear mac fhir-an-tighe stigh, air ghnòthach gu 'athair, 's dh' fharraid 'athair dh' e, “Am faca tu am bradan fìor-uisge an nochd?” Thuirt gu 'm fac, air a leithid so de pholl, a's e ag ainmeachadh a' phuill. “Nach e tha dol leis gu math!” arsa fear-an-tighe.

Bha am fear eile (an gille) ag cumail a chluaise ris a h-uile rud a bha e cluinntinn, gun a bhi gabhail dad air; agus gun dol a laidhe idir, dh' fhàg e an tigh cho luath 's a chunnaic a shùil an latha. Dh' fharraid e de na coimhearsnaich air bruaich na h-aimhne càite an robh a leithid so de pholl, 's e toirt seachad ainm a' phuill. Dh' innis iad da: agus an uair a ràinig e am poll, faicear e Muireach air urlar a' phuill marbh. Fhuair e air a thogail e, agus thiodhlaic iad e ann an cladh Shrath-Ghlais, agus an sin thog an gille air dhachaidh.

Dh' innis e a h-uile car mar a

thachair; agus gun dàil, dh' fhalbh comhlan á Cinntàile gu corp Mhuirich a thoirt dachaidh. An uair a thog iad e bha déigh mhòr aca air greim fhaotainn air cuid de na Glaisich a los am marbhadh, ach cha robh fhios aca ciamar a ghlacadh iad iad.

Ma dheireadh 's e an rud a rinn iad leac a thogail as a' chladh, agus a toirt leo air falbh, an dòchus gu 'n leanadh na Glaisich iad air son na lice, agus mar sin gu 'm faigheadh iad greim orra. Ach a dh-aindeoin sin cha do leig an t-eagal leis na Glaisich gnothuch a ghabhail riu; agus an sin thog na Sailich orra leis an lic 's le Muireach, thair na monaidhnean gus an d' ràinig iad Cill-Duthaich ann an Cinntàile.

Air an rathad thuit an leac air an fheadhainn a bha 'g a giùlan, agus chaidh sgealb as a' ghualainn aice; thug iad leo an sgealb cuide ris an lic, agus chuireadh le chéile iad ann Cill-Duthaich, far am beil iad gus an là an diugh. Thugadh mar ainm air an lic “An leac chuileineach,” a chionn gu 'n d' fhalbh an sgealb aisde; agus lean an t-ainm sin riabh rithe.

A nise, a thaobh gu 'n d' fhalbh Muireach mar so, cha robh fhios càite an robh a' bhann a fhuair e bho 'n t-Siosalach; bha i air chall, 's leig iad diubh a bhi 'g a h-iarraidh. Bha aig Muireach anns an tigh ball-èirneis ris an abradh iad “beinge;” agus an déigh a bhàis bha a' bheinge so, mar dhùthchas a' leantainn an teaghlaich bu teinne air fhein, a's iad 'g a gleidheadh gu measail, mar bhall-sinnsireachd, ré ioma bliadhna. Am fear aig an robh i mu dheireadh, 's e “*Murchadh Buidhe nam miar*” a theirteadh ris; agus bu chéaird da a bhi dròbhaireachd each. Phòs Murchadh Buidhe so boirionnach a bha 'n sid; ach ged a ghabh i e, 's ann an aghaidh a càile fhéin, agus sin air

chromhairle a cuideachd—gu son-raichte air chomhairle a bràthar.

An déis d'i a' chiad urra chloinne bhi aice, dh'fhàg i Murchadh, 's thugar Peairt oirre leis a' ghiullan, far an robh peathraichean d'i 'g an cosnadh. Dh'fhan i greis mhath ann an sin, agus thog iad an leanabh eatarra.

Latha de na làithean, thuirt bràthair na mnatha ri Murchadh Buidhe, gu'm b' fhearr dha dol g'a h-iarraidh; gu'm faodadh, bho'n a dh'fhairich i nis a' bhochdainn, gu'n tilleadh i. Dh'fhalbh Murchadh, agus bhuail e Peairt; ach céum cha tigeadh de Mhairghreid.

Thill e; agus goirid an deigh dha tighin dachaidh, thachair a bhràthair-ceile air, agus dh'fhaighnich e an d' thainig Mairghread. "O, cha d' thainig," arsa Murchadh—"Ghabhteadh a' chuid, ach cha ghabhteadh an duine. Ach an teid thusa cuide riumsa an nochd, Iain," ars' esan, "agus gheobh thu do bhiadh air a dheasachadh dhut cho glan 's ged a bhiodh Mairghread romhad." Thuirt Iain gu'n rachadh; agus, 's e bh'ann gu'n do chuir iad am feasgar seachad gu ladhach ag comhradh mu thurus Mhurchaidh; agus chaidh iad a laidhe cuideachd.

Bha iad ag comhradh ri chéile mu'n do chaidiliad, agus, arsa Murchadh, "Saoil thusa, Iain, nach b'i Mairghread coluinn a' chruidh fhortain nach do lean i mise, agus bann Mhuirich Fhéil agam?"

"Bann Mhuirich Fhéil," arsa am fear eile, 's e 'g eirigh 'n a lethshuidhe—"bann Mhuirich Fhéil, càite an d' fhuair thusa i?" "Innsidh mi sin dut," arsa Murchadh. "A' bbeinge bha an sid a mach ri taobh an tighe, bha i falbh 'n a càth, a's i air grodadh; agus là dh'an robh mi 's droch theine agam, chaidh mi a mach leis an tuaigh dh'fhiach an cuirinn sgealban aisde a los an cur

air an teine; agus an uair a leig mi air a cur as a chéile, léum bogsachan a mach á ceann na beinge, agus bha a' bhann anns a' bhogsa."

An uair a chaidh an sgial a mach air feadh na dùthcha gu'n robh bann Mhuirich Fhéil aig Murchadh Buidhe, thòisich iadsan uile a tha 'n an luchd-dàimh dha, air Murchadh a chur h-uige air son na boinne; ach dh'àich-eidh e i, ag radh nach robh i idir aige, agus nach d' fhuair e riabh i. An sin chiadh Iain, a bhràthair-ceile air 'aodunn air son an rud a thuirt e ris an oidhche ud; ach, 's e a thuirt Murchadh, "A Dhia beannaich thu, fhir mo ghaoil, nach bu mhi am briagadair ma thuirt mi sin riut."

Facal tuille air an son cha'n inns-eadh e do neach air bith; ach bha e mar chleachdadh aige a bhi bruidh-inn ris fhein air uaireannan, agus bhiodh feadhainn gu tric a' dol thun a' bhothain anns an robh e fuireach, a dh-fharcluais air; agus chualas e uair no dhà ag ràdh ris fhein mar so; "Thug mi dhut i, fhir mo ghaoil, bann Mhuirich Fhéil, agus cha d' thug thu ni riabh dhomh air a son ach an gini buidhe òir."

Leag iad an t-amhurus gur h-e bha e ciallachadh le so gu'n d' thug e a' bhann do dh-fhear Ionar'nait, a chionn gu'n robh meas an barrach aca air a chéile—agus cha robh teagamh sa bith nach e sin a rinn e.

Bha mise turus, bho chionn beagan bhliadhnaichean thall rathad Loch-Aillse, agus chunnaic mi gille a bha 'n a charbadair aig fear de dh-uaislean na dùthcha, agus b' fhearcinnidh an gille ruadh so do Mhurchadh Buidhe nam miar. Dh'innis e dhomh gu'n do chuir e an céill do dh-fhear-lagha air an robh eolas aige an Dunéideann an eachdraidh so uile, mu bhoinn Mhuirich Fhéil, agus gu'n d' thuirt am fear-lagha gu'm fiachadh e ciod a b' urrainn da dhian-

amh gu tuilleadh soluis fhaotainn
air a' chuis. Ach 's e bh'ann gu 'n
cuala maighistir a' ghille mu 'n rud
a rinn e, agus thug e air sgur dh' e,
ag ràdh ris, na' m faigheadh an t-
uachdaran a mach e, gu 'n sguabadh e
bharr na h-oighreachd a h-uile h-aon
de 'n t-seorsa de 'n robh e. Is ann
mar sin a tha agus theagamh a bhi
theas bann Mhuirich Fhéil.

BAN-SAILEACH.

—0—

CAISMEACHD

AILEIN-NAN-SOP.

LE EACHUNN MAC MHIC IAIN CHOLA.

'S mithich dhuinne mar bhun umhlachd,
Dàn-bùrdain * a chasgairt dut
A flasgaich bhrìghmhor fhliuchas plosan
Le d' dhibh phrìseil neartoraich,
Noch nar cheilteadh fion na Frainge
'N a thigh meanmnach, masgalach.
Shlòl uaibhrich, nach biodh uaigneach,
Bho 'm biodh sluagh gu cadaltach.
'S ioma gedcach ann ad chòsain,
Agus deòiridh aigeantach.
'N uair leigeas iad am mach am bàrcan
Bharr nan càbal ro-ghasda,
Ceanglar umpa mar an àbhaist
Cuan a b' àird' do-chasgairt leo.
'S nìtear sin a réir a chéile,
Gun fheum air a h-ath-dianamh.
Beairt chaol, rìghinn, lìonmhor chainbe,
Gun aon shnaim mearachdach.
An ceangal ri failbheagan iarainn,
Droineap nach iarr acaireachd.
Sin air dhianamh lùghach, làidir,
Le spionnadh àrd 's a' cheart uair sin;
Gus 'n d' thugadh air a crannaibh claochadh
Taobh na gaoith' a cheart eiginn.
'N uair shuidheadh iad air a crann-céille,
Gach fear fhein ri draipireachd.
A liuthad sodar mhuir onfhach,
'S i gu ceann-gheal, gorm, caiteineach,

* The word "bùrdan" appears to be the same as the French "Faux Bourdon." When a song was sung in Ireland with the "burdoon," three or more voices took part in the singing, one of whom represented the tenor, the others the accompanying voices, who successively repeated the words of the song in a higher pitch, so as to form accords. —*Manners and Customs of the Ancient Irish*, vol. i., devii.

A bhristeadh gach taobh de 'brannradh,
'S e 'n comh-rìgh' ri 'baidealaibh.
Fad fradhairc anns na neulaibh,
Slat bho 'beul a dh-fhaicinn-sa.
A' dol timchioll rudh' no sàilein,
'S i gu leanbhail tartarrach.
'S ioma lùireach 'n ceangal ri h-carraich,
A's bogha dearg Sasunnach.
Croinn air an locradh bho ruinn gu dosaibh,
Le cinn dhodach fhad-ghaineach.
'N uair chunnacadar am fad bhuat,
Na crìochan ri 'n robh fuath acasan,
Glacadar na fuirbi rìghne
'N an dòidean mìn, ladurna.
Rinn iad an t-iomradh teann, teth,
Toghbha, làidir, eòlach, acfhuinneach.
Thug iad cudthrom air na liaghan,
'S raimh 'g am pianadh acasan.
Chuir iad a beoil mhor ri chéile,
'S a da chléith gu'n d' shrac iad sin.

Tha "chaismeachd" so cho sean
's gu'r teagamh nach bi e mi-iom-
chuidh dhomh innse mar a fhuair
mi i; 's mar aon facal no dhà chur
an céill mu 'n fhear do 'n d' rinn-
eadh i.

Anns a' chiad dol a mach ma ta,
is ann bho'n Urr. an t-Olla Mac-
Lachlainn, an Dunéideann a fhuair
mi i; agus is e an t-Urr. "A. Mac-
lean Sinclair," an America, a chuir
g'a ionnsaidh-san i gus a toirt domh.
Fhuair esan i bho sheanair—Iain
Mac-Gilleathain bàrd Thighearna
Chola: agus fhuair am bàrd i, bho
chionn còrr a's tri fichead bliadhna,
sgribhte an leabhar a dh' fhàg ligh-
iche àraid, de Chloinn-Ghilleathain,
a bha am Muile. Cha'n 'eil mi tur-
chinnteach an d' rinn mi mach uile
bhriathrachas a' bhàird; bithidh mi
uime sin fada an comaine maraiche,
no neach sa bith eile de luchd-leugh-
aidh a' Ghàidhil, a ni mo chur ceart.

Chìtear 's an tòiseachadh gu'r h-e
Eachann mac mhic Iain Chola a
rinn a' Chaismeachd do dh- Ailein-
nan-sop. Tha còrr a's tri chiad
bliadhna bho'n a bha Ailein am bith-
ibh an t-saoghail so. Bu mhac e do
Lachann Catanach triath Dhubhart
's ceann-feadhna Chloinn-Ghilleath-
ain: 's bu leth-bhràthair e do dh-

Eachann Mòr, am mac a bh' aig Lachann ri nighean Mhic-Cailein. Cha ruig mi leas a chur sìos an so, an seol mi-chneasda air an do chuir Lachann Catanach bhuaith Nic-Cailein—chitear e 's a' chiad leabhar de'n *Ghaidheal*; cha mhò tha romham dearcnachadh no liadachadh air ana-cleachdaidhneannan aintighearnan a bh'ann ri 'linn: foghnaidh dhomh innse gu'n do ghabh e, an déigh dealachadh ri mhnaoi, le nighinn do dh-Fhear-Threisinnis, agus gu'r h-i so bu mhàthair do dh-Ailein-nan-sop.

An eilein daingean air cùl Mhuile, is ann a fhuair Ailein-nan-sop 'àrach: is ann ann a bha Lachann Catanach 's an àm ud a' fuireach. Is e an ciad iomradh a th' againn air Ailein, làmh-éignichidh a theann e ri thoirt air maighdinn uasail a bh' air chéilidh 's a' chaisteal, ni a chuir tuilleadh e gu ainstil. B' i so nighean do Mhac-Néill Bharraidh; agus an uair a thuig i dhroch rùn, 's nach robh dol as aice, theich i le beachd i fhein a chur le creig; ach mar a bha am Fortan fàbhorrach dh' ise, thainig fear-eadraigin, agus thugar ùpag do dh-Ailein thair a' chreig; ach, ged a tha na creagan a tha ceithir-thiomchioll an eilein cho uamhasach cas, 's gu'r gann a sheasas ian air iteig orra, stad esan air stac aig oir na fairge; 's ris a' chreig so theirear gus an là an diugh "Urraig Ailein-nan-sop."

Mu'n àm ud, bha 'n Airde-niar ag cur thairis le creachadairean-cuain. Thuit do shoitheach dhiubh so tighinn an là ud an rathad; agus faicear an sgioba Ailein agus e leth-mharbh air an stac, 's thugar air bòrd e. Cha robh a chridhe aige nise dol dachaidh; agus, 's e bh' ann gu'n do lean e ris an t-soitheach, gus mu dheireadh an d' fhuair e dha fhein e. Bha e 'n a shàr mharaiche 's a' tighinn beo air a' chreachadaireachd; air

chor 's gu 'n robh e 'n a chulaidh eagail a's oillte 's an àirde-niar. An ceann-tuath na h-Eiream bhàtar cho eolach air Ailein, air 'ainm 's air a ghnìomh, 's ge bu choimhearsnach bun an doruis e; 's cha b 'ann aon uair a chrom e air feudail-chorra nan Gall am mach mu Ghlaschu. Is ann le bhi creach 's a' losgadh mar so a thugadh "Ailein-nan-sop" air.

Cha robh fathamas aig Ailein ri caraide no ri nàmhaid. Ghabh e fàth air tighearna na Leithir ceann-tighe "sliochd a' chlàidhimh iarainn," a charaide fhein, 's chuir e gu bàs e, agus ghabh e fhein seilbh 's an tigh agus 's an fhearann. A chur a stigh air, thug Mac-Dhònuill dha eilein Ghìogha, agus fhuair e Cille-Charm-aig bho Mhac-Cailein; ach, bha Ailein air a shean each bànn—cha do leig e dh' e a' chreach.

Chuala e uair a bha 'n sid, gu'n robh gamhlas no farmad-cùirte aig tighearna-Chola ris; agus 's e bh' ann gu'n d' thug e eilein Chola air. Thachair tighearna-Chola air 's e sraidimeachd aig taobh a' chladaich; agus gun ghuth mor, gun droch fhacal, glacar e 's thugar air bòrd e, agus cheangail e ris an tobhta e, 's togar na siùil do 'n Tairbeart. Bhiodh tighearna-Chola ris a' bhàrdachd, 'n a uaireannan, agus an turus so rinn e òran do dh-Ailein—a réir a h-uile coltais a' "Chaismeachd." Chòrd e gu math ri Ailein, 's anns na cuir a bh'ann, thug e a chead do thighearna Chola; ach thuirt e ris, "thoir an aire ciod a their thu an deigh so mu m' thimchioll-sa—tha ian beag ann an Cola tha tighinn a dh-innseadh dhòmhsa do chainnte aig do bhòrd fhein—leigidh mi as thu, ach bi 'd earalas à so suas."

Am feasgar a bheatha, thionndaidh e a smointean ris an ath-shaoghal, 's leig e dh'e a' chreachadaireachd. Thug e I Chaluimchille air 's rinn e réit 's a dhleasnas

ris a' chléir; ach b' annsa le chuid ghillean an t-seann chèaird. Bha fear dhiubh latha ri bhiadh 's thuit gu'n d' thàinig aisne air de nach robh moran ri ghabhail, 's thuirt e "Is ann air an tigh so a thàinig an dà latha, an uair a tha na cnaimhean cho lom." "Tuigidh fear-leughaidh leth-fhacal," agus thuig Ailein mar a bha chùis; agus dh'òrduich e do na ceatharnaich a bhi deas agus dol leis air tòir cobhartaich. Thog iad orra mach ri Cluaidh 's cha bu chobhartach e gus an turus sin. B' i so a' chreach mu dheireadh 's a'

chreach bu mhò a thog Ailein; 's thug iad "Creach-na-h-aisne" mar ainm oirre.

Fhuair Ailein saoghal fada, 's dh'fhàg e mac a's nighean. Chuireadh gu dìth a mhac, air son ionnsaidh a thoirt air bràthair 'athar, agus phòs a nighean Murchadh Gèarr Locha-abuidhe. Dh' éug e mu'n bhliadhna 1555, eadar sin 's 1560, 's chaidh a thiodhlaiceadh an cairidh Chlann-Ghilleathain, an Réilig Orain, an I Chaluim-chille, far am faicear an uaigh aige gus an là an diugh.

ABRACH.

UAILEINEID

GU MAIGHDINN OIG.

CHA ràdh bho shean, 's cha 'n òran ùr no aosd',
Air deagh-chliu maise, no air buaidh a' ghaoil—
Cha dealbh air *Cupid* le 'chuid lann 's le dheilg,
'Tha 'sgeadachadh dhomh m' uaileineid 'n a deilbh.
Ge riomhach dealbhan bhlàth fo shreathan dhuan,
'S gach ìomhaigh-ghràidh a th' air an fhéill clobhuailt';
Cha 'n 'eil 's an t-seòrs' ach dòigh gun ghlòir, gun ghléus,
Gu cridh' an fhìor fhir-ghaoil a chur an céill.
'S e 's dual do 'n litir spaideil tigh'nn bho 'n chliabh
'S am bheil an càirdeas fuar 's an gaol gun fhriamh;
'S beag féum a' ghaoil 'tha fallain, fìorghlan, ceart,
Air còmhnaidh dhealbh gu dearbhadh mèud a neart.
Nis, ceadaich dhomh, 's a' chainnt is uailse cliù,
'S air duilleig luim gun suaicheantas 'n a gnùis,
Mi 'thairgse dhut, le drùghadh spéise 's suim,
Gaol dileas fìor mo chridh', 's mo làmh 'n a luib.
Cha taisbein mi, le dealbh no ìomhaigh fhuar,
Mo bharrail àrd air ionmhuinneachd do shnuaidh;
Bu deacair glòir do sgèimh' a nochdadh slàn
Le dealbhadair, no feallsanach, no bàrd.
'S e cainnt mo dhùrachd, 's dòchas tréun mo dhuain,
Gur fad' a bhios gach àdh a th' ort, 'us buaidh,
A' cur a mach an gathan dealrach gràidh,
'Toirt blàiths 'us iùil, mar 'ghrian air madainn Mhàigh.
'S gu 'n dean gach slàinte, sìth, 'us sonas réidh,
Do phearsa 'chuartachadh gu crìch do réis;
'S 'n uair 'theid do phailliuin talmhaidh 'chur ma sgaoil,
Gur dachaidh-sheilbh dhut flaitheas bhuan nan naomh.

D. R. M.

SGIALACHD NA TROIDHE

Air a tionndadh bho 'n Ghreugais gu Gailig
Abraich,

LE EOBHAN MACLAOCHAINN.

V. DUAN

(Air a leantuin.)

Suim cha d' thug mise d' a radh,
Ge goirt orm an dràst' an call ;
Eagal m' eachraidh dhol gu dith,
No 'm fasadh an innlinn gann
'N nair bhiodh am baile 'n a dhraip
'S biuthaidh 'g a thathunn gu dian,
'S olc a dh' fhuilgeadh m' eich-sa 'n airo,
'S gu 'n chleachd iad am pailteas riabh.
Fagar iad 's triallar ga m' chois,
M' uigh á bogha crom nan cleas :
A righ dhùilich, bu bheag m' fhios,
Nach cinneadh leam éuchd 's a' ghreis.
Thilg mi urchair air dà shonn,
Diomed muirneach nan glonn tréun
Mar ri bràthair righ nam feachd,
'S thaosg an fhìor fhuil bhras bho'n bhéum.
Thog mi 'm fraoch an àite 'n casg ;
Ormsa dhiong an dosgann téum ;
An là bhuin mi nuas bho'n staing
Bior mearthallach cam gun fheum.
'S teann nach d' fhuair mi ball-airm còrr,
Ri linn teachd do Thròidh gu 'h-iul,
Los druid' ris a' Ghréig an gleachd,
'S gu 'm miadaicht' air Hector cliu.
Ma thilleas mise gu bràth.
'S gu 'm faic mi tir bhlàth mo ghaoil,
Mo thalla mor greadhnach àrd,
'S a bhean àillidh dhearbh mo chaoim,
Gu'n sgarar mo cheann bho m' chorp,
Mur gabh mi seann stoc gun bhuaidh,
Gu 'spealgadh 'n a bhrunaibh crìon,
Mar bhiadh miath do 'n lasair ruaidh.
Thuirteann-stiuraidh feachd na Tròidh',
Ænéas bu mhòr 's an stréup :
Na labhair 's an dòigh so, shuinn,
Ach thugamaid cuimhn' sir gléus.
Le carbad 's le eich nam buadh,
Mosglamaid an cruas gu dian,
Druidear leinn ri gavis an t-seidid,
'S taisbeinear gu'r mòr ar fiach.
Léum am charbad ; dearbh le d' shuil,
Stéudan Throis, gu'r luthmor, òg
Deas-ealamh, grad-charach seang,
Null 's a nall ann 's an ruaig,
Buinidh iad ás sinn 's an ruaig,
Do dhaingnich nan stuadh gun bhéud,
Ma bhristeas oirnn gàbhadh truagh,
'S gu'n diol Iobh a' bhuaidh do 'n Ghréig.
Gabh-sa slat a's srian nan séud,
'S innsear leams' euchd le m' chruidh ;
Air neo glac-sa 'n trom-ghath géur,
'S ni mis' iul do m' stéudan luath.
Thug freagairt fhaicleach do 'n ràdh,
Mac Lycòin a b' àrd beus :—

A cheannaird nan Tròidheach àigh,
Stiur an eachraidh le d' làimh fhéin.
Ged bhagradh an Diomed àr,
Bheir iadsan sinn slàn bho'n éug.
'S do'n mharcach d' an eòl an gnàths,
Diolaidh iad mar b' àbhaist géill.
Bheir iad droch leumannan-taoibh,
Ma 's é 's gu'n teid sgaoim 'n an ceann,
Gun ghuth an eòlaich ri 'n cluais,
Cha diong iad duinn buaidh ach call.
Thig mac Thid oirnn a dh-aon bhéum,
Cluinnear casgradh le h-éug truagh,
Sguabaidh e 'n sin ar cuid séud,
Mach gu séud a' chabhlaich luath.
Suidh thusa 's a' charbad ùr,
A stiùireadh nan cruibh-each seang.
Tairgim-sa cath do'n fhear mhòr,
Gu 'fhiachainn an còmhraig lann.
'N uair chrìochnaich labhairt non sonn,
Shuidh mar aon 's a' charbad ghrinn.
'S mharcach an dail saoidh nan conn,
'N an deannaibh thair lom an fhuinn.
Bheachdaicheadh tighinn nan sàr,
Le Stenelus ard an cliu.
'S mhosgail ri mac Thid nan gnìomh,
Le fìor fhiamh am briathran dlùth :
Annsachd a dh-fhearaibh, an t-sluaigh
A Dhlòmeid mhòir, bhuadhaich, àigh,
Chi mi na garbh-uabhrich thréun
'N an dearg leum a' ruith 'n an dàil :
Sliochd Lycòin sid air thus,
B' e 'n lamh theom' air cul nan calg.
Faisg air mac Vénus a' ghaoil,
'S dbeagh Anchiseis nach baòth ainm.
'S leir do chliu-sa, ghaigich fhéil :
As bimid le 'r stéudan luath ;
Na ruith gu léirsgrios a d' dhèidn,
'S teasraig anam is mòr luach.
Fhreagair gaisgeach nan géur lann,
'S friodh feirg' ag cur greann mu 'shuil ;
'N ann a' toirt spid' dhomh le fiamh,
A mholadh tu 'n gnìomh gun diu ?
Leamsa cha bhéus céum air ais,
Cha chaisteal dhomh geilt gun trèid ;
Cha d' imir ball-airm 'n a làimh,
Romh 'n gabh mise sgàth ri m' bheò.
'S tàir' leam marasachd air druim eich,
Triallaim do 'n diachainn ga m' chois,
Cha'n fhaod mo chàil a bhi tais,
'S Pallas a' dìol neart 's a' ghreis.
Ged rachadh neach ás an uair,
A cheart aindecòin luas nan séud,
Mur teid a' chàraid gu dìth,
Bidh fear dhiubh fo chis an éig.
Impidh cuirim ort d' a réir,
Beachdaich gu géur air mo chainnt ;
Ma 's e 's gu'n toir Pallas buaidh,
'S gu'n tuit iad fo chrus mo lann,
Fasaidh m' eich 's a' bhall so 'n raon,
'S an t-srian sìnte thaobh an cuil ;
Léum gu suidh', Ænéas àidh,
'S glac na stéudan is àrd cliu.

Sguab iad an sin leat 'n an dean,
 Null gu reang a' chabhlaich mhòir.
 'S iad sìlidh nan cruibh-each clis,
 A fhuair Tros mar ghibht bho Iobh ;
 Air shàilbh Gharaimaid ghrinn,
 Mheal e phrìs bho rìgh nan spéur.
 An leth-bhreac cha'n fhacas riabh,
 Near no nìar a' triall fo'n ghréin.
 Bho sgann Laomedoin àird,
 Ghoid Anchises àlach nuadh ;
 Làirean bàsmhor sheòl an tréun
 An caraibh nan stéud bith-bhuan,
 Sia searraich òg, eangbhaidh, luath,
 Dh' fhàs gu h-inbhe mu 'stuaidh mhòir ;
 Ghleidh an rìgh ceithir gu féum,
 'S bho iolainn fhéin chaith iad lòn.
 Fhuair Ænéas seilbh a dhà
 Thun nam blàr, 's gu'r àillidh 'n agéimh ;
 Na'n glact' iad sid leinn 's a' chrìch,
 Sgaoilt' ar cliu 's gach tìr fo nèamh.

B' amhuil còmhraidh an dà shuinn,
 'N uair thàinig 'n a stìll g'an còir
 A' marcachd nan srann-each garg,
 Dà fhear-stiuridh arm na Tròidh'.
 Thòisich air druideadh 'n an dàil,
 Mac Lycàoin nan cath géur ;
 Fhuirbidh mhòraich, mhìlltich, bhrais,
 A shliochd an fhior ghaigich thréin,
 M' iuthaidh cha chuireadh ort snaim,
 Aig feobhas a ruinn gu creuchd ;
 Bheir mi nis' ionnsuidh gun cheilg,
 Dh' fhiach an dìong an t-arm so gléus.
 Labhair e 's tilgear 'n a deann,
 Glocach iarunn an fhad chroinn ;
 Bhuail e 'n sgiath bhreac air a druim,
 'S romh 'n ghorm mhàillich shnàmh an
 ruinn,

An sin thug mac Lycàoin éubh :
 Fhuair thu créuchd, a thriath nam buadh ;
 'S dearbh leam nach cian bhust an t-éug,
 Bidh cuimhn' air an éuchd ri luas.

Ghrad-fhreagair an saoidh gun fhiamh,
 'S faoin thu cha d' rinn d' iarann stath ;
 Ach mu'n sguir sinne de'n ghnìomh,
 Bidh aon slos aig dia nam blàr.
 Thilg e 'n sin an tréin' a neart,
 Dh' imir Pallas feart le 'làimh ;
 Eadar a dhà shuil 's a shròn,
 Fhuair an Tròidheach cròc a' bhàis.
 Seach a dhéud bu chnàimh-gheal snuagh,
 Thriall an deilgneach fhuar gun bhàigh ;
 Ghearr i romh 'n teanga le srann,
 'S chitheadh cam fo 'n smig a barr,
 Thuit e 'm priobadh 's mu 'chliabh garbh,
 'Ghliongraich armachd nan dealbh ur ;
 'S chliag le maoim na seang-eich luath,
 'S dh' fhàg iad an corp fuar gun lùs.
 Leum Ænéas gu 'ghrad-dhìon,
 Le shleagh mhòir 's a sgiath ri 'thaobh,
 Null 's a nall mu chairbh a ruin,
 Mar leomhann garg, gnuth fo fhraoch,
 Chuibhleadh e 'm fad-ghath mu 'n cuairt,

'S an targaid ualbhreach 'n a dhòrn,
 A' raoicich 's a' bagairt aoig,
 Na'n druideadh neach faoin g' a chòir.
 Thog an Gréugach 'n a dhòid dhuinn,
 Faob cloiche 's i gailbheach crom,
 Dithis cha ghluaisleadh am meall,
 De 'n t-sìlidh tha nis air fonn.
 Shìab esan am pluchd gun strìth,
 'S thilg air mac Anchiseis àigh.
 Thuit uibe nan creimnean geur,
 Mu bhun na sleid' air a' chnàimh ;
 Cnàimh a chinn reamhar mu 'n alt,
 Spealg a' charraig neartmhor, chruaidh,
 Ghearr i' dà fheith anns an sgrìb,
 'S an craicionn bu mhìne snuagh.
 Thuit an laoch air a leth-ghlùn ;
 'S a làmh lubt' an taic a chuim ;
 Chaidh tuaineal breislich mu 'shuil,
 'S nial dubhraidh an dorcha dhuinn.

An sin dhearbhteadh leir-sgrìos gun dàil,
 Orts' Ænéais àigh nan slògh.
 Mur b' e beachd do mhàthar gaol,
 Venus nighean aobhach Iobh.
 Chuimhrich i iomaguin a crìdh',
 Gaol Anchiseis 's a' ghorm ghleann ;
 Leum i 's thilg mu fùran gràidh
 A dà làimh mar shneachd nam beann ;
 Dh' fhill i timchioll a chuim,
 'Chearb de 'brat bu shoillseach snuagh :
 Lochd cha d' rinn iom-chluith mu 'm pìc,
 No sgrìos millteach nan calg luath.
 Romh strailleadh nan claidheamh dluth,
 Ruag nan cruibh-each, 's fad nan ruinn,
 Ghiulain i 'mac saor a's beud.
 Gu iomall crìoch réidh an fhuinn.

Ach ghleidh Stenelus beachd teann,
 Air ciad fhàint' a cheannaird fheim ;
 Eich mhic Thid thug greis bho'n bhàr,
 'S dh' fhasdaidh e 'n deagh àit' air sréin.
 Ruith e 'n sin, a's ghlac gun dàil,
 Eich Æneais a b' àrd buaidh.
 'S dh' iomain as bho Thrididh 'n a leum,
 Null gu Greugaich nan arm cruaidh.
 Dh' earb e ri chompanaich gaol,
 Deipilus, laoch nan conn,
 Faodail luachmhor nan each seang,
 A ghrad-theirt gu reang nan long.
 'S measail a sheis' aig gach treun,
 Dh' fhàg sin iad le cheile saor.
 Leum esan air cul nan steud,
 'S sheòl le'n sréin thair liad an raoin,
 'N sin shuidh mac Chàbain gun cheilg,
 Air cathair a charbaid fheim.
 'S chuir 'n an dian shiubhal na h-eich,
 Siar air Diomed nan cleas geur.
 Bhòchd e le feirg, an gaisgeach cèrr,
 Mar reubadh a chòir bho 'làimh ;
 Ruith e le fad shleagh nam beum,
 An deigh Venuis nan caoin ghradh.

(Ri leantainn.)

SEALG BHEINN-EIDIR.

Fionn le feachd an Feinne,
Air cùl Bheinn-Eidir a' sealg.

Chuala mise roimhe so gu'n deachaidh Fionn le feachd na Feinne la a shealg gu cùl Bhein-Eidir. Thaghail iad air an uidhe a chur seachad na h-oidhche an tigh Abhchain bhig na bruinne. Bha cathair ann do gach triath ach Conan, 's b' eudar dhàsan suidhe gu leathan air leacan an urlair. Thòisich càch air fanaid air, agus air tilgeil smugaid na geilte air. Theann Conan ri carachadh a thoirt air fhein, ach ma theann, a mhic chridhe, cha b' urrainn da glideachadh—bha shuidhe's a chasan air leanachd ris an urlar.

An uair a chunnaic càch an orra-shuidhe bhi air a' chulaidh-thruais a bh' air na leacan, theab iad an clìth a chall leis a's ghàireachdaich.

"Bu mhi 'pioc-an-coimheach,' " arsa Conan, "ach na 'm biodh sibh air an aon dìol riumsa cha b' urrainn duibh mòran a dhianamh air ar son fhein, 's cha bhiodh sibh cho ro mhath air magadh."

An uair a chuala iad so, theann iad uile ri gluasad, ach, cleas Chonain, bha an suidhe air leanachd ris na cathraichean, agus na cathraichean air leanachd ris an urlar. Chuir so a' ghlas-ghuib orra, 's dh' àireamh Fionn an Fheinn. Dh' ionntraich e dithis—Diarmad a's Laothair, 's shéid e corn-nam-fiùth.

Am bial an anmoich, le tubaist air choirigin, mhearachdaich Diarmad a's Laothair an Fheinn, 's bha iad ag cumail air an aghart, gun dìon, gun fhasgadh gus an d' thainig iad air sìthein faoin an iomall na frithe. Is ann ann an so a bha iad an uair a chuala iad an corn. Thuig iad gu'n robh iomral no éiginn 's a' chùis; a's togar orra, gun bhiadh gun deoch, 's dianar caol dìreach air an àite as an cual iad an corn—tigh Abhchain

bhig na bruinne. Rainig iad; ach ged a bhiodh iad fhathast a' dol timchioll an tighe, cha'n fhaigheadh iad dorus, no vinneag, no toll air. Mu dheireadh thug Diarmad leum air mullach an tighe, 's cuirear dìdeag a stigh air an fhàrlus, agus faicear na suinn 'n an suidhe gu soistinneach. Bheannaich e dhaibh, a's bheannaich iad dhà; agus dh' fharraid e dhiubh an ann an sid a sheid Fionn an corn. Thuirt Fionn 's e freagairt, gu'r h-ann, agus na 'm bu duine esan a bh' air tì math, nach b' ann romh 'n àm a thàinig e; ach na 'm bu duine e a bh' air tì cron, gu'n robh gu leoir diante an sid mar a bha; agus an sin dh' innis e mar a dh' éirich dhaibh. "Innis dhomh-sa ma ta ciod is math leat mi a dhianamh, 's cha'n fhàg mi iall gun tarrainn gu fuasgladh oirbh," arsa Diarmad.

"Rach a dh-fhaire àth na h-ambhna ud shios," an nochd, arsa Fionn, "agus innsidh mi dhut am màireach, ciod a bhios agad ri dhianamh."

Thuirt Conan, "Mur toir thu leat biadh a m' ionnsaidh-sa, cha bhi buaidh ach ortsa no ormsa cho luath 's a gheabh mi fuasgladh."

Dh' fhalbh Diarmad a's Laothair a dh-fhaire na h-ambhna. Cha b' fhada bha iad an sin an uair a dh' fhairich iad fuaim mhòr, fìoram, agus farum tàirneinich, clachan beaga a' dol an ìochdar, 's clachan mòra a' tighinn an uachdar! Co bha 'n so ach an triùir a bu shine de mhic rìgh Lochlunn le feachd armailte.

"Co an dà ludaire mhor a tha 'n so, a' faire an àth mu 'n tràth so dh' oidhche," arsa na farbhalaich.

"Is coma sin," arsa Diarmad, "ach co an triùir mhac rìgh sibhse le feachd armailte a' dol a chur an àth mu 'n àm so dh' oidhche, 's gu 'm bu chòir dhuibh gabhail mu thàmh an déis dol fotha na gréine."

“Is sinne,” ars’ iadsan, triuir de mhic rìgh Lochlunn a’ dol air chuireadh gu cuirm ’s gu cuid oidhche gu Fionn Mac-Cumhail ’s gu mhuinntir.”

“Cha teid sibh an sin an nochd ach thair m’ amhaich-sa,” arsa Diarmad; ’s dh’ fharraid e de Laothair cia dhiubh a chasgradh e triuir mhac an rìgh, no am feachd.

“Casgraidh mise triuir mhac an rìgh,” arsa Laothair.

Thòisich an cath; agus mar a bu tiuighe iad, is ann a bu taine iad; agus mar bu taine iad is ann a bu trom-bhuailtiche iad; ’s mar bu trom-bhuailtiche iad, is ann a bu trom-mharbhtaiche iad; agus an àm éirigh na gréine, cha robh ceann Lochlunnaich air coluinn no coluinn gun sgoltadh ’s gun àitheadh. An sin thog Diarmad a’s Laothair orra gu falbh. Mar a bha iad a’ tilleadh air an ais, gun mhìr bìdh gun diar dibhe, a’ smaoineachadh cìod a bheireadh fuasgladh do ’n Fheinn, tachrar maighdean Eilein-an-éisg orra, ’s cliabh de dh-aran ’s de dh-iasg aice. Bheannaich i dhaibh ’s bheannaich iad d’ i, ’s tuitear i ’n trom ghaol air Diarmad ’s thugar dhaibh gun obadh an cliabh ’s na bh’ ann ’s bu bheag leatha e, gu fuasgladh air maithean na Feinne. Rainig iad tigh Abhchain; ach cha deachaidh iad a stigh, air eagal gu ’n tuiteadh iad cleas chàich, fo dhraoidheachd rìgh Lochlunn. Is e a rinn iad dol air mullach an tighe, agus an t-aran ’s an t-iasg a thilgeil a stigh air an fhàrlus dhaibh—fear an deigh fir. Cha robh teanga Chonain riabh fo ’chrios agus choisinn a mhì-fhoighidinn da ’s droch-uair so, deireadh riarachaidh. Bha Diarmad ’g a chur seachad air Conan, agus Conan ’s a’ ghlaodhaich, “Na ’m b’ ann mar sin a dhianadh tu air na h-ingheanan cha bhiodh na mnathan cho trom an déigh ort.”

Chuir Fionn an oidhche sin a rithist iad a dh-fhaire na h-amhna, ’s thuirt e riu làn na cuaiche thoirt leo de dh-fhuil mic an rìgh. Ràinig iad an t-àth. Cha robh iad ach gearid an sin an uair a chuala iad fuaim mhor, fìoram agus farum mar a chuala iad an oidhche roimhe. Cìod a bha ’n so ach an triuir a b’ òige de mhic rìgh Lochlunn le feachd armailte.

Thuirt mic an rìgh, “Co an dà ludaire mhor mhi-dhealbhach a tha ’n so?”

“Tha sinne,” arsa Diarmad; “ach, oo sibhse, no càite tha sibh a’ dol le feachd armailte a’ dol a chur an àth, ’s gu ’m bu chòir dhuibh gabhail mu thàmh an déigh dol fotha na gréine?”

“Is sinne,” ars iadsan, “an triuir is òige de mhic rìgh Lochlunn, a’ dol air chuireadh gu fleadh gu Fionn Mac-Cumhail ’s gu mhuinntir.”

“Bidh fios co is treasa mu ’n cuir sibh an t-àth an nochd,” arsa Diarmad; ’s gun tuilleadh éisdeachd, thuirt e ri Laothair, “cia dhiubh a dh’ fhoghnas tu do mhic an rìgh no do ’m feachd?” Thuirt Laothair gu ’m foghnadh e do mhic an rìgh, ’s chaidh na suinn an dàil a chéile, ’s mar bu tiuighe na Lochlunnaich is ann a bu taine iad, ’s mar bu taine iad is ann a bu trom-bhuailtiche iad, ’s mar bu trom-bhuailtiche iad is ann a bu trom-mharbhtaiche iad, ’s mu éirigh na gréine cha robh gin beo de na Lochlunnaich ach fear a bh’ air leth-laimh, ’s fear a bh’ air leth-chois. Thog iad làn na cuaiche de dh-fhuil mic an rìgh ’s thill iad gu tigh Abhchain bhig na bruinne.

An uair a ràinig iad ’s a dh’ innis iad an sgial, thuirt Fionn ri Diarmad e chur na fala ri buinn a dha chois fhein an toiseach, agus an sin e thighinn a stigh ’s e ’g a cur riuthasan, ’s gu ’m faigheadh iad fuasgladh. Is ann mar sin a rinn e.

Bha Conan cho leamh 's a b' àbhaist le cion na foighidinn 's gu'm b' e an deireagan; ach, cha bu luaithe a bhean an fhuil dh' a chasan na thug e leum as; agus le neart na cabhaige lean a shuidhe ris na leacan. Bha e an sin 's an ochanaich air feadh an tighe gus an do shuath Fionn an fhuil ris, 's an do leighis e.

An uair a fhuair an Fheinn iad fhein uidheamachadh, dh' fhalbh iad air cheann an turuis, a shealg gu cul Bheinn-Eidir. Ràinig iad gun mhoille gun sgìos, agus chuir iad an fhaghaid gu dian, toirteil, 's rinn iad làmhach air an robh ainm. An uair a chualaich 's a chruinnich iad an t-sealg 's a shuidh iad a sheanchus, faiceariad luidreagan luaineach, mi-dhealbhach a' leum gach feithe 's a' tomhas gach glaice, a' dianamh orra caol dìreach. Thàinig e 's bheannaich e dhaibh am briathran fiosnachail, fosnachail, fìor-eòlach. Bheannaich iadsan dāsan 's na briathran ciadna. An sin dh' fharraid Fionn d' e fàth a thuruis. Thuirt an Luidreagan gu 'n robh e dol air tòir maighistir. Dh' fhaighnich e dh' e an robh ceaird aige no ciod an tuarasdal a bhiodh e 'g iarraidh. Thuirt an Luidreagan gu 'm bu chòcaire e, 's gu 'n gabhadh e muinntireas bliadhna 's nach biodh e ag iarraidh de thuarasdal ach aon achanaich; agus chuir Fionn muinntireas bliadhna air. "Cha 'n fhaod i bhi trom, ma ta" arsa Conan. "Fosadh ort, fhir chrìn a' chonais," arsa an Luidreagan, "mhothuich mi lorg do theanga cian mu 'm faca mi thu;" agus gun fheitheamh ris a chòrr a ràdh no eisdeachd togar eallach de 'n t-sithinn air a' mhuin, 's tàrrar dhachaidh cho luath 's gu 'm b' eadar do 'n Fheinn Caoilte chur as a dheaghaidh a chumail seallaidh air. An uair a bhiodh Caoilte air an dàrna faireamh bhiodh an Luidreagan air an fhàireamh

eile; agus mar sin gus an d' ràineas an tigh. Cha d' rug Caoilte riabh air; ach bha 'n t-ana-cothrom aige: bha aige ri feitheamh gus an tigeadh an Fheinn 's an t-sealladh, agus a rithist tàrrsuinn an deaghaidh an Luidreagain. Ach a dh-aindeoin an cabhaige, 's cha bu bheag i, bha an t-sithionn air a gréidheadh rompa aig a' chòcaire ùr.

Bha iad fhein 's an Luidreagan a' tighinn air a chéile gu gasda—cha d' fhuair iad còcaire riabh cho math ris. Ach coma, cha do ghabh e ach muinntireas bliadhna, 's cha robh a' bliadhna fada dol seachad. An uair a ruith an ùine, thuirt Fionn ris an Luidreagan ainm a chur air a thuarasdal. "Ma ta," arsa esen, "fhuair mi cho suairce, fiachail thu fhad 's a thug mi fo d' fhàrdoich 's gu'r beairt is suaraiche dhomh d' aoighealachd a dhìol le cuid oidhche thoirt dut." Bha fios aig an Luidreagan gu math gu 'n cumadh Fionn a ghealladh, agus thuirt e ris gu 'n robh e ag cur mar chroiscan 's mar gheasan air dol gun ghille, gun chù, gun duine ach e fhein 'n a ònrachd, 's oidhche chur seachad aige.

"Càite am beil do thigh," arsa Fionn.

"Tha an iomall an domhain," arsa an Luidreagan, "'s bì-sa 'g a iarraidh gus an amais thu air," agus ghabh e a' chead diubh.

"Cha mhi nach d' aithnich gu 'm faodadh an achanaich a bhi trom," arsa bial na h-ìomchoire, Conan.

Cha robh comas air. Bha Fionn a nise deas air son falbh. Thuirt an t-amadan ris: "Co a bheir biadh dhomhsa gus an till thu?" "Bheir am fear aig am fàg mi ordugh na Feinne," arsa Fionn. "O, nach fhaod mi dol comhla riut," arsa an t-amadan. "Is duine thu," arsa Fionn. "Nach leig thu Bran ann, ma ta," arsa an t-amadan. "Is cù

e," arsa Fionn. "Nach toir thu, cia dhiubh, leat slabhraidh Bhraim, ma's dìon an cù, 's dìon a shlabh-raidh" ars' an t-amadan. Thog Fionn air, 's thug e leis an t-slabhraidh.

Shiubhail e cian fhada, 's fada nan cian, a's làn fhada air forfhais an tighe, gus mu dheireadh an d' ràinig e tigh rìgh Lochlunn. Cha d' rinneadh furan no faoilte ris; is ann a ghrad-iarr an rìgh air fichead de na bh' air a làimh dheis éirigh 's a cheangal. Dh' éirich iad, 's cha d' fhàgadh cathair gun bhristeadh no tarrang gun fheachdadh, 's a' chuid nach do phronn Fionn de na fir, chuir e ceangal nan trì chaol orra. "Eireadh dà fhichead de na th' air mo làimh chli," ars' an rìgh, "'s ceangladh iad am farbhal-ach." Dh' éirich iad, ach cha b' fhada gus an robh iad air dìol chàich. "Eireadh ceithir fichead agus ceangladh iad e," ars' an rìgh a rithist. Dh' éirich iad sid, 's cha d' fhàgadh cathair gun bhristeadh, no tarrang gun fheachdadh, 's rinneadh Fionn a cheangal. Thilg iad an sin fo 'n chomhla e. Gach uair a dh' fhosgladh i cha 'n fhàgadh i rib chraicinn air eadar mullach a chinn agus buinn a chas; 's an uair a dhùineadh i chuireadh i rithist air ais air e. Gu tuilleadh pianaidh a thoirt da, bhathas a' tilgeil chnàmh air, agus an sin bhiodh na coin a' sabaid air a mhuin 's 'g a' thoirt as a chéile 'n a shreòicean. Is ann mar sin a chuir Fionn seachad an oidhche, 's bu daor a cheannach air muinntireas an Luidreagain.

Bha mac de 'n t-Seanghall-eòlach air fear de 'n chuideachd, 's 'n uair a chaidh e dhachaidh 's a' mhadainn, thuirt e ri 'athair gu 'n robh an t-aon duine bu bhriagha chunnaic e riabh air an aon dìol bu mhiosa chunnaic no chual e riabh, an raoir an tigh an rìgh. Ràinig an Seanghall-eòlach an rìgh 's thuirt e ris nach b' fhiach

leis fhéin a leithid a dhianamh air duine sa bith: air Fionn Mac-Cumhail fhein mo dhearg nàmhaid, cha dianainn e—b' annsa leam a chur thun a' choin-ghlais aig Airc mac Donaich mhic Lir—loisgidh ésan e le aon toth dh' a anail, mar uidhe sheachd mìle dha. Dh' aontaich an rìgh so a dhianamh, agus thug iad Fionn leò brùite, créuchdach mar a bha e, an coinneamh a' choin-ghlais. An uair a dh' fhairich Fionn an cù a' tighinn thog e slabhraidh Bhraim 'n a làimh. An uair a chunnaic an cù Fionn 's ann a thainig e shodal ris, agus cha leanadh e duine no bean ach e. Co b' e an cu-glas ach bràthair do Bhran. Ghoid na Lochlunnaich e air an Fheinn 's e 'n a chuilein. An sin chaidh Fionn a dh' fhuireach do thigh Airc mhic Donaich mhic Lir, 's thug e là a's bliadhna ann, 's an cu-glas ag glanadh a chréuchd 's a' leigheas a lot, gus mu dheireadh thall an d' rinn e luim air corn-nam-fiùth a shéideadh.

Bu dubhach, cianail an Fheinn fad na h-ùine sin a' feitheamh ri sgial bho Fhionn; 's bu shubhach aobhach iad ri cluintinn sgàl a' chuirn—ged a bu mhanadh na h-éiginne, bu rabhadh gu fuasgladh, a's thog iad orra 's an Treachail-mhara null thair tuinn do Lochlunn.

Bha buaidh na h-aoighe riabh air Fionn an sòlas 's an dòlas, ri coigrich 's ri dàimh, agus, 'n a eirpleach mar a bhà e, thàlaidh e cridhe Airc 's a mhuinntreach, 's bha iad uile fìor chaoimhneil ris. Là dh' an robh bean-an-tighe 's a' choillidh a' bleogham nan gobhar, faicear i na h-aon daoine b' eireachd-aile chunnaic i riabh ag caitheamh chleas air an tràigh. Mu 'n gann a cheangail i an t-imdeal air a' ghogan, thugar i as 'n a ruith 's 'n a leum dhachaidh; 's thuirt i ri Airc 's ri Fionn gu 'n robh na h-aon daoine bu bhriagha chunnaic i riabh ag caithe-

eamh chleas air an tràigh, 's gu 'm b' fhiach dhaibh dol a dh-aon ghnòthach g' am faicinn. Dh' fhaighnich Fionn ciod a bu choltas daibh. Dh' innis a' bhean chòir an dealbh 's an dreach mar a b' fhearr a b' aithne dh' i; "ach," ars' ise, "tha aon lasgaire mùirneach, donn ann, 's mar is math mo chuimhne, 's e Diarmad a chuala mi iad ag ràdh ris—an t-aon duine 's àluinne air an do leag maighdean a sùil, no, ge mòr am facal e, a sheas riabh air tràigh Lochlunn.

Thuig Fionn gu math co b' iad na suinn a bh' air an tràigh, 's togar air g' an ionnsaidh. Is dearbh gu 'n robh mùirn a's aighir air an Fheinn, 's nach bu lugha othail nan con, an uair a ràinig Fionn. An uair a dh' aithris e dhaibh gach allaban, a's mìomhadh, a's drochd-ghiollachd a fhuair, e agus cruadal a sheas e bho 'n a dhealaich iad, thog iad socag thalmhainn, 's dh' éubh iad "aich-mheil."

Cha do leig Fionn leo an aich-mheil a thoirt am mach—cha b' fhiach leis; ach, an deaghaidh dhaibh taing a's buidheachas a thoirt do dh-Airc air son 'aoidheachd, thug iad air an rìgh dol 'n am mèinn agus mathanas iarraidh. An sin thog iad na siùil 's an Treachail-mhara, 's chuir iad an cùl ri tir nan geas; ach cha b' ann a dheòin Chonain—b' àill leis-san nach fàgadh iad ceann air coluinn, no crom, no clach, no fardach gun chreach 's gun losgadh.

An uair a chaidh iad air tir, chuir iad ri theine tigh Abhchain bhig na bruinne; a's chuir iad a rithist an t-sealg air cùl Bheinn-Eidir. Rinn iad fìeadh mòr, mùirneach, aighir-each, 's thug iad cuireadh do 'n càirdean uile, 's do 'n daimhich, a's mhair e là a's bliadhna, agus ma 's fhior na chualas cha tig 's cha d' thàinig a leithid eile. GLASRACH.

SOP AS GACH SEID.

An uair a leumas e an' fheill Brighde cha'n earb an sìonnach earball ris an deigh.

La fheill Brighde bàine bheir na cait an connadh dhachaidh.

Cha tig fuachd gu h-earrach,
Cruaidh-chàs no droch-cheannach.

Seachd bolla de shneachda gearrain
Dol a stigh romh aon toll tora.

Am fiar a thig a mach 's a' Mhàrt,
Theid e stigh 's a' Ghiblin.

Sgrìb mhor a' bhonnaich bhig.

Uisge teth bho'n bhuain,
'S uisge fuar bho'n ar.

Am fear nach cuir ri la fuar,
Cha bhuain ri la teth.

'S fhearr an sneachda na bhi gun sian
An déis an sìol a chur 's an talamh.

'S fhearr aon oidhche Mhàirt,
Na trì oidhcheannan foghair.

AN INID—an ciad mhàrt de'n t-solus earraich.

An inid bheadaidh thig an là romh 'n oidhche.

Ubh air inid 's ian air chàisg,
Am fitheach aig nach bi sin,
Bithidh am bàs!

Didònaich crom, dubh,
Plaoisgidh mi 'n t-ubh.

Mar chloich a' ruith ri bruthach,
Feasgar ruighinn earraich;
Mar chloich a' ruith le gleann,
Feasgar fann foghair.

Reothairt na Feill-Moire,
'S boile na Feill Pàdrùig.

La Fheill Pàdrùig earraich,
Thig an nìomhair (?) as an tom;
Cha bhi mise ris an nìomhair,
'S cha bhi an nìomhair bho chd rium.

AM A' CHUIR.

An ciad 'mhàrt, leig seachad;

An dara màrt, ma 's eudar;

An treas màrt, ged nach rachadh clach ceann-a'-mheoir an aghaidh na gaoithe tuath cuir an sìol a's talamh.

Mìos Faoilich, seachdain Feadaig, ceir-ladiag Gearrain, seachdain Caillich, trì latha sguabaig, suas e an t-earrach.

AN SGIOLBAIREACHD.



GLEUS F.

: D., t₁ : d., d | d¹ : S., l : s., f | m., d : R., m : f., l | s : M., d : m., m | r., d |: D., t₁ : d., d | d¹ : F., m : f., l | s : L., d¹ : t., d¹ | s : T., d : m., m | r., d |: D., t₁ : d., r | m., f : S., f : m., r | m., d : F., d¹ : t., l | s : D., d : m., m | r., d |

Rinneadh an t-òran so le Iain Moirison a bh' anns na Hearadh, ann am freagradh do dhàn molaigh a rinneadh dha leis an Urramach Frannsidh Mac Bheathain, a bha aig an àm a' saothreachadh 's a' chèarna sin de 'n Ghàidhealtachd. D. R. M.

Chuala mi bho phàirt
Mu'n chliù àdhmhor, fhlatbail,
'Thug thu orm do chàch
'N a do dhàn ro ealant';
Dh' fhuilingeadh e gun sgàth,
Ged bhiodh dòrn no dhà
Air a thoirt dheth 'bhàrr
'S e ro àrd bho 'n talamh,
Air son daol-chnuimh fhalamh,
Làn de ghaoid mhi-fhallain,
Us de mhòr chuis-ghràin
'Th' air mo chàirdean falaicht'.

Ach, a Fhrannsidh chòir,
Sheinn thu 'n ceòl ro fhada;
Leig thu 'mach an sgòd
Leis an t-seòl gu 'chlaigeann;
'N uair bu chòir an còrs'
'Chumail suas air dòigh,
'S fraoch nan stoirm cho mòr,
'S sgiob' air bòrd cho lapach
'S gu'm faod iad tre chadal,
'N àm nan sian 's na frasachd,
Calldach 'leigeadh òirn,
Nach diol òr air ais dhuinn.

Ballaist 'chur 's na cruinn,
Cha chuir innte taic dhuinn;
Sitil a chur ri 'druim,
Cha chuir sgoinn 'n a h-astar;
Stiùir 'chur os a cinn,
Oha dean itil do 'n luing;
'S pump gun' cheann 's an taoim
Cha chuir sginn a mach dhith.
Nach e 'ceum 'bhios glagach,
'Null 's a nall, 's air tarsainn?
Ceart cha seòl i dhuinn,
'S gleus gach buill às altan.

Biadh a chur mu 'r druim,
Cha chuir dhinn an t-acras;
Eudach 'chur 'n ar broinn,
Cha chum sinn gu fasgach;
Clogaid 'bhi m' ar buinn,
Cha dean ceann-bheairt dhuinn;
'S brògan 'chur m' ar cinn,
Cha dean loinn do 'r casan;
'S déisthinneach mi-mhaiseach
'Bhios ar sgèimh ri fhaicinn;
Cha tig neach 'n ar gaoith,
'Chi ach oilt 'n ar fasan.

Cha tearainteachd dhùinn
Toirt ar cùram seachad,
'G radh "Na abair dùrd,
Tha 'n *Insurance* beairteach;"
'S iomadh aon 'bha 'n dùil
Nach robh meang 'n an cùis,
D' a thrìd 'chaill an cùrs',
Dh' easbhaidh diùdh us faicail,
'S riamh nach d' rànaig dhachaidh
'Dh' ionnsaidh seòlaid acair',
'S nach do sheilbhaich stùr
Dheth na b' àidh leo 'ghlacadh.

Ged robh sinn 's an luing,
Pailt an luim 's an acfhuinn,
'S ged b' eòl dhuinn le cinnt,
Feum gach buill us beairte;
Ciod an stàth 'bhios dhuinn
Eòlas 'bhi 'n ar cinn
Air gach ball 'bhios innt',
Mur 'bi sinn 'g an cleachdadh?
Feumar còrd 's an acair',
'S 'cheann air bòrd 'bhi glaiste,
'S ris gach sruth us gaoith,
'N combaid cruinn a leantainn.

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“OLIM MARTE, NUNC ARTE.”

THE readers of Dean Ramsay's "Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character" (and who has not read that most charming book), will remember the facetious Laird of Eldin's translation of the motto of the Caledonian Society, "Unco Robbers, noo Thieves." We confess our admiration of the appositeness of the motto was rather increased than diminished by the rendering, more classical than complimentary, of the wittiest of Scotch lawyers. A keen perception of, and true sympathy with, altered times and ways prompted the choice of the motto; the consciousness of a fact historically significant probably dictated the grimly humorous translation.

"Olim Marte, nunc Arte"—a sentiment of ever increasing significance to all teachers, philanthropists, and reformers as the ages roll;—a fact which our profoundest philosophers and our wisest statesmen are daily becoming more deeply impressed with;—a truth which, like all truths of universal application, has been slowly but surely gaining ground among us, influencing our political faith, and shaping the political destiny of our common weal. That peoples in the early stages of their progress in the world use their hands more than heads, is a fact confirmed by history and admitted by philosophy. It is, indeed, true that in the earliest stages of man's progress, as in the latest, mental power gives force and direction to physical energy; but it is none the

less true that in the advance of civilisation the motive power of the two forces is reversed. A maximum of the physical and a minimum of the mental characterise the action of uncivilised man; civilisation consists in minimising the physical human agency by an increased use of the mental. Primeval man subdues the soil with the rudest tools, and his neighbour with the rudest weapons. The necessities of his position force him to call more and more to his aid the inventive powers of his mind. The use of machinery for increasing his comforts and extending his conquests is the result. Of human civilising agencies the sword has hitherto been the foremost in time; and, till of late, the foremost in power. Commerce followed in the wake of Conquest. If Mercury is the messenger of the gods to men, Mars has hitherto been the resident ambassador at the earthly court. The higher conception of advancing the cause of civilisation by moral instead of material agency is but beginning to dawn upon the minds of the foremost nations of the world. But may we not hold the faith strong within us that this light, dim as yet though it be, will shine with ever increasing brilliance, and that soon it will cover the earth with a noon-day blaze.

The grave historian as well as the grim humourist might trace a resemblance between the warrior and the robber, the trader and the thief; and would probably find peoples and places, elsewhere than in the High-

lands of Scotland, where the distinction between the respective classes was not very strongly marked. But we do not pretend to assert that among our countrymen war was always conducted in conformity with the approved rules of chivalry ; nor that the highest principles of commercial morality always regulated the transactions of our people. In these respects, Highlanders, I imagine, were not much better nor much worse than others similarly situated. But although our political and social condition for centuries, both with respect to ourselves and to our southern neighbours, gave point as well as pungency to John Clerk's translation, the motto of the Caledonian Society, in its true meaning, enunciated a principle peculiarly applicable to the circumstances of the Scottish Gael for the last one hundred and thirty years.

For several hundred years down to the middle of last century, the social and political state of the Scottish Highlands remained practically unchanged. Hemmed in upon the one side by the "melancholy ocean," upon the other by a powerful and aggressive neighbour with a strange tongue, the Highlander lived unaffected by the great intellectual and religious movement which passed over the west of Europe in the sixteenth century. But while the great mass of the Highland people remained uninfluenced from without, their barren soil, their severe climate, their mountain home, and their constant practice in the art of war developed them into a bold, hardy, self-reliant people, such as was probably to be found nowhere else in Europe. After the last brilliant but desperate attempt to place the Stuarts upon the British throne, which ended so disastrously to them, but

so auspiciously to the cause of liberty and progress in these isles and in the world, and after the consequent annihilation of their clan-system, it was but natural that the great bulk of our countrymen, whose energy tempted them from home, should follow the profession of arms to which alone they were for centuries reared and nurtured. How nobly they upheld their ancient name and fame—whether as officers or men—the records of the achievements of the British army during the last hundred years can tell !

But while we read with pride of the courage and daring displayed by our countrymen in the field, and while we hold it to be our duty always to contribute our due portion to the military strength of the country, we feel that it is not our duty any more than it is our interest that the best blood of our race should from year to year go to swell the ranks of our regiments. We feel that by us as well as by our southern neighbours, and by us even in a greater degree than by them, *ARS* not *MARS*, ought in future to be chiefly worshiped. The motto of the Caledonian Society long ago pointed out the path of duty to our countrymen. And the same qualities of courage, enterprise and endurance, by which they earned such brilliant reputation as soldiers, can find as ample scope and can ensure as great success in the various walks of civil life. And where our people have come in contact with other races, with a fair field and no favour, they have shown that they can work as well as fight. Abroad, as is well known, Highlanders are and have been among our foremost colonists. And at home, wherever they have been able to enter the lists upon anything like equal terms, they have carried off more than a

fair share of honours. In every department of civil life, as clergymen, lawyers, doctors, painters, merchants, our countrymen hold an honourable place.

But in the success of our countrymen at home, the Highland peasant has hitherto shared but little. In the south of Scotland, as is well known, the most enterprising of the peasantry have not only led the way as skilled artisans, but have freely risen to the highest places of rank and power in the land. But, in this country, the Highland peasant has not been able to an appreciable extent to change his level. Within his own borders there is no field for his ambition; and in the south he is met by competitors as enterprising and ambitious as himself, and better trained for the race than he can be. We consider it a misfortune both for the country and for the people that our Highland peasantry, in order to find a fair field in which they may be able to benefit themselves and their fellowmen must seek other lands. How to adapt our motto to the circumstances of our peasantry, so that they may in future compete with their own countrymen as civilians, as they have in the past competed with them as soldiers, appears to us to be the most important question that can engage the thoughts of our Highland teachers and rulers. And when the day will come that the Highland peasant will be able, in his own country, to run the race of life upon equal terms with his Lowland compatriot, when he will be able to combine intelligence and skill with energy and enterprise, we doubt not but that he will exhibit equal devotedness and win equal renown for himself and his country in his civil, as he formerly won in his military, capacity.

LEVERS TO RAISE OUR PEASANTRY.

I.—THE PEASANT AS HE IS.

It has been customary to look for the homes of freedom and the seats of a manly independence in the hearts of mountainous districts, and among the strengthening and elevating influences of a rigorous climate and a sublime scenery. The powerful and beneficial effects of these natural agencies on the physical state of the mountaineer have never been doubted; and their indirect influence for good, aesthetically on his moral, and physiologically on both his intellectual and moral conditions, is also fairly understood and admitted. The steep valley whose rugged sides he must climb, the sterile soil from which he must wring a scanty existence, the angry elements with which he has so often to contend, all contribute to his physical development. The natural grandeur which attracts so many tourists from every quarter, which affords such exquisite delight to thousands, and whose fine aesthetic force is presumably so powerful, cannot but have a certain silent influence, even upon the rude, untutored mountaineer. The physical soundness also, which his surroundings ensure, promotes moral health, and furnishes a favourable condition for intellectual activity.

But the reflexive influence of scenic grandeur, even when not paralysed by the more powerful influence of filthy homes, and the indirect aids to moral and intellectual excellence resulting from physical health, are but paltry and insignificant in comparison with those great currents of human thought, and speech, and action which continually

direct and fashion the destinies of the human race. A grand scenery, a bleak soil, and a severe climate may turn out men of excellent physique, may ensure courage, valour and endurance, may, in fact, constitute excellent nurseries for the early training of warriors; but physical agencies such as these do not touch the sources of human action, do not inspire man with a high faith in principle which can make even cowards brave, do not endow him with the power to discover and fulfil his relations to all within him and around him, do not open to him the springs of moral and intellectual felicity, and do not ensure to him the development of true manliness, or the enjoyment of true happiness. These are accomplished by social forces. Therefore, although the Highland peasant may be a brave man and an excellent warrior, there is slender reason indeed for supposing that he is, consequently, a man at all in the higher senses of the term. If he is so, it is not because he is a Highlander, but because humanising and benign influences have been brought to bear upon him. Unfortunately, the force and prevalence of these influences have not been great in the Highlands, and influences of a different nature have been perniciously affecting the character and position of the Highland peasant. It may be bitter, but it is certainly better, that we should regard the peasant as the result of these influences, and not as the creation of an over warm patriotism. Regarding him thus, and comparing our conclusions with our own observations, we discover in the Highland peasant a man of great physical development, of a disposition bold and enterprising, of a spirit,—when away from home, lofty, generous, and independent,—when at

home, apparently fawning and parasitical, of a morality by no means low, but at the same time, peculiar, strange, and inconsistent, of an intellect timid and neglected, and of a religion ardent and devout, but not a little contracted, intolerant, and mingled with superstition. The influences which have chiefly contributed to produce these conditions will be considered afterwards, and from a consideration of these influences it may perhaps appear what existing social forces must be encouraged or repressed, and what new agencies must be created to ensure the elevation of the Highland peasant.

MACHAON.



GAELIC SOCIETY OF LONDON.

(From our Correspondent.)

SURROUNDED by the turmoil of business and the commercial interests of the English metropolis, it is not to be wondered at that the insignificant section of Highlanders resident therein were involved in almost absolute obscurity. This disadvantage to them is the more palpable at the present crisis, when brethren in the north and south of their native land are so active and unanimous in matters of importance so serious to the future of the language and its cultivation in their schools. Notwithstanding that the wail of the London Highlander is so far stifled, yet his earnestness in wishing success to the movement now proceeding in favour of the Gaelic Professorship is not less ardent than the Celts of the north themselves, and they would cheerfully lend aid in its establishment; therefore their hearts are in the cause.

The present month of February has occupied the Gaelic Society with its general meeting on the 10th inst., on which occasion the newly elected President and the Vice-Presidents (Mr. J. C. Macphee and Mr. Walter Burton) presided for the first time, and delivered themselves of appropriate addresses. The next object of its attention was the annual ball, which is held under its direction. The Assembly took place on Tuesday 16th, at Willis' Rooms, St. James', instead of as hitherto at the rooms in Hanover Square. Much regret was expressed

for the change for various reasons, not the least of which were that at the latter place the Society had the selection of their own purveyors for the suppers and wines, which provision, however, Messrs. Willis retain for themselves. This restriction is not of easy remedy in the meantime, seeing that the rooms have no rival in the west end quarter, consequent on the sale of those in Hanover Square for a Club-House. The numbers present at the ball were not many short of three hundred, a large number when the circumstances of the private nature of the Gaelic Society and its membership are considered. The programme and the music comprised the newest and best, and one of the quadrilles was danced to the *Tir nam Beann* Gaelic melodies, which were played admirably by the performers in Louis Beck's band. An *encore* was almost unanimously called for. The improvement in eliciting the peculiar points in Celtic airs by them was very marked this year, as compared with their execution of them last year. Listening to them attentively that night, judges expressed as much satisfaction with them as with those arranged from airs of the modern musical school. The supper was presided over by Dr. Halley, one of the Honorary Presidents, who discharged the duties with the grace and geniality which form so large a portion of his nature. The usual loyal toasts were pledged and responded to with heartiness and "Highland honours," but not those exhibited by the elevation of the company on chairs and tables, a custom the worthy chairman observed which "was not Highland and not becoming." One or two more sentiments were given and acknowledged, after which dancing was resumed and continued till a very early hour. The ball-room was decorated most handsomely with various ornamental emblems, including evergreens and numerous patterns of clan tartans. At the further end, and conspicuously, was placed the Gaelic salute "*Faillte's Furan*," which had an excellent effect from the beautiful style of its execution. For the taste displayed herein, the Society is indebted to Messrs. Halley, Robertson, Laing, and Grant (Macdougall & Co., Sackville Street), who formed the decorating committee. Notwithstanding the numbers before stated as being present, and also the high prices of the tickets—33s. for a lady and gentleman—it is doubtful whether the proceeds will do more than cover the expenses, so extravagant are the charges for every item connected with ball-giving in London.—*Inverness Advertiser*.

GREENOCK HIGHLAND GATHERING.

THE annual social gathering of the Highlanders of Greenock and district took place on February 19th in the Town Hall. There was a large attendance, nearly 700 being present. Sheriff Clark, of Glasgow, occupied the chair, and was accompanied to the chair by Professor Blackie, of Edinburgh; Mr. Ross, H.M. Inspector of Schools; Rev. Mr. MacPherson; Collector Campbell; Dr. Allan; Lieut. Woods, Cheetham, and Justice, of H.M.S. Aurora; Commissioners Brown and Black; Dr. Black; Lieut. Black; Lieut. M'Leod; Mr. William Stewart Anderson; Messrs. Archd. Cook, J. Campbell, J. Cameron, S. Nicholson, J. M'Kenzie, Archd. M'Call, Hugh Black, Edward Roberts, R. F. Duncan, T. M. M'Farlane, and D. M'Farlane, &c., &c.

Blessing was asked by the Rev. Mr. Macpherson of the Gaelic Parish Church, Greenock. After tea had been partaken of, the Chairman gave an opening address.

The audience were then treated to two Gaelic songs from an amateur, and songs from Miss Mary Townley, Mr. W. D'Almaine, and Mr. D. Alexander.

Professor BLACKIE, who was received with several rounds of deafening cheers, said: Highlanders of Greenock, I deem myself rather in a strange though honourable position here, being not only guest at a Highland meeting, but somehow or other within the last three months trumped up to an apostle of the Celts from "Johnny Groat's House to Maidenkirke." I "rushed in where angels fear to tread," but they said, "Blackie, you must do the thing or it would not be done." I have had this very difficult task assigned to me of getting a chair of Celtic languages and literature in the University of Edinburgh—not in any common way, but in a way in which no chair was ever got up before, by popular subscription. At first I did not know how to advance, and I thought the best way to do was to wait quietly upon what the doctors call the "expectant system," that was to see whether the patient would recover, whether somebody in New Zealand would leave £10,000 to found a Celtic chair, but I thought that was a lazy way of doing, and one which showed a want of faith in the Celtic people. The moment I began to look round about me I found first one, then another, and another, and now the affair goes on like a house on fire. In Inverness, in Oban, and even in Birmingham, and not to forget Greenock—I forgot to mention Greenock—and in Glasgow, in

which the Celts have come forward and said, "It is not our wish that our language should be extinguished and crushed out in the world." That is a policy which may suit the Irish, but will not do for Highlanders. It may possibly have been a kind of excuse on the part of the extreme party in regard to Ireland some hundred years ago, but there can be no reason for them stamping us out, or for us stamping ourselves out. In the course of four months, with the help of some friends, I have raised almost £4000. Now, observe what would be the practical use and effect of having a professor, not merely of Gaelic, but including Welsh and Erse? What would be the effect of that upon the Highlands, intellectually and morally? It would be that these young men of the University would have an opportunity of being taught what a rich enthusiasm and sentiment they have in their own old war songs. They would not indulge in quoting Horace and Homer, but pieces from those poets of their own country. The first thing a man ought to do is to sing out the songs of his mother tongue, and let me tell you that there is no lyric poetry in the world superior to the Gaelic, unless it be, perhaps, the poetry of Robert Burns. Your young men who went to College and heard their poets expounded, would go back to the Highlands as teachers, with no wretched foreign affectation, but teaching themselves and every man to be Highlanders, rejoicing and thanking God for being so. Then we must connect with this Celtic Chair in Edinburgh—for the scheme enlarges as it goes onward—some half dozen of fellowships worth the sums of £60, £70, or £100 a year, to be given to those most intellectual and best educated of Highland students who have gone through all the regular University classes, and proved to have a thorough knowledge of their own language and a noble enthusiasm in their own poetry. Now that is almost the whole that I wish to say to you. I am determined not to stop until this thing is done completely, and if it be not done in twelve months, it will be your fault, and not mine. (Loud applause, during which the learned Professor resumed his seat.)

The Chairman said that he was glad to hear that the Highland Society had given £50 towards the fund, and he was sure they would all do what lay in their power to aid that scheme.

A service of fruit and a number of songs were given, and after a few closing remarks from the Chairman, the large assemblage broke up.

An assembly, the grand march of which

was led by Highlanders in full costume, followed, and dancing was kept up vigorously until well on in the morning.

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THE HIGHLAND SOCIETY OF LONDON.

The annual court of the governors of this ancient corporation was held on Saturday the 20th ult., at the Scottish Corporation Hall, Crane Court, Fleet Street, London. Major K. Macleay presided. After the transaction of some formal business,—

Dr. HALLEY called attention to the question of the proposed Celtic Chair for the Edinburgh University, and said, that as an old member of the Highland Society, and remembering the purposes for which it was founded, he thought it would be an injustice to the memory of the founders and to the position of the Society to offer such a small sum as twenty-five guineas, as had been proposed, towards the funds for the Celtic Chair. He knew very well that the funds of the Society, so far as the income was concerned, left but a little margin with which to act. However, the object of Professor Blackie was so completely within the purposes for which the Highland Society was originally formed that a subscription of twenty-five guineas from the Society would be a very paltry amount for such a worthy object as the establishment of a Celtic Chair for Edinburgh. Dr. Halley felt that the Society would not be doing more than its duty if it sold out £100 or even £500 of its funds for that end. He would suggest that at least 100 guineas be subscribed to Professor Blackie, and, if necessary, £100 of the funds of the Society should be sold. The occasion was not one that would frequently occur, and it was most essential that the Highland Society of London should not forget the position in which it stood as the first Highland Society of Great Britain. The founding of a Celtic Chair was not only important with regard to Gaelic, but it was also important in its relation to general philology. It was not only for the sake of Gaelic, although the fact of Gaelic being the ordinary vernacular of half a million of people in Scotland alone was of some importance, but it was to be hoped that such a chair would be one of use in philology.

Mr. CHISHOLM GOODEN while deprecating the keeping up of a double language as being injurious, knew the objects for which the Society was incorporated, and had therefore heard with surprise that the paltry sum of twenty-five guineas had been

proposed as the Society's quota towards the Celtic Chair. It ought to be multiplied ten times. Seeing that one of the principal objects of the Society was the sustentation of the Gaelic language, he did not know how the members could acquit themselves from performing that obligation. It had voted £50 to the late secretary for translating "The Queen's Travels" into Gaelic, and other sums had been subscribed for useless purposes, and he should therefore put a formal motion that the sum of £250 be set apart towards the fund for endowing a Celtic Chair for Edinburgh University.

Dr. FARQUHAR MATHESON seconded the motion, and observed that, considering the history of the Society, and the objects for which it was instituted so many years ago, to subscribe only twenty-five guineas would lower the dignity of the Society, and he thought that if the larger sum could not be given, it would be better not to give anything at all. Both the Glasgow and the Edinburgh Celtic Societies had subscribed one hundred guineas, and if the London Society, to whom they looked as the parent Society, gave the meagre sum proposed, it would lose much of its dignity and prestige.

Mr. DANIEL MACKENZIE failed to see that the case was an urgent one, and, looking at the funds of the Society, together with the fact that the Caledonian Society had only given £10 in response to Professor Blackie's request of £100, he (the speaker) considered that a grant of twenty-five guineas would be sufficient. As to the proposal of two hundred and fifty guineas being given, he thought that the capital stock of the Society ought not to be encroached upon to that extent.

Dr. HALLEY thought the last speaker hardly appreciated to the extent, which members of the Society ought to do, the fact that its dignity depended to a certain extent upon its acts. He agreed with Mr. Gooden, and considered that £500 would not be too much, but if £250 were given the Society would not lose either credit or position as the principal Highland Society of Great Britain. It should be remembered that the Highland Society of London was the parent Society of the Highland Societies of Scotland, and that, therefore, nothing derogatory either to the Society or its founders should be done. There were times when the Society ought to act up to the spirit of the founders, and the present was one of such occasions, when it behoved them either to act with a liberal spirit or else to do nothing at all. Nothing would

be lost by acting liberally, for he believed the fact of the Highland Society doing its duty would bring many gentlemen to its ranks. If the Society could say that it had given two hundred and fifty guineas towards a legitimate object, it would be a great point in its favour.

Mr. MACKENZIE moved as an amendment—"That a contribution of fifty guineas be voted, and that the directors would recommend a further contribution of fifty guineas next year."

Dr. RAMSAY seconded the amendment.

Mr. GOODEN said that he should press his resolution.

The CHAIRMAN then put the motion, which was lost, and the amendment was then put and carried.

The meeting next proceeded with the election of officers for the ensuing year, after which a discussion took place with reference to the annual dinner of the society.

Before the meeting separated, Dr. Halley suggested that there should be a Gaelic secretary appointed, it being very anomalous, he thought, that the Society should be without one. He did not make a motion of the subject, however, as the rules of the Society were about to undergo revision.

Thanks to the Chairman concluded the proceedings.

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THE GAELIC SCHOOL SOCIETY.

THE annual meeting of this society was held at Edinburgh on Monday, 22d February. There were amongst the gentlemen present Mr. Josiah Livingston, Rev. J. C. Macphail, Rev. Dr. M'Lauchlan, Rev. A. Mackenzie, Rev. Prof. Macgregor, Rev. W. Scott-Moncreiff, Rev. Dr. Beith, Rev. Wm. Ross (Rothsay), Mr. Barbour of Bonskeid, Mr. J. Carment, Councillor Maclaren, Mr. A. Scott (Beanston), Mr. W. F. Ireland, &c. Mr. Livingston was called to the chair.

The Rev. Mr. MACPHAIL read the annual report. "It is now upwards of sixty-four years since the Society for the Support of Gaelic Schools was founded. At that time there were in the Highlands and Islands not only the parochial schools established by law, but also some 290 schools supported by the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge. But in both the parochial and the society schools the instruction imparted was given exclusively through the medium of the English language. By this method many thousands of the young people were taught to read and

recite English fluently; but on examination it was found that great numbers among them attached no meaning whatever to the words which they had learned to pronounce. Out of a population of 335,000 in the Highlands and Islands, it was computed that 300,000 understood no other language than Gaelic; yet there was no provision of any kind for imparting instruction to that great multitude directly through the medium of the only language which they understood. The consequence was what might have been expected. The people were in a state of the most deplorable ignorance. It was the discovery of this lamentable state of things which led to the establishment of the Society for the support of Gaelic Schools, whose one object was to teach the inhabitants of the Highlands and Islands to read the Holy Scriptures in their native language; and, as the most expeditious, the cheapest, and the most effectual method of securing this end, they resolved to erect circulating schools, which should be planted first in those districts which were farthest removed from all other means of instruction, and which should be conducted in every case only by men whose religious character would be thoroughly in harmony with the sacred work in which they were to be engaged. In the year 1811, three Gaelic schools were opened. Funds were freely contributed to the Society by the Christian community in the south, and Gaelic schools were rapidly opened, not only in the most necessitous districts of the Highlands and Islands, but also for the Gaelic-speaking people who had emigrated from those districts, and settled in the large towns. Instead of the three schools of 1811, there were in 1816 no fewer than 67, while the number of scholars attending the schools increased from 650 in 1812, the second year of the society's operations, to 3557 in 1816. From that time till now, the Gaelic School Society has quietly but steadily prosecuted its blessed work. It has always selected for the field of its operations those districts which were most destitute of other means of instruction. Of late years it has, indeed, allowed its agents to teach the children attending its schools to read English as well as Gaelic; for the ability to read first in Gaelic has made a demand for instruction in English, and this demand many of the teachers are qualified to supply. But its great object has always been, and still is, to teach the Gaelic-speaking population to read the Holy Scriptures in their own language; and it has employed as its agents in this sacred work none but men who, it believed, from

their Christian character and experience, would themselves shine as lights among the people to whom they held forth the Word of Life. The number of schools now connected with the society is thirty. The crisis produced in the educational condition of the country by recent legislation has been a subject of much anxious thought to the directors. The society's great object has been not so much to teach Gaelic, as to teach the Gaelic-speaking population to read the Word of God only in the language in which they can understand it. The result of inquiries has been to show, that while there could be no question at all that there are many thousands of the population to whom it would be still necessary for many a day to teach the reading of Gaelic, it was doubtful whether the local boards would make any effort to secure such teaching, save in a comparatively small number of places. There were two difficulties which were said to stand in the way of teaching the reading of Gaelic in the national schools. One was, that there would be no payment for the teaching of Gaelic under the present code; and the other, that boards would be unduly limited in the choice of teachers were they obliged to appoint none but men who knew that language. Understanding that some changes were likely to be made on the Education Act and on the code, the directors submitted to the Lord Advocate certain modifications on the present code, by which the difficulties that have been mentioned might reasonably be overcome. The sum of their proposal was this:—1. That it should be made optional for certificated teachers and for pupil-teachers labouring in districts where Gaelic is spoken, to be examined in that language; and in the event of their passing such examination, that they should be registered as qualified to teach the reading of Gaelic. 2. That any teacher who has taught for five years in connection with this society should be recognised as a qualified assistant for the purpose of teaching the reading of Gaelic. 3. That wherever it is found necessary to teach the reading of Gaelic in any national school, a sum of £10, over and above all other grants, should be paid to such school as long as the reading of Gaelic shall be taught in it, either by the principal teacher, or by a qualified assistant or pupil-teacher. And 4. That in districts where Gaelic is spoken, either her Majesty's inspector or an assistant should know that language. Even if all this were secured, however, it will still be long before the national system can so fully overtake the educational wants of the remote Highlands and Islands, that

the operations of this society can be dispensed with; and until they can be so, your directors must continue to look to the Christian public for funds to enable them to carry on their necessary and truly Christian work. The statement of accounts showed that while the receipts of the ordinary fund for the year 1874 have been £931, 5s. 7d., the payments have been £1081, 13s. 2d., showing a deficit of £150, 7s. 7d. The superannuation fund receipts were £63, 1s. 6d., and the payments £38, leaving a balance of £25, 1s. 6d."

The Report was unanimously approved, and resolutions adopted, recommending the society to the continued support of the benevolent.

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GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS.

WE remark that this Society is now taking active and practical steps for carrying out with vigour the objects of its existence. At the meeting on Thursday last a committee was appointed for the collection of folk-lore—ancient poetry and prose, old legends and traditions—throughout the Highlands. It is intended that all those collecting such throughout the country will be added to the committee, and everything valuable will be published in the annual volume of "Transactions," with the collector's name appended. All who are willing to engage in this laudable work should at once communicate with the Secretary, who is also convener of the folk-lore committee. Another practical step has been taken in voting a sum of money to be given annually to various schools in the Highlands for the best Gaelic composition; and it was remitted to the council (who will be glad to receive suggestions as to the best arrangements), to complete details and conditions of competition. The council submitted recommendations in favour of active steps for securing Gaelic teaching in Highland schools. These were adopted, and after a full discussion it was unanimously agreed to forward a petition on the subject of Gaelic teaching to Chas. Fraser-Mackintosh, Esq., M.P., Chief of the Society, for presentation to Parliament. A resolution was also passed urging him to call attention to the matter in the House of Commons, and to use his influence with the Education Department of the Privy Council to give effect to the views of the Society in the new code. Several gentlemen were nominated members for election at next meeting, at which the subject will be—a metrical

English translation of "Gaol-nan-Daoine"—one of the oldest and finest compositions in the Gaelic language. The following are the terms of the petition:—

Your petitioners having fully considered the present method of teaching in Highland schools, find that it is unnatural and erroneous, in so far as it entirely ignores the native language, and consequently instead of facilitating, retards education, and produces most unsatisfactory results. So far as known to your petitioners, a system which, contrary to all reason, takes no advantage of the mother-tongue as a *medium* for imparting and acquiring instruction in a language quite unknown to a majority of the pupils, is not adopted anywhere out of the Highlands.

Your petitioners would therefore humbly pray—

First.—That your honourable House will make due provision for the teaching of Gaelic in Highland schools in all districts where that language is spoken by the greater portion of the people. The natural intelligence of the pupils would thus be quickened, and they would more easily acquire an intelligent knowledge of the English language.

Second.—In order to encourage teachers to qualify for teaching in and through the Gaelic language, your petitioners humbly pray that certificates of competency in the language be granted, entitling teachers to a small grant when placed in districts where the Gaelic is the prevailing tongue, and where Her Majesty's Inspector of Schools reports that it is taught beneficially to the scholars.

Third.—That Gaelic be recognised as a special subject.

Fourth.—That in order successfully to carry out the objects of, and give proper effect to, the prayer of your petitioners, and do full justice to the pupils and teachers, your petitioners are of opinion that it is absolutely necessary that all inspectors of schools in the Highlands should be able to understand, and speak, and examine in and through the native language of the scholars.

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NEWS OF THE HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS.

THE LATE SIR ALEXANDER MACDONNELL.—The *Spectator* gives a sketch of the life of the late Sir Alexander Macdonnell, the Resident Commissioner of the Irish Board of Education, who recently died at Dublin. He was the real creator of England's one successful institution in Ireland, the National System of Education. He found it an imperilled experiment, and left it, after his government of thirty-two years, a solid and impregnable organisation. Deceased was a Celt of the Celts, descended from Somerled of the Isles; and he was also the seventh in descent from Colkitto, Montrose's famous lieutenant. His father was a physician in Belfast. Alexander was a friend both of Sir James Mackintosh and the poet, Thomas Campbell. He was educated for the Bar, but was too diffident to be successful. As Resident Commissioner of the Board of Education in Ireland, his spirit of fair play as between Catholics and Protestants—he was himself a Protestant—overcame enormous difficulties. He resigned in 1871, at the age of 77, but he hardly looked within ten years of that age. He had a physique worthy a Macdonnell of the Isles; could in his youth walk forty Irish miles at a stretch, and in his last visit to London, a couple of years ago, to be examined before a Committee of the House of Commons, he brought a friend off to show him with great glee the place where in old Westminster days he had "leathered the butcher." Bronchitis, caught in a season more than usually deadly, carried him off at the age of 80, leaving, says the *Spectator*, few like and few approaching to him.

DEATH OF A YOUNG TEACHER.—We regret much to notice in our obituary the name of Mr. Alexander Mackenzie, Petty Street, ex-pupil-teacher, Farraline Park Institution here. Of that institution he was both a pupil and pupil-teacher, and only completed his apprenticeship about a year ago. In July last, he was appointed to the Public School of Townhill, Dunfermline, where he discharged his duties with great ability, and to the entire satisfaction of all connected with the school; but owing to the insidious disease which has now carried him off, he was obliged to return to Inverness at Christmas, and by the advice

of his medical attendant he soon after resigned his appointment there. Since then his strength rapidly declined until Monday week when he quietly passed away. He was an earnest student and an excellent scholar, and his abilities as a teacher were of a high order. His early death, at the age of nineteen, is deeply lamented by his widowed mother and by all his acquaintances.—*Inverness Advertiser*.

THE CELTIC CHAIR.—Mr. John Macfarquhar, M.A., Edinburgh, honorary secretary, begs to acknowledge, with thanks, the following subscriptions, viz.:—The Right Hon. the Earl of Seafield, £25; Lieut.-Colonel G. A. Grant, C.B., £10; Macleod of Macleod, £25; the Rev. Donald Macleod, Glasgow, £10; Mrs. Jane Clark, Ardersier, £1; Friends of the Gael in Oban, £52; the Highland Society, Greenock, £50.—*Inverness Advertiser*.

In Oban and its neighbourhood, above £80 have been collected for endowing the Edinburgh University Celtic Chair. Among the contributors are Keith Maclellan, Esq. of Melfort, £25; T. W. Murray-Allan, Esq. of Glenfecchan, £10; Colonel Macdougall of Dunollie, £5; Lorn Ossianic Society, £5; Mr. Brown, Banker, Oban, £2, 2s.; Mr. Macintyre, Lochvoil, £2; Mr. Dugald Macniven, Kilninver, £2. The balance of the money is made up of subscriptions from 21s. to 2s. 6d.—*Oban Times*.

EDINBURGH NEW HIGHLAND CLUB.—The Second Annual Gaelic and Scottish Concert of this Club, was held on Saturday evening, the 27th ult., in the Freemasons Hall, George Street, Edinburgh. Professor Blackie presided; and in his address powerfully advocated the recognition of the claims of the Celtic element, in the life and literature of Scotland. The learned and genial Professor concluded by reading a translation of his own, of *Màiri laghach*, which, he said, Burns could not beat. The programme consisted of reels and dances by gentlemen in Highland costume to the strains of the bagpipes, and Scotch and Gaelic songs—the vocalists being Miss Isa Andrews, Miss A. Cairns, and Miss Campbell; and Messrs. Neil M'Donald, K. Mathieson, and Thomas Shankie. The dancers were Messrs. Johnstone, Ross, Grant, and G. M'Donald. Miss Cairns accompanied the vocalists on the piano-forte.

AN GAIDHEAL.

*“ Mar ghath soluis do m’ anam fein
Tha sgeula na h-aimsir a dh’ fhalbh.”—OISEAN.*

IV. LEABH.] TREAS MIOS AN EARRAICH, 1875.

[40 AIR.

SEAN-FHOCAIL.

IV.—TEOIDHIDH FEOIL RI FINE.

'S AN àm a dh' fhalbh, ma dh' fhaodte nach robh rian anns an robh Gaidheil na h-Alba cho comharraichte do choigrich, 's a bha iad 'n an spèis 's 'n an dilseachd d' an Daoine fein; agus air an là diugh, ged tha, am measg iomadh Creidimh 'us Cleachduin a tha 'drughadh a stigh do na Glinn, suaraichead mu'n Daoine air faotainn aite 'n am measg nach b' aithne d'an Aithrichean, tha 'n ceum-toisich aca fathast 's an rathad so air luchd-aiteachaidh Bhreutuinn. Cluinnear gu minic am feart so 'g a mheas mar Chliu dhuinn, no 'g a thilgeadh mar Athais oirnn. Molar 'us cainear sinn air a sgàth. Tha na Sean-fhocail a tha 'g a chur an ceill air aon doigh no doigh eile ro lionmhor; ach cha 'n 'eil aon Sean-fhocal againn a tha 'g aithris na firinn 'n a lan-fharsuingeachd, oir tha iomadh taobh oirre, agus thug ar n-Aithrichean deagh aire do gach taobh. Tha 'n Cairdeas Gaidhealach 'n a ni tha do-thuigsinn do'n Ghall. Cha 'n 'eil sinne cho ullamh 's a tha na Goill, 's cha robh na Sean Daoine cho ullamh 's a tha sinne, gu Caraid a' radh ri Fear-eolais. 'S ann fìor ainmig a theireadh ar n-Aithrichean Caraid ach ri aon d' am fuil fein. Ach leanaidh sinne ar Cairdeas-fola moran na's faide na ni na Goill; agus tha doighean againn air Cairdeas a

dheanamh suas, agus tha dleasdanas a' leantainn an lorg ar Cairdeis, air a' bheil iadsan tur aineolach.

A rèir nan Sean-fhocal, tha ceathrar dhoighean ann a tha gu h-àraid a' cur an ceill daimh dhaoine d'a cheile,—Co-dhaltas, Cairdeas, Cleamhnas, Coimhearsnachd. B'e cheud cheum 's a chairdeas Co-dhaltas. Air thoiseach air a' mhac a rugadh o'n aon bhroinn, thigeadh am mac a dheothail an aon chioch: “Co-dhaltas gu ceud, 'us Cairdeas gu fichead;” “An Co-dhalta nach dearbh àite, 's mairg a dh' airich duine riamh;” “'S caomh le fear a Charaid, ach 's e smior a chridhe a Cho-dhalta.” B'e 'n ath cheum clann na h-aon Mhathar. B'e fuil na Mathar a bu tiugha na fuil an Athar: “Is blath anail na Mathar;” Is sleamhuin an laogh a shligeas a Mhathair;” Cha 'n abair mi mo Bhrathair, ach ris a' mhac a rug mo Mhathair.” Mu leanamh air dhroch-càramh theirtadh, “Cha b'ann an uchd a Mhathar a bha e.” Cha robh fuachd 'us cion tluis na Muime air di-chuimhne; 's cha robh truas ri ghabhail d'i: “Cha 'n iochd leam cnead mo leas Mhathar.” As deigh clann na h-aon Mhathar, bha 'n Teaghlach, Cairdean a rèir an dluths', 's an Fhine: “Is miann le triubhas bhi measg aodaich; is miann leam fein bhi measg mo dhaoine;” “Teoidhidh Feoil ri Fine.” Bha Caraid do Charaid air a mheas mar do Charaid fein: “Mur e Bran, 's e 'Bhrathair.” Cha robh ar n-Aithrich-

ean, a reir coslais, a' meas Cairdeas-posda ro dhluth. Theirteadh gun teagamh, "Cleamhnas am fogas, 'us Goisteachd am fad;" ach 'n a aghaidh so, tha 'n triuir Shean-fhocal a leanas: "Is fuar comunn an ath Chleamhnais;" "Cha dean mida Chliamhain do'maonnighinn;" "Is fuar don' Chleamhna." Mu na Coimhearsnaich theirteadh: "Is fearr Coimhearsnach am fogas na Brathair fad' às."

Issnathainn tri-chaiste an Cairdeas Gaidhealach; agus is dluth a tha e air fhigheadh ann an Eachdraidh ar duthcha. Cha tuig coigrich a neart; agus ma dh' fhaodte gu bheil a chumhachd thairis air caithe-beatha ar n-Aithrichean do-thuigsinn dhuinn fein. Feudaidd sinn na duail air-eamh, 's an spionnadh fa leth a dhearbhadh; ach cha bhi againn, 'n a dheigh so uile, ach beachd lag, faoin mu neart a' cheangail a bha eadar ar n-Aithrichean 's an Daoine. Am measg an Daoine fein, 's 'n an dachaidh fein, bha iad laidir, mis-neachail: "Is dàna duine 'n a chuil fein;" "'S ard ceann an fheidh 's a' chreachann;" "Is dàna cù air òtraich fein;" "Is bean tighe an luchag 'n a tigh fein;" "Is binn gach eun 'n a dhoire fein." Air an aineol, 's 'n an aonar, bha iad lag, fann, meata: "Is diomhain gach cas air thìr gun eolas;" "Mar bho mhaoil am buaile choimhich;" "Mar fhear air carn;" "Cha 'n fhiach duine 'n a aonar;" "Is fuar leaba gun choi-leabach." Agus ma thiunnas sinn o na Sean-fhocail gus na Baird, gheibh sinn a' chliu cheudna air ar Luchd-duthcha;—àrd-mhisneach an uair tha iad am measg an Daoine,—an-earbsa an uair tha iad sgarte' uapa:

"Duisg solas an talla nan stuadh,
Thill rìgh nam buadh le shluagh gu thìr,"

chi thu anam a' Bhaird a' lasadh 'n a

rann; aeh thig smal air gnais Chuchullin an uair tha fear a dheislaimh a' dhith air:

"An d' fhag thu mi, Fhearghuis bu chorr,
'S an sruth mor so 'tional ri 'm thaobh;"

agus cha nàr le Rìgh Mhorbheinn na deoir a shileadh aig uaigh Ghuill:

"Leig Fionn a thaice ri giuthas aosd'
A leag a' ghaoth, aig ceann mhic Morna;
'N a dhuala liath bha dheoir am falach,
A's ula geal an sranna na sine:

'S a laoi ch feara na Feinne,
An d' fhag thu mise leam fein am aois."

Agus cha 'n 'eil neach a chunnaic, 'n ar latha fein, an sealladh tiamhaidh sin, imrich as a' Ghaidhealtachd do dhuthaich chèin, nach faca iomadh curaidh treun,

"A dh' fhuiling gailleann nan speur,
Air cuan beucach nan geur fhras,"

's a choinnich, gun taiseachadh, "Bàs 'n a mhile cruth," a' fàsgadh nan dorn, ri caoineadh, 's ri bas-bhualadh, an uair a bha e 'gabhaill a chead deireannach d'a Dhaoine 's d'a Dhachaidh.

Co bhuaith e tha 'm feart no 'n fhailinn so 'n ar Luchd-duthcha ag eirigh? A' bheil an speis d' an Daoine, an earbsa asda, 's an dìlseachd dhoibh, a' ruith 's an fhuil, mar rian a bhuineas do na Gaidheil mar Shluagh; no 'n rian e a gheibhear, ann an tomhas neo-chumanta, fìor mu Ghaidheil na h-Alba a mhaire? Cha 'n 'eil mi smuaineachadh gu'n dearbh Eachdraidh an t-Saoghail gur rian so, air son a' bheil na Gaidheil comharraichte mar Chinneadh; ged tha e comasach gu leir gu'm biodh a leithid de rian a' ruith 's an fhuil. Gheibhear gun teagamh cuid de theaghlaichean gach Cinneadh a nochdas a' bhuaidh so os cionn cuid eile, agus feudaidd e bhith os cionn cuid de theaghlaichean a' Ghaidheil; air chor 's nach gabh e dearbhadh gu bheil sinn mar Shluagh dealaichte o Chinnich eile anns an rathad so. Ann an

tomhas tha gradh d'a Dhaoine 's d'a Chairdean nadurra do'n duine. Am measg nan Creutairean chi sinn gradh agus iochd d'an Sliochd 's d' am Parantan, a naraicheadh moran d'ar luchd-eolais, air a nochdadh. "Ma's geal, ma's dubh, no ma's donn, is toigh leis a' ghabhar a meann." Ach, am measg nan Creutairean, saoilidh mi nach leanar an Cairdeas a bheag 'n as faide na bho Pharantan gu cloinn. Mu na Creutairean tha e gu sonruichte fìor, gu'n teid Eolas thar a' Chairdeis. 'N a oige 's 'n a aois tha 'n duine na's feumaile air cuideachadh na creutair sam bith; rè a bheatha tha 'shonas 's a thruaighe na's mo an crochadh r'a Cho-chreutairean; agus a thuilleadh air so, do bhrìgh 's gu bheil inntinn na's farsuinge, tha 'bheachd mu 'dhleasdanas dhoibhsan a bhuineas d'a a' sgaoileadh a mach na's leatha 's na's faide. Tha mi meas gu bheil cumhachd Naduir a' stad an so. Ach far a' bheil Nadur a' stad, tha Eachdruidh 'us Cleachduin a' toiseachadh; agus anns a' cheum so, feudar da-rireamh "dara nadur" a' radh riu,—seadh dara nadur a chithear iomadh uair na's treise na 'cheud nadur. Agus is coir a chuimhneachadh an uair a tha Cleachduin a' gleidheadh a h-aite rè mhorainghinealacham measg sluaigh, gu bheil brìgh na Cleachduin a' faighinn greim 's an nadur no 's an fhuil; 's gu'm feudar le fìrinn a' radh, gu bheil a Chleachduin nadurra do'n t-sluagh. Cha saoil mi gu'n ruigear a leas dol a rannsachadh air son rian sam bith 's an fhuil Ghaidhealaich o thus', a chum an speis neo-chumanta a tha Gaidheil na h-Alba a' nochdadh d' an Daoine fein a thuigsinn. Tha cor nan Gaidheal 's an Rìoghachd o chionn ochd ceud bliadhna lan-chomasach air a' bhuaidh so 'n ar Luchd-duthcha a mhineachadh dhuinn.

O linn Chaluim a' Chinn Mhoir feudar a' radh gu bheil an cumhachd Gaidhealach a' dol an laigead an Albainn. Iomadh bliadhna roimhe sin, bha moran de'n chuid a bu toraiche de'n fhearann an lamhan nan Gall; agus cha b' iadsan riabh a leigeadh às d'an deoin ni air am faigheadh iad greim. Ri linn Chaluim ghlac Coigrieach leis an laimh laidir Rìoghachd Shasuinn; agus bha 'n t-oighre dligheach 'n a fhogarrach. Phos Calum a' Chinn Mhoir Mairread piuthar oighre Shasuinn, agus lean moran de uaislean Shasuinn a Bhan-rìgh do Albainn. Thug iad Canain 'us Creidimh 'us Cleachduin an duthcha fein leo d' an dachaidh ùir. Cha robh tuilleadh ach beag meas air Canain 'us Creidimh nan Gaidheal aig cuirt an Rìgh. Chaidh mar so a' Chrìoch Ghaidhealach atharrachadh na b' fhaide Tuath 's an Iar; agus riamh o'n latha sin, uigh air uigh, 's ann a' dol a' Tuath 's an Iar a tha i, 's a reir coltais a bhitheas i, gus an ruig i 'n Cuan. Bha na Goill seolta, misneachail, treun; agus o'n àm so, bha cothrom an là aca. Chunnacas uair 'us uair bhuaithe sin iad fein 's na Gaidheil guala ri guala, air iomadh àr-fhaich, a' seasamh còir Albainn an aghaidh ain-tighearnais Shasuinn, 'us còir Bhreatuinn an aghaidh ain-tighearnais na Frainge; ach cha 'n eil teagamh nach eil, o'n àm ud, an dà shluagh buailteach do bhi 'g amharc le suil chlaon, amh-urusach air cach a cheile, agus nach faodadh na Gaidheil iomadh uair le reusan a radh, "Is fuar gaoith nan Coimheach."

Ach an uair a bha mar so aobhar cumhachdach o'n leth a muigh aig na Gaidheil air son a bhi seasamh a cheile mar Chinneadh; dh' eirich aobhar moran na bu chumhachdaiche 'n am measg fein air son a bhi seasamh a cheile mar Fhine.

Sheachnadh na h-uaislean Gaidhealach cuirt an Rìgh; ach cha seachnadh iad cuid an Coimhearsnaich. 'N an Glinn iomallach cha ruigeadh Lagh orra; agus thainig gach Ceann-Cinnidh gu bhi 'n a Lagh dha fein 's d'a luchd-leanmhuinn. Cha b'e Ceart ach Neart aig an robh an lamh-an-uachdar. An uair a b'e Comhairlean nach bu toigh leo, air an toirt seachad an Canain a bu bheag orra, a bha riaghladh na Rìoghachd, sguir na h-uaislean Gaidhealach a thathaich na Cuirt cho tric 's a bu choir dhoibh; agus cha b' fheairrde iad fein, an Daoine, no 'n Duthaich an dearmad so. Dh' fhas gach aon 'n a Rìgh thairis air na bheireadh umhlachd dha. Gun teagamh cheangail an Caithe-beatha so an Ceann-Cinnidh 's an Fhine r'a cheile; agus thug e brìgh d' ar Sean-fhocail nach tuigear an àite eile. "Teoidhidh Feoil ri Fine;" "Is fada cobhair o mhnaoi 's a muinntir an Eirinn;" "Is fada 'n eigh a Loch-A, agns cobhair o Chlann O' Duibhne;" "Cha do threig Fionn riamh caraid a laimh dheis." Creididh mi nach robh am modh-riaghlaidh so air a chleachdadh an àite eile air doigh a b' usa 'ghiulan na bha e 's a Ghaidhealtachd; agus tha mi dearbhta gu bheil gus an là diughiomadh deadh bheuscumanta 'n ar measg, a tha sruthadh o'n cheangal dhluth a bha eadar an Ceann-Cinnidh 's a Dhaoine, 's àm a dh' fhalbh; ach 's mor m' eagal gu bheil iomadh rian nach leir do'n t-suil, aig a' bheil aite domhain, bunaiteach 'n ar Nadur a dh' fheudtadh a' lorgachadh gu riaghladh nan Ceann-Cinnidh; riaghladh a tha freagarrach air son cloinne, ach d' a' bheil e suarach do Dhaoine Saor geilleadh; riaghladh nach do ghleidh àite fada an tìr sam bith gun a thoradh amhuidh fhagail 'n a dheigh; riaghladh a sheas ceudan bliadhna tuilleadh is fada an

Gaidhealtachd na h-Alba, 's a chuidich na Gaidheil fhagail iomadh ginealach air deireadh air Cinnich eile nach 'eil na's airde buaidhean na iad fein.

Cha 'n 'eil teagamh nach do chuidich gnè na Tìre, 'us caithe-beatha an t-Sluaigh an ceangal eadar na Sean Daoine anns a' Ghaidhealtachd a theannachadh. Tha e air aideachadh air gach laimh gu'n do chuidich greadhnachas na Tìre—na Beanntan arda, na Glinn uaigneach, na Coilltean dosrach, 's an Linne bhruailleineach—ardachadh-inntinn a ghintinn am measg an t-sluaigh. a dhearbhas ar smuain 's ar canain gus an là duigh. Ach cha b' ann mar Bhana-mhaighstir-sgoil a dh' amhairceadh air n-Aithrichean mar bu trice air am Beanntan, an Glinn, 's an Lochan; cha b' ann, ach mar dhuilean aig an robh gun teagamh buaidh laidir thairis air an Smuain 's air an Creidimh, ach gu h-araid a bha 'g an ceangal dluth ri cheile mar Choimhearsnaich. Bha luchd-aiteachaidh nan Gleann's nan Eilean sgarte' o'n t-Saoghal mu'n cuairt doibh; agus do bhrìgh sin bha gach baile 'n a shaoghal dha fein. Agus bha bochdainn na Tìre a' cuideachadh an ceangal eadar na Sean-daoine a neartachadh. A chum lòn a sholar d'an teaghlaichean b' eigin comuinn a dheanamh suas, agus cunnairt a ruith nach tuigear gu ro mhaith an diugh. Agus tha fios againn uile gur e co-chomunn ann an cunnartangad is rìghne 'san Eolas. "Is toigh leinn, 's an àm ri teachd, a bhi deanamh luaidh an na cunnairt a ruith sinn comhla'" arsa 'm Bard Romanach. Agus cha 'n fhaighear 'n ar latha-ne Companaich cho dluth ri Saighdearan 'us Seoladairean.

Bha mar so iomadh ni an Eachdraidh nan Gaidheal an Albainn a bha 'cuideachadh firinn an t-Sean fhocail a neartachadh. Cha 'n 'eil teagamh nach robh agus nach 'eil

cumhachd mor aig an fhaireachduin thairis air ar Caithe-beatha,—anns a mhor chuid, gun amhurus, air son maith. Ach cha 'n 'eil teagasg an t-Sean-fhocail an comhnuidh a chum fìor leas an t-Sluaigh. Is cliuiteach an teisteanas air Sluagh gu bheil iad gaolach mu'n Daoine fein; ach 's iomadh ni cliuiteach ann fein, a ghabhas a bhi air oibreachadh gu aimhleas an aite leas sluaigh. 'Se mo bharail gu'n do thachair so, ann an tomhas, 's a Ghaidhealtachd mu thimchioll firinn an t-Sean-fhocail so. Cha d' fhuirich sinn air ar n-each mor,—chaidh sinn thairis air. Cha 'n 'eil teagamh nach 'eil Cuingeachd-inntinn, Leth-bhreith, 'us Claon-bhaigh a' leantainn an lorg an teagaisg, an uair a bheir thu leithid do gheill dha, 's gu 'n seas thu do charaid—an coir no 'n eu-coir. A thuilleadh air so, ma chumas ar ceangal r'ar Daoine sinn an comhnuidh f'an comhair, tha a' bhuaidh cronail dhuinn. Chunnaic mi o cheann beagan bhliadhnachan aig aiseag leth-oireach mu Thuath, dà sheana ghille nach rachadh trì mìle o'n dachaidh air eagal 's gu'm bas-aicheadh an athair mu'n tilleadh iad. Cha robh an t-athair na bu tinne na bha e rè dheich bliadhna roimhe sin. Is caomh, blath an spiorad so; ach cha d' ardaich a leithid so de spiorad cliu sluaigh, agus cha 'n ardaich. Bha na gillean ud gun teagamh ni bu treise gairdean na Nelson; ach cha bu mhor a b' fheairrde an saoghal sin, agus cha bu mhor, ma dh' fhaodte, a b' fheairrde an athair e. Saoilidh mi gu'm bu choir dhuinn air uairean a chuimhneachadh gu'm feud amannan a bhi ann am beatha an duine an uair is e 'dhleasdanas leigeadh " leis na mairbh am mairbh fein adhlacadh."

Ach ged tha e comasach dhuinn cuid de dhoighean fhaotainn a mach anns am feud ro-speis d'ar Daoine a

bhi 'n aghaidh ar leas saoghalta, gu sonruichte ann an duthaich iomallach, neo-thorach martha 'Ghaidhealtachd; cha 'n 'eil na doighean so ach beag, faoin ann an coimeas ri neart na buaidh air son ar fìor leas anns gach àm, agus ann an coimeas ris a' chliu a choisinn a' bhuaidh dhuinn 's an àm a dh' fhalbh. 'S ann o'n bhuaidh, ann an tomhas mor, a tha 'g eirigh ar n-uail 'n ar Sinnsearachd; agus a dh' aindeoin gach caineadh a ni a' Chleir air uail, tha mi meas gu bheil an dlu-cheangal ris a' bhuaidh so na Cleachduinean is cliutiche a bhuineas duinn. Cha 'n 'eil neach a leugh a bheag de Eachdraidh nan Daoine a b' urramaiche d' ar Cinn-eadh, mar bha Daibhidh Mac-a-Leighe, nach faca an cumhachd a bh' aig Eisempleir mhaith an Aithrichean thairis air an deanadas. Cha 'n 'e suil an t-Saighdeir a mhain a lasas an uair a chluinneas e an earail: "Cuimhnich air na Daoine o'n d'thainig thu." Bhiodh e duilich, am measg gach cothrom a th' againne air son ar crannchur 's an t-saoghal ardachadh, a choisinn gleustachd agus seirc ar n-Aithrichean dhuinn, na 'n cailleamaid sealladh air an aon bhuaidh is luachmhoire, ma dh' fhaodte, a thiodhlaic iad dhuinn,—Meas, agus Speis, agus Dilseachd d' ar Daoine fein. Tha suaraichead mu'n Daoine, marbh 'us beo, agus mu'n Dachaidh a' faighinn greim na's dainge air Inntinnean nan Og an Albainn bho là gu là; agus feudaidh e bhith nach 'eil a' Ghaidhealtachd air leth air a chorr de'n Rioghachd anns a' cheum so. Is duilich mur 'eil. 'S e mo bheachd gu'm biodh spèis ar n-Aithrichean d' an Daoine 'n a phris ro-dhaor ri phaigheadh air son gach sochair nach 'eil aca 'cheana a ghuidheamaid d' ar Luchd-duthcha.

D. M'K.

SOIRIDH LEAT A CHIALAIN.

SOIRIDH leat, a's beannachd agad,
 Oigh nan cas-cheum lùthar ;
 Mura b'e na bheil a steach,
 Gu'n rachainn leat le dùrachd
 Dh' ionns' an teach an robh thu 'n raoir.
 Fhad 's a bhitheas tu mu m' choinnimh,
 Bidh mo chàirdeas riut gu soilleir—
 So mo làmh an déis mo gheallaidh,
 'S bidh mo chomunn riut gun fhoill.
 Fhad's a bhitheas, &c.

B' ait e leam a bhi 'n ad chaidreamh.
 'S parson bhi 'g ar pòsadh.
 Ma 's e sin a' chùis 'g am faisg e,
 Cha bhacar an t-òrdugh,—
 Bhi 'g a bhacail cha 'n 'eil feum,
 Bho 'n is cumhnant e 's nach gealladh,
 Obair ùr a bhi 'g ar mealladh,
 'S mòr mo dhùil a dhèidh no dh' aindeoin,
 Bhi 'g ad tharrainn as an roinn.

Ach ma bheirear dhìom thu dh' aindeoin,
 'S deimhinn leam gur fìor e :
 Nach 'eil bonn de sìd am charaibh,
 Mura ceil mi 'n fhìrinn—
 O ! 's tu mo roghainn uile 'n chloinn.
 Cha leiginn seachad mo thagradh,
 Dh' aindeoin na bhiodh 'g ad bhagradh,
 Dhianainn fàsach dhe do leaba—
 Dh' fhalbhainn leat air feadh na h-oidhch'.

Bi thusa sàmhach, le d' mhagadh,
 Mhacain, tha thu gòrach ;
 Cha 'n 'eil coir' ann an sin idir,
 Ma bhios mise deònach—
 O ! bidh do ghaol-sa ann an suim.
 Tapadh leis a' bhial a labhair
 Comhradh cinn is tearc a shamhuil,
 Thog thu m' inntinn ann an aighir,
 Bhi 'g ad fhaighinn, 's mòr mo loinn.

'S mor mo chiatabh dhe do chleachdadh,
 Chuir do thlachd a 'n t-sliabh mi.
 'S mur 'eil pàidheadh an sin agam,
 B' fhearr nach faicinn riabh thu,
 'S a bhi cho tric air tì do ghaoil.
 Dian-sa foighidinn, a chuilein,
 'S bidh do ghaol ann am bunainn,
 'S tu mo roghainn thair gach duine,
 'S cha bhi 'n turus ud an call.

Soiridh leat a's beannachd agad,
 Dh' fhàg thu m' acain éutrom.
 Gura bliadhna leam gach seachdain,
 Gus am faic mi d' éudann—
 'S gura seachdain leam gach oidhch'.
 Ciod e chuireadh tu gu fadal,
 Ged bhiodh tu seachdain gun m' fhaicinn,
 Soiridh leat a's theirig dhachaidh,
 Dh' ionns' an teach an robh thu 'n raoir.

Soiridh leat, a chialain,
 Soiridh leat a's beannachd agad,
 'S gu 'm bu slàn a thig thu rithist
 Air an t-slighe chiadna,
 O ! gearr no fad g' am bi thu bhuam.
 Ach mur fuirich thu gu madainn,
 Thug thu eutromach' do m' aigne.
 Soiridh leat a's beannachd agad,
 Bho 'n nach 'eil thu fad am foill.

—o—

COMHRADH

EADAR MURACHADH BAN AGUS
 COINNEACH CIOBAIR.

MUR.—Ud ! Ud ! a Choinnich,
 ciod a thainig ort o cheann mios no
 dha ! Bha eagal orm gu 'n d' fhalbh
 do chàirdean, na sìthichean leat ;
 ach tha mi toilichte d' fhaicinn a ris
 gu slàn, fallain. Guma fad a bhios
 slàinte agus comus nan cas agad, a
 charaid ionmhuinn. Tha mi an
 dòchas gu 'm beil Seònaid agus
 òigridh a' Ghoirtein-Fhraoich gu
 leir air am bonnaibh.

COIN.—Tha iad uile gu gleusta,
 taing dhutsa, a Mhurachaidh, ach
 tha mi 'faicinn gu 'm beil na sìthich-
 ean fathast ad cheann-sa, agus
 nach deachaidh e air dearmad ort
 beum a thoirt domhsa d'an taobh.
 Dh' innis mi roimhe dhut nach e mo
 leithid-sa a tha 'dhìth air na leannain-
 shith, ach òg-mhathan mar an dithis
 nighean sin agad fein. Ach coma
 co dhiubh, cha 'n 'eil na creutairean
 bochd a' cur dragh sam bith ormsa,
 ma tha iad idir ann, oir, do m'
 thaohh-sa tha iad gle neo-chiontach.

MUR.—Ma tha iad idir ann ! An
 ann mar sin tha'n gnothuch, a char-
 aid ? Am beil Coinneach Ciobair a'
 cur an teagamh gu'm beil na sìthich-
 ean idir ann ? Nach d' thuirt e gu'm
 fac dà shùil a sheanar iad, agus gu'n
 cuala da chluaisasheanmharam binn-
 cheòl aca, a' cur nan onoc uaine air
 chrith le'n co'-sheirm agus le'n ruit-
 eireachd gach oidhche de'n bhliadh-
 na ?

COIN.—Ged tha thusa ri fala-dhà riumsa, a Mhurachaidh, tha fios agad mòran na's fhearr na th'agamsa, gu'n robh ar ceud-sinnseara, agus luchd-àiteachaidh na dùthcha so 's na ceud linntean, 'g an toirt fein suas do nithe ro lionmhor de'n ghnè sin, ged nach 'eil idir cuimhne no sgoilearachd agamsa chum an leagadh ris dhutsa; ach is minic a chuala mi seann daoine a' labhairt umpa, agus 'g an creidsinn ceart cho cìnteach ris a' Bhioball.

MUR.—Tha thu gle cheart an sin, a Choinnich, oir dìreach mar a thuirt thu, bha luchd-àiteachaidh na rìgheachd so anns na ceud linntean a' toirt geill do'n t-saobh-chràbhadh is iongantaich' agus is eagallaich' air am bu chomas do dh-inntinn an duine idir smuaineachadh. Bha iad a' creidsinn gu'n robh famhairean ann aig an robh mor-chumhachd, agus mar an ceudna troichean, a bha 'n an creutairean beaga, diblidh, agus gun diù. A thuilleadh air sin, mar a dh' innis thu fein domh roimhe, bha iad a' toirt géill do thaibhsean de gach gnè, do bhuidseachd, fiosachd, druidheachd, dubh-chleasachd, geasalaireachd, agus innleachdan eugsamhla chum cor gach neach a shuidheachadh agus a riaghladh. Bha na h-amannan sin ro chianail agus eagallach; agus cha'n urrainn duinn a bhi taingeil na's leòir dhàsan a chuir na nithe sin fo sgaoil le solus dealrach Fhacail fein.

COIN.—Is e sin an fhirinn, a Mhurachaidh, ach bha thusa glé chruaidh ormsa, agus a' deanamh fanoid orm, an uair a rinn mi mo dhìchioll air na nithe sin a leagadh ris air an cuala mi iomradh, an uair a tha mòran, de bharrachd eòlais agad fein mu'n timchioll na bha riabh agamsa. So, so, innis domh tuilleadh mu na cleachdannan iongantach sin, oir tha eòlas agad orra gu leir.

MUR.—Ma ta, a Choinnich, bho'n a chunnaic mi roimhe thu, chaidh mi a dh-ionnsaidh Ministear na sgiorachd againn, agus thug e mòr eòlas domh air na cùisean sin, an dà chuid le bhriathran beoil agus le leabhr-aichean. Gus an do thachair sin bha barrachd mor eòlais agad fein orra na bh'agamsa.

COIN.—Thuirt thu rium roimhe, a Mhurachaidh, gu'n do dhealbhadh reachdan le Ard-chomhairle na rìgheachd, agus mar an ceudna le Ard-sheanadh na h-Eaglaise chum iadsan a pheanasachadh a bha 'cleachdadh druidheachd, no buidseachd, no cleasachd de'n ghnè sin; an urrainn dut, uime sin, cùis sam bith aithris domh far an do chuireadh na reachdan sin an gnìomh an aghaidh chreutairean truagha sam bith de'n ghnè sin?

MUR.—Dh' fhaodainn na fich-eadan eiseimpleir a thoirt dhut air sin, a Choinnich, ach féumaidh tu a bhi riarichte le dhà no trì. Rinn-eadh laghannan cruaidh ann an Sasunn an aghaidh nam buidseach cho tràth ris a' bhliadhna 1541, ann an linn Ionraic VIII. Le binn nan lagh cruaidh so, chuireadh mòran gu bàs a bha 'cumail a mach gu'n robh cumhachd na druidheachd aca. Ach anns a' bhliadhna 1562, rinn Ban-rìgh Ealasaid na laghannan a bha ann roimhe sin, a cho-dhaingneachadh 'n an cruas agus 'n an déine.

Is iomadh neach truagh aig nach robh barrachd de'n chumhachd sin na tha agamsa, a chaidh a chur gu bàs, do bhrìgh gu'n deachaidh an t-iomradh a mach gu'n robh iad comusach air nithean anacneasda a dheanamh.

COIN.—Bha na cùisean sin gle chruaidh gun teagamh, ach am beil iomradh cinnteach mu neach sam bith a chuireadh da rìreadh gu bàs, air son gu'n do chuireadh an cionta sin as a leth?

MUR.—Tha, na mìltean, an da chuid ann am Breatann, agus air Morthir na Roinn-Eorpa. Ann an earrach na bliadhna 1593, chrochadh seann duine d'am b'ainm "Samuel," agus a bhean 's a nighean, air son buidseachd a dheanamh air cloinn duine ann am baile Huntington, ann an Sasunn. Anns a' bhliadhna 1612 chuireadh a dha dhéug gu bàs anns a' chroich, air son an aobhair cheudna ann an Lancaster,—siathnar ann an York, anns a' bhliadhna 1622, seachd-deug aig Lancaster ann an 1634, sea-deug aig Yarmouth ann an 1644, cuig-deug aig Chelmsford ann an 1645, agus trì fichead ann an Suffolk 's a' bhliadhna 1646,—ach cha'n 'eil an sin ach neoni dhiubh.

COIN.—Neoni! a Mhurachaidh, is cianail, 's eadh, ro chianall do naigheachd,—agus an déigh sin am beil thusa a' deanamh a mach nach 'eil a' leithid de ni a's buidseachd idir ann?

MUR.—Tha mi gun teagamh, a Choinnich: rinneadh na reachdan sin,—chuireadh an gnìomh iad,—chuireadh na mìltean gu bàs fo'n ainm gu'n robh an cumhachd sin aca, agus an deigh sin cha robh barrachd aca dh'e na tha aig Coinneach Ciobair.

COIN.—Nach bu chruaidh a bhuineadh riu, gu sònraichte ma bha iad neo-chiontach, mar a réir do bhara-lach-sa bha iad!

MUR.—Gle chruaidh gun teagamh, ach bha na h-amannan sin dorcha, agus bha gach àrd agus iosal air an toirt gu taobh gu ro mhòr le fuar-chràbhadh 's le saobh-chreideamh.

COIN.—Tha mi 'n dòchas, a Mhurachaidh, nach do thachair a' leithid sin ann an Alba.

MUR.—Ann an Alba! an e thuirt thu? Thachair, a Choinnich, fichead agus fichead uair. Thachair e gu ro thrìc 'n ar bailtean mòra, mar a

ta Duneideann, agus Glaschu,—agus thachair e 's a' Ghaidhealtachd fein.

COIN.—Ud! Och mo chreach, a Mhurachaidh, tha thu a' tarruing bogha fhada gu'n teagamh a nis! 's a' Ghaidhealtachd! an e a thuirt thu? An ann a' bruadar, a charaid, no 'cur conais air Coinneach Ciobair?

MUR.—Cha'n 'eil mi ann am breislich no ann am bruadar, no 'cur conais air Coinneach Ciobair, ach a' cur an céill firinn a ta air a co-dhaingneachadh ann an eachdraidh na righeachd. Mu dha chéud gu leth bliadhna roimh so, thugadh gairm gu cùirt, le òrdugh an rìgh, do Chatriona Ros Bantighearna Fodhlais, a cheann gu'n d'rinn i suas ri buidsichean gu cur as do Roibeart agus do dh-Eachann Munro, d'an robh an oighreachd dligheach. Ghnàthaich i gach cleas 'n a comas, maille ris na ban-bhuidsichean sin chum bàs nan daoine sin a thoirt mu'n cuairt. Rinn iad cuirp-chreadha dhoibh, agus ghnàthaich iad gach mallachd a bha 'n an lorg. Fhuair a' bhaintighearn a saorsa, a cheann gu'n robh an luchd-deuchainn air a taobh. Anns a' bhliadhna 1591, chuireadh gu bàs anns an taobh deas, Ealasaid Roy, Seumas Reid, Pàdruig Currie, Isiobail Grier-son, agus Gaorsal Gardiner, a cheann gu'n robh iad le geasan a' cur euslaintean air daoine 's air feudal, a' togail nam marbh, agus 'g an gearradh 'n am bloighdean,—a' milleadh toraidh an talmhainn, agus a' dol ann an riochd nan cat, gu sgrios a dheanamh anns gach àite. Chumadh a' chùirt mu dheireadh ann an Alba air son buidseachd air Ealasaid Rule 's a' bhliadhna 1708, far an do dhiteadh i gu bhi air a cur thar fairge uile làithean a beatha. Rinneadh an crochadh mu dheireadh ann an Alba air son a' chionta so ann an Dòrnach 's a' bhliadhna 1722, far an

do dhìteadh gu bàs seann chailleach a bha ris na cleachdanna so, le Da-bhaidh Ros siorra Ghallaobh. Tha e air a dheanamh a mach nach lugha na ceithir mìle a chuireadh gu bàs ann an Alba a mhàin, airson an aobhair so, a thuilleadh air na mìl-tibh 's a' Ghearmailt, agus ann an dùthchannan eile.

COIN.—Ma ta, a Mhurachaidh, dh'fhàg thu balbh mi, air do d' bhriathran mo lionadh le h-iongantach co mòr. Ach ciamar a tha cuimhne agadsa co math air na cùisean sin?

MUR.—Thug am ministear còir againn leabhar domh a tha air a lionadh le eachdraidh nan nithe sin, agus chum mi cuimhne air mòran diubh los an aithris dut, a Choinnich.

COIN.—Tha e soilleir, ge ta, gu'n do bhuineadh gu cruaidh le lagh na dùthcha ris na truaghain sin mur robh iad ciontach.

MUR.—Cha'n 'eil teagamh air sin idir, a Choinnich, oir bu chianail an gnothuch e air fad! Dhìteadh iad air son cionta nach b'urrainn a bhi ann. Agus co a dhìteadh? Iadsan, mar bu trice, a bha aosda,—bacaich, crioplaich, agus doill,—iadsan a ghreasadh le bliadhnaichean agus aois gu bochdainn 's gu truaighe—'s eadh iadsan air son am beil muinntir nan linn a tha làthair a' deanamh solair, a' togail thighean-mora, agus a' solaireadh gach dìdein agus goireis. Agus cò a dhìt iad? Iadsan a bha mòr, measail, glic, fòghluimte, agus urramach 'n an là 's 'n an linn fein! Daoine a bha comharraichte thar chàch air son an tuigse, agus am buaidhean inntinn,—rìghrean, prionnsaichean, maithean na tire,—luchd-lagha,—ministeirean an t-soisgeil,—agus luchd-riaghlaidh de gach gnè! Is iad so a thug breith air a' chiont,—a thug a mach gach binn,—agus a chuir na daoine truagha sin a mheasadh coireach,

dh'ionnsaidh na croiche, no dh'òrd-uich gu'm biodh iad air an losgadh beo! Is mòr an t-aobhar taingeil-eachd a th'againn, a Choinnich, gu'm beil cùisean air an atharrachadh, agus gu'm beil a nis laghannan eagnaigh, cruaidh, ceart, a' dìon beathan uile, agus a' cumail a dhlighe fein ris gach neach.

COINN.—Is mise a tha 'n ad cho-main, a Mhurachaidh, air son gach ni a chuir thu co réidh, soilleir an céill domh mu na nithibh iongantach sin, agus cha'n 'eil teagamh sam bith nach 'eil caochlaidhean mòra air teachd oirne mar righeachd, leis mar a tha eòlas de gach gnè air a chraobh-sgaoileadh am fad 's am farsuing; agus eòlas trid am beil gach cleasachd, fiosachd, agus druidheachd a' teicheadh mar na h-eòin-oidhche, agus 'g am fallach fein ann an ionadan tiamhaidh an dorchadais.

MUR.—Ma ta, a Choinnich, is tu tha 'fàs ealanta, deas-chainnteach mu na nithean sin d'an robh thu a' toirt làn-chreideis bho cheann beagan ùine air ais, an uair a bha thu a' seasamh suas gu dian air son firinn gach faoineachd air an d'thug sinn iomradh.

COIN.—Cum ort, a Mhurachaidh, tha na nithe sin a nis seachad,—ach cha'n 'eil teagamh agam nach 'eil mòran tuilleadh agad ri ràdh fathast mu'n timchioll.

MUR.—Tha agam ri ràdh na lìonadh leabhar, na'n ceadaicheadh ùine dhomh, air taibhsearachd, tannaisg, seallaidhnean eagallach, agus minàdarra, agus nithean de'n ghnè sin, ach feumaidh iad sin là eile. Is leòir do 'n diugh na labhradh a cheana.

COIN.—Air là eile biodh e, ma ta, a Mhurachaidh, oir feumaidh sinn dealachadh an diugh. Ach thig gu h-aithghearr a dh-ionnsuidh a' Ghoirtein-Fhraoich, agus bheir sinn,

bho mhoch gu dubh, air gach cùis a thig an uachdar ar cùimhne. 'S eadh, agus bheir Seònaid an deagh-aire nach bi dìth no deireas air a fìor charaid Murachadh Bàn. Mile beannachd leat.

ALASDAIR RUADH.

—o—

AN T-ÆNEID

Eadar theangaichte o'n Laidin aig Virgil

LE D. B. B.

DUAN VI.

Æneas agus Sibyl aig geatachan ionad comhnaidh nam marbh far an d' fheuch Sibyl dha peanas nan aingidh agus sòlas nam firean.

"Hic locus est, partes ubi se via, &c."

An so tha 'n rod a' roinn 'n a dhithis ;
An deas 's i 'n t-slighe gu Pluto,
Air a' cheum sin siubhlaidh sinne :
Air a' chli tha ifrinn uldaidh.

An sin sheall Æneas le cabhaig,
Us thall fo charraig air a chli
Chunnaic e daingneach mhor leathann
Cuairticht' le balla tri-fillt' ;
Phlegeton nan Sruthan bras
Le tuiltibh lasrach ruith m'a cuairt,
A' sguabadh roimpe chreag us chlach,
'S gu dearbh b'fhad as a chluinnt' am fuaim.
Geata mor thall mu choinninnh,
'S a' phuist a dh-adamant laidir
Nach briseadh neart a' chinne-dhaonna,
'S cha chuir dia fa sgaoil gu brath e,
Tùr ro dhaingean de 'n iarrunn
Gus na h-iarmailtibh ag éirigh ;
Us *Diolmhort* * comhduicht' 'n a suidhe.
Le cleoca fuileachdach déisneach
A' gleidheadh an doruis gu faireil
A dh-oidhche 's a latha gun chlos.
Cluinnear an sin osnaich thruagh
Cluinnear fuaim nam builleann goirt ;
Cluinnear an sin sgreadail iarrunn,
Slabhraidhean piantail 'gan tarruing.
Sheas Æneas le mor uamhunn
Lan eagail 'n uair chual e 'm farum :
Ciod an t-olc tha 'n sud a chomhnuisdh ?
Innis domh, òigh, a bhan-fhàidh,
Ciod am peanas ? ciod an truaighe ?
Ciod an t-sianail chruaidh gun tamh ?
'N sin thoisich a' bhan-fhaidh air seachas,
A cheannaird ainmeil nan Troidheach,
Cha'n fhaod neach sam bith gun pheacadh
Seasamh air stairsnich na Doruinn ;
Ach 'n uair chuir Hecate mi riaghladh
Thar doireachan riabhach An-eunaich,†

* Tisiphone.

† Aornos avernus.

Theagaisg i dhomh peanais nan diathan
'S chuir i 'n ordugh sìos gu leir iad,
Tha Rhadamantus Cretach cruaidh
'Nabhreitheamh anns an rioghachd thruaigh
A'rannsachadh a mach gach foill
'S a' smachdachadh gach neach mar thoill.
Gach aon diubh tha e co-eigheach'
Chum nach seunadh iad an dobheart
Chuir iad an gnìomh air an t-saoghal,
'S a cheil iad gu faoin le sòlas,
Aithreachas chuir uatha le dàil,
Us rug am bas orra fadheoidh
Mun d' rinn iad reite air son gach foille
Gach olc us coire rinneadh leo.
Cho luath 's a gheibh iad am binn
Tha *Diolmhort* mhin le còrd.
'G an crathadh 's 'g an togail suas
'S a' gairm gu luath chum a comhnaidh
Buidheann mhor dhe seorsa fein,
'S a chòin ! gur deisneach am por iad.
An sin fa dheireadh dh' fhosgladh suas
Na geatan malluicht' uamhraidh dubh
Airspannaibh oillt-fhuaimeach a' sgreuchail
Am faic thu, Æneais, an cruth
A ta 'n 'a shuidhe stigh 's an sgath-thigh
A' gleidheadh doruis, gabhaidh, fiadhaich !
Hudra mhor oillteil, bheucach,
Le caogad beul dubh tric a' miannaich,
An sin dh' fhosgail Tartarus gun tuar
Righeachd uamhaidh dhubh nan tannasg
Us shin i mach 's an doimhne mhòir
Da fhad us corr nan speur o'n talamh,
An so tha tamh seann sliochd an Talmhainn
Na Titanaich og chalma chruaidh,
Curaidhean bras treun ro laidir
Is stric a chuir air cach an ruaig,
Iad air an tilgeadh sìos le torrunn
'S a' cur char dhiubh feadh na doimhne.
An so fos chunnaic mi na h-athaich
Dithis mhac alluidh Aloius,
A thug oidhirp le lamhan mi-naomha
Air neamh a sgaoileadh o cheile
'S a dh' fheuch ri Iupiter an t-Ardriugh
Thilgeadh nuas o aird nan speuran.
Chunnaic mi Salmon mac Æoluis
'S bu mhor a dhoruinn 's a thruaighe
Chionn e bhi 'g aithris air Iòbha,
Nuair bhitheas 's na neoil ri fuaim.
Thairugeadh le ceithir eachaibh treuna,
'S e crathadh leusan 'n a lamhan,
Gu buadhach ruith thar Sluagh na Gréige
Us Baile Elis 's an robh thamh aig,
Ag iarraidh dha fein urraim dhiathan ;
Le cuthach lionadh e 's an am sin !
Nuair chaidh e dh' aithris air na Siantaibh
'S air beithir mhlorbhuilich gun samhladh,
Le eachaibh crodhanach ro mheamnach,
An duil gun saoilleadh muinntir Elis
Gur ann 's na speuran a bha 'n stararaich.
Ach thilg an t-Athair uile-threun
A neulaibh dlu an aird' nan speur
Beithir laidir, bheucach, raoiceach

(‘S cha bu leusan teine boillsgeadh)
 ‘S le h-ìomghaoith chruaidh laidir theintidh
 Dh’ iomain e e sìos do’n doimhne,
 Fos chitheadh tu an sin Tituon calma
 Dalt na Talmhainn rug na h-uile,
 Sint’ air naoi acairibh còmhnaidh
 ‘S a chorp ‘g an comhdachadh gu buileach;
 A’s fang ro mhor le chrom-ghob lùbte
 Ag itheadh ghrùdhain chaoidh nach teirig,
 ‘S a’ caitheamh a’ mhionaich ‘n a chom
 Tha torach trom us ban le pheanas,
 ‘S a’ rùrach a ghoile air son bldh,
 Us e ‘n ‘a bhroilleach shìos a’ tamhachd,
 Cha ‘n ‘eil fois a chaoidh aig innigh,
 Cha luaithe dh’ ithear iad na dh’ fhàsas,
 Cìod uime luaidhinn na Lapitich
 Piritous mìn us *Ixion* calma,
 A tha fo gheilt-chrith us fo uamhas
 Gun tig a nuas a’ charraig aillbhinn?
 Puist ro shoilleur de’n òr ghlan
 Fo leapaichibh posd’ a’ dealradh,
 ‘S nan lathair cuilmean ro shoghmhor
 ‘G an cur an ordugh mar b’ àbhaist:
Diolmhort mhor mu’n coinnimh
 ‘N a suidhe ‘s i ‘g amharc gu geur orr’,
 Gu’n cumail air ais gu h-ealamh
 Ma tharlas gu’m bean do’n fheisd ud;
 Ma ‘s e ‘s gu’n tig iad ‘n a caraibh
 Eiridh i le gradachd suas,
 Us togaidh i ‘n aird’ a leus
 Us le guth beucach ni i fuaime.
 An so tha ‘n dream thug fuath d’am bràthair
 Am feadh ‘s a bha iad os ceann talmhainn;
 Gach neach a bhuail athair no mathair,
 ‘S an dream a mheall air càch bha ‘g earbs’
 annt’;
 No an dream a bha a’ gur ‘n an aonar
 Air a’ mhaoin chuir iad ri cheile,
 ‘S nach tugadh d’ an cairdibh ged dh’iarradh,
 ‘S buidheann lionmhor gun bhreig iad,
 Gach adhaltranach chaidh a mharbhadh,
 ‘S gach neach bha leantuinn arm gu h-aing-
 idh,
 ‘S air nach robb geiltchrith romh ‘n choire
 Bha ‘m buntuinn gu foilleil ri ‘m maighstribh,
 Tha iad uile druide am prìosan
 Feitheamh am binn theachd a mach,
 Ach na h-iarr-sa bhi fàs eòlach
 Air an doruinn gheibh gach neach;
 No cìod an cruth ‘s an tig an truaighe,
 No an cor ‘s am buanaich iad gu bràth,
 Bidh cuid diubh tionndadh chlachan mora,
 Sud an doruinn feadh gach àil.
 Bidh cuid eile dhiubh am pein
 Ceangailt, crocht’, ri speicibh roth,
 ‘N a shuidhe an sin tha *Teseus* truagh,
 Us suidhidh gu la luain fo sprochd;
 Us Phleduas is truaighe na càch,
 Toirt earail laidir air gach aon
 ‘S a’ deanamh fianuis le guth ard
 Air feadh nan tannasg fasail faoin;
 Ag eigheach “Gabhaidh rabhadh trath

‘S na deanaibh tair am feasd air dia,
 Ceartas foghlumaibh gu moch
 Mu’n druid an sloc so oirbh gu sìor,”
 So fear a reic a thir air òr
 ‘S a’ chuir fear-foirneirt thairt’ gu truagh;
 A dhaingnich laghannan do dhaoineibh,
 ‘S a rithist sgaoil iad air son duais,
 Sud fear a thug d’a nighinn gaol
 ‘S a ghabh mar mhnaoi i ‘n aghaidh aithne;
 Fhuair gach neach na bha e ‘g iarraidh
 ‘S iad uile ‘g iarraidh ni ro ghràineil.
 Ach ged robb agams’ mìle beul
 Us mìle teanga gheur gu còmhradh,
 Mìle guth laidir iaruin,
 ‘S ge b’ fhili mi chur bhriathra ‘n òrdugh;
 Cha b’urrainn mi na h-uile cruth,
 ‘S an d’rinn iad uile, a chur an ceill,
 Cha mho b’ urrainn mi ruith thairis
 Air am peanasaibh gu leir.

MIREAN A MAILEID FIR- LAGHA.

DANIEL AIR CATHAIR-BHREATHANAIS
FHRANGAICH.

CHaidh cùis a shuidheachadh bho chionn ghoirid ‘s an Fhraing, air an t-seòl so. Thug fear ris an abair sinn Seumas, fear eile do ‘n goir sinn Maoldònaich, ‘n a chùirt air son deich buinn òir a thug e dha an iasad. Thug e mar fhianuis litir-ghealltainn Mhaoldònaich, anns na gheall e an t-airgiod a phàigheadh air ais “*air la Fhéill Fhortunatus*” (Naomh nach cualas ‘ainm riamh roimhe so). Fhreagair Maoldònaich, “Tha mi toileach an t-airgiod a phàigheadh, ‘s cha do dhiùlt mi riamh a phàigheadh, an uair a thig an là ainmichte. Ach tha e mar fhiachaibh air an fhear-leanmhuinn (Seumas) a nochdadh gu ‘n d’ thàinig an t-àm.” Is e so am breathanas a thug an Daniel Frangach anns a’ chuis:—

“Do bhrìgh gu ‘m bheil am fear-dìona (Maoldònaich) ag aideachadh a laimhsgrìobhaidh fhéin anns an litir-ghealltainn mu ‘m bheil a’ cheist; agus do bhrìgh gu bheil e ‘diùltadh an t-airgiod a phàigheadh,

a thaobh nach d' thainig là Fhéill Fhortunatus fhathast; agus do bhrìgh gu 'n do rannsaich sinn na féillirean uile air son ainm Naoimh Fhortunatus gun fhaotuinn; agus do bhrìgh nach buin dhuinne 'shuidheachadh co dhiu is e Naomh Fortunatus no nach e, ach gu'm bheil e air aideachadh mar Naomh fo laimh an fhir-dhìona: do bhrìgh, os bàrr, gur h-e La Samhna *la Fhéill-nan-uile-Naomh*, agus gu h-àraid nan naomh nach 'eil ainmichte 's an fhéillire, agus uime sin gur fheadar an là sin a ghabhail mar là Fhéill Fhortunatus, ainmichte mar Naomh anns an litir-ghealtainn; air an aobhar sin tha e air orduchadh, gu 'm pàigh am fear-dìona dh' an fhear-leanmhuinn deich buinn òir, le riadh, air la Samhna so tighinn, maille ri costus na cùise."

AN FHIRINN UILE, AGUS GUN NI ACH AN FHIRINN.

Ann an cùis eadar maighistir agus fear-muinntir, chaidh an gille mbionnachadh mar fhianuis, is dh'fhoighneachd am fear-tagraidh dheth, cia mar a bha 'n seanchus eadar e fhein 's a mhaighistir. "Thubhairt e rium, an cead dhuibh fhein," ars an gille, "gu 'm bu mhi an slaighear salach, 's gu 'n robh mi 'goid na dibhe." 'S eadh, agus 'd e thubhairt thusa? "Thubhairt mi ris, an cead dhuibh fhein, gu robh e cho breugach ris a' chu". Ars am breitheamh gu cudthromach, "Bha do chainnt gle neo-iomchuidh, fhir òig." "Cha 'n 'eil comas agams' air sin," ars' an gille. "Thainig mi 'n so a dh' innseadh na fìrinne, 's tha i agaibh a nis!"

SEAN MHIONN NAM BREITHEAMH MANAINNEACH.

Tha mis' a' mionnachadh air an leabhar so, agus gach ni naomh a

ta ann, agus air na h-oibre iongantach a rinn Dia gu mìorbhuileach anns na nèamhan shuas agus air an talamh a bhos, ann an sé laithibh agus oidhche, gu'n coimhlion mi, gun eiseamail do spéis no do chàirdeas, do ghràdh no do bhuannachd, do dhàimh no do chleamhnas, do dh-fharmad no do mhirùin, laghan an Eilein so gu ceart, eadar ar n-ard-uachdaran an Rìgh agus 'ìochd-arain anns an Eilein so, agus eadar dream agus dream, cho cothromach 's a tha cnaimh-droma 'n sgadain a luidhe an teis-meadhoin an éisg.

ALASDAIR A HUSABOST.

—o—

MORAIR SIM.

Till dachaidh, tiugain dachaidh,
Till dachaidh, Mhorair Sìm;
Till dachaidh, tiugain dachaidh,
Till dachaidh, Mhorair Sìm.

Thàinig litrichean bho 'n chòirneal,
'S thàinig òrdugh mach bho 'n rìgh,
Gu'n robh nighean aig Rìgh Deòrsa,
Dol a phòsadh Mhorair Sìm.
Till dachaidh, &c.

Cha 'n eil plòbaire no drumair,
'N Cille-Chuimein aig an rìgh;
No fear cota-dheirg 's a' chaisteal,
Nach bi mach an coinnimh Shìm
Till dachaidh, &c.

Frisealaich, an cinneadh ainmeil,
Theid iad 'shealg do Chill-Fhinn;
'S ged nach marbhadh iad ach gearr,
Gu'm faidheadh pàirt d'i Morair Sìm.
Till dachaidh, &c.

—o—

AM FEAR AIG AN ROBH CAINNT NAM BEOTHAICHEAN.

BHA tuathanach ann roimhe so aig an robh cainnt nam beothaichean. Bha cuing no dhà de dhàimh aige, agus asal. Bhiodh na daimh a h-uile là a mach ag ar, ach cha bhiodh an asal ri car oibre ach 'g a cluith fhein. Feasgar a bha 'n sin

thainig na daimh a stigh 's iad ro sgith an deaghaidh moran glasaich a thionndadh, 's thuirt fear dhiubh ris an asail gur h-ann aice bha 'n saoghal math dh' e seach acasan: iadsan 'g am pianadh gach latha bho mhoich gu dubh, 's ise gun char aice 'g a dhianamh ach 'g a biathadh air stall leis gach ni a b' fhearr na cheile. "Ro cheart," ars' an asal, "ach ma ghabhas tusa mo chomhairle-sa, bidh an saoghal ciadna agad fhein." Thuirt an damh còir gu 'n gabhadh 's gu 'm biodh e ro thaingeil air son a faighinn. "Gabh thusa ort a bhi gu tinn," ars' an asal, "'s na ich ni, ciod sa bith a chuirear air do bhialaobh, agus chi thu an cùram a ghabhar dhiat."

Bha an tuathanach ag 'eiseachd riutha, ach cha robh a chridhe aige innse do dh-urra sa bith—na 'n innseadh e smid de na chual e chailleadh e eòlas nan cànan. Chaidh e dhachaidh 's cha do ghabh e guth air. Cha b' fhada bha e stigh an uair a thainig fios-cabhaig a mach air—gu 'n robh fear de na daimh gu tinn. Chuir an sgalach làn na pras-aich de na h-uile ni a b' fhearr na cheile air bialaobh an daimh, 's chuir e leaba mhath fhodair fotha, agus dh' fhàg e an oidhche sin e. Anns a' mhadainn dh' iarr an tuathanach orra an asal a chur 's an éill an àite an daimh, agus an aire thoirt nach caomhnadh iad i. Rinn iad so. Mu 'n mheadhon-latha bha 'n asal an imbis géilleadh, ach an àite a toirt as a' chrann, is ann a chaidh fear a's gad seilich aige g' a greasad, gus ma dheireadh an ann air an amall aice a bha an tarrainn uile. An uair a sguir iad mu fheasgar, chaidh an tuathanach do 'n stàball dh' fhiach ciod an naidheachd a bhiodh aig an asail. Thòisich an cnacas. "Is mise nach robh a' tuigsinn ur cor-se roimhe so," ars' an asal, "cha 'n urrainn domh mir bìdh

a ghabhail an nochd leis an sgios. Bha m' fhallus 'g am dhalladh fad an latha, 's an uair a theannainn ri stad, is ann a gheabhainn stràc-bàis de ghad seilich. Thaitinn e gasda ris an tuathanach mar a rinn iad air an asail, agus mu'n d' thainig an cnacas gu ceann, dh' fhalbh e dhachaidh.

Aig a shupeir cha b' urrainn da cumail air fhein leis a' ghàireachdaich, 's e cuimhneachadh mar a dh' éirich do 'n asail. Cho robh fhios aig a mhnaoi ciod a bh' air aire, cha b' urrainn d' i ceann-fàth a chridhealais a dhianamh a mach, agus rud nach robh mi-nàdurra dh' i, cha robh i idir toilichte. Dh' fharraid a's dh' fharraid i dh' e e, ach cha 'n innseadh e guth dh' i. Is e bh' ann gu'n d' fhàs i gu tinn, trom, teth, 's thugar an leaba oirre—shaoileadh coigreach nach beireadh an uair oirre!

Mu 'n àm so bha coileach òtraich a' spaidseireachd aig an dorus agus dà chirc dhiag aige. Rinn te de na cearcan car air choirigin nach do chòrd ris a' choileach, 's ghabh e oirre gu math 's gu ro mhath, 's rinn e an sin trì glaoidh mhòra. Co bh' aig an dorus aig a' cheart àm ach cù 's rinn e dunnal mòr. Bha an tuathanach ag cluinntinu so, agus 'g a thuigsinn. Ciod a bha 'n cù ach a' trod ris a' choileach a chionn a bhi ri leithid de dh-fhuaim 's bean-an-tighe ris a' bhàs. Bha an coileach ag radh ris a' chù gu'n robh dà mhnaoi dhiag aige, 's nach robh a chridhe aig te dhiubh urad 's gog a dhianamh 'n a aghaidh. "Am faca tu mar a rinn mi air an te ud a chionn nach dianadh i mar a dh' iarr mi," ars' esan, na 'n dianadh fear-an-tighe mar sid air a mhnaoi, cha bhiodh ni oirre—am beil oirre ach an droch nàdur!

Thuig an tuathanach gur h-e na dùisealan a bha cur air a mhnaoi, a

bhuidheachas sin do dh-eolas nan cainntean, agus mar a dhianadh duine glic 's a' chàs, leig e leatha gus an d' thug a sròn comhairle oirre, 's bha i riabh tuille 'n a mnaoi mhath. GLASRACH.

TALLA MO CHEANNAIRD.

LE MRS. HEMANS.

THA Talla mo cheannaird fo dhubh-neul a nochd ;
Chuir an uaigh às a sholus, 's tha m' inntinn fo sprochd :
Dhubh an t-soillse bha òirdhearc, tha 'n lòchran gun stàth,
'S o 'n chagailte mhòir cha tig sòlas gu bràth.

Air Talla mo cheannaird laidh tosdachd bhith-bhuan ;
Cha chluinnear gu bràth ann fonn clàrsaich, no duan !
O, ionaid ro chianail, gu sìorruidh bi balbh,
'S na duisgear mac-talla na caithreim a dh' fhalbh !

Tha Talla mo cheannaird lóm, falamh, gun rath,—
Gun chuirm, a's gun aoidhean; gun chas-cheum nam flath ;
Tha 'n fhialachd air 'fhàgail.—O! c' àit 'eil na suinn ?
Cinnidh luachair, gun dàil, far am b' àbh'st daibh bhi cruinn.

Air Talla mo cheannaird cha 'n ait leam bhi 'luaidh ;
Tha 'n tréun bha mar ghréin da 'n a shìneadh 's an uaigh :
Tha mi 'gal, ach cha mhair an tróm acain 'tha 'm chliabh ;
Cha bhi 'n ùine ach gearr gus an tàr mi gu m' thriath !

Eadar. le MAC-MHARCUS.

TORRADH SAIGHDEIR.

CHA di-chuimhnich iadsan a chunnaic tòrradh Shir Sheumais H. Grannd an Duneideann an sealladh air chabhaig. Cha 'n 'eil sluagh Bhreatuinn air an toirt suas do sheallaidhean greadhnach, mar tha mhor chuid de shluagh na Roinn-Eorpa, agus is coma ged nach 'eil ; ach tha meas mor againn air ar n-Armait, agus tha gach ni a bhuineas d' ar Saighdearan luachmhor 'n ar suilean. Agus cha 'n ann gach là a bhitheas aobhar air a leithid de ghreadhnachas 's a bha ri fhaicinn aig tòrradh a Ghranndaich. Bha 'n duine e fein de theaghlach

urramach, an dlu-chairdeas ri Tigh-earna Ghrannd, an Ceann-cinnidh ; agus bha 'mheur de'n teaghlach d' am buineadh e a chomhnuidh laimh ris a' bhaile. Bu shaighdeir e a choisinn mor chliu dh'a fein, do'n fhine "thartaraich" d'am buineadh e, 's do'n arm Bhreatunnach, air iomadh laraich fhuiltich an duthchannaibh cein, gu h-araid 's na Innsibh-an-Ear 's an China iomallaich. Agus thugadh a nis a' chorp do Dhuneideann gu bhi air adhlac am measg a dhaoine, ann an leaba a thagh e fein, an uair mu dheireadh a bha e 's a' bhaile.

Their luchd-turuis nach 'eil Baile 's an Roinn-Eorpa anns am faighear

sealladh air mor-chruinneachadh sluaigh cho math 's a gheibhear an Duneideann. 'S ann gun teagamh do bhrìgh so a tha e, nach 'eil baile am Breatunn anns an tig an sluagh a mach, a rèir an aireimh, a dh' fhaicinn seallaidh, cho lionmhor 's a thig iad 's a' bhaile so. Is oir-dhearc an sealladh ri fhaicinn am baile air a sgeadachadh 's an là, no air a lasadh 's an oidhche, an uair a bhitheas an Rìoghachd ri gairdeachas; ach cha 'n 'eil teagamh nach 'eil “Ard-bhaile ciar na h-Airde-Tuath” na's druightiche an uair tha e sgeadaichte an culaidh bhroin. Agus cha b'urrainnear eadhon 's an “Ard-bhaile chior” latha bu fhreagarraiche fhaotainn airson broin na latha torraidh Shir Sheumais Grannd. Latha fuar, amhuidh, dorcha, gun ghrian ri fhaicinn, a nis 's a ris fras de fhliuch-shneachd, — latha 'bheireadh sealladh duaichnidh do bhaile air thalamh, 's air nach b'urrainn a neach a bu shunndaiche sealltainn aoibheil.

Rinneadh ullachadh mor airson gach urram a chur, 'n a bhas, air an Laoch threun, a chuir urram cho mor air a Dhuthaich 'n a bheatha. Bha mu dhà mhìle a dh' astar eadar an t-aite 's an do thogadh an giulan 's an uaigh; agus bha mìltean 'us deich mìltean de gach aois 'us inbhe ri 'm faicinn a' cuairteach na slighe air gach taobh. Bho Shraid a' Phrionnsa bha 'n sealladh greadhnach agus druighteach thar tomhais. Bha na buithean duinte. Chiteadh bratach leth-shinte ri crann an sud 's an so, a' snamh gu trom 's a' ghaoith. Bha gach dorus, 's gach uinneag, 'us barra-bhalla de'n t-sraid aluinn sin air an lionadh le daoine. Bho cheann gu ceann 's bho thaobh gu taobh, bha 'n t-sraid leathann comhdaichte le sluagh, a bha dluthachadh ri cheile a dh' fhosgladh slighe chumhann do na marcaichean

a ghabh an ceum toisich a chum an rathad a rèiteach. 'N an deigh-san bha corr 'us mìle saighdeir, — coisichean, marcaichean, 'us gunnacha-mora, — a' gluasad mothar, mall, ri fonn thiamhaidh an luchd-ciuil, le'n airm tiunndaidhte a' leigeadh ris gu'n robh iad an dingh a' dol an coinneamh Namhaid air nach buadhaicheadh geiread sleagha no faobhar claidheimh. Thainig an sin an Giulan air carbad a bh'air a tharruing le seisear each; — air thoiseach, buidheann de Reisimeid an t-Seanalair fein; air gach taobh dheth, seana chompanaich a sheas r'a ghualainn an iomadh cruadal 's nach do threig an diugh e; 'n a dheigh, am laimh gille, an t-each odhar, meamnach, a bu tric a ghiulain an Triath g'a chliu, ach

“Ged chuir iad srian 'us diollaid air,
Cha robh a' Marcaiche 'n a glaic.”

Bha Bratach Bhreatuinn a' comhdach na ciste, 's air a h-uachdar bha ri fhaicinn “an claidheamh gun bheairt,” an àd, 'us suaicheantas gach urram a choisinn an Saighdeir treun an iomadh blar. As deigh a ghiulain thainig a Bhantrach 's a luchd-coimheadachd, 'n an carbadan; dlu-chairdean; Baillidhean 'us Comhairlichean a' Bhaile, 'n an eideadh loinneireach; Uaislean 'us Mor-uaislean, — air chois, 's 'n an carbadan, — le 'm bu durachd an urram a' nochdadh le bhi leantuinn an Uasail urramaich g'a dhachaidh bhuain. Bha gunnachan a' chaisteil, 'n an canain ghruamaich fein, le 'm bilibh iarunn a' cur am beannachd dheireannach leis an deagh Shaighdeir d' am b' eigin strìochdadh do Namhaid d' am feum na h-uile geilleadh, aig meud an Neirt no airde 'm Misnich. Bu shealladh so a dhruigheadh air a chridhe bu neo-mhothacheile. Latha dorcha, fuar; na mìltean de dhaoine le bron air

gach gnais ; ceum mall, trom an fheachd air a' chabhsair ; fuinn thiamhaidh an luchd-ciul ; buille mùchte' an drumma ; 'us fuaim thor-runnach nan gunnacha-mora ;—gach aon a' cur an ceill 'n a chainnt labh-raich fein, gu'n do thuit Duine treun, air am bu toil leis an Rioghachd urram a chur ; agus, air an laimh eile, gur e so crìoch gach neach aig airde 'Mhorachd ; oir

“ Ciod e spionnadh an laoi ch' ?
Ged sgaoil e mar dhuilleach an cath,
An diugh ge treun air an raon,
Bheir an daol am maireach buaidh air.”

Is eagalach an ni am Bàs, cia air bith an doigh anns an tachair sinn ris ; ach tba mi meas gu bheil sinn ro-bhuailteach gu bhi saolsinn gu bheil an Rìgh an-ìochdmhor air a rusgadh, ann an tomhas mor, de 'uamhas an uair tha e air tòir an t-Saighdeir. Ann an co-cheangal ri bàs an t-Saighdeir, tha 'n Inntinn ro-dheas gu bhi beachdachadh, le ni-eigin de thoileachas, air Feachd a' dol an coinneamh an Namhaid le iolach, le toirm gaire-cath, 's “ le cruaidh bhrosnachadh nan Dan ; ” 's gu bhi di-chuimhneachadh gu tur “ an t-seallaidh as deigh a' bhlair,”—gach Saighdeir marbh 'us leonta a muigh, 's gach cridhe briste aig baile. Dhomh fein, bha tòrradh Saighdeir riamh na shealladh druighteach ann an doigh ro-shonruichte thairis air torrath neach eile,—co-dhiu a b'e 'n Saighdear diblidh air a choimheadachd le 'chompanaich do'n Chill a bha 's an amharc ; no'n Seanalair seolta, calma, a thuit ann an trein a Mhorachd, 's a dh'adhlaiceadh an cabhaig far an do thuit,

“ Le thrusgan cogaidh mu'n cuairt air ; ”

no co-dhiu a thainig e tearuinteroimh chunnartan ceud faiche, “ 's a chriochnaich e chath 's a rèis ” am measg a chairdean, 's a chaidh a

ghiulan le mor-ghreadhnachas “ do'n tigh a dh' orduicheadh do na h-uile bheo,”—ni a b'e crannchur Shir Sheumais Grannd.

“ Stad, Creag-Eileachaidh ! ” am measg gach Laoch treun a dh' araicheadh fo d' sgail, 's a choisinn cliu cho buan do d' ainm air iomadh laraich chruaidh, cha robh aon a b' airde misneach, a bu bhlaithe cridhe, no bu chothromaiche gluasad, na 'n Saighdear ainmeil a dh' adhlaiceadh Duneideann air an treas-la-deugan de'n Mhart a dh' fhalbh.

CLIU EOBHAIN.

Gach cliù gu cliù Eobhain,
Gach dàn gu dàn an Deirg,
Gach laoidh gu laoidh an amadain mhóir.

Is e so an ceann-fàth mu 'n deachaidh an cliù so a dhianamh : Bha rìgh beag a chòmhnaidh ann an ionad lethoireach de dh-innis Albann do 'm b' ainm Eobhan iargalta. Bha e cho allamharra 's nach robh neach a rachadh a steach air cachladh a lùchairt gun cheann-gnothuich de nach grad-chuireadh e an ceann. Nise thachair do dh-fhilidh, no ceannbhard cinn-chinnidh, agus dh' a reachaire-guib, dol air bhadharan gu aitreamh Eobhain. Dh' fhidrich Eobhan d'e, “ Creid fàth do ghnothuich, fhalbharaich ? ” “ Thàinig mi le cliù h-ugad,” ars' am filidh. “ Cluinneamaid e,” ars' Eobhan. Agus chan am bàrd an cliu so fòs. Nise bha Eobhan 'g a chur fhein 'n a arm-dheise a chur catha, agus bha an cliu coltach ri 'ghluasad—ni a thug Eobhan fosnear, agus thuirt e, “ Cha chreid mi fhein nach e dàn làrach a th' agad.” “ Cha 'n éudar gu'r h-è,” ars' am filidh ; ” mur can mo ghille cho math rium fhein e, fuilgidh mi mo chéusadh.” Nise chan an reachdaire an cliù gu iomal, cho math ri a mharasgal, agus dà

fhacal a bharrachd; ni leis 'n a
thiorc iad le chéile am beatha. Tha
an cliù mar so sìos:—

Gach cliù gu cliù Eobhain;
Uailse ri anfhainn,
Math ri mhuigheadh,
Dan dlol-déirceach,
Co-oighre Neill òig.
Na 'm b' eudar,
Giollachd choignear,
'S iad dàn, meanmnach,
Gu tòs tulachd,
Le neart cuimhne,
Beum conchaire.
Mar ni am maor,
'S e nach dianadh,
Air bà-chroth,
No buaile 'n t-seann-chruidh.
Chuir e air a léineag
Chaol eugsamhuil,
Air a cur 'n a gleus iall,
Aighir éibhneis,
'N a chaol dheise,
'S 'n a dheagh mhaise,
'S 'n a mhuilchean.
Chuir e air a lùireach,
Ailt iongantach.
A' cheann-bheairt oluinn
Bhuadhach, leitheann, Lochlunnach.
Air éideadh thun na crith-mhòintich,
An eanghaiste chaol, bhuadhach.
Chuir e air uachdar na luirich
Sleaghan a's lannan a's òrnalas
An crios àluinn, òr-loisgte.
Chuir e air a bhrògan mine, dubha,
Bhuinn iubhair, eutrom,
Chaol, dhlonach, ùr,
Air dheagh chumadh,
Buinn iubhair eutrom.
Chuir e air uachdar nam bròg
Or-spuirean ruinn chruidh stàillinn-
each
Air an so roth-lionadh
Gu dlol tioma 's taise
'N uair dhùrich e an t-each
Deann-mhilleach.
'S bha trì gnàthan tairbh
Anns an each:
An t-suil cholgach,
'S an aghaidh chas,
'S am muineal reamhar.
'S bha trì gnàthan mnatha
Anns an each:
Muigh a's eang a's sithe farsainn,
Bha trì gnàthan giorra
Anns an each:
Bhi gu bior-chluasach,
Lom-chluasach,
Og-innealta, seang, suileannach,
Mar ghroidh mhiolaich,
'S mar bheithir bheuma.

Ite-chille fo gach cois
'S a' chath-chòmhraig.
Gu'r h- e b' ainm dha:
Leid air laidhe, 's bruidhe moidhe,
A's cliù Eobhain.

Is sin agad, fhir mo chridhe, "Cliù Eobhain." Cha'n urrainn domh de dh-innse-sgeòil a thoirt dhut mu 'dheighinn, ach gu'm beil e fhein, a's "Dan Oisein do'n ghréin," sgrìbhte 's an laimh-sgrìbhidh Eirionnaich, mar a theirear rithe, air ceithir leòid na boise de sheann phaipeir, agus gur h- ann bho Ghall a fhuair mi e, agus sin, an là roimhe. Rinneadh an sgrìbheadh, theirinn, mu fhìor thoiseach na linne so th' againn. An uair a leugh mi e chuir e 'n cuimhne dhomh mar a bha, uair, eadar Sir Eobhan Lochial agus ban-bhuidseach; agus gun fhios am misde leat sin a chluinntinn, cuiridh mi sìos dhut e, facal air an fhacal, mar a chuala mi e:—

Bha Sir Eobhan turus air ghnòth-uch cabhaig an Ionarnis, agus a' tilleadh dhachaidh, mar a bha e a' togail a mach as a' bhaile, ciod a' cham-chòdhail a rinn suas ris ach luiriste de bhoirionnach iargalta, fad-chasach—ban-bhuidseach. Cha do chuir iad fàilte air a chéile ann; ach bha ise cumail an aon chéum air an co-imeachd ris. Bu cho math le Eobhan ban-chompanacheile rithe, 's gun fhios aige co b' i; ach cha robh a choltas oirre-se gu'n robh a chuideachdas a' droch-chòrdadh rithe. Ach, 's na gàmagan a bh' ann, thugar i trisealachadh oirre fhein 's thuirt i:

"Ceum ann, Eobhain!"

Nise, an luib na bròig-airgid a fhuair Sir Eobhan 's an taghairm, fhuair e buaidh air cruaidh, air luaidhe, 's air buidseachd, 's cha robh sin gun fhios da, agus thuirt e ris a' chaillich 's e toirt tàrr-leum as:

"Ceum air do cheum, a chailleach,
'S an ceum barrachd aig Eobhan."

Cha robh an còrr bruidhne eatarra 's an àm; ach chum iad na b-aon sìnteagan air gus an d' ràinig iad caolas Mhic-Phadruic—'s cha b' iongantach iad a bhi sgith. Dh' éibh Eobhan an t-aiseag 's thàinig am bàta; ach cha leigeadh na gillean a stigh a' chailleach. An uair a thuig i nach fhaigheadh i an t-aiseag, thuirt i, 's i gabhail a cead de dh-Eobhan:

“Dùrachd mo chridhe dhut, a ghaoil Eobhain.”

Bha Eobhan air fhaicill, 's fhreagair e, “Dùrachd do chridhe do 'n chloich ghlais ud thall,” agus, a mhic chridhe, bha deagh-thuiteamas seanchais air—sgoilt a' chlach 'na dà bhloigh!

ABRACH.

—o—

LITIR A AMERICA.

NUADH ALBAINN, 12th Feb. 1875.

A GHÀIDHIL RUNAICH,—Tha mi creidsinn gu 'n toir e mor thoil-inntinn do na seann chàirdean facal a chluinntinn mu chor nan Gàidheal ann an Nuadh Albainn air a' bhliadhna so. Bha foghar torach, tarbhach ann an uiridh air chor 's gu 'm beil na 's leòir de ghnoth-uichean matha, pailteas bìdh a's dibhe, do dhuine 's do dh-ainbhith, ri fhaotainn gun ghainne air feadh na tìre. Bha tràithean fàbhorach agus sìde thioram sheasgair ann, Deir-eadh an fhoghair, agus Toiseach a' gheamhraidh. Cha 'n fhacas a' bheag sa bith de 'n aimsir fhliuich, fhunntainnich, a b'abhaist a bhi ann mu 'n tràth sin de 'n bhliadhna. Uime sin bha na rathaidean mora na bu tiorma na bu ghnàth leo bhi, agus na b' fhasa ri shiubhal.

Mu 'n dara là deug de 'n Dùd-lachd, thòisich an t-side air caoch-ladh, agus air dol am fuairead. Thàinig stoirm shneachda oidhche Diluain (an 14 la); agus a rithist

La Nolluig thainig an sneachda na bu truime. Ach feasgar Dimàirt (an 29 la) mu cheithir uairean an deigh thràth-noine, thainig osag gu h-obunn bho thuath a bhual a' choille mar pheileir á beul gunna-mhóir, agus a thug oirre fuaim mhor a dheanamh mar thàirneineach nan speur, an uair a fhreagras mac-talla nan creag do 'n starraraich agus do 'n ghleadhraich a bhios anns na neòil. Thòisich an sin an àirde tuath air taomadh a feachd neo-bhàigheil a stigh air an tìr, agus gu firinneach b'i sin an armailt gun tìs, gun bhàigh, gun tròcair ri duine no ri ainbhith. Tha an armailt so fo riaghladh agus fo smachd ard-cheannaird chruaidh do 'n ainm Mac-'ic-Reòta no Iain Glas *Mac-Gille-reòta* fear a lion an dùthaich de shaighdearan sgeadaichte an trusgain gheala, agus a ghlais suas gach sruthan a's allt a's amhainn fo leacan liath-ghorm, air chor 's gu'r gann a gheobh creatair beò deoch uisge ri òl. Bha an dà latha mu dheireadh de 'n bliadhna agus là na Bliadhn'-ùire anbarrach fuar, agus an deigh sin thàinig stoirmean móra sneachda. Lean an reothadh air dol an cruaidhead, agus an sneachda air dol am meud, gus am beil fuachd a's gailionn ann nach facas a leithid 's an dùthaich bho chionn dheich bliadhna fichead. Ach ged a tha 'n aimsir cho fuar stoirmeil, cha 'n 'eil i cur grabaidh air luchd-tomhais an rathaid-iarrainn eadar Glaschu-Nobha agus Caolas Channso aig Eilein Cheap Breatunn. Tha an luchd-tomhais so a mach a h-uile latha a' suidheachadh cùrsa an rathaid: oir tha e air a shòn-ruchadh gu 'm biodh rathad-iarrainn eadar Glaschu-Nobha agus Ceap Breatunn mar a tha air feadh na dùthcha an àiteachan eile. Bidhan rathad so feumail do Cheann Near Albainn Nobha, gu sònraichte do

na h-àiteachan ris an abrar Pictou,
Antigonish, agus Ceap Breatunn.
Agus an uair a chriochnaichear an
rathad-iarrainn eadar na Mòrroinn-
ean uachdrach agus ìochdrach, faod-
aidh neach siubhal bho Chaolas
Chanoso, gu cearna sa bith de
Chanada gus an togair e dol, agus
sin gun atharrachadh air carbad,
cho socrach, soimeach 's ged a
bhiodh e an lùchurt na Banrigh am
Baile-Mhoraire.

Faodaidh na càirdean anns a'
Ghàidhealtachd a thuigsinn mar so
gu 'm beil soirbheachadh aig na
Gàidhil ann an America, agus gu 'n
dean iad aoibhneas ma thig cuid
de 'm bràithrean g' am faicinn, 's a
ghabhail còmhnaidh 'n am measg
Tha pailteas de dh-àiteachan falamh
ann air an son ma thig iad; agus
tha tighean-aoraidh agus tighean-
sgoile goireasach anns gach cèarna
de 'n dùthaich. Ann am Pictou
saoilidh neach gu 'r h-ann an siorr-
achd Rois, no Ionar Nis no Chat-
aobh a tha e leis na choinnicheas ris
de na Gàidhil agus de 'n Ghàilig.

“An là chì 's nach fhaic.”

GAIDHEAL ANNS NA COILLTIBH.

—o—

SEANN ORAN.

Gur mis' tha fo mhulad
Air 'n tulaich so shuas,
Nach faicear am chòir thu
La Dònaich no Luain.
Ged theid mi do 'n leabaidh :
Cha chaidil mi uair,
A' smaointean mo leannain
'S e fad air dol bhuam.

Fear ciabhaige glaise
Cha d' thug mi dha spéis ;
'S e mo run an t-òg gasda,
Chaidh seachad an dé.
Mo chridh' air a bhristeadh—
'S e bruidhinn gach té ;
Tha mo dhòchas 'n uair thig thu,
Gu'm bi mi 's tu réidh.

Gu'm faca mi 'n dé thu,
'S bu luaineach do chéum,

Chaidh tu orm seachad,
'S cha d' fharraid mo sgéul
Ach, marbhaig air an t-saoghal,
Gur caochlaideach è ;
Mu'n taice so 'n uiridh,
Gheabhainn d' fhuman romh chéud.

ESAN A' FREAGAIPT.

An t-soiridh, an t-soiridh,
Thoir an t-soiridh so bhuam,
A null thair an loch,
Far bheil osnaich a' chuain.
Far an d' fhàg mi mo leannan,
Caol mhala gun ghruaim.
Gur cùbhraidh' leam d' anail
Na 'n caineal 'g a bhuain.

A chuachag an fhàsaich,
Gur h-àill' thu na'n dritùhd.
'S e miann gach gill òig
A bhi 'n còmhnaidh riut dlùth.
Tha mis' ann an dòchas
Gur h-òigh thu gun smùr.
Mo bhriathran 's mo bhòidean
Nach pès mi ach thù.

Tha thu bòidheach gun mheang,
Tha thu bairidh gun ghruaim,
Tha thu sibhealta 'd chainnt,
Neothar-thaing, tha thu suairc :
Cha'n 'eil cron ort ri àireamh
An làthair an t-sluaigh,—
'S ma tha thu gann de stòras
Tha 'n còrr annad dh' uaisl'.

Am meadhon na mara,
'N uair bhios mi leam fhein,
Bidh do ghaol ga mo mhealladh,
'S 'g am bheothachadh suas.
Cha teid mi air àicheadh
An làthair an t-sluaigh,
Nach tu 'n t-aon is fhearr leam
A dh' fhàs oirre gruag.

—o—

NA TRI COIN UAINE AIR
LOMHAINN.

Bha righ ann roimhe so, 's bha e
pòsta dà uair. Bha mac a's nighean
aige ris a' chiad mhnaoi; ach cha
robh gin aige ris an te mu dheireadh,
's bha i, mar is minic le a leithid,
anbarrach dona do na daltaichean.
Bha i cumail a' ghille buachailleachd
a' chruidh; 's cha 'n fhaodadh e
tighinn an caraibh an tighe, ach
moch a's anmoch, 's cha robh an

òrduchadh dha uair sa bith ach leth a leòir de bhiadh. Bha an nighean 'n a ban-chòcaire, 's cha 'n fhaodadh i, là no dh' oidhche, dol a mach as an tigh-fhuine; 's cha mhò na sin a dh' fhaodadh i blasad air ni sa bith ach mar a shìneadh a muime dh' i; air chor's gu'n robh i fhein 's a bràthair an coinnimh dol bàs leis an acras. Ach air latha de na làithean, thuit dhaibh tachairt air a chéile, agus thuirt esan ri phiuthair nach robh a bhi beò aige leis an acras; agus gur beachd a bh' aige falbh 's an saoghal a shiubhal, agus e fhein a bheathachadh mar a b' fhearr a dh' fhaodadh e.

“Ma tha thusa air do dhroch dhìol le cion a' bhìdh, cha 'n e mo chàramh-sa is fhearr dad idir,” ars' a phiuthar 's i 'g innseadh dìol a muime oirre. “Agus,” ars' ise, “ma 's falbh dhutsa e, bidh an t-aon fhalbh againn.” Is e bh' ann gu'n d' rinn iad an àirde ri chéile gu'm b' e falbh a b' fhearr dhaibh, agus 's e falbh a rinn iad. Thog iad orra a ghleidheadh an fhortain, 's thug esan leis tri mairt mhaol, odhar, a bh' aig an rìgh. Shiubhail iad cian fhada 's cuan fhada, 's mu dheireadh thainig iad air coillidh mhoir gun cheann, gun chrich. Chaidh iad a stigh 's 'a choillidh leis a' chrodh, 's bha iad ag cumail rompa riabh gus an d' thàinig iad air innis de thulaich ghuirm, 's leig iad an anail. Thaitinn an tulman gorm so air cùl gaoithe 's ri aodunn gréine, riutha gu math; agus 's e bh' ann gu'n do thog esan sgùid de bhothan, 's chuir iad suas ann. Bha an innis so tiorail, ònrachdach, 's cha robh duine no beothach ag cur dragh orra, air chor's gu'n robh iad gu sàmhach, soimeach; agus na'n dianadh pailteas bliochd a's bainne e, bha iad cho math 's a bha'n latha cho fada—esan fad an latha a' buachailleachd a' chruidh, 's bhiodh am pailteas bìdh

a's dibhe aicese air a chionn an uair a thigeadh e dhachaidh; 's bha iad, mar bu dual 's mar bu ùigheach do phiuthair 's do bhràthair, ag còrdadh gu fìor-ghasda.

Bha esan là bha 'n sin mar a b' àbhaist air falbh leis a' chrodh, agus co a thainig an rathad ach fear agus tri mìol-choin uaine air lomhainn aige. Thaitinn na coin gu gasda ris; 's ma thaitinn, thaitinn an crodh ri fear nan con. Mu dheireadh thuirt e ris ciod a ghabhadh e air fear de na coin. Thuirt e gu'n gabhadh te de 'n chrodh mhaol, odhar; agus 's e bh' ann gu 'n d' rinn iad malairt. Chaidh e an latha sin dhachaidh le dà mhart mhaol, odhar, 's le cù uaine air lomhainn. Ghabh a phiuthar deargan dearg a' chaathaich ris air son dealachadh ris a' mhart; 's chuir i laidhe e an oidhche sin gun a shuipier. Cha robh comas air; ach an lath air n-ath-mhàireach dh' fhalbh e fhein 's a chù leis an dà mhart, 's tachrar fear nan con air, 's dianar iad malairt a rithist; agus amhuil sin an treas latha, gus an robh iad an sin gun mhart idir.

Bha fear de na coin air an robh Luath, fear air an robh Fios, agus fear air an robh Trom. Dh' innseadh Fios far am biodh na feidh, bheireadh Luath orr, agus ghiùlaineadh Trom iad. Latha a bha 'n sin togar air do 'n bheinn-sheilg. Dh' innis Fios far an robh na féidh, rug Luath air làn-damh, 's chuir e sid air muin Thruim. A' tilleadh dhachaidh, rinn iad stad aig fuarann uaine a leigeil an analach, 's leig Trom osna mhor as. “Ciod e fàth d' osna, Thruim?” “Farraid sin de Luath;” agus dh' fharraid Luath de dh-Fhios. “Is mor sin 's cha bheag e,” arsa Fios: “tha famhair mór nan cóig ceann, nan cóig meall, 's nan cóig muineal, a' fuireach an uamha faisg air an tigh agad, 's tha e fhein 's do phiuthar

tuilleadh 's àraid, 's bidh do bheatha fhein agus ar beatha-ne aca mu'n sguir iad." "Cha'n 'eil comas air," ars' esan", 's chaidh iad dhachaidh an oidhche sin. Chuir a phiutha^r poit de 'n t-sithinn air, agus an uair a bha i gréidhte, dh' ich iad an sàth 's ghabh iad gu fois. Moch 's a' mhadainn thug iad a rithist a' bheinn-sheilg orra. Dh' innis Fios far an robh na féidh ; rug Luath air làn-damh, 's chuir e air muin Thruim e. A' tilleadh dhachaidh thàinig iad air fuaran uaine, 's rinn iad stad a leigeil an analach. Rinn Trom osna throm. "Ciod è fàth d' osna, Thruim ? Farraid sin de Luath," 's dh' fharraid Luath de dh-Fhios. "Is mór sin 's cha bheag e," arsa Fios : "tha am famhair a stigh còmhla ri d' phiuthair, 's bidh ar beatha aige mu'n tig an latha. Chuir e an slachdan-draoidheachd am bràigh an dorus, los an ciad rud a dh' fhosglas an dorus gu'n tuit an slachdan air 's gu'm marbh e e." Bha 'n gnothuch gu h-olc. "Ciod a ni sinn ?" ars' esan. Thuirt Fios gu'n robh mada-ruadh òg am bun na creige bha mu'n coinnimh, 's gu'm beireadh Luath air "Agus," ars' esan, "thoir thusa leat beo e, leig as aig an dorus e, agus bheir e léum a stigh, 's tuitidh an slachdan air, 's gheabh sinn a stigh gu sàbhailte. Theid am famhair am fallach fo'n leaba ; ach cuir thusa poit de 'n t-sithinn air mar nach cuireadh tu omhail air dad a bhi tuathal. An uair a gheabh i goil mhath bhruiche bheir thu dh' e i, 's cuiridh tu air an ùrlar i faisg air an leaba. Bheir sinne an sin leum thun na poite, 's dòirtidh sinn i, agus loisgidh an siabh am famhair." Chòrd a' chomhairle gu math ris a' ghille, 's ghabh e i.

Fhuaradh an sionnach, 's thug e dhachaidh 'n a ultaich e. An uair a ràinig e an dorus leig e as e, 's mar a b' fhior, thug sid duibh-leum a

stigh air an dorus, ach bha e cho ealamh 's nach d' rug an slachdan ach air bàrr an earrbail aige—agus dh' fhuirich barr an earrbail ag a' chù-shionnaich bàn gus an là an diugh. An sin chaidh iad a stigh, agus chaidh an t-sithionn a ghréidheadh. Mar a dh' iarr Fios, thug an gille dh' e a' phoit, 's chuir e air an ùrlar i aig bruaich na leapa. Leum na coin thun na poite 's dhòirt iad i, agus fhuair am famhair plodadh math losgaidh, 's leum e mach 's an raoicil. Ma leum, a mhic chridhe, leum na coin a mach 'n a dheaghaidh 's beir air bheir aca air, 's mu'n d' ràinig e an uamha rinn iad an gnothuch air.

An là air n-ath-mhàireach, mu'n do bhlaiss an t-ian an t-uisge bha e air a chois 's dh' fhalbh e, 's dh' fhàg e a phiuthar an sid, 's bus-diombach oirre ag cumhadh an fhamhair. Shiubhail e cian fhada 's cuan fhada an àrd 's an iséal, an lom 's an coille gus an robh na h-eòin bheaga, bhuchullach, bhachlach, bharr-bhuidhe, bhòidheach, ag gabhail gu tàmh am bun nam preas 's am bàrr nan dos, ged a bhà cha robh mac an righ ann. Mu dheireadh thall thàinig e air lùchuirt mhoir righ a's gabhar a stigh ; 's dh' iarr e cosnadh. Thaitinn a dhealbh 's a dhreach riu, 's dh' fhiosraich iad ciod a b' aithne dha dhianamh. Thuirt e nach robh cèaird aige, ach gu'n d' thugadh e lamh-chuideachaidh dhaibh an rud sa bith a bhiodh a' dol. Rinn an righ gille-monaidh dha fein d' e. Bha e fhein 's an righ a' tighinn air a chéile gu gasda. Bha cead aig na coin dol do chèarna sa bith de 'n tigh 's cha dianadh e ni gun a chur an toiseach 'n an cead-san. Ach ged a bha na cùisean ag éirigh leis cho math 's a' ruigeadh e leas iarraidh, bha a phiuthar a' tighinn a stigh air—gu'm bu truagh i leatha-fhein 's a' choille ; 's ged a rinn i air mar a

rinn i, chuir e roimhe gu'm bruidhneadh e ris an rìgh los a faighinn 'n a ban-chòcaire aige; ach chuir e a chomhairle ris na coinne. Thuirt Fios ris, ma bha e glic e g' a seachnadh, gu'm biodh a bheatha fhein 's ambeatha-san aice mu'n sguireadh i; ach, cha robh fois aige a là no dh' oidhche gus an d' fhuair e aonta an rìgh gus a toirt leis. Cha dealaicheadh an rìgh ris na coin, 'g an cumail an geall esan a thilleadh. An uair a bha e dealachadh riutha chuir iad impidh air gun dol a tigh do'n tigh air chor sa bith, gu'n bh a phiuthar 's naoi cuileinean maola ruadha, aice a-dh' fhàg am famhair, 's gum biodh e an geall na b' fhiach e, ach iad a dh' fhaotainn cothrom air. Bha feadag aige, 's chluinneadh na coin i ge b'e àite 's am bitheadh iad; agus dh' iarr iad air e g' a seinn 'n am biodh e an cunnart sa bith.

Dh' fhalbhe, 's ràinig e gusgith, air acras agus air pathadh, an tigh 's an robh a phiuthar, ach cha deachaidh e stigh. Rinn e guth aig an uinneig, agus rinn ise othail mhór ris 's i toirt a h-uile cuiridh dha gu dol a stigh. A stigh cha rachadh e; ach chuir e an céill a theachdaireachd far an robh e. An uair a thuig ise neach dianadh bial-briagha an gnothuch, stuig i-na naoi cuileinean maola, ruadha, ann—'s i 'g éigheach sin e, sin e! am fear amharbham famhair-beiribh air!" B' éudardha a chasan a thoirt as, agus streupadh an craoibh. Thòisich iadsan an sin air a' chraoibh a thoirt as na friamhaichean; agus 's e bh' ann gu'n do sheinn e an fheadag. Thàinig na trì coin uaine 's mharbh iad cuileinean an fhamhair. Thill iad do lùchuirt an rìgh; ach eadar a h-uile car a bh' ann thug e leis a phiuthar, 's thòisich ise air a' chòcaireachd. Thug iad mar sin latha 's bliadhna, 's iad cho math 's a bha 'n latha cho fada.

Thuit dhàsan a bhi bho 'n tigh là

bha 'n sin, 's cha d'thug e leis na coin: bha iad iad 'n an laidhe aig an teine, agus ciod sa bith a ghabh a phiuthar 'n a ceann, sparr i ghreideal 'n a teine dearg orra. Leum iad a mach 's leig iad dunnal muladach asda, 's chuir gach fear dhiubh brùchd an falamach an toman luachrach aig ceann an tìghe.

An uair a thill easan dhachaidh cha robh forfhais aig a phiuthair air na coin; ach dh' innis am buachaille dha mar a thachair, agus mar a dh' fhàg iad am fuil 's an tom luachrach. Cha robh fhios aige ciod a dhianadh e; ach thrus e leis gu cùramach an fhuil, 's bhòidich a's bhriathraich e nach rachadh poll as a bhròig no uisge as osan gus am faigheadh e forfhais orra. Agus 's e bh' ann gu'n do ghabh e chead de'n rìgh, 's gu'n do thog e air. Shiubhail e cóig chóigean na h-Eirionn 's cha d' fhuair e sgial orra. Mu dheireadh ràinig e baile-mór; 's bha 'n sluagh an sin ri bròn 's ri tuireadh. Dh' fharraid e mu cheann-fhàth a' mhulaid. Thuirt iad ris gu'n robh triùir mhac an rìgh gun dùil bheò rintha. Dh' fharraid e mu 'n trioblaid, agus fhad 's bho 'n a dh' fhairich iad i. Thuirt iad ris gu 'n robh iad air falbh bho chionn fhada, 's gu'n robh iad mar sid bho 'n a thill iad; ach an uair a h' fhidrich e iad, dh' innis iad a h-uile car dha—gu'n robh iad fada fo gheasan; agus cuideachd mar a rinn-eadh orra an tigh rìgh 'san robh aida' fuireach; agus nach dianadh ni no dad an leigheas ach an fhuil a dh' fhàg iad 's an tom luachrach fhaotainn air a h-ais; ach gu'm bu rud sin nach gabhadh dianamh. An uair a chuala esan so, thuig co a bh' aige; agus dh' innis e dhaibh co b' e; agus cuideachd gu'n robh an fhuil aige, na 'n aithngheadh gach fear dhiubh a bhrùchdan fhein. Thug e dhaibh am fuil 's dh' aithnich gach fear a bhruchdan fhein, 's bha iad cho

beò, slàn, fallain, 's a bha iad riabh.

Rinneadh fleadh mór, a's mùirn, a's aighir, 's fhuair an gille caisteal briagha bho'n rìgh; agus a bheathachadh am miagh 's am pailteas fhad 's bu bheò e. Ged a rinn a phiuthar air mar a rinn i, bu truagh leis i, agus thug e leis i 's bha i tuille 'n a h-inghinn mhath. Dh' fhuirich iad le chèile 's 'a chaisteal gus an d' éug am muime; ach an uair a fhuair iad sgial a bàis-se thill iad dhachaidh do 'n rìgheachd fhein.

GLASRACH.

—o—

SOP AS GACH SEID.

Didònaich shlat-pailm
'S ann ris tha mo stoirm.
Didònaich Crum-Dubh,*
Plaoisgidh mi 'n t-ubh.

Tritir bhan-chompanach is còir do gach duine bhi mór a's iad —a' bhean, a stamag, agus a chogais.

Smachdaich do smaointean an uair a bhios tu leat fhein, agus cuir srian ri d' theanga am measg cuideachda.

Tha uibhir de dh-iarann ann fuil da fhichead duine 's a dhianadh soc 's am biodh ceithir puinnidh fhichead air chudrom.

* Didònaich Crum-Dubh, Easter Sunday. —The following is from the *Dublin Penny Journal*:—Amalgadus, Amhley (hodie Awley) was prince of this district, on the arrival of Saint Patrick, called by a voice from the wood of Foclut (Faghd) to the conversion of the natives of this country, Awley received the Apostle with hospitality, by whom he was converted, together with 7000 of his subjects in one day, after a violent disputation with the Chief of the Druids, whose Crum Dhu, or Altar of Sacrifice, he overturned, casting the eternal fire into a cavern communicating with the ocean, called therefrom, to this day, *Pal na shan tinne*, or the cavern of the ancient fire. The memory of this event is annually celebrated on the first Sunday in August, called Donagh Crum Dhu, at Downpatrick, five miles west of Killala.

Biadh a thoirt do 'n fhearann mu'm fàs an t-acras air; fois a thoirt da mu'm fàs e sgith; a ghartghlanadh mu'm fàs e salach—comharraich an deagh thuathanaich.

Am màireach na biodh ad bheachd,
Aon ni dhianamh a d' neart fhein;
Triallaidh sin uile ma seach,
Creid nach beat ach an là 'n dé.

Ni sàr bhreac srutha suain,
Bidh dubh-breac loch a' sior-leum;
Fanaidh fear sona ri sìth,
'S bheir duine dona duibh-leum.

MARBHRANN DO GHOBHAINN.

Chaill na builg an anail,
'S chaill na h-ùird an spionnadh;
Fhir mo ghaoil 's mo chomuinn.
Fhuair thu bàs a dh-aindeoin.

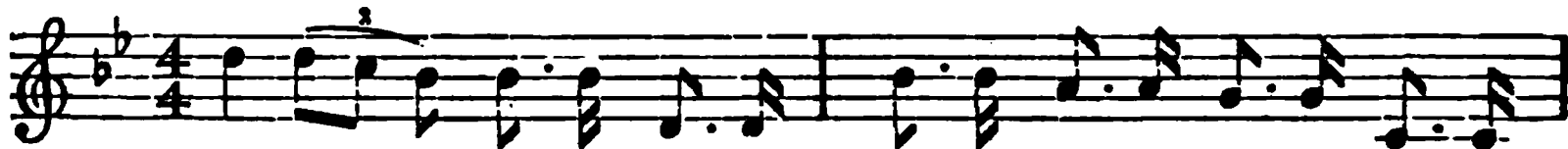
Bha rìgh ann roimhe so, 's bha e latha ag gabhail sràide air feadh baile-mhargaidh, 's rachar romh chearna dh'e 's an robhas 's an uair ag cumail féille. Sheas e a ghabhail beachd air a' bhathar agus orrasan a bha 'g a reic 's 'g a cheannach, agus thugar an aire do sheann duine còir liath 'n a shuidhe a measg chàich, agus farraidear dh'e co b'è, no ciod a bh' aige 'g a reic. Thuirte esan ris 's e freagairt, gu 'm bu ghliocair e, 's gu 'm b'e a' chrionntachd am bathar a bh' aige 'g a reic. Rinn an rìgh snodha gàire, 's thuirte e ris, gu 'm bu rud sid air an robh e an barrach féumach leis na bh' aige de dhaoine ri rian, 's gun e ach òg. "Agus," ars' esan, "ma 's urrainn dut a' chrionntachd a reic rium, bheir mi gu toileach dhut dà chiad marg òir oirre." Is e bh' ann gu 'n d' thuirte an gliocair ris: "Bheir mi seòladh dhut leis am faod thu thu fhein agus do dhaoine a rian le crionntachd. A chaidh na bruidhinn, 's na gabh rud sa bith of làimh gun sealltainn romhad ciod a' bhuil gus an tig do bhriathran agus do dhianadas." Thaitinn an seòladh so cho math ris an rìgh 's gu 'n d' òrduich e an t-'or a phàidheadh 's an uair dha. An sin ghearr e e air còmhlaichean 's air uinneagan a lùchuirte 's air an an obair òir a's airgid, 's dh' fhuair e e air gach snàthainn aodaich a bh' aige, los e bhi daonnan aige mu chomhair a shùil. Leis an fhaicill so cha deachaidh an rìgh riabh air iomral 'n a chomhairle, agus riaghail e e fhein 's a rìgheachd le gliocas.

Am fear nach seall roimhe,
Seallaidh e 'n a dheaghaidh.

AISEIRIGH IAIN RU Aidh.

LE GILLEASBUIG DONULLACH.

GLEUS B Flat.



M : m,r,d | d.,d : m₁,M₁ | d.,d : t₁,t₁ | l₁,l₁ : r₁,R₁



m₁,m₁ : s₁,s₁ | l₁,d : r.,S | m.,d : r.,t₁ | l₁ : l₁. ||

Hó ró, gu 'm b' éibhinn leam
A chluinntinn gu 'n do dh-eirich thu ;
'S ann leam is ait an sgeula sin,
Bho 'n chaidh an t-Eug cho teann ort.

Chuala mi gu 'n chailleadh thu,
A's gu 'n do rinneadh d' fhalaraidh ;
'S is cuis mu 'n robh mi gearanach,
Do bhean a bhi 'n a bantraich.

Thug iad o na h-osdairean
Buideal am bun tòrraidh dhuit ;—
Ma bheireas mi gun òladh air,
'S e ni sinn seorsa bainnse.

Bho 'n tha giubhas sàbht' agad,
'S gu 'n d' rinn an gobha tairngean duit,
Teannamaid ri bàta 'theid
Do Fhàro dh' iarraidh *brannid* !

Cha bhi dad de dh-éis oirre ;
Gheobh i gach ni dh' fheumas i—

Ni 'n lìon-aodach am *main-sail* di,
'S gu 'n dean na spéicean crann di.

Cha 'n easbhuidh nach bi ballan ann,
Gu cuplaichean, 's gu tarraingean ;
Tha ropaichean gun ghainn' againn,
'S gu 'n ceangail sinn gu teann iad.

Cha 'n 'eil m' inntinn gearanach,
Bho 'n chuir thu dhiot an galar ud ;
'S ann tha do phiob 'n a deannaibh,
A' toirt caithreim air ceol-dannsaidh.

'N uair bhà thu anns an Reiseimeid,
Bu tapaidh, sgairteil, treubhach thu ;
A' h-uile fear a leumadh ort,
Gu 'n gréadhach tu gun taing e.

'N uair a bha thu d' oganach,
Is lionmhor àit' am b' eolach thu ;
Chunnaic mise 'n clòsaidean,
Ag ol an Amsterdam tlu.

AN T-AILLEAGAN.

THE G A E L,

ENGLISH DEPARTMENT.

Vol. IV.

APRIL 1875.

No. 40.

NATIONAL PREJUDICE.

IF we accept the deliberate judgment of the foremost minds of our race, who have devoted their energies to an investigation into the nature of man, and his relation to the universe, of which he forms a very important unit, we must believe that of all kinds of knowledge attainable by him, knowledge of SELF is the most difficult, and at the same time the most important. The father of Greek Philosophy, he "whom well inspired the oracle pronounced wisest of men," made self-knowledge the ground-work of his whole system, and regarded all other forms of human knowledge of importance only in so far as they tended to throw light upon this the centre and basis of them all; while we have it upon ever higher authority that Omniscience alone can fully fathom the thoughts of man. And it may be affirmed generally that all the great writers of antiquity, inspired and uninspired, bore emphatic testimony to the importance and to the difficulty of "knowing what is in man." In modern times it is true that the greater number of the most vigorous minds have been engaged in the investigation of the laws of external nature, and the adaptation of these to the material comfort and enjoyment of man; but even in what we are accustomed to call in our self-complacency the enlightened nineteenth century, there have been found a few who have not turned aside to worship the golden calf, and who believe that the divinely-ap-

pointed guide to the promised land is still in this mount, veiled from their eyes though he be, and that he will yet come down, though for the present he appears to tarry.

That there are difficulties, some of them of a very subtle and persistent character, in the way of attaining to an accurate knowledge of self, is admitted by all who have attempted to unfold the mental and moral capacities of man, and the laws which govern the exercise of these capacities. These difficulties it does not fall within our province to investigate,—much less to suggest the remedies by which they may be lessened or removed. For an inquiry into the nature and causes of error we must refer our readers to the many elaborate treatises in the English language which attempt to treat the subject exhaustively. Before you can judge your neighbour fairly, it is absolutely necessary that you should first of all endeavour to attain to a more or less accurate knowledge of yourself. It is indeed true, paradoxical as it may appear, that in some respects your estimate of your neighbour's character may be more accurate than that of your own. The famous lines of Burns are not less philosophical than poetical:—

"O wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursels as others see us!"

The most powerful source of erroneous opinion—bias—whether it operates directly or indirectly, is as fatal to the attainment of a true knowledge of self, as its counterpart—prejudice—is to the attainment of a true

knowledge of others. It is good for us all that we should see ourselves occasionally through the eyes of others.

But apart from this, it is unquestionably true that there are difficulties in the way of your obtaining the necessary data to form a correct judgment of others, from which the inquiry into a knowledge of self is free. The conduct of your next-door neighbour,—of your most intimate friend—appears strange and unaccountable to you; it is not what you would have expected of him—not what your own conduct in similar circumstances would have been. Without inquiring into the reason of his behaviour, you pronounce him unnatural, ungenerous, unjust. Or you do institute a sort of inquiry, but you fail to discover a motive sufficient to account for the unusual behaviour upon any principle of action intelligible to you. In both cases you judge wrongly;—in the former, from simply refusing to inquire; in the latter, from failing to appreciate or from wrongly interpreting the moving cause of your neighbour's actions, and refusing to admit your incapacity or your error. The consequence is misunderstanding which rapidly advances through the succeeding stages of coolness, alienation, bickering, quarrel. You speak of him to your friends; and as you have misunderstood himself, you are certain to misrepresent him to them. The harmony of the neighbourhood is disturbed; your personal comfort is considerably interfered with, and your social enjoyments are at an end.

What is true of individuals is emphatically true of peoples and nations. If you are apt to misunderstand your next-door neighbour whom you have known all

your life,—if you fail to discover or adequately to appreciate the secret spring of your neighbour's conduct,—a man of your own blood, who speaks the same tongue, inherits the same traditions, holds by the same faith; how much more likely are you to misinterpret and misjudge the actions of men whom you never saw, of a different history, language, lineage, and creed. There are individual characteristics, mental and moral as well as physical; and there are ethnological characteristics of a deeper and more persistent type which even the most sympathetic and catholic-minded can trace but imperfectly through their complicated windings in human thought and speech and action. And what is history but in a great measure the record of misunderstandings and prejudices followed by wars,—the consequent expenditure of untold wealth, the sacrifice of millions of human lives, and what perhaps has been to the cause of human progress as great a hindrance, the expenditure of so much human effort and human talent and human sagacity in developing the Science of Destruction. In olden times, what must have been the condition of life when usually the famine and the pestilence carried away what the sword had left. And even in our day we are too apt to represent our army and navy as costing us so many millions of pounds sterling per annum. Even by this method of calculation they are expensive services to us. But the cost is not to be reckoned in pounds, shillings, and pence. To say nothing of the possible loss in human lives, which no amount of gold could replace, consider what a loss to this nation and its highest interests is an item which never appears in the estimates, the divert-

ing of so much human energy and human skill from the paths of industry and peace to the practice and perfecting of the art of war. We are indeed often told that war has been the pioneer of civilisation ; that it has always supplied the motive-power by which the wheel of progress has been made to revolve. There have been among the revolutions induced by war some turnings of the wheel ; but they were the revolutions of the windmill—revolutions in mid-air ; no advance along the high road of humanity ; no heritage reclaimed from the dreary wastes of ignorance and crime.

In ancient times, even among the most civilised nations, national prejudice was so strong as to make one people's estimate of another of little or no value to us now. The Greeks, with all their refinement and catholicity of spirit, had but one word to designate foreigners—barbarians. Among the nations of antiquity no faith was kept with the stranger. In your dealing with foreigners, no law—the law of hospitality alone excepted,—civil or sacred, was held as binding. The Stoic philosophy gave the first great blow to the hitherto impenetrable barrier of national exclusiveness ; while the spread of Christianity, by proclaiming the fact of a common descent from Adam, and of individual responsibility to God, taught nations to look at one another with quite different ideas and feelings from what they had formerly been accustomed to. But although Christianity taught the nations to look upon one another, not as enemies, but as brethren helping together to work out the plan of the Divine purpose in the world, and although it attached importance and significance to personal actions and individual responsibility unknown before, it

did not by any means overlook national acts or national duties, much less did it teach Cosmopolitanism as against Nationalism.

Where the feeling of nationality is strong, as with us, national prejudices must more or less abound. We are often reminded by our neighbours on the Continent of our insular prejudices. Towards each other we are not free from prejudice. The English taunt the Scotch ; the Saxon ridicules the Gael. The practice is often healthy, and for the most part instructive. But in many instances, as we shall afterwards endeavour to show, it is the outcome of a prejudice which is neither healthy nor instructive.

—o—

THE TONGUE OF THE GAEL.

A NEW SONG.

Is there a Gael that dare despise
His mither tongue and a' that,
And clips his words in Saxon wise ?
He's but a cuif for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Their hums and ha's and a' that,
We'll still be true to speech we drew
Frae mithers' lips for a' that.

The deep, full-breasted Highland tongue,
Wi' *gairm* and *glaoth* and a' that,
Ere Roman fought, or Greeklings sung,
Was sounded loud for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Their classic lore and a' that,
On Highland braes the Celtic phrase
Comes banging out for a' that.

On mild Ilianus' tiny stream
Pale olive trees and a' that,
Let Plato pile with lofty scheme
Ideal states and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Their fine-spun Greek and a' that ;
Where torrents roar stout hearts will
pour
Brave Gaelic speech for a' that.

The Roman was a lusty loon,
Wi' camps and roads and a' that ;
But whar the Highland hills looked down,
Guid faith he couldna fa' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Their legioned host and a' that ;

When Celts were nigh, with alogan
cry,
They turned their backs for a' that.

Your Oxford man's a dainty loon,
Weel combed and brushed and a' that;
But when the Celtic blast comes down,
He's blown like chaff for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Their smooth-rubbed Greek and a' that,
A Highland sang is never wrang
On Highland hills for a' that.

If Ayrshire blows the trump of fame
For Robbie Burns and a' that,
Wi' Duncan Ban's high-honoured name
Shall we be dumb and a' that?
For a' that, and a' that,
Though prigs deny, and a' that,
There's lofty lays in Gaelic phrase
Will never die for a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that,
That Highland lads may sing and say,
In Highland speech for a' that,
For a' that, and a' that,
Their red tape rules and a' that,
On Highland braes the Gaelic phrase
Is Queen o' tongues for a' that.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

LEVERS TO RAISE OUR PEASANTRY.

II.—LEASEHOLDS.

FEW relations are more debated, more unsatisfactorily defined, and, as defined, more inconsistent with the advanced spirit of the age, than those existing between landlord and tenant. And rarely in the history of modern civilisation have these relations been more misunderstood, and perhaps nowhere has this misunderstanding been more productive of disastrous results, than in those districts where the Celtic race were the occupiers of the soil. A sufficient explanation will be found in the history of the race. The Communistic sentiment which still obtains among Celts, concerning

their relations to land and landlord, is more than probably a fossil of by-gone days. Coerced sentiments are not the first to die. We may forcibly alter governments and laws, but we will not easily compel the surrender of cherished beliefs. The Clan System has been long supplanted by the Feudal, but the characteristic principle which considered all land the un alienable property of the people is not yet extinct. It is of no practical use, however, to bewail the necessity of now abandoning this sentiment, nor to lament the political extinction of the system which begot it, nor, indeed, at this time of day, to institute any comparison between it and Feudalism.

“Old times are changed—old manners gone.”

The Clan System is dead—the Feudal affects us daily; and, if the Highlander would perform his present duty, he must learn to make the best of the inevitable. He must learn to surrender the fossil sentiments descended to him from the clan system. He must endeavour to accomplish the abolition of those fossil laws of feudalism, which, though perhaps applicable enough to past conditions, are entirely inconsistent with the principles of political economy, as now understood by the most civilised nations. He must mature, propose, and never cease till he has effected, measures fitted to meet the present requirements, or at least, to ameliorate the present condition, of his people. The feudal laws of primogeniture, entail, and hypothec may not have affected the Highlands so much as more agricultural districts, but they have not a little determined the present condition of our peasantry. These laws now receive a liberal share of public attention, and their

effects upon the north have been more than once pointed out.

But the condition of the Highlands exhibits peculiar symptoms of unsoundness, which can by no means be attributed to the agency of these laws. We see families pining in want, and the householder returning, sick-hearted and sad, from the meal-dealer who has refused any further advance. Turning round we observe that the resources of the land, such as they are, are by no means developed—that only strips here and there are cultivated, and these but very inadequately; and we conclude that the miserable family might have been happier, the householder's debts smaller, his morality higher, and his independence better founded, were the patches of ground broader and better tilled. The conclusion becomes a conviction when we are informed that this man dissipates the greater part of his time in discussing the weather with his neighbours, in dozing over a fire which he has allowed his wife and tender ones to carry home, or in regaling a gaping audience with endless legends of weird superstition. Presently we see the wretch cowering under the scowl of a land manager whom feudal laws have made a despot. He seems to perceive in that "much respected Sir," the factor, a being of transcendent might, whose favour is life, and whose frown is the gloom of death. A feeling of unutterable scorn is roused at the spectacle; but, when all the circumstances of the case are considered, the scorn give place to indignation—not at the miserable peasant, but at the social and political influences which have made him what he is,—which have forced a man with all the possibilities of unlimited greatness to fawn upon a tyrant, and a

free minded and independent people to cringe and cower before men whom they too often regard with no amiable feelings. Mountain freedom may form a fine theme for the poet and sentimentalist, but the foul miasma of serfdom is as demoralising, and the dire pall of tyranny is as fatal, among the hills as upon the plain. The Highland mountaineer dare not be free, and no one is more conscious of the fact than himself. He knows too well the cost of such a luxury. The past rises before him, and tells him it means instant eviction. With a helpless family and no money what can he do? And so he eventually ceases to think about it, and need we wonder if he gradually degenerates into a soulless parasite. And will he turn his attention to his croft? Alas! he knows too well he may be turned out of it any day, and that the probability is proportionate to the degree in which he has improved it. So he folds his hands, and the world looks on, misunderstands his circumstances and motives, and with an air of self-satisfied sagacity, ascribes his passive apathy to meanness of spirit and laziness.

It is of no avail to instance cases of beneficent land management. We know of such cases. But because one man chooses to allow his sword in its sheath, is that a reason why another should have liberty to brandish his weapon among defenceless people? Factors and landlords are no more immaculate than other people, and the state of the north during the last century has been writing the testimony in tears and blood that—

"Man, proud man,
Drest in a little brief authority,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high
Heaven
As make the angels weep."

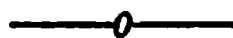
The emancipation of our peasantry is not to be accomplished in a day, nor by a single measure. Reforms, political, social, and intellectual, must be accomplished, and allowed to operate for years, ere they rise to that platform which it is their privilege to occupy. And when the necessary reforms come to be considered, the manifold evils arising from yearly tenure will become only too apparent. It will then appear that no instrumentality has been more productive of baneful results. A close relation will be found to exist between it and some of the deepest wrongs of Highlanders, and the idleness and want of spirit with which they are so often charged.

It has been argued against the granting of leaseholds to the Highland peasantry, that an unnecessary expense would thus be thrown upon them, and that they would be tied down to impossible conditions. But the expense, even if this were inevitable, would be quite infinitesimal in comparison with the vital advantages gained, and no conditions have ever found their way into agrarian compacts, with a greater capability of harshness and one-sidedness, than those at present imposed on our peasantry. What are the conditions which a leased tenant has to fulfil in comparison with the absolute obedience exacted from an unleased Highlander? With a leased tenant the conditions may be hard and many, but they are limited and understood, — with an unleased peasant the conditions may be co-extensive and co-intensive with those imposed on "Gurth, the born thrall of Cedric the Saxon."

Leasehold would secure to the peasant absolute security during the period of tenure. Thus he would be stimulated to make the best of

his holding; and thus,—if he had occasion to go to the meal-dealer, **he** would not return, empty and **a**shamed, to writhe under the agonising disappointment of **tearful** little faces. A terminating tenure would cure Highlanders of the idle idea that the land is not the property of the owner, and would effectively convince them that the earth belongs unto the landlord. Thus they would be stimulated to greater self-reliance and prudence. The granting of leaseholds would tend to make the peasantry more intelligent, by giving them the same stakes that farmers now hold in the prosperity of the country and its laws, and by liberating them from the tyranny which prescribed not only action, but as far as possible, even speech and thought. It would also snatch from the landed interest the iron rod of oppression, which has for many years been crushing the people, and paralysing all the beneficent influences brought to bear upon them. Thus it would considerably elevate the tone and social position of our peasantry, and powerfully aid in raising them to a conscious possession of that manly independence which is their undeniable, as it ought to be their inviolable, right.

MACHAON.



NEWS FROM THE HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS.

THE EDUCATION DEPARTMENT AND HIGHLAND SCHOOLS.

(From the *Inverness Courier*.)

The Scotch Education Code for 1875 has been issued, and its provisions will be eagerly scanned by members of school boards in the Highlands. We learn from a private source that the Department proposes to allow to Highland school boards building grants of £400, without stipulating how it is to be spent—whether on the

school or teacher's residence; and then they will contribute pound for pound with the school board towards the cost of completing the building. This is precisely the suggestion made by the Inverness meeting. There is next the question of the annual grants to schools after they have been erected. So far as appears, the Department has not entirely met the wishes of Highland boards on this subject. But they have gone a certain length; they have struck out the rule which limited the amount that might be earned per day scholar to 15s.; they have agreed that in thinly-peopled districts, where fifteen children cannot be brought to a centre, a pupil-teacher may be employed to teach them at their own homes, under the supervision of the certificated teacher of a neighbouring school; and when these scholars are presented to the inspector, the managers may claim a double grant on account of them. If the number of children reaches the total of fifteen, and they have been taught by one teacher, the managers may claim an extra grant of £10. A special grant of £5 or £10 may also be paid to schools in thinly-peopled districts. Gaelic is not to be recognised as a special subject; nor will the Department give any pecuniary aid to a district where the school rate happens to be high. The attendances required are only 150, which means 75 days, and less than this would, in the opinion of the Department, be extremely undesirable. But we must have an opportunity of examining the Code in detail before we can positively say how it will affect the Highlands.

As we announced a fortnight ago, Government has decided not to recognise the teaching of Gaelic as a special subject in Highland schools. Mr. Fraser Mackintosh made an attempt to induce them to reconsider their decision, by putting a question on the notice book, asking whether, "in deference to the general feeling which prevails throughout the Gaelic-speaking districts of Scotland," the Education Department would so far amend the Code as to allow Gaelic to be recognised and treated as a special subject. But on Tuesday night Lord Sandon, on behalf of the Department, declined to make this concession. In districts where Gaelic is spoken, the intelligence of the children may be tested by asking them to explain in their native language what they have read in English; but Lord Sandon does not approve of "giving a distinct money grant for instruction in Gaelic." After this it seems hopeless to expect a grant; for a ministry in which the Highlands are

represented by Lochiel, the Lord Advocate, and the Duke of Richmond, is likely to take the most favourable view of our claims. The conference of School Boards held at Inverness asked that Gaelic "should be added to the list of special subjects, with permission to take it up in any of the standards;" and we cannot help thinking that this moderate request might have been conceded. It would have led to no great expense, and it would have gratified the Highland people. Was Government afraid of creating another Irish grievance; or is there any recognition of Irish Gaelic in the Code prepared for the benefit of our lively neighbours?

THE LATE DR HALLEY, LONDON.—The death of this well-known London physician took place on the 25th ult. He was in general practice as a physician in London for twenty-five years, and was highly esteemed by his professional brethren. A native of Perthshire, Dr. Halley was always proud of calling himself a Strathtay man. He was an enthusiastic admirer of everything Highland, and was a life member of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, and honorary president of the Gaelic Society of London. He was also a director of the Highland Society of London, and in that capacity was the means, we believe, of getting the Society to send a gold medal annually to be awarded to the best player of *piobaireachd* at the Northern Meeting. Only the other day he attended a general court of the Society, and proposed to vote £100 of the funds on behoof of the proposed Celtic Chair. Dr. Halley's purse (says the *Inverness Courier*) was ever open to contribute for Highland objects. He had an extensive collection of Gaelic books, including some very rare works. Last year Dr. and Mrs. Halley spent their holidays in the north of Scotland, and were present at several of the Highland gatherings held in the autumn—among others, the Argyllshire Gathering and Northern Meeting. He was buried on the 2d inst. The pallbearers being members of the Gaelic Society.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES OF SCOTLAND.—The usual monthly meeting of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland was held in their Library, Royal Institution, on the afternoon of the 8th ult. John Stuart, LL.D., secretary, read a paper on the Early System of Replegiation in Scotland. In the early Celtic period of our history each tribe had its own brehon or judge, and the man of one tribe could not have been called to

answer in the court of another. Under the feudal system it was customary for the Crown to grant to the great barons large tracts of lands with the rights of regality, in which was included the right of exclusive jurisdiction. The some rights were also granted to bishops and abbots, and they were thus enabled to vindicate their rights even in the King's Courts, so as to exclude the interference of the Royal Judges. The act by which the Lord of Regality enforced his rights in a foreign court was called replegiation. The most remarkable instances of replegiation in our history are those connected with the clan Macduff. Records of other instances are rare, although the practice must have been common enough. Two of the records now exhibited by Mr. Martin, S.S.C., exhibited to some extent the working of the law, showing how the barons who had received their lands with the right of regality rescued not only from the courts of other barons, but from the royal courts, any of their men who happened to be cited into these foreign courts.

HIGHLAND SOCIETY OF LONDON.—On Monday evening, the anniversary festival of the Highland Society took place at the Freemasons' Tavern. About a hundred gentlemen were present, including Mr. J. W. Malcolm, M.P. (who presided); Lord Campbell, Professor Blackie, Dr. Ramsay, Mr Macrae Moir, Dr. Hogg, Mr. R. Hepburn, Mr. Daniel Mackenzie, Admiral Milne, Major Kenneth Macleay, Captain D. Maclean, Viscount Dalrymple, Colonel Macbean, Major Forbes, Mr. C. Gooden, Mr. Seton Ritchie, and Mr. A. Macpherson Campbell. The walls of the banqueting-room were hung round, as usual, with the flags and banners of the various leading Scottish families. The pipers in attendance were more than usually numerous.

Professor Blackie was, during the proceedings, presented with a cheque for fifty guineas, in furtherance of his proposal for the establishment of a Celtic Chair at the Edinburgh University.

ABERDEEN UNIVERSITY.—The Senatus Academicus of Aberdeen University conferred, on Saturday, the well-earned degree of LL.D. on the Rev. James Joass of Golspie. At the same time the degree of D.D. was conferred on the Rev. Mr. M'Kenzie of Urquhart, Dingwall.

GLASGOW SKYE ASSOCIATION.—The ordinary monthly meeting of this association was held on Friday, the 5th ult., in Dewar's Temperance Hotel, Bridge Street, when the following report was submitted:—"The directors of the Glasgow Skye Association have been enabled to collect (for the Celtic Chair) the sum of £272, 14s. 4d. as per list—Lachlan M'Donald, Esq., of Skeabost, £100; N. M. M'Donald, Esq., of Dunoch, £50; Professor Blackie, Edinburgh, £50; K. Maclellan, Killinvar, £20; J. H. A. Macdonald, Advocate, Edinburgh, £10; A. Nicolson, Canada, £5; Thomas Williamson, Glasgow, £5; John Watson, £5; Charles Macrae, £3, 3s.; W. G. Roy, S.S.C., Edinburgh, £2, 2s.; D. Campbell Black, Glasgow, £2, 2s.; John Macqueen, £1, 1s.; J. F. Mackenzie, £1, 1s.; W. F. Shaw, £1, 1s.; C. M. Williamson, £1, 1s.; W. J. Macqueen, £1, 1s.; John M'Kinnon, £1, 1s.; Charles Norman Crichton, £1, 1s.; proceeds of annual gathering, 4th December 1874, £13, 0s. 4d.; total, £272, 14s. 4d." The report concluded by expressing the belief of the directors that a much larger contribution might be expected from natives of Skye. It was stated that future subscriptions would be acknowledged in *The Highlander*.

GLASGOW CELTIC SOCIETY.—The anniversary dinner of the Glasgow Celtic Society took place on the 25th ult. in Macrae's Hotel, Bath Street. Covers were laid for about one hundred gentlemen. Mr. J. W. Malcolm, younger, of Poltalloch, M.P., president of the society, occupied the chair. Captain Dewar and Mr. Neil Sinclair acted as croupiers. Some of the gentlemen were in Highland costume.

The chairman, in an interesting speech, proposed "The Glasgow Celtic Society," stating, as a proof of its prosperity, the fact that they were enabled to vote one hundred guineas towards the foundation of the Celtic chair.

Other toasts followed.

GLASGOW OSSIANIC SOCIETY.—The annual dinner of this society took place on the 31st ult. in Macrae's Hotel, Bath Street. The proceedings were conducted in Gaelic. We intend to give the toast list and *menu* in our next number.

AN GAIDHEAL.

*“ Mar ghath soluis do m’ anam fein
Tha sgeula na h-aimsir a dh’ fhalbh.”—OISEAN.*

IV. LEABH.] CEUD MHIOS AN T-SAMHRAIDH, 1875. [41 AIR.

SEAN-FHOCAIL.

V.—TIR NAM BEANN, NAN GLEANN,
'S NAN GAISGEACH.

BHODH e 'n a ni dàna, agus, ma dh'fhaodte, ann an iomadh cuid-eachd, 'n a ni cunnartach a radh, ged nach mor dhaoine tha cho gaolach ri Gaidheil na h-Alba mu'n Daoine 's mu'n Dachaidh fein, gu bheil iad suarach mu'n Duthaich. Cha mho bhiodh e ceart, tha mi meas, co-dhiu gun ni-eigin de mhin-eachadh, dol a chur suaraichead mu'n Duthaich á leth nan Gaidheal. Cha 'n 'eil neach a chunnaic a' bheag no mhor de ghiulan a' Ghaidheil an Tìr choigrich, nach faca iomadh comh-arra follaiseach air a bhaigh r'a Chinneadh, r'a Chanain, 's r'a Dhuthaich. Tha fios againn uile air a' chumhachd tha aig cliu 'us onoir a Dhuthcha 's a Dhaoine thairis air inntinn an t-Saighdeir Ghaidhealaich, a chum a bhi 'g a bhrosnuchadh gu gnìomhan euchdach, airidh air a Thìr 's air a Shinnsearachd. Anns na bailtean mora, gu h-araid o chionn beagan bhliadhnachan, tha gluasad a' Ghaidheil ro chomharraichte. Cha 'n 'eil baile mor, no ach gann baile beag, am Breatunn, anns nach 'eil Comunn Gaidhealach, d'am prìomh dhleasdanas a bhi dearbhadh do'n t-saoghal mu'n cuairt doibh, an àm 's an an-àm, a rèir beachd morain, gur sluagh sonruichte iadsan, 'n an Eideadh, 'n an Ceol, 'n an Canain, 'n

an Cleachduin, 'n an Sinnsearachd, 's 'n an Eachdraidh.

Agus ma leanas sinn na Gaidheil do dhuthchannaibh cein, gheibh sinn dearbhadh nach facas, madh'fhaodte, riamh roimhe air speis Sluaigh do'n Tìr a dh'fhag iad. Their Luchd-turuis ma tha toil agad fìor Ghaidheal fhaicinn, gu'm feum thu Albainn fhagail, 's imrich a dheanamh do Chanada no do Australia. Tha e air aithris gu'm faighear 'n ar lathane barrachd de'n fhìor fhuil Ghaidhealaich, de fhìor Chleachduinean, 's de fhìor Chainnt nan Gaidheal air raointean Australia 's an coilltean Chanada, na gheibhear an Albainn. Cha 'n 'eil teagamh nach 'eil na Gaidheil an Albainn a' dol an teircead 's an laigead; ach nach mor an t-aobhar gairdeachais, ged tha ar Cinneadh a' crìonadh 's an Rìoghachd so, gu bheil e neartachadh taobh thall a' Chuain,—nach Bàs ach caochladh Beatha tha'n dàn d'ar Sluagh. 'S ann le smuaintean dubhach, trom, a chuimhnicheas sinn air na mìltean 's na deich mìltean a dh'fhogair ainneart às an Tìr fein; ach is ann le aoibhneas mor a leughas sinn no 'chluinneas sinn mar a shoirbhich le'r Luchd-duthcha an Rìoghachdan céin, 's gu sonruichte mar tha Tìr an duthchais, fìar 's mar fhuair iadsan i, cho blath 'n an cuimhne. Co'n t-suil nach las, co'n cridhe nach plog, an uair a dh'innsear gu bheil a' Ghaidhealtachd 's a' Ghaidhlig cho muirneach thairis 's a tha i aig baile; gu bheil am

Fogarrach a' teagasg canain agus deagh chleachduin aithrichean d'a Chloinn; 's gu bheil a' Chlann ag adhlacadh nan Aithrichean ann an Cill a th' air a h-ainmeachadh air a' Chill 's a' bheil an Sinnsearachd 'n an luidhe mu Thuath? "Tìr nam Beann, nan Gleann, 's nan Gaisgeach!" Cha 'n 'eil cearn de'n talamh air an do chuir an Gaidheal a chos anns nach cualas an fhàim; agus cha 'n 'eil àite 's an cualas i, nach do dhuig i an cridhe a' Ghaidheil na faireachduinean is luachmhoire a bhuineas d'a. Tha do cheann na's airde, 's do cheum na's farum-aiche, an uair a chluinneas tu 'n radh air cabhsair a' bhaile mhoir; is tric a neartaich an smuain misneach, 's eadh, agus creideamh an Eilthirich ri am trioblaid 'us deuchainn an Tìr chein; agus nach minic a chaidh an Saighdear Gaidhealach le iolaich an coinneamh an Namhaid, le suil na h-inntiun suidhichte air "Tìr nam Beann, nan Gleann, 's nan Gaisgeach."

Ach ged tha so uile fìor, is eigin aideachadh an uair a rannsuicheas sinn ar Canain, ar Sean-fhocal, ar Bardachd, agus eadhon ar n-Eachraidh, nach faigh sinn ar Cinneadh a' toirt dearbhadh cho laidir air an gradh d' an Duthaich, 's a dh' earbamaid a Daoine a' nochd; air choliutha doigh, speis cho mor agus gradh cho teth d' an Daoine 's d' an Dachaidh. Tha e comharraichte nach 'eil focal againn 's a Ghaidhlig a fhreagras do'n fhocal Bheurla *Patriotism*, 's do na focail a tha 'n daimh ris. Their sinn "Duthchas" ris a' cheangal tha eadar Duine 's Aithrichean; agus cha 'n ann ris a' cheangal tha eadar Duine 's a Dhuthaich. A ris, cha chleachd sinn "Tìreachas" anns an t-seadh so, ged tha 'm Foclair 'g a eadar-theangachadh le *Patriotism*. Agus their sinn "Tìrail," no, mar shaoil-

eas mi bu choir a radh, "Tìreil," ri blaths, tearuinteachd o ghaoith 's o uisge; ag eirigh, tha mi meas, o'n fhein-fhiosrachadh chruaidh a bh'aig ar Daoine air cunnairt Mara 's Monaidh; mar tha gun teagamh "Tìr" fein a' ciallachadh, cha 'n e Duthaich, ach Fearann, eadar-dhealaichte o Fhairge. Theireadh na Sean Daoine "Cha 'n 'eil Duthchas aig Mnaoi no aig Sagart;" agus feudaidh e bhi gur e 's ciall do'n radh, gu'm b'e Duthaich na Mnà Duthaich a Fir, agus gu'm b'e Duthaich an t-Sagairt Duthaich na h-Eaglais—an Saoghal, no "Duthaich is fearr, eadhon Duthaich neamhaidh." Ach 's e mo bharail gur e fìor sheadh an t-Sean-fhocal, gu'm b'e dleasdanas na Mnà a Daoine 's a Dachaidh a threigsinn airson Daoine 's Dachaidh a Fir, agus gu'm b'e dleasdanas an t-Sagairt an Saoghal a chur air chùl, a chum e fein a thoirt suas d'a dhreuchd, ge b'e cearn d'an rachadh a ghairm. Tha e gun teagamh fìor gu bheil ar Canain easbhuidheach anns na focail a tha cur an ceill ceangal Dhaoine ri'n Duthaich; agus 's e mo bheachd far nach faighear am Focal gur ann ainmig a gheibhear an Smuain.

Is co-ionann sgeul do na Sean-fhocal. Tha aon, gun teagamh, a' teagasg an atharraich, ach cha chluinnear ach ainmig e, "Cumhachd do charaid, agus Traillealachd do namhaid, a Dhuthcha." Cha 'n 'eil an radh a ghabh sinn mar steigh fathast sean, ged tha e siubhlach. Cha 'n fhaighear e am measg nan Sean-fhocal a chlo-bhualadh 's a' bhliadhna 1785. Anns an Roimh-radh do shaoth-air Oisein a sgriobh Eobhan MacLachlainn gheibhear "Tìr nam Beann, nan Gleann, 's nam Breacan;" agus tha mi meas gur ann o'n chainnt so a dh' eirich "Tìr nam Beann, nan Gleann, 's nan Gaisgeach." 'S e

theirteadh o shean “Cnuic, ’us Uisg’,
 ’us Ailpeinich;” agus na’m fuilingeadh
 Sliochd Ailpein dhuinn “Albann-
 aich” a radh an àite “Ailpeinich,”
 theirinn gu’m b’e ’n sean fhocal a bu
 fhreagarraiche na ’m fear ùr. Ach
 cha ’n ’eil teagamh nach e ’s brìgh
 do’n radh so aosdachd Chlann-Ail-
 pein, agus cha ’n e ceangal nan Gaidh-
 eal ri’n Duthaich. ’S ionann teag-
 asg do’n t-sean rann :

“Cinnidh Scuit saor am fine,
 Mur breug am faistine ;
 Far am faighear an Lia-fail,
 Dlighe flaitheas do ghabhail.”

Agus cìod is ciall do’n radh sin a
 chithear air gach clàr, ’s a chluinn-
 ear anns gach coinneamh Ghaidh-
 ealach, “Clanna nan Gaidheal an
 guaillibh a cheile,” ach so, earail do
 na fineachan Gaidhealach an sean
 naimhdeas ’s an eas-aonachd a chur
 a thaobh, ’s a cheile sheasamh mar
 aon Sluagh ri aghaidh Sluaigh, agus
 cha ’n ann mar Luchd-duthcha air-
 son còir an Duthcha ; cha ’n e “Alb-
 ainn” no “Gaidhealtachd,” ach
 “Clanna nan Gaidheal.” Cha chualas
 riamh an earail so cho caithreamach
 ’s a chluinnear i ’n ar latha fein. Is
 fuaim thaitneach i gun teagamh do’n
 chluais agus do’n chridhe. Ach
 gheibhear aobhar broin ’s a ghaire-
 eachas ; oir cha ’n urrainnear a dhi-
 chuimhneachadh cho feumail ’s a
 tha ’n earail, agus cho liutha uair ’s
 a bha “Clanna nan Gaidheal,” cha
 ’n ann an guaillibh ach an amhaich-
 ean a cheile.

Cha ’n fhaighear dearbhadh is
 laidire air gradh Sluaigh d’an Duth-
 aich na gheibhear ’n am Bardachd.
 Gheibh sinn Bardachd cuid de
 Rìoghachdan air a lionadh le spiorad
 gaisgeil, eudmhor airson urram an
 Duthcha os cionn cuid eile ; agus
 gheibh sinn an rian so ann am
 Bardachd na h-aon Duthcha na’s
 comharraichte an aon linn, na
 gheibhear e an linn eile. Is comh-

arradh soilleir an comhnuidh a’
 Bhardachd air a’ mheas a bha aig
 Luchd-aiteachaidh na Tìre air an
 Duthaich ; oir anns a cheum so gu
 sonruichte feudar a radh gur iad na
 Baird teangadh an t-Sluaigh. A
 réir mo bheachd cha ’n ’eil faireachd-
 uin cho luachmhor do Shluagh ri
 cliu an Duthcha ; agus cha ’n ’eil
 seol air an fhaireachduin a neart-
 achadh cho comasach ri saothair
 nam Bard. Is sona an Sluagh a
 tha air am brosnuchadh le fuinn
 am Bard fein gu bhi seasamh
 cliu an Duthcha anns gach àm ’s
 anns gach àite. Is an-aoibhinn do
 na Daoine agus do’n Tìr anns nach
 do sheinn Bard mu dhleasdanas
 agus mu luach Gradh-duthcha.
 Cìod an teagasg a gheibh sinn o na
 Baird Ghaidhealach air a’ phuinc
 so ? Leugh thairis saothair nam
 Bard is ainmeile tha againn, agus
 feoraich dhiot fein cia meud d’an
 rann a tha comasach air smuaintean
 cothromach a ghintinn ’n a d’inn-
 tinn mu thimchioll do Dhuthcha
 agus do dhleasdanas d’i. A mach
 o Oisein, agus ma dh’ fhaodte os
 cionn Oisein, ’s e Donnachadh Bàn
 Mac-an-t-saoir agus Mac Mhaighstir
 Alastair is mò a fhuair de bhuaidh
 thairis air inntinnean ar Luchd-
 duthcha a sheinn an Gaidhlig.
 Cluinneam neach aig a’ bheil cliu a
 Dhuthcha dlù d’a chridhe, ag aid-
 eachadh gu’n deachaidh an fhair-
 eachduin luachmhor sin altrum no
 neartachadh le òrain nam Bard
 so. Gheibh sinn gun teagamh, am
 measg moran de ranntachd gun
 toinise, greadhnachas ’us aillidh-
 eachd na Tìre air an cur an ceill am
 Bardachd oirdheirc. Gheibh sinn
 ar Canain, ar Ceol, ’s ar Cleachduin
 air am moladh airson buaidhean a
 tha dligheach dhoibh, agus airson
 iomadh buaidh nach ’eil. Ach
 c’ aite a’ bheil e air a sparradh oirnn
 gur e ar dleasdanas, agus gu’m bu

choir gu'm b'e ar miann, cliu ar Duthcha a bhi luachmhor 'n ar suilean do bhrìgh 's gur i ar Duthaich i; 's ar Canain, ar Ceol, 's ar deagh Chleachduin altrum do bhrìgh 's gur iad dileab ar n-Aithrichean dhuinn?

Agus ma thiunnas sinn o bhardachd gu eachdraidh nan daoine so, ciod an dearbhadh a gheibh sinn air a' chumhachd a bha aig Gradh-duthcha thairis air am beachd-an no air an gluasad? Cha robh, o chionn mìle bliadhna, àm an Eachdraidh na Gaidhealtachd anns an robh a leithid de chothrom aig Bard air a ghradh d'a Dhuthaich 's d'a Chinneadh a dhearbhadh, ris an àm anns an do shaothraich an dithis dhaoine so. Ach ciod am feum a rinn iad do'n chothrom? Tha Donnachadh Ban a' cogadh leis na Deorsachan; ach tha a chridhe leis na Stiubhartaich. Thainig aimsir an dearbhaidh, anns an robh daoine an 'n da-rìreadh ma bha iad riamh ann; ach ciod e gluasad Dhonnachaidh? Chaidh e do'n arm dhearg airson duais. Aig an Eaglais-bhric theich e, 's chaill e 'chlaidheamh; b'eigin a' choire chur air a' chlaidheamh. 'S ann le toil-inntinn a dh' innseas e gu'n do chaill a thaobh fein an latha:

“Bha ratreut air luchd na Beurla,
'S ann doibh fein a b'eigin teicheadh.”

Gun teagamh cha robh Donnachadh Bàn ach òg 's an àm so; ach c'aite am faighear 'n a bheatha fhada, no 'n a iomadh rann, dearbhadh air gaol dealasach, durachdach, teth a' Bhaird d'a Dhuthaich no do fhìor leas a Dhuthcha?

Bu duine eile Mac Mhaighstir Alastair. Duine misneachail, treun, 'n a chorp, 's 'n a inntinn; agus fìor Bhard. Duine a thug suas uile chridhe, uile neart, agus uile inntinn do Thearlach Stiubhart, co-dhiu rè

tamuill. Duine a thoillean urram agus meas airson nam feartan cuirp agus inntinn a bhuilicheadh air; agus, ann an tomhas co-dhiu, airson na buil gus an do chuir e iad. Ach cha b'e aobhar a Dhuthcha a dhuisg misneach an t-Saighdeir, no 'las anam a' Bhaird.

“Leanaidh mi cho dlù ri d' shailtean,
'S a ni bairneach ri sgeir-mhara.”

'S e sailtean Thearlaich, 's cha b'e sailtean Albainn a leanadh am Bard cho dlù. Duine do-thuigsinn air iomadh dòigh; le buaidhean nach buineadh do mhoran—suil gheur, cluas cheolmhor, cuimhne laidir, eolas farsuing; ach le aignidhean borb; 's le nadur cho salach ris na ronnann tombaca a bha 'n comhnuidh a' sruthadh o bheul. Seinnidh e duanag cho binn 's a chaidh a sheinn riamh an Gaidhlig; ann am maise 'Chruthachaidh gheibh e toil-inntinn nach fairich neach ach am Bard a mhain; cluinnear “Fuaime 'us farum a' bhlair” anns gach sreath de “Mholadh an Leoghainn:” ach ciod e dheth sin? Ma thig an neach is diblidh no is suaraiche tarsuinn air, fagar maise na Banaraich; cha 'n 'eil suil air aillidheachd Allt-an-t-Siucair; theid eadhon aobhar Thearlaich Stiubhart a chur a thaobh; airson gach neimh, 'us puinnsean, 'us sailche, a thilgeadh air an deoraidh thruagh a ghabh de dhanachd air fein a shuil a thogail, an uair a bha 'choimlisg iongantach so de Chlann Domhnuill “a' gabhail an rathaid mhoir, olc air mhaith le cach e.”

Agus ma 's e so cliu nan crann ùra, ciod a theirear mu'n chrìonaich? 'S e mo bheachd gu'm feudar a radh nach dearbh a' Bhardachd Ghaidhealach, seachad air Bardachd Oisein, gur pobull sinne aig an robh mor ghradh d'ar Duthaich, anns an t-seadh is airde 's is freagarraiche airson cliu Sluaigh a sheasamh fa chomhair an

t-Saoghail. Agus ciod e teagasg ar n-Eachdraidh? Tha dà aimsir gu sonruichte 'n ar n-Eachdraidh, ris an seall sinn air ais le h-uail, mar dhearbhadh air ar treuntas 's air ar -aonachd;—'s e sin mar a sheas ar n-Aithrichean cho gaisgeil an aghaidh nan Romanach, agus, iomadh ceud bliadhna 'n a dheigh sin, air taobh nan Stiubhartach. Choisinn ar Sinnsearan cliu maireannach d' ar Cinneadh airson misnich, gaisge, 's dilseachd anns na h-àmannan sin; agus rinn Seanachaidhean 'us Baird, Ghallda 'us Ghaidhealach, lan cheartas d'ar sluagh anns na cùisean sin. Ach cha mhor de chuig-ceud-deug bliadhna a tha 'n dà aimsir sin a' comhdach; agus nach 'eil e fìor gur ann roinnte 's nach ann aonte 'bu trice bha na Gaidheil rè a chorr d'ar n-Eachdraidh? Aguseadhon am measg nam Fineachan a dh' eirich le Tearlach Stiubhart, nach faigh sinn, taobh ri gaisge air nach d' thugadh barr, 's ri dilseachd nach facas a samhail, iomadh comharra “air a' pheacadh a bha gu furasda 'g iadhadh mu'r sluagh,”—eas-aonachd? Nach b'è riamh cleachduin nan Gaidheal a h-uile fear a bhi deanamh dha fein? Agus is mor mo churam nach do rainig sinn fathasd mar shluagh air an fhirinn, gur ann air bunait na h-Aonachd a mhain a thogar aitreibh na Morachd. Gu deimhinn bu tigh roinnte 'n a aghaidh fein tigh a' Ghaidheil an Albainn; agus cha 'n e 'n t-aobhar ioghnaidh gu'n do thuit e, ach gu'n d'fhan e cho fada 'n a sheasamh.

“Cluinneamaid brìgh na chaidh a radh uile.” Thug na Gaidheil dearbhadh laidir rè an Eachdraidh air an speis d'an Daoine fein 's d' an Dachaidh fein; agus 'n ar latha-ne chi sinn iomadh comharra soilleir air an speis d'an Duthaich 's d'an Cinneadh. Ach o chionn mìle bliadhna cha 'n fhaigh sinn Gradh-

duthcha air a nochdadh am measg ar Daoine, mar a chithear anns na Rioghachdan a ghleidh aite-toisich an Eachdraidh an t-Saoghail. Feudaidh e bhi gu'm b'è ar Crannchur a shonruich ar Cleachduin anns a cheum so; feudaidh e bhi gu'm b'è ar Cleachduin a shonruich ar Crannchur. Tha e fìor gu'n d'thug ar Sinnsearachd dearbhadh air Misneach 'us Dilseachd airidh air inbhe a b'airde na shealbhaich iad. Ach bha'n Dilseachd an comhnuidh do Dhaoine, 's cha b'ann do Chuis; d'an Dachaidh, 's cha b'ann d'an Duthaich. Cha d'eirich iad 'n an iarrtuis os cionn Cuis 'us Coir am Fine fein. Chaill iad mar so an aon smuain is luachmhoire 's is cumhachdaiche air thalamh air son cliu Sluaigh ardaich,—"s e sin beachd cothromach air an dleasdanas d' an Duthaich fein mar an Duthaich, agus d'an Sluagh fein mar an Sluagh. Is tric a b'è aobhar a' Chinn-chinnidh euceart, foirneart air Fine eile; agus ged bhiodh 'aobhar ceart cha bhiodh e buan, oir,

“Mar reul ruiteach rè an laoich,
Is gearr ge h-aobhinn a' dhearrsadh;”

ach tha aobhar do Dhuthcha ceart an comhnuidh, agus tha 'cliu, o linn gu linn, 'n a dhleasdanas soluite do'n Luchd-aiteachaidh.

Ann an eachdraidh an t-Saoghail tha e fìor nach e neart no misneach a mhain a choisneas cliu maireannach do Shluagh, ach beachd cudthromachair andleasdanas d'an Duthaich, agus aonachd 'us eud airson a cliu a chur am farsuingeachd. Ciod eile rinn Duthaich bheag na Gréig 'n a Ceann-iuil do'n t-sean Shaoghal, 's na h-eisempleir do na Rioghachdan gus an là diugh? Chiosnaich na Romanaich an Saoghal, ach ciamar? Leis gach Romanach iunnsachadh oige gu bhi cumail suas cliu a Dhuthcha anns gach ceum d'a

bheatha, agus leis an leasan a' sparradh cho teann, 's nach robh Romanach, rè an Eachdraidh urramaich, a muigh no aig baile, cia air bith a dhreuchd no inbhe, nach robh air a lionadh le eud air son a Dhuthcha 's a Shluaigh. Ciod a thug comas do Rioghachd bheag Albainn dùlan a thoirt rè iomadh ceud bliadhna do fheachd cumhachdach Shasuinn, 's a Coir 's a Creidimh a ghleidheadh saor; ciod, ach beachd cudthromach an t-Sluaigh air an dleasdanas sholuimte a chuireadh orra mar Rioghachd na sochairean luachmhor a fhuair iad o'n Aithrichean a thiodhlacadh d'an Cloinn? Ciod a dh'ardaich cliu Shasuinn am measg nan Rioghachdan? Tha gun teagamh an Tìr torach, 's tha cothrom na Mara aice; ach ciod e 'm feart a ghlac an cothrom, 's a dh' uisnich cho maith e. Gheibh thu an fhreagairt am beul Nelson aig Trafalgar: "'Se earbsa Shasuinn gu'n dean gach fear a dhleasdanas."

Anns a cheum so bha teagasg nan Gaidheal easbhuidheach. A mach o Oisein, cha'n 'eil Bard Gaidhealach againn aig an robh beachd dligheach air dleasdanas Dhaoine d'an Duthaich. Cha robh Bard againn ach esan a sheall air ais, mu'n cuairt d'a, 's air thoiseach air; 's a theagaisg nach b'e crìoch do dhleasdanas, mar Ghaidheal, an Saoghal a ghabhail mu d'cheann, 's d'fhortan a dheanadh, ach gu'n robh fiachan trom agad ri dhioladh do d'ghinealach fein, do na ginealaich a chaidh thairis, 's dhoibhsan a thig a'd dheigh:

"Cia as tha sruthan na bha ann?
C'uin a thaomas an t-àm tha falbh?
C'ait' an ceil aimsir a da cheann?
An ceathach tha mall, 's nach gann,
A taobh ballach le gnìomh nan seod."

O chionn iomadh ceud bliadhna tha 'n Gaidheal, mar gu'm b'ann, a' dol

roimh 'n t-Saoghal an coinneamh a chùil. Tha e tighinn beo air an àm a dh'fhalbh; mar bha Mac Cruimein, 'n a aois 's 'n a laige, cluich air a' bhata nam port a chluich e, 'n a oige 's 'n a threise, air a' phiob. Ach cha bheathaichear cliu Sluaigh air an lòn so an comhnuidh. Ma 's e 'n giomach e, ged tha shuilean eadar a dhà spòig, cha 'n 'eil iad a ghnath 'n a dheigh. "Cuimhnich air na Daoine o'n d' thainig thu,"—ro cheart agus ro fhreagarrach; ach cho ceart agus cho feumail, "Cuimhnich air na Daoine a thig ad dheigh." Is ann a mhaire an uair a gheibh thu greim teann air smuain Oisein, 's a sheallas tu ort fein mar aon de na tinneachan tha deanamh suas Slabhraidh Eachdraidh do Shluaigh, a dh'fhairicheas tu gur e do phrìomh dhleasdanas do bheatha orduchadh, air dhoigh 's nach bi coimhliontachd na Slabhraidh air a bhriseadh, no a neart air a lagachadh le do dheanadas-sa. Bheir an smuain maise agus morachd do d'ghluasad;—cuiridh i misneach 's a' Ghealtair; ni i Treubhach de'n Troich. Cha'n 'eil 's a' Ghaidhlig ainm againn airson a leithid so de dhuine; agus is duilich nach 'eil. 'S an àm a dh'fhalbh, cha'n amhairceadh ar n-Aithrichean fada an aghaidh spreidh a' Ghoill iomain do na beanntan; ach cha ghoideadh iad focal d'a chainnt. Thug an ginealach a chaidh thairis *Patron* thar Galldachd, ach dh'fhag iad *Patriot* a muigh. Nach faod sinn gun toibheum, a radh: "Bu choir dhoibh sud a dheanamh, agus gun so fhagail gun deanamh." Tha mi meas gu'm buidhneadh ar Sluaigh ann an cliu, barrachd na chailleach ar Canain ann am maise, na 'n abairteadh á so suas,

"TIR NAM BEANN, NAN GLEANN, 'S
NAM PATRIOT."

D. M. 'K.

MAIRI NION DEORSA.

(PIOBAIREACHD.)

O ciad mille failte,
Do Mhàiri nion Deòrsa.
Fal-al dir-al diro,
Fal-al diro,
Dal dal riro.
Gu'm b' ait leam bhi làmh riut,
A Mhàiri nion Deòrsa.
Fal-al, &c.
Tha guth do chinn,
Taitneach leinn,
'S ait leam fhìn beò thu.
Gur suairc' thu na sòlas,
'S tu tha binn ceòlmhor.
Caismeachd bhuat,
B' ait le m' chluais,
'S leat gach buaidh òrgain ;
Gu'm beil mi gle chinnteach,
Gu'm b' inntinn leinn pòg bhuat.
'N àm éirigh 's a' mhadainn,
Gu'm b' ait leam bhi 'd éisdeachd.
Fal-al, &c.
Le d' bhéus a's le d' *threble*,
Gur sgiobalt an gléus thu
Fal-al, &c.
O, sid i suas,
Ri mo chluais,
I gu buaidh-léumnach.
Air *chuntar* 's air *thenor*,
'S gle shunntach le chéil' iad.
I gun mhann, i gun srann,
I gun cham-ghléusadh.
Gu'm beil mi gle chinnteach,
Gur *music* a shéinnt' leath.
Gur grinn i 's gur grìdeil,
A' chéile th' aig Deòrsa.
Fal-al, &c.
Cha dianadh i streup ris
Ma éud nam bán òga.
Fal-al, &c.
'S grinn do mheur,
'S binn do bheul,
'S math thig beus mòr leat.
Gu'm b' ait leam am chòir thu,
Gabhail *music* a's crònain.
Bean chaol, donn,
'S finealt fonn,
Anns gach pong eòlais ;
Gu'm b' fhearr leam na gini,
Gu'm bithinn riut còrdte.
Gur mòr tha de m' chùran,
'N ad chùl buidh, glan, bòidheach.
Fal-al, &c.
Gur bagant 's gur mùint' thu,
'N àm rùsgaidh ad shedmar
Fal-al, &c.

Com geal, donn,
'S finealt fonn,
Urlar lom, còmhnard.
Cha laidhheadh trom bhròn ort,
Thogteadh leat sòlas
Téud caol, lag,
Méur gun stad,
'S i gu ceart, ceòlmhor.
Gur binn' thu 'g ad luaidh rium,
Na chuachag 's an smeòrach.

Gur binn' thu 'g ad luaidh rium,
Na cuachag na géige.

Fal-al, &c.

Cha'n 'eil thu cho costail,
'S gu'n tochair mi fhein thu.

Fal-al, &c.

Cha laidh fuachd
Air a snuagh,
Ri là fuar funntainn,
Ged a bhiodh i sìor rùisgte.
Math ad fhiamh,
Tlachd ad ghnìomh,
'S tu tha flòr chùirteil.
'S maireg chi thu 'g ad shedladh
Ann an crògan an umaidh.

Ma chaidh tu air chuairt bhuainn,
'S ann a suas do Chinntàile,
Fal-al, &c.

Bidh mise sìor-ghuidhe,
Thu thighinn ad shlàinte.
Fal-al, &c.

Ma chaidh tu suas
Seachad bhuainn,
Do 'n Taobh-tuath 'n dràsta,
Bidh mise gle chràiteach,
'S nach cluinn mi do mhànan ;
Mo chrìdh' trom,
'S e gun fhonn,
'S mi gun sùrd slàinte ;
Tha mise ad dheaghaidh.
Gun mhìre, gun mhànan.

—o—

CUNNTAS BEAG MU THURUS
DO 'N EADAILTE.

I.

SAOILIDH mi nach eil duine beò, a
fhuair a bheag no mhòr de ionn-
sachadh, nach do dh' fhairich dùr-
achd làidir amharc le shùilean fhéin
air trì gu h-àraid de shean chaith-
richean an t-saoghail. 'S e sin ri
'ràdh, IERUSALEM, "aoibhneas na
talmhainn" a bha, sòlas nan naomh,
àite-breith na Crìosdachd ; an

AITHNE, sùil na Gréig, màthair eolais agus ealanta na Roinn-Eorpa; agus an ROIMH, sean dachaidh na fine bu ghlice 's bu treasa 'chunnaic an saoghal riamh, gus na dh' éirich Breatunn!

Cha'n 'eil mòran duil agam Beinn Shioin fhaicinn gu bràth, agus 's dòcha, mur a faic, gu 'm bi sin cho math; oir is tric iad ag ràdh, a chunnaic i, gur cianail an sealladh, — creideamh an fhàidh bhréige, agus aineolas nan Turcach, air an suidheachadh gu h-uaibhreach air a' chnoc naomh bho'n deach' a mach solus agus dòchas na cruinne. Airson na h-Aithne, cha d'thug mi dùil dh' i fhathasd; agus 's ann leam bu mhath a' chathair àrd ud fhaicinn, far an cualas bho shean guth tréubhach DHEMOSTENEIS, ceannard nam fear-labhairt, agus na liosan taitneach air bruachan an *Ilissus*, anns am b' àbhaist do PHLATO agus ARISTOTEL, cinn-fheadhna a' Ghliocais, an deisciobuil a theagasg anns an Fheallsanachd dhomhain bhrighoir a dh'fhàg iad mar dhilib aig a' chinne-dhaonna!

An da bhaile-mhòr sin cha 'n fhaca mi fhathasd, ach an treas aon, ban-rìgh an domhain fad iomadh linn, cathair-mheadhonach na talmhainn, eadhon aig an la an diugh, ann an sùilean cuid mhòr de phobull na Crìosdaidheachd, — an ROIMH, chunnaic mi mu dheireadh, 'a s' t-fhoghar so 'chaidh, a' coimhlionadh aon de aislingean m' òige.

Tha romham cunntas athghearr a thoirt air mo thurus, ag ainmeachadh nan seallaidhean sònruicht' a chunnaic mi air an t-slighe.

Chaidh mi thairis am bàta-smùid bho Dover gu Ostend, baile-puirt ann am Belgium, agus bu taitneach leam àileadh na mara, an deigh sgios an turuis-oidhche air an rathad-iaruinn eadar Albainn agus Sasunn. 'N uair a theid mi air an aiseag ud,

's a chi mi cho faisg 's tha oirthir na Fraing air cladach Bhreatuinn, tha 'n smuain an còmhnaidh ag eiridh, cia mòr an t-atharrachadh a rinn an caolas ud air eachdraidh an t-saoghail! Feudar a radh, gur h-i 'challaid-mhara ud eadar sinn agus an Fhraing, an gàradh-crich is féumail air aghaidh na talmhainn. Chaidil mi 'n oidhche sin ann an Cologne, aon do bhailtean-mòr Phrussia, far am bheil cathair-easbuig cho ainmeil 's a th' anns an Roinn-Eorpa. Tha còrr is cuig ceud bliadhna bho na thòisicheadh air a togail, 's tha iad ag obair oirre fhathasd. Ach 's fhad o 'n bha i deiseil airson aoraidh, 's cha b' e sin a h-uile deisealachd. Cha robh mi riamh an taobh a' s' tigh eaglais a thug cho mòr do m' chuimhne briathran an t-sailm chaithreamaich, "Togaibh suas bhur cinn, a gheatacha, agus bithibh air bhur togail suas, a dhorsa siorruidh, agus thig Rìgh na glòire steach!"

Uaith so chaidh mi suas turus latha air amhainn mhòir na Gearmailt, an *Rhine*. Tha 'n turus so ainmeil airson boidh'chead an t-seallaidh air bruachan na h-aimhne fad an t-siubhail. Air gach taobh tha na bruachan còmhdaichte le coilltean 's le fion-liosan torach, 's air mullach gach creige chi thu sean chaisteal, a bha 'n a àite-tàimh bho chionn fada aig fear dhe na *baroin* uaibhreach fhiadhaich a chum an tir uile fo chis, a' riaghladh an t-sluaigh bho chd le slait iarunn. B' iad sud na daoine gun iochd, gun mhodh; ach dh'dfhalbh iad, taing do 'n Adh, 's tha 'chuid mhòr dhe 'n caisteil a' crìonadh gu duslach. Is mòr an t-saothair a tha's a' cur a mach air àrach nam fionan anns na h-àiteachan ud. Tha cus dhe na liosan air an togail a measg bhruachan cho cas 's cho creagach 's gur fheudar an ùir a chumail suas le

ballaichean beaga, eagal i ruith leis a' bhruthach. Shaoileadh tu nach b' fhiach e 'n t-saothair a bhi stri ri àiteachadh an leithid de fhearann, ach tha fios ni 's fhearr aig an fheadhainn do'm buin e. Dh'aindeoin tainead na h-ùrach, tha ghrian ro fhàbharach, agus tha cus dhe 'n fhion is grinne tha tighinn as an dùthaich ud bho thoradh nan ionadan cas cruaidh a tha sealltuinn cho mi-choltach.

Bho 'n Ghearmailt thug mi 'n t-astar gu *Switzerland*, far am bheil a' chuid mhòr de na beanntan a 's àirde 's an Eorpa, agus, mar chleachd do mhuinntir nam beann a bhi, sluagh cho tapaidh, cho calma, cho aoidheil, cho gràdhach air am beanntan fhéin, 's cho comasach air an dion, 's a tha air aghaidh an t-saoghail. Cha'n'eil fineannairan la an diugh ni's fhearr cor, ni's fhearr riaghladh, ni's fhearr ionnsachadh, na luchd-dùthcha *Uilleam Tell*. Tha 'm fearann mar is tric ann an lamhan na tuatha; cha'n'eil uachdarain mhòrach ainneamh; agus is e beartas àraid na dùthcha an crodh. Fad an t-samhraidh, gu deireadh an fhoghair, tha na buachaillean leis a' spréidh, mar a b' àbhaist a bhi 'n ur glinn fhéin, air àiridhean shuas anns na beanntan, aig àirde mhòir os ceann nam bailtean. Tha e na fhìor chulaidh ioghnaidh do choigreach an cuid bothain dhonn fhiodha fhaicinn cho fada shuas eadar e 's na speùran, gle thrì ann an àiteachan cho cas, 's gu'n canadh tu gu robh iad nì bu nadurra airson ghobhar na airson dhaoine. Anns na h' àiridhean ud tha iad a' deanamh cuid mhath dhe 'n chàis is fheàrr a th' ann, seorsa ris an can iad *Gruyere*. 'N uair a ghleidhear gu cùramach e, mairidh e uine mhòr. Bhlaiss mi crioman a bha còrr is leth-cheud bliadhna dh' aois, agus cha robh dad de choslus crionaidh air, 's cha robh agam 'n a

aghaidh ach gu'n robh 'bhlas rudeigin làidir, geur.

Dhe na seallaidhean bu chomharraichte a chunna mi anns an dùthaich bhreagha so tha *Loch Geneva*, no *Loch Lemman*, h-aon dhe na lochan is àille air an t-saoghal. Tha e mu 50 mìle air fad, agus eadar 5 agus 8 air leud; a cheann uachdrach, far am bheil an amhainn mhòr an *Rhone* a' tighinn a 's tigh, air a chuartachadh le beanntan uamhasach; agus na bruachan air an taobh tuath, fad an t-shiubhail, bho cheann gu ceann, beo le bailtean is clachain, a measg chraobhan is fhionlios, le slios an feurach uaine air an cùl, a' ruigheachd suas gu mullach nan cnoc, 's air chul sin a ris na cruachan corrach creagach, ag éiridh gu àirde eadar 5000 agus 10,000 mìle troidh os ceann còmhnaid na mara. Ach 's e ioghnaidh àraidh an loch dath an uisge; cha'n'eil a choimeas ri fhaicinn, air ghuirme 's air shoillearachd; ann am foclan an Sgrìobtuir, tha e "mar na nèamha féin ann an soillse."

Sealladh anabarrach eile 'chunnaic mi, eas mu 50 troidh air àirde a' tuiteam ann an loch aig ceann uamhaidh 'am broinn beinne. Cha'n'eil leus soluis anns an uamh ach na bheirear innte le coinnlean, agus 's ainneamh fuaim a chuala mi nì b' uamhasaich na toirm an uisge a' tighinn a nuas ann an dorchadas na h-uamhaidh. 'S e *Uamh nan Sithichean* ainm an àite neònaich ud.

Bha beanntan mòra ri 'm faicinn anns a h-uile àite, beanntan cho ard 's gu bheil iad geal le sneachd ann an teis-meadhoin an t-samhraidh. Ach fhuair mi ann an aon àite sealladh cho sònruichte 's nach dichuimhnich mi e ri m' bhèo. Air mullach beinne còrr is 10,000 troidh air àirde, dh' an ainm an *Gorner Grat*, bha mi air mo chuartachadh le crios de bheanntan, anns an do chùinnt mi

fichead mullach eadar 12,000 agus 15,000 troidh air àirde. Tha iad ag radh nach 'eil àite eile annsan Roinn-Eorpa bho 'm faighear leithid de shealladh bheanntan is raointean-sneachd. Dhe na beanntan is ainmeile dhiu sin tha *Monte Rosa*, *Mischabelhorn*, *Breithorn*, *Dent Blanche*, *Gabelhorn*, *Rothhorn*, *Weisshorn*. Ach tha aon bheinn an sud a tha gu h-àraid ainmeil, am *Matterhorn*. Tha i 14,800 troidh air àirde, agus tha i ag éiridh gu h-aonar-anach, eadar-dhealaichte bho chàch, 'n a cruaidh dhirich chreige, air chumadh geinne. Cha'n fhaca mi fhathasd sealladh cho uamhasach. 'N uair a chi thu na neoil a' snàmh seachad oirre, 's a ceann dubh biorach a' tighinn am fianuis shuas leth na slighe eadar thu 's a' ghrian, saoilidh tu nach buin i do 'n talamh idir, ach gur e h-ann creutair beo eagalach, a' còmhnuidh anns na speuran. Chanadh tu gu'm bu cho coltach cas duine a mullach a ruigh-eachd 's gu'n ruigteadh air iteig do'n ghealaich. Tha aghaidh na creige a' sealltuinn mòran ni's caise na mullach tighe, agus nan sleamhnaicheadh tu air a mullach rachadh thu sios a dh'aon tearnadh còrr is 4000 mile troidh (mu àirde Beinn Nibheis) gun stad! Thachairsin, muthruaigh, do cheathrar fear, a cheud la a bhuinnigeadh a mullach, an deigh iomadh deuchainn, an sàmhraidh 1865. Bha iad ochdnar ann a' dìreadh, 's ràinig iad a mullach gu tearuinte, le mòr shaothair. 'N uair a thòisich an tearnadh, bha iad uile ceangailte ri chèile, mar tha 'n cleachdadh ann an dìreadh a measg sneachd is deighe. Thuislich fear dhe'n fheadhainn a bh' air thoiseach, thuit e air a dhruim, agus sguabadh a chompanaich bho'n casan còmhla ris. Spàrr a' cheathrar a bh' air dheireadh am bataichean anns a' chreig, is leig iad an taic orra le 'n uile neart.

Bhrist an taod eadar iad is càch, 's chunnaic iad le oillt an ceathrar chompanach a' sleamhnachadh, fear an deigh fir, as an sealladh, thar oire na creig aibheisich! Beagan la an dheigh sin fhuaradh trì dhe na cuirp air an t-sneachd aig bonn na creige, 4000 mile troidh bho'mullach. Cha d' fhuaradh corp a' cheathramh fir (Morair Frang Dubhghlas, Albannach òg eireachdail) riamh.

Is iad na beanntan mòra so a' chrìoch eadar *Switzerland* agus an Eadailt. Dhe na bealaichean eatorra cha'n 'eil gin ni's ainmeil na Bealach *Simplon*. Troimh 'n bhealach so rinn Buonapart Mòr a cheud rathad eadar an da dhùthaich, aig costus anabarrach. Cha b' e leas a chreutairean a bha 'n a aire-san idir, ach comas armait is uidheam chogaidh a ghiulan thairis air na beanntan, gus an Eadailt a chumail fo smachd. Cha robh ceisd aige, fhad 's a bha 'n obair a' dol air aghart, ach "Cuin a thèid na *canoins* a null thar an *t-Simplon*?" Ach ged nach robh 'n a inntinn-san ach a ghlòir fhéin, agus glòir na Fraing, bha 'n obair feumail do 'n t-saoghal, agus cha'n 'eil rathad mòr'san Roinn-Eorpa is cliùtaich dhoibhsan a rinn e na rathad an *t-Simplon*. Tha 'n ceum is àirde dheth 6600 troidh os ceann na mara; cha'n 'eil cunntas air co meud lùb is car a th'ann; 's airson dhrochaidean, tha iad 'n an ceudan! Tha e dìreadh bhruthaichean cas, os ceann choireachan is aimhnean tha uamhasach ann an doimhneachd, troimh choilltean mòralach giuthais, far an cluinn thu gàir nan easan fothad, agus air uairean toirm nan leumshneachd (*avalanches*) os do cheann.

Air an rathad so chaidh mi thairis do 'n Eadailt, agus dhe na seallaidhean a chunnaic mi cha b' e an *Simplon* bu shuarraiche!

'N uair a ràinig sinn am mullach, mu 8 uairean 's a' mhaduinn, ged a bha sinn eadar 5 agus 6 uairean a' dìreadh, chunnaic sinn am baile a dh' fhàg sinn 's an dorch, *Brieg*, fhathasd fodhainn, a' sealltainn cho teann oirnn 's gu'n saoiladh tu gu'n ruigeadh peilear a musgaid e! Eadar an ceann sin dhe 'n rathad ann an *Switzerland*, agus *Duomo d' Ossola* 's an Eadailt, cha'n 'eil ach astar 39 mìle, ach 's e 9 uairean an ùine 's lugha a ghabhas an *diligence*, le ceithir eich laidir, ris, *i.e.*, beagan ni 's fhearr no 4 mìle 's an uair. Ach 's ann a bha an sealladh greadhnach os ceanna' ghlinne far am bheil am baile sin a' luidheadh. Bha 'n sin comhthional do bheanntan glòrmhor, còmhdaichte le sneachd (*Jungfrau, Eiger, Aletschhorn, &c.*), rughadh àigh na maidne a' boillsgeadh air gach cruaidh, agus fodha sin an ceathach bàn a' seòladh gu ciùin, 's a' taomadh sìos 'n a thuinn eadar na mullaichean 's an gleann. Sin sealladh nach tréig mo chuimhne gu bràth, sealladh mar gu 'm b'eadh de bheanntan Neimh!

Ach feumar stad an so, aig mullach an diridh.

ALASDAIR MAC NEACAIL.

—o—

A' CHUTHAG.

Thig fochunn, thig féur,
Mu'n goir a' chuthag.

Bidh bainn' aig an spréidh,
Mu'n goir a' chuthag.

Tleid am minnein do 'n bheinn,
Mu'n goir a' chuthag.

Bristidh duilleach nan géug,
Mu'n goir a' chuthag.

Goiridh 'n ianlaith gu léir,
Mu'n goir a' chuthag.

Theid an t-earrach fo ghéill,
Mu 'n goir a' chuthag.

'S a' Bhealltainn bhuig, shèamh,
Gu'n goir a' chuthag.

'S théid mise 'Loch-Tréig,
Mu'n goir a' chuthag.

SGIALACHD NA TROIDHE

Air a tionndadh bho 'n Ghreugais gu Gailig
Abraich,

LE EOBHAN MAC LACHAINN.

V. DUAN

(*Air a leantuinn.*)

CHA bhan-dia ise gu gleus,
Mar Phallas is beusach sgiath,
Cha bhaobh-sgrios nan torunn cruaidh,
Ni dearg chàrn de stuaidh nan cliar,
Cha'n eol d'i mùiseag nan treun
An cath-chreuchd cha d' iarr i buaidh.
B' annsa blàr seasgair a' ghaoil,
'S an coisnear gun chaonnaig buaidh.
Bhrìst esan romh neart an t-slòigh,
Fo fhraoch mòr le sleagh nan ruinn;
Thug purradh gu Venus òir,
Romh 'n bhrat sgàil bu bhoidhche loinn.
Stroic e le throm ghath gu dàn',
Falluinn neo-bhàsmhor nan speur,
A dh' fhigh na trì chiadan àigh
Le obair a b' àillidh gréis.
Dhòchainn e bhan-dia mu'n ghlaic,
'S an làimh mhìn bu shneachd-gheal tuar:
Bhruchd an leann soilleir le 'lian,
Fuil neamhaidh nan dia bith-bhuan.
Chit' an deargan craobhach, luath,
A' taosgadh a nuas bho'n bheum,
An sruth gun truailleadh, gun ghrùid,
Nach sil bith d' an dlùth an t-eug:
Cruithneachd daonda cha b' e 'n lòn,
Fion-buairidh cha 'n òl na de;
Bhrìgh sin cha d'fhàs gaoid 's an t-slògh,
Ach mairidh iad beò gach ré.
Theich a' bhan-dia le fann-sgiamh,
Thuit a mac a sìos air lar;
Sgaoil Appollo dall-cheo donn,
'S ghleidh e 'n sonn bho lot a' bhàis.
Mhosgail Diomed le éubh àrd,
'S thilg air Venus àluinn spìd:—
Teich, a bhan-dia, teich gun dàil,
'S olc thig blàr ri làimh gun chliath.
Thoir ort a mhealladh bhan òg,
'S ghiullan gòrach le gloir bhaoth;
Na faicear a chaoidh nan cian,
'S ogluich romh ainm gnòmh nan laoch.
Theich ise fo iomrall-céill',
Dorran cleibh a's peinn' 'g a cràdh:
Ghrad-thuirling Iris nam braon,
'S stiur, a thaobh, i mach bho'n bhlàr.
Chuir guin an loit e gu pràmh,
'S a chruth àluinn chaill a shnuagh,
Fhuair i Màrs fuilteach nan euchd,
Mu 'n làimh chli bho streup an t-sluaigh.
Faisg air bha na srann-eich luath,
'S an t-sleagh uaibhreach am bad ceò;
Ghlac ise 'brathair air ghlun,
'S dh' iarr cruibh-eich nan srian òir.
Grìosaime ort a bhràthair fhéil,
Deònaich coinghioll de steud luath,

'S gu'n ruiginn Olympus àrd,
Comhnaidh ghràidh nan dia bith-bhuan.
Faic mar fhuair mi leon gu searbh,
Bho neach talmhaidh d' an dual eug,
Greugach tha cho dán 's an strith,
'S nach seachnadh e rìgh nan speur.

Labhair i 's thug Mars 'n a coir
Na steudan a b' òrbhuidh srian;
Shuidh i 'n carbad bu ghlan lùth,
Deoir le 'suil 's a crìdh' fo phian.
Làmh rith' shuidh Iris nam braon,
'S an t-srian luachmhor 'n a caoin dhorn;
Bhuail i 's chaidh na h-eich 'n an leum.
Ràinig iad talla nan dia,
Beinn Olimpuis nan ciar cheann;
Stad Iris nam bogha tlàth
Na seang-eich a b' àirde srann.
'N uair dh' fhuasgil i 'n carbad grinn;
Thilg i rompa 'n innlinn bhuan;
'S dh' imich ban-dia chiuin nan gràdh,
Null gu 'màthair fo gheur ghruaim.
Ghabh is' a nighean 'n a glaic,
'S chniadaich i le 'basaibh min;
Dh' fhiosraich i 's na briathran blàth,
Ciod an cràdh a dh' fhàisg a crìdh'.

Co so bhuin riut, inghean ghaoil,
An dia rinn gu baòth do leòn?
Fhreagair Venus nan cruth caoin,
'S mar ri 'briathran thaosg na deoir:
Innsim, a mhàthair mo rùin,
Cha dia thug an ionnsuidh bhorb.

—o—

AONACHD A' CHINNE- DHAONNA:

NO, AR CIAD SINNSIREAN—CO IAD?*

AR Ciad Sinnsirean — co iad?
“Adhamh agus Eubha, gun teagamh,”
thar leam gu bheil mi cluinntinn
aon-eigin ag radh; “am faca tu
riabh, no an cuala tu iomradh air
Gaidheal sam bith a chuir briathran
soilleir a' Bhiobuil ann an teagamh
mu 'n chuis; an do thachair Gaidh-
eal riabh ort a bha a' cur an ag gu
'm b' e Adhamh prìomh-athair a'
chinne-dhaonna gu leir? Nach 'eil e
air innseadh dhuinn ann an cainnt
so-thuigsinn agus nach gabh cur a
thaobh, gu 'm b' e Adhamh a' chiad
duine; gu 'm b' i Eubha a bhean;

* A Gaelic lecture delivered under the auspices of the Glasgow Gaelic Mission. This circumstance accounts for any special references in the present or subsequent instalments.

's gu 'n d' thugadh so mar ainm oirre
a chionn gu 'm b' i 'Mathair nan
uile bheo'?" Cha 'n 'eil fhios
agamsa an do thachair riabh orm
Gaidheal nach robh a' toirt lan gheill
do theagasg nan Sgriobtur, no 'bha
air chor sam bith amharusach am b'
e Adhamh a b' athair do 'n chinne-
daonna gu h-iomlan; ach is duine
gun chluasan, gun suilean, am fear
'n ar latha-ne nach 'eil a' cluinntinn
's a' faicinn gu bheil iad ann moran
theallsanach agus dhaoine foghlumte
a tha 'cumail a mach agus a' dean-
amh an dichill a dhearbhadh dhuinn
nach ann idir mar tha sinn a' cleachd-
ainn a bhi 'creidsinn a thachair
cuisean—nach 'eil sinn ri lan chreid-
eas a thoirt do na leughas sinn ged
a b' ann 's an Sgriobtur fein a
leughamaid e. Tha moran eile ann,
agus, ged tha iad ag aideachadh gu
'm buin gach duine, dubh agus geal,
dearg agus donn, do 'n aon ghineal,
agus gu 'm b' e Adhamh a b' athair
dhaibh gu leir, air a shon so
uile, bidh iad a' deanamh dìmeas
agus taire air an co-chreutairean
borba, agus a' gnathachadh gu neo-
iomchuidh muinntir a dh' fhaodas a
bhi air dheireadh orra fein ann an
eolas, no theagamh a reir am beachd-
an uaibhreach-san, ann an dreach
agus ann an coltas. Bidh iad ag radh
umpa mar thuirt Donnachadh Ban
mu 'n Tailleir,—

“Ma 's ann de shliochd Adhamh thu,
Cha choltach ri càch thu.”

Ma chi sinn m' an sguir sinn gu
bheil muinntir a bhios mar so a' mi-
ghnathachadh an co-dhaoine, ceart
gu leoir ann an aideachadh gu 'm
buin an cinne-daonna gu leir do 'n
aon fhreumh, gu bheil iad fada am
mearachd 'n an cleachdadh; ged
nach dean sinn ach an teachd-gearr
agus an dleasnas a chomharrachadh
dhaibh cha bhiar saothair gu buileach
ann an diomhanas.

A bharr air eolas a bhi againn air Dia agus air a thoil, cha 'n 'eil cuspair ann is freagarraiche dhuinn, no eolas is buannachd-mhoire agus is taitniche, na eolas air ar co-dhaoine air feadh an t-saoghail. Co dhiubh a bheachdaicheas sinn air an duine a thaobh dealbh agus deanamh a chuirp—buidhean 'inntinn—a chor spioradail—an daimh anns am bheil e a' seasamh ri a cho-dhaoine—an daimh mar an ceudna anns am bheil e a' co-sheasamh do na h-ainmhidhean agus na creutairean gun reusan, gun tuigse a tha fo 'churam—na caochlaidhean coltais agus gnè, araon ann an cumadh, ann an dath, agus ann an suidheachadh - inntinn a' chinne-dhaonna; ge b' eairbith doigh anns am beachdaich sinn air an duine, chi sinn gur cuspair e a tha gu h-àraidh airidh air ar n-aire, agus a gheobh sinn lan foghlaim agus buannachd. An da chuid ann an dealbh ar cuirp agus ann an suidheachadh ar n-inntinn, is fìor mar thuirt an Salmadair d' ar taobh,—“Is namhasach, iongantach a dhealbhadh sinn!”

Tha an eugsamhlachd neo-chrionach a chi sinn ann an oibrichean a' Chruithfhir gu h-iomlan, a' cheart cho comharraichte r' am faicinn air a' chinne-daonna; faodaidh sinn a radh, gun eagal àicheidh, nach faigh ear am measg nam miltean 's nam muilleanan sluaigh a tha ag àiteachadh an domhain uile, dà dhuine a tha gu buileach coltach r' a cheile. Tha daoine agus fineachan fa leth cho eadar-dhealaichte bho cheile ann am meud agus deanamh am pearsa, ann an dath an craicinn, ann am beusan, ann am cainnt, agus ann am buaidhean-inntinn, 's gu 'm feum gu 'n robh e 'n a ioghnadh ro mhor dhaibhsan a bha 'beachdachadh air a' chùis anns na linntean a chaidh seachad—oir cha 'n 'eil an uine ro fhada o 'n thoisich daoine foghlumte

air an aire a stiuradh air mhodh sonraichte a dh-ionnsaidh na cùise, agus a dh' oidhirpich iad air mineachadh a thoirt duinn mu phrìomh-aobharan an eadar-dhealachaidh a tha ri 'fhaicinn air feadh nam fineachan fa leth a tha deanamh suas sluagh mor an domhain.

Cha 'n 'eil muinntir ann is toighiche agus is teoma na na Gaidheil air a bhi 'coimeas dhaoine r' a chéile agus a' lorgachadh a mach a' choltais a tha r' a chomharrachadh am bitheantas eadar clann agus am parantan 's an sinnsearan fad iomadh ginealach air ais. B' abhaist do na seana Ghaidheil — agus tha cuid diubh math air fhathast — gu 'n rachadh aca air sloinnteachd a cheile 'aithris air a h-ais fad mhoran ghinealach. Chluinneadh duine iomadh uair rann aca air a leithid so, — “Donull, mac Iain, mhic Alasdair, mhic Dhonuill, mhic Eobhain, mhic Iain-duibh, mhic Iain, mhic Ailein,” 's mar sin air aghaidh; agus nach minic a gheobh sinn gus an latha 'n diugh daoine air an ainmeachadh rud-eigin mar so, — “Tearlach Dhonnachaidh Thearlaich,” no “Cailein Iain Mhic Ailein.” Cha b' urrainnear barr a thoirt air na seana Ghaidheil ann an aithneachadh cloinne air *achd* na dream a chaidh romhpa; am fear aig nach biodh “suilean dubha a shìnn-seana-mhathar,” bhiodh aige “falt a shean-athar,” no “sron chrom muinntir nan gleann” d' am buineadh a mathair. Uime sin, agus do bhrìgh gu bheil an rannsachadh agus an t-eolas ann fein taitneach agus buannachd-mhor do gach duine a leagas 'inntinn ris, mheas mi nach biodh e mi-fhreagarrach do Ghaidheil mar tha sinne ann gu 'n seallamaid, cha 'n ann air teaghlach an duine so, no air slìochd an fhir so eile, ach air teaghlach mor an domhain uile; gu 'n rannsaicheamaid agus gu 'n

lorgaicheamaid fheuch am bheil de choltas aig na fineachan fa leth ri cheile—a dh-aindeoin cho neo-choltach 's a tha iad—'s a bheir barrantas dhuinn a cho-dhunadh gur h-e a tha anns a' chinne-daonna gu leir, sliochd aon duine, agus gur braithrean agus peathraichean sluagh an t-saoghail gu h-ìomlan; no air an laimh eile, am feum sinn 'aideachadh gu bheil eadar-dhealachadh cho mor agus cho do-réiteachadh eadar cuid a dh-fhineachan 's nach 'eil dol às againn bho bhi 'striochdadh do bharail na muinntir sin a tha 'teagasg gu 'n do chruthaichheadh air tùs tuilleadh 's aon duine, agus gu 'n robh Adhamh dha fein aig gach gineal mor anns am faodteadh an cinne-daonna a roinn—priomh-athair dubh, no geal, no grìs-fhionn, a reir mar tha dath, a's cruth, a's nadur an t-sliochd a thainig uaith?

Tha beachd agam air seann sgeulachd a b' abhaist a bhi 'g a h-aithris ann an cuid a chearnan d' an Ghaidhealtachd mu dha bhrathair a thog orra air an aon latha, 's a dh'fhag tigh an athar, 's a thug an saoghal mu 'n cluasan, a dh'fheuchainn cia mar shoirbhichheadh leo. Chaidh fear dhiubh aon rathad agus am fear eile rathad eile. An deigh daibh a bhi uine mhor air falbh, agus iad le cheile air beairteas a dheanamh, tha e coltach gu 'n do bhuail e an ceann an da bhrathar aig an aon am gu 'n tilleadh iad air an ais d' an duthaich fein a rithist; thog iad orra le 'n sliochd 's le 'n cuid spreidh; agus a reir na h-eachdraidh, bha deich fir fhichead de shliochd aig gach fear dhiubh. Ge b' e ciod am fortan no am mifhortan a bha 'g an stiùireadh, thachair an da bhuidheann air a cheile ann an gleann aig bun cnuic ris an abrar, ma's math mo bheachd, Sliabh-an-tuim, ann an Craignis. Bha ghrian air dol fodha agus am

feasgar air claonadh air a leithid de dhoigh 's ma chunnaic an da sheann duine a cheile nach d' aithnich an darna brathair am brathair eile. Shuidh an dà chuideachd a leigeil an sgios agus a ghabhail greim bidh—sliochd an darna fir crioman beag a suas am bruthach, agus cach aig iochdar a' ghlinne. Tha e coltach gu 'n do thilg fear de 'n fheadhain a bha gu h-ard rud-eigin a nuas orrasan a bha gu h-ìosal, aon chuid d'a dheoin no gun fhios, no gu 'n d'thug e aobhar faoin air chor-eigin daibh a smaoinichadh gu 'n robh iad a' deanamh tair orra, agus ciod a bha air no dheth ach gu 'n d' eirich na feara; ruisg iad an claidheamhan 's am badaibh a cheile ghabh iad "gun fhios co bu Chalum." Is e bu deir-eadh do 'n chomhstri nach d' fhagadh duine beo de na bha 'n sin ach an da sheann duine. An uair a chunnaic iad an sgrios a rinneadh am measg an cuid cloinne, mheas iad gu 'n robh an t-am sgur; shuidh iad air cnocan agus thoisich iad air feoraich mu eachdraidh cach a cheile, an uair, ciod a b' iongantach leo 'fhaicinn na gu 'm b'iadsan an da bhrathair a dhealaich bho chionn uine cho fhada. Ma bha seorsa toileachaidh aca a cheile 'choinneachadh, bha mulad gu leoir orra bhi faicinn an leir-sgrios a thug an gòraich 's am braisead air an tri fichead oigeir a bha 'n an laidhe gun chli aig an casan. Riabh uaith sin theirear "Sliochd an tri-fichead burraidh" ris an fhine ghaidhealach a tha 'giulan an aon ainme riutha—na 'n innsinn co iad cha 'n 'eil fhios a'm nach cuirinn miotlachd air Cloinn-Chalum! Tha mi an dochas nach bi sinne a' toirt oirnn fein a' cheart dìtidh ris an da bhrathair so agus an sliochd, le bhi a mi-ghnathachadh ar co-dhaoine 's a' deanamh tair agus foirneart orrasan a dh'fheudas a bhi eadar-dhealaichte

uainn ann an aogas, no air dheir-eadh oirnn ann am foghlum—a' di-chuimhneachadh, theagamh gur braithrean iad fein agus sinne; sliochd an aon duine.

Tha an t-eadar-phosadh agus am measgachadh gun chrìch a gheobh sinn feadh theaghlaichean agus feadh threubhan an t-saoghail 'g a fhagail 'n a nì ro-dheacair agus ro-dhuilich an cinne-daonna a roinn 'n an earrannan eadar-dhealaichte, agus cearcal a chur m' an cuart air gach buidhinn diubh a tha gu soilleir a' taisbeanadh chomharan aon chuid 'n an cuirp no 'n an inntinnean a tha 'g an cur air leth bho mhuinntir eile; uime sin tha dealachadh barail nach beag am measg dhaoine foghlumte iad fein mu co mheud buidheann anns am faodteadh sluagh an domhain a roinn. Their cuid gu 'm bu choir an roinn a reir nan duthchannan fa leth a tha iad ag àiteachadh; their muinntir eile nach biodh an seol roinn so aon chuid freagarrach no cothromach, agus gur ann a bu choir an roinn a reir nan comharan sonraichte a gheobhar orra fein, 's cha 'n ann a reir gàraidhnean-crìche nan duthchannan 's nan eileanan anns am bheil iad a chomhnuidh. Is i an doigh roinn a tha a nis gu h-àraidh air gabhail rithe am measg dhaoine foghlumte, an doigh sin a tha a' sgoltadh a' chinne-daonna 'n a choig earrannan, a reir dath a' chraicinn agus nan sùl—gnè an fhuilt—dealbh na gnuise—agus gu sonraichte cumadh a' chlaiginn. Is iad ainmean nan coig buidhnean anns an do roinneadh an cinne-daonna mar so,—na *Caucasianaich*, na *Mongolianaich*, na h-*Americanaich*, na h-*Etiopianaich*, agus na *Malayanaich*. Bho 'n is e dath a' chraicinn comharradh is so-fhaicinn duinne, dh' fhaodamaid a radh gu coitchionn gu bheil an craiceann aig na *Caucasianaich*, *geal*; na *Mongolianaich*,

buidhe; na h-*Americanaich*, *dearg*; na h-*Etiopianaich*, *dubh*; agus na *Malayanaich*, *donn*. Cha 'n 'eil fhios agam co dhiubh a chi sinn gu bheil an sean-fhacal a bha aig ar sinnsirean fìor mu shluagh an t-saoghail ach cha mhinic a gheobhar cearr iad; agus, ged theagamh a dh' *eignicheas* sinn an sean-fhacal a thaobh a fhreagarrachd ris na roinnean fa leth a rinn sinn air luchd-àiteachaidh an t-saoghail, cha 'n 'eil suil sam bith agam gu 'm *breugnaich* sinn e a thaobh dhaoine fa leth 'n ar measg fein. Is e an sean-fhacal a tha mi a' ciallachadh am fear sin a tha ag radh,—

“ Bidh fear dubh dàna,
'S fear bàn, bleideil;
Fear donn, dualach,
'S fear ruadh, sgeigeil.”

IAIN MACILLEGHAIN.

(*Ri leantainn.*)

—o—

AONGHUS NAN AOIREAN.*

FEAR GHLINN-LIOBHANN.

Ma 's tu Dunnachadh ruadh na féile,
Is fhad a bheir mi fhain ort cliù;
Na 'n tionndadh ar dà chùl ri chéile,
'S mi tha gun léine 's cha tu.

An uair a chuala Dunnachadh ruadh so,
tilgear dh'e a léine 's thugar dha i, an sin
thuir Aonghus?—

Molaim O'Neil 'n a theach,
'S gach aon neach 'n a ionad fhéin;
Ach cha choimeasaim duine 'n t-sluagh,
Ri Dunnachadh ruadh ach e fhéin.

ALASTAIR NAN CLEAS.

Gheabhteadh sid an tigh-na Ceapaich,
As an leth-chart,
Fichead breacag stòil,
Agus còrr, agus còrr.

* “ ‘Angus nan aoirean’ possessed an estate in Ireland, which was forfeited in Queen Elizabeth’s reign. This change in his circumstances soured his temper, and made him commence bard, or rather lamponer. He never afterwards was known to have said good of any person, except the laird of Glenylon.”—*M’Nicol’s MSS.*

Claidheamh meirgeach an làimh gach
seirgnich,

Dol an seilbh droch ghledis.
Is dubh an glùinean, 's geal an sùilean,
A' ghort gu 'n dhuin am bedil.
Shuidheadh iad air tom-buidhe na Rian-
aich,

Sheinneadh iad port biurnalais :
Riongam, rongam Fear Bhoth-Fhionn-
tain

MAC-DHUGHAILL NA GALLANAICH.

Ge math a' Ghallanach fhein,
Ge lionar a fear 's a gart,
Cha robh aon duin' innte riabh
Dhùraigeadh am biadh dh' a mhac.

MAC-LEOID.

Mac-Leoid gun leum, gun rotach ;
A sheoid air cliar gur ceilteach ;
Is tric a shùil ri siltich,
An cripleach, gann, cruaidh, gortach.

(*Freagairt Mhic-Leoid*)

Friamh thu 'n fhèarna mhosgain,
Am bàrd bréun ascaoin,
Slol nan déirceach 's taine trusgan
Am flòr-losgunn de'n àl-phrasgain.

MAC-NEILL BHARRAIDH.

Tigh Mhic-Neill air nach gabhteadh foill,
Gun damh-sraoine agus trì druill,
Còmhla mhath dhaingean chrann,
Geinn agus gille ri 'druim.

FEAR BHAIL'-EACHAINN.

Gheabhteadh am Bail'-Eachainn so shìos,
Leann tana gun bhrìgh, gun bhlas ;
Im air a ghlanadh le spàin,
'S càise 'n déis a naire thoirt as.

EARRAGHAIDHEAL.

Earraghaidheal loisgeach, lom,
Tir nan daoine gortach, gann ;
Teine fiodhraich ri dà cheann,
Mu'n teid mi rithist a null.

DUNSTAINNIS.

Bheireadh fithich, ghearra, dhubha 'n dùin,
Mionach mo dha shùl a mach.

CREAG AN-TAIRBH.

Tiobartaich am baile gann,
'S Carnasairidh nam beannan fuar ;
Ceathrar bhodach Chreag-an-tairbh,
Guma liutha mairbh no bèò.

GLEANNA-COMHANN.

Gleann gun chaisteal, gun tùr,
Gun fhasdail, gun tulaich ghuirm :
Gleann ris 'n do chuir pailteas cùl,
Amar m—n an D—l mhoir.

BAINTIGHEARNA MHIC-MHIC IAIN.

Chunnacas 'n a suidhe an cathair àird chaig,
Nead na h—iolaire dùbh-ghlais',
Rionnach de mhnaoi fhiadhaich àird,
Gun de bhiadh na bheathaicheadhaon bhàrd.

DUTHAICH CHLANNDONUILL.

Ceann loch-nan-uamh',
'S ceann loch-Cathronn,
'S ceann loch-Ailleart nan clach liath ;
'S mairg a bheireadh a lòn air ainne
Anns an ròd nior bheannaich Dia.

MAC-DHUGHAILL DHUN-OLLA.

Dùn a's éidheann air éudann,—
Dùn gun fhéile, gun onair ;
'N uair theid mi rithist do Dhùn-Olla,
Bidh mo bhiadh air mo dhronnaig.
Am beil Tighearna Chill-duinn aig baile,—
Am fear a theireadh 'steek the door?
Mile mollachd na cléire,
Chur as da fhein 's do Dhùn-Olla.
B' fhearr leam gu'm bitheadh Dun-Olla,
Air a phronnadh le ord-cèardaich :
A's caisteal nan gasil (?) an toiseach,
'N a chlosaich os cionn Chearnburg.

GLEANN-FAOCHAIN.

Tigh Mhic-Dhunnachaidh Ghlinn-Faochain,
'S tigh a' bharain taobh ri taobh ;
Sgrios Dhia air na gearra-ghobaich,
Dh' fhàs gu gann, cruaidh, gortach, daor.
Chaidh mi dh' iarraidh, 's cha b'i chòir,
Fialachd 's a' chill eucoraich ;
Fhad 's a bhios Dia 'n a Theach,
Na iarr biadh air Faochanach.

LATHURN.

Lathurna cabhanach, cnocadach, fraochach,
Lathurna farmadach, gortach, 's e craosach ;
Chaillear de 'n ghorta gach posta g' an
taobh e,
Bhrìst iad a casan aig ceann Lecha-Faoch-
ain.

AIRD-NAM-MURCHAN.

Dùn àluinn a' bhìdh bhig,
Aig an Uaineartach mhór bhreimneach ;
Caisteal mu'n ganntairich deoch,
Anns an eilein aig Sir Siadmhor.

GLEANN-NIBHEIS.

Gleann-Nibheis, gleann nan con,
Gleann 's am bi 'n gart anmoch ;
Gleann fada, fiadhaich, fàs,
Aig sluagh bradach a' mhì-ghnàis.
Ma theid thu chill-Nineain suas
Air feadh gleann cruaidh nan clach,
Mar sid a's Peadar a nuas,
Mac-naomh cha'n fhaigheadh ann deoch.

DUNNACHADH DUBH A' CHURRAIC.

Dunnachadh Dubh, an caibheineach
Air an d' fhàs a' bhraing;
Gur coltach ri boc maoislich e,
'S currachd gaoisid air a cheann.

TRIATH GHART.

Gheobhteadh sid aig fear Ghart,
Brusgartaich bhìdh agus dibhe;
Ach b'e aon chab-a'-ch-c an domhain,
Mu lothainn chon agus mu sgithinn.

AIRD'-GHOBHAR.

Ma theid thu dh' Aird-Ghobhar a nùll
Na taghail s a' Chùil no 's a' Chill;
No 'n Ionar-sannda nan creag
'S tha Salchan air bheag bidh.

Aird' Ghobhar 's am bi 'n ganntar,
Dh' ichteadh na gobhair mu'm feannt' iad,
Caillear do 'n ghort air aon tom,
A' bhuidheann is gortaich' pranntar.

MAC-MHIC EOBHAINN 'S MAC-MHIC EACHAINN
AIB AN AON SGEIR.

Cha d' thugainn Mac-mhic-Eobhainn d'e,
'S dh' fhàgainn Mac-Mhic-Eachainn air.

MAC-CORCADAIL.

Gheobhteadh sid an Creag-an-aonaidh,
Gobhair odhar, bhailgionn, bhreac;
Ged a gheobhainn sluagh na h-Eorpa,
Leiginn Mac-Corcadail as.
Carson? chionn nach b' fhiù e bhi ris—
As, as, as, as gu bràch am bramanach!

FEAR AIRD-CHONGHLAIS.

An uair a chuala an duine uasal so mu' n
éisg a thaghail aige, chuir e fios air 's thug
e cliabh fhaochag dha, agus dealg gu 'n
ithe leithe.

'S caol ur sgionan ri àm longaidh,
Rùisg ur bidh, cha'n ith na coin;
'S fada mo dha shùil siar 'g a sheamadh,
Mu'n bhiadh nach cuis dhianadh dhomh.
Bho' n nach 'eil biatachd ad theach,
Eoin Riabhaich Mhic-Cailein,
Lamh dh' iomairt nan arm clis;
Is beag is misde làmh na féile,
Mise chantainn nam breug ris.

MAC MHIC EOBHAIN.

Ràinig mi geata 'n tigh-mhòir,
Teaghlach lom air bheagan bidh;
Thachair orm an gille crom—
Sileadh ron le bhlad a sios.

Dh' fharraid e gu fiadhaich borb,
Cia 'n taobh thàinig thu oirnn do'n tir?
Cha 'n 'eil Mac-Mhic-Eobhain ach bochd,
'S cha 'n fhaigh thu a nochd mir bidh.
E fhein mar fhaoilinn air sgrial,

'S a bhean mar phitheid air gàradh;
'S fhèarr coiteir aig Mac-Mhic-Iain,
Na tighearnas Chinn-Ghèarrloch.

Dh' fhalbh a mhac turus agus cuirear
deise-Ghàidhealach air praskan Eirionnach,
an dùil gu'n d' thugadh e chreidsinn air
Aonghus gu'm bu Ghàidhil iad; ach thuirt
Aonghus:—

'S fhad an caomh bho fhearaibh Alba,
An Eirinn a rugadh iad,
Na gearra-bhalaich bho'n bhord Shlignich
Cha'n Albannaich idir iad.

A BHRIATHRAN DEIREANNACH.

Ciad b—— fo Shìol Adhaimh uile,
Gun dearmad air aon duine;
Na'n tugainn duine idir 'as,
B'e Siosalach fial Shrath-Ghlais,
Cha mhath 's cha'n olc!

MURCHADH MAC BHRIAN.

AN sin do ghabhadar léineag shithe,
shèimh shròil de 'n t-sìoda bhuidhe
bho 'n deilg ghréist' an teannta ri
gheal-chneas. Do iathas mu 'n léin-
eig ud an coitein caomha, cuanta,
ceos-bhlàth, baobha, cros-mhor, comh-
arraichte, suainmhor, srol-dearg,
sìoda air uachdar na h-òr-léineige
sin. Do iathas mu 'n choitein sin
an sgabull fighe fiondeirgin, orchum,
cèarnach, cainnleireach, farsuinn,
caomhghorm, clach corragham, air a
chòmhdach clach-coramhogail, fuaim
cneas da chudrom, air taobh an
treun sgabuill, is eadh, mu'n chlet-
taobh uchd agus aon-bhreth. Do
iathas mu 'n sgabull sin an lùireach
shithe, threun, amlach, thorunn,
ghléusta, gharbh, ghabhalach, fhada,
aotrom, uileannach, fharsainn, leo-
ghar Lochlunnach, gun fhèantas,
gun fhòtus, gun fheabhas-fhòtus, air
uachdar an treun sgabuill sin.

Do iathas mu 'n lùirich sin dà
chrios amlach, an òr litir, daingeann,
duilich deagh-mhaiseach, suamhain,
clàr-leathann an aogasg samhuilte
don amhailte, ballach breac-chlàr
buadh, air a chomhdach gu cèard-

amhuil de chlacha buadhacha breac mhaiseach, as a' chath-chrios cho-uchdach, gu dion cneas a chath-mhilidh as na cathaibh créuchd-mhor.

Anns a' chrios sin do chuirteadh a chladheamh clais-leathan, co-shìnteach, fìor chruaidh, sgaiteach, gorm sholuis baobha, béum-chèarnach, bleitheach, uasal, an t-ealt-chladheamh, aluinn, òrlitreach, de'n ghoineachd ghlan, ghorm-sholuis, nuadh, àluinn, aon dòrnuist. Or-thruaill 'g a uime-dhìdinn, air taobh cli an treun-chuiridh an aghaidh na h-iorrghaill 's gach iorrghail 'g a iomain.

Air sin do ghabhar dh' i sgiath dhonn dhualach, aon dualach da ghualainn dha thaobh sleagh chudrom, chòrr-fharsainn, le siamain òir 's le fairistibh airgid. An sin do ghabhar a chath-bharra chudromach, chneas-bhuadhach, chlach codaich do 'm bu cho-ainn clogaid anns an t-seana Ghàilig.

An sin do dh-uidheamaicheadh each dha do 'm b' ainm Gorm-steud, gasda, gnìomh-ealamh, mìn farasda falt-leoghar, uaibhreach, foillseach, iombathach, toiniceach, tos-luath, torrunn-mhor muingeach, meanmnach, mòr-chridheach, sùilghorm, seang-àrd, seòcail, fallain; feòlmhor, faidreach, an eangasg orshrian, sitir-bhlar, do mharcaicheadh trid nam ballaichean cho math 's a mharcaicheadh e machair mhìn, sgiamhach!

—o—

EOINEACHAN DUBH.

BHA duine de mhuinntir Ghlinn-Seile—Alastair mac Gillechriost a b' ainm dha—agus phòs e té a bhuineadh do Theaghlach Mhic-Mhic-Alastair ris an abradh iad 'Mairghrean nighean Iain ruaidh.' Bha aig a' chàraid so seachdnar mhac agus aon nighean, agus, ma 's fhìor, is ann

bho 'n t-seachdnar so a thàinig an drèam sin de Chloim Mhic-Rath ris an abrar "Clann Alastair." B' iad ainmeannan dithis de na mic so "Eoineachan Dubh," agus "Dunnachadh Mor." Cha robh an Eoineachan ach duine beag, ach bha nadur ro chrosta ann; agus bha Dunnachadh 'n a cheatharnach mor foghainteach, tapaidh—cho tapaidh 's nach robh a leithid eadar da chloich na dùthcha.

Mar dhearbhadh air a thapachd, faodaidh mi innseadh 's an dol seachad, gu 'm beil clach ann an Achadh-nan-gart, an Gleann-Seile, ris an abrar "Clach-a'-chlamhain"—clach nach togadh coignear dhaoine. A' chlach so thug Dunnachadh mor a bhàn air a ghàirdein á càrn a tha os a cionn, a thuilleadh air a bhreacan agus a ghunna, agus chuir e an ursainn geat i ann an dig.

Bhiodh aig an am ud na Sàilich a' dol a Bhrathainn a phaidheadh a' mhàil do Mhac-Coinnich; agus bha e mar chleachdadh aig Mac-Coinnich a bhi toirt dinnearach comhla ris fhein do 'n chuid bu bheairtiche de na tuathanaich. Bha Eoineachan air an fheadhain bu mhurraiche dhiubh, agus turus a chaidh e phaidheadh a' mhàil thug e leis á Cinntàile mulchag chàise fo 'achlais. Bha fhios aige gu 'n rachadh e thun a' bhùird; agus, ma ta, an uair a shuidh iad aig am biadh, a h-uile onoir a gheobhadh Eoineachan, 's an uair a thaitneadh rud sa bith ris air leth, bheireadh e pòg do 'n mhulch-aig a bh' aige fo 'achlais.

Dh' fhaighnich Mac-Coinnich dh' e ciod a bha e dianamh mar sid. Thuirt Eoineachan gu'n robh e 'toirt urraim do 'n mhulchaig—gur h-i thug an sid e—gu'n robh ceatharnach a mach nach robh ann an àite riabh nach gleidheadh e ball-airm dha fhein. Dh' iarr an sin Mac-Coinnich air an luchd-fhrithéalaidh rùm àraidh

a réiteachadh, agus gun ni fhàgail ann air an cuireadh duine a làmh, los nach biodh dòigh aig a' cheatharnach a bha mach air ball-airm fhaotainn da fhein mar a thuirt Eoineachan.

Thugadh an sin a stigh do 'n rùm fhalamh so na daoine bha mach, "Agus," arsa Mac-Coinnich, "C' è nis, Eoineachain, an ceatharnach nach robh an àite riabh anns nach fhaigheadh e ball-airm dha fhein?"

"Sid e," ars' Eoineachain 's e tomhadh a' chorraige ri Dunnachadh mor.

"An ann mar so a thà," arsa Dunnachadh mór, 's e sealltainn ceithir-thimchioll da. Thug e 'n sin an aire do mhial-chu a bha 'n cois Mhic-Coinnich, agus cha 'n fhaca e ni a b' iomchuidhe na breith air dha chois-deiridh air, 's a tharrainn bho chùl a chluaise agus Mac-Coinnich a bhualadh leis an cùl nan easgaidean, air chor 's gu 'n do thuit e air an ùrlar. Thachair mar so mar thuirt Eoineachan, gu 'n d' fhuair Dunnachadh mor ball-airm dha fhein.

Chaidh Dunnachadh a mharbhadh là Sliabh-an-t-siorra.

BAN-SAILEACH.

SOP AS GACH SEID.

Gug-gug, ars' a' chuthag, latha buidhe Bealltainn.

Bi gu geimnidh moch-eirgheach 's ant-samhradh.

A' CHAILLEACH.

Bi "chailleach" druineach a bha fiachainn ris an fhiar a chumail gun fhàs deireadh earraich chruidh a thàinig. Tra a dh' fhairtlich oirre, thuirt i:—

Dh' fhàg e thall mi,

Dh' fhàg e bhos mi,

Dh' fhàg e eadar mo dhà bhois mi:

Tilgeam an slachdan am bun na craoibh-cuilinn

Far nach cinn fiar no duilleach.

Bean fhada, chaol, dìreach, miann Dhònuill amadain.

AN GAD.

Gad geal geamhraidh,

'S gad riabhach samhraidh.

Bean g' a bhuain, dall g' a mheangadh, 's cuiridh g' a shniomh; 's figh an reamhar air a' chaol, ma 's math leat an taod a bhi buan.

AM BUAIN A' GHOID.

Reith a' mhinnein,

'S breith a' mhinnein.

COMHAIRLE 'N T-SEASGANAICH.

Na pos a's t-fhoghar,

'S dian faighidinn 's a' gheamhradh;

Bidh tu cabhagach a's t-earrach,

'S bidh goinne air aran a's t-samhradh.

Thoir bean á ifrinn, 's bheir i rithist ann thu.

"A Pheairtag robach," arsa Mac-Neill, turus a bha e am Peairt, "ma chuir thusa mis' á airgiod, chuir mis' thus' á fion!"

Bha fear ann roimhe so a thug beagan airgid an iasad do'n droighean-donn. Thainig na timeannan cruaidh air an droighean, agus le miad na muirichinn, cha b' urrainn da "an fheill a chumail air a latha," agus b' eudar do 'n duine dol a dh-iarraidh an ainfhich. Ràinig e 's fhuair e 'n droighean 's a dha mhac dhiag 's an t-sabhal, agus sìrd aca air bualadh. Bha iad uile cho ro choltach ri chéile 's nach aithnicheadh e an seann fhear; ach, ars esan a chur diachainn air: "Is fhuasda buille an t-seann laoch aithneachadh"— "Bha là dha sin," ars' an seann droighean, 'g a bhrath fhein. Bho so thainig an seanfhacal "Bha là dha sin."

AITE SAN TIGH-OSDA.

Bha ministear an Glascho, a bha gle dhian an aghaidh an òil, a' teagasg la bho 'n dara caibideil de Lucas, mu bhreith an t-Slànuighear. 'Nuair a ràinig e na focaill ud, "do bhrìgh uach robh aite dhoibh 's an tigh-òsda," thubhairt e, "Mo chàirdean, tha mi 'm barail gu bheil an t-àite cho gann Dha-san anns an tigh cheudna an dingh, 's a bha e 'n oidhche 'thainig E dha 'n t-saoghal."

Uair eile, thubhairt a ministear ceudna gu'n robh feadhain ann cho mì-nàrach 's gu'n deanadh iad uail 'n an comas gu *dibh a ghiulan*. "B' fhearr," ars esan, "a thigeadh a leithid sin de bhòd á beul eich fir-togalach."

AM MINISTEIR 'S AM MARCAICH.

Bha sean mhinistear air la gaillinn a' dol air thurus air muin eich, agus cleòca mòr camlait uime. Air an rathad thachair e

air marcaich spaideil, a' tighinn 'n a choinneamh air muin capuill mheanmnaich, a thug leum ri taobh an rathaid còmh-luath 's a chual' i crathadh a' chleòca mhòir, mar gu 'm b'e seòl toisich luinge anns a' ghaoith. "Marbhaig ort;" ars am marcaich, "Chuireadh an cleòca ud agad clisgeadh air an Aibhistear! "Ma ta," ars an duine math, "'s e sin dìreach mo chèaird."

AN T-EILDEIR AGUS NA H-OILEANAICH.

Bha eildeir àraidh anns an àirde-niar, a bha ainmeil air beurradaireachd is deas-chainnt. Chaidh triuir oileanach òg bheadaidh á Glascho a choimhead air, feuch am faigheadh iad beagan spòrs as. 'Nuair a ràinig iad faisg air, chuir a cheud fhear fàilt air, "Seadh, Athair, Abrahaim, cia mar tha thu 'n diugh?" "Tha thu cearr," ars an dara fear, "'s e tha 'so Athair Isaac." "H-ud!" ars an treas fear, "tha sibh le chéile 'mearachd, is e tha 'so sean athair Iacob." Sheall a' foirfeach gu geur air an triuir ghillean, 's ars esan, "Tha sibh uile cearr; cha mhi Abraham, no Isaac, no Iacob; ach 's mi Saul, mac Chis, a' sireadh asail athar, agus feuch, fhuair mi tri dhiubh!"

AN T-IARLA 'S AN T-AMADAN.

Bha amadan latha a' gabhail ceum athghearr troimh fhearann Iarla, faisg air a chaisteal, 'n uair a thachair an duine mòr ris. "Till thu!" ars esan, "cha 'n e sin an rathad." "Bheil fhios, agad," ars an t-amadan, "c'àit a bheil mi 'dol." "Cha'n eil agam," ars an t-Iarla. "'S cia mar, tha fios agad, ma ta, nach e so mo rathad?"

ADHAIRCEAN FAD' AIR A CHRODH 'THA FADA UAINN.

Bha Sasunnach aon uair a' tabhairt aithris, a measg cuideachd uasail ann an Inbhirneis, air na h-ìoghnaidhean a chunnaic 's a rinn e fhéin anns na h-Innsean, bho'n d' thainig e beagan roimhe sin. Thug e eachdraidh gu h-àraid air na tigearan mòr air an do thachair e, ag ràdh gu'n do mharbh e fear a bha còrr is *da fhichead troidh air fad!* Thubhairt fear de na h-uaislean, nach ro teagamh air bith nach robh beathaichean anabarrach anns na dùthchannan thall, ach gu'n robh mar an ceudna ann an Alba fhéin ainmhidhean nach robh dad air dheireadh orra. Mar eisimpleir, dh'innis e gu'n do ghlacadh *scait* shuas ann an Gallthaobh, a bha *corr is leth-acair air leud*. Dh'aithnich an Sasunnach gu'm b'ann a' magadh air a bha'n t-Albannach; 's dh'fhàg e 'chuideachd le mòran feirg. Ann an uine ghoirid, chuir e caraid, mar a

bha fasan an ama, a thoirt dùlain do'n fhear eile, mur a toireadh e leth-sgeul airson na tàmailt a thug e dha. Fhreagair an t-Albannach gu socair, "Ma ta, ma bheir do charaid beagan throidhean de fhad a *thigear*, chi sinn dé 's urrainn dhuinn a dheanamh mu leud na scait!"

BUAIDH NA PIOBA.

Bha piobair uair a' dol troimh choille mhòir ùdlaidh, 's 'n uair a thainig am feasgar, rinn e suidhe gu greim suipeir itheadh. Is gann a rinn e tòiseachadh, 'n uair a chruinnich treud de mhadaidh-allaidh acrach timchioll air. Gus e fhéin a dhion, thilg am piobair bochd mir is mir dhe bhiadh do na béisdean, gus mu dheireadh nach robh criomag aige gun ithe; 's a dh'aindeoin sin, 's ann bu teinne dhlùthaich na madaidh-alluidh air. Bha e 'n imbis dùil a thabhairt dhe 'bheatha, 'n uair thainig smuaintean comharraicht' 'n a cheann. Ghlac e 'phiob, 's thòisich e air seideadh suas. A cheud sgàl a leig an dos mòr, de rinn na madaidh-allaidh ach teicheadh 'n an deann, mar gu'n robh iad air beucaich leombainn a chluinntinn! 'Nuair a chunnaic Domhnall a' bhuidh a bh' aig a' phiob, ars esan, "M'anam-sa, na 'm b'fhios dhomh gu'n còrdadh an ceòl cho math ribh, bhithinn air a thoirt dhuibh roimh 'n t-suipeir, 's cha 'n ann air a deigh!"

AN COILEACH AGUS AN SIONNACH.

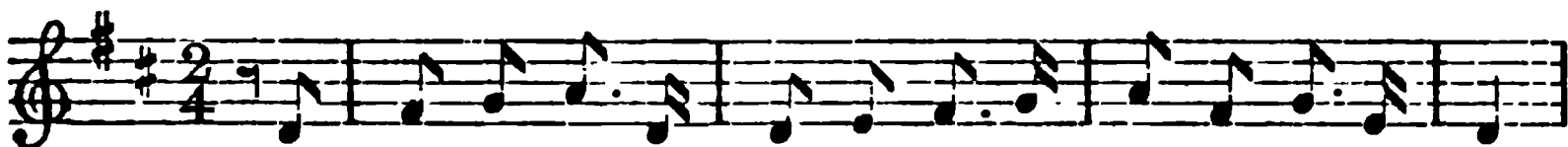
Bha sionnach roimhe so moch madainn shamhraidh ag gabhail an rathaid seach tigh tuathanaich, 's rachar a chas an gòisinn a chaidh a suidheachadh air a shon. Bha coileach òtraich air iris greis bhuaithe, agus chunnaic e mar a thachair. Cha leigeadh an t-eagal leis tighinn faisg air gille-nancar, ach, le an-amhurus, bha e tialadh, 's ag gòradh g' a ionnsuidh uidhe air n-uidhe. Thug an sionnach an aire dha, 's cuirear fàilte air cho modhail, càirdeil, 's a b' aithne dha: "Fàilt ort, fhir mo chridhe. Nach ann domhsa dh' éirich e air do sgàth. Bha mi 'g ialadh romh 'n challaid ud thall, air mo cheum a' dol dachaidh, an uair a chuala mi do ghogail, agus chuir mi romham taghal agad dh' fhiach ciamar a bha dol dut fhein 's do 'n mhuirichinn, 's tha thu faicinn mar a dh' eirich dhomh. Guidhim ort sgian a thoirt domh a ghearradh na sreinge, no, co dhiùbh, gun dad a ghabhail ort gus an gearrr mi i le m' fhiacail." Thuig an coileach mar a bha chuis, 's gun ghuth a ghabhail air, thugar 'n a dheann a mhaighistir air agus innsear dha mar a bha. Thug esan leis a bhiodag agus chuir e as do 'n t-sionnach mu'n robh dol as aige.

Seachainn an t-olc, agus seachnaidh an t-olc thu.

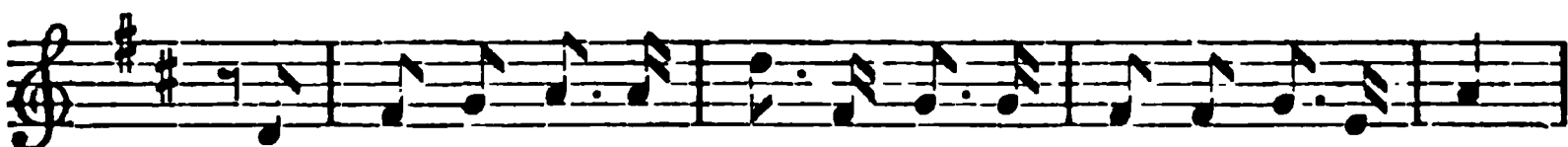
MAISE CHRIOSD.

LE IAIN MOIRISON, A BH' ANNS NA HEARADH.

GLEUS D.



: .D | m . f : s ., d | d . r : m ., F | s . m : f ., r | d | .

: .D | m . f : s ., s | d¹ ., m : f ., F | m . m : f ., r | s |: .S | s . f : m ., s | l . s : d¹ ., F | m . m : f ., l | s |: .S | d¹ . l : s ., d | d . r : m ., F | s . m : f ., r | d ||

THA cliù an t-Slànuighear bhithbhuan
 Ri 'sheinn le fuaim a ghnàth,
 A thaobh a ghràis, 's a ghràidh d' a shluagh,
 Bho 's e 'rinn suas an slàint';
 Cha dean iad tàmh gu bràth dheth 'luaidh,
 Ach glòir 's gach uair 'thoirt dhà;
 'S bho thaom e 'ghaol 'n an cridh' le buaidh,
 Tha 'n oran nuadh gach tràth.

Bho dh' fhosgail e an sùilean suas,
 'Bha dùint' fo dhuathar bàis;
 'S bho nochd e dhaibh e féin 'n a thruas,
 Bha 'n ceum gu luath 'n a dhàil;
 Oir nochd e dhaibh fìor dhreach a ghruaidh,
 Us mais' a shnuaidh le fàilt',
 Le 'n d' lean iad e 's gach ceum mu'n cuairt,
 Gu dlùth, mar fuaight' ri 'shàil.

Oir 's maisich' e no clann nan daoine
 An àilleachd 's aobhachd snuaidh;
 Tha 'chomunn gràdhach, grasmhor, naomh,
 'Toirt beath' o'n aog a nuadh:
 Tha 'ghràdh cho blàth, ro bhàigheil, caoin
 'S gu 'n leagh e 'n daor-chridh' cruaidh;
 'S b' e 'n sòlas làn 'bhi 'm pàirt a ghaoil,
 'S 'n a ghlaican caomh do-ghluaist'.

Tha e cho geur an léirsinn sùl
 'S gu 'm faic e 'n smùirnein meanbh;
 Tha e cho glan 'n a bholadh cùbhr'
 'S gu 'n toir e 'ghnùis air falbh
 'Nuair 'gheibh e goirteachadh 's an tùis:
 Bidh samh gach sgùm leis searbh,
 Gu 'n dean e 'n lot gu geur às ùr,
 Gu sgrios gach grùid us searg.

Tha aoibhneas làn, tha gràdh gun tòn,
 Ri 'mhealtainn dlùth fodh 'sgèith ;
 Tha beath' us slàint' am fàilt' a ghnùis
 Do neach fodh chiùrradh geur ;
 Tha 'ghealladh gràis 'toirt blàiths às ùr
 Do 'n chuid 'tha 'n tùrs' fodh chreuchd ;
 Ach 's bròn 's is bàs do chàch a chùl,
 Nach d' chlaon an sùil 'n a dhéigh.

S e 's sgiamhaich' cas a dh' imaich feur,
 Gun lùb 'n a cheum, gun fheall ;
 Tha dealradh glan 'n a eudann réidh
 Mar dheàrsadh gréin' air bheann.
 Tha 'chonaltadh cho bàigheil, sèimh,
 'S e 's milse beul us cainnt.
 'N àm còmhraig, carraid, strì, no streup,
 Cha 'n fhàilnich leum a laimh'.

An cruas a 'ghleachd bha 'thapadh treun ;
 Bu sgaiteach beum a lann ;
 Fhuair buaidh a' chath mar ghaisgeach
 gleust',
 Le 'chumhachd féin 's gach ball ;
 'S 'n a uachdranachd air uaigh 's air eug,
 Tha neart nan neamh 'n a laimh.
 Le 'eirigh chuir e 'n nàmh fodh stéill ;
 Oir lot e 'bhéist 's a cheann.

Tha dreach a phearsa, 's mais' a ghnùis',
 Thar cainnt' us ciùil r' a luaidh,
 'S e dearg us geal ; 's tha 'anail cùbhr',
 Mar ròs fo dhriùchd 's a' chluain :
 Tha 'fhàile glan do 'n anam chiùirt',
 Tha 'shealladh sùl làn truais,
 Tha 'bhriathran fallain, réidh, làn iùil
 'S 'n a 'ghealladh ciùin do 'n truagh.

'Bhi dearg le fuil gu léir mu'n cuairt,
 Fodh 'n fheirg throm-bhuailt' a dhòirt
 Air còm a' ghràidh 'tha làn de thruas,
 Dh' fhàg maiseach snuadh a neòil
 Do 'n pheacach leònte fo 'n gheur-ruaig,
 'S an ceartas cruaidh 'n a thòir :
 'S e sud a sgàil' bho 'n mhallachd bhuan ;
 'S 'o 'n teas, 's 'o 'n fhuachd, 's e 'n cleòc'.

'S 'bhi geal le fìreantachd neo-thruaillt',
 'S le naomhachd bhuan gun sgleò,
 Gun smal, gun spot, gun ghaoid, r' a luaidh,
 'S n' is glaine snuadh no 'n t-òr.

'S e sud a 's trusgan rèidh d' a shluagh
 A chreid binn fhuaime a sgeòil,
 'S a fhuair compàirt 'n a ghràs 's gach
 buaidh ;
 Gu bràth 's e 'n uaill 'chrùn glòir'.

'S e 'n t-Iongantach am measg an t-sluaigh,
 'S nan ainglean shuas an glòir ;
 'S e 'thug an gràdh an aghaidh fuath,
 'Nach fhaodar 'luaidh le beòil ;
 An coslas pheacach 'theachd a nuas
 A dh'fhulang truaigh' 's an fheòil ;
 'Bhi 'n nàdur duine bhos air chuairt,
 'S 'n a naomhachd shuas bith-bheò.

'S e Rìgh nan rìgh gach linn gu bràth,
 'Tha 'nis am Pàrras shuas ;
 Tha 'naimhdean ceannsaichte fodh 'shàil,
 Oir chuir e 'm blàr le buaidh ;
 Tha 'cheannardachd a nis cho làn,
 Tha neart a ghàirdean buan :
 Tha gach uil' iomlanachd a' tàmh
 'N *Emanuel* nam buadh.

'S e 'n Tì ro mhòr, *Iehobhah* 'n àigh,
 'S mòr inbh' ro àrd r' a luaidh ;
 Tha aingl' a ghlòir' le'n ceòl 'n a làth'r,
 Ri seinn nan dàn 's binn fuaim ;
 'S a còmhachadh an gnùis le sgàil,
 Le dealradh làn a shnuaidh,
 'S a tilgeadh sìos an crùn gu làr,
 'Toirt ùmhachd dhà gach uair.

Tha còm a ghràidh cho làn de ghaol,
 'S e mall gu fraoch no fearg ;
 Tha 'iochd 's a ghràs d' a phobull naomh
 Am bann, do-sgaoilt' nach searg ;
 'S cha sgar gu bithbhuan olc no aog
 Aon anam saort' air falbh
 Bho chaidreamh blàth a chàirdeis chaoimh,
 Ge d' robh 'n droch aon ga 'n sealg.

Tha' bhrollach fìorghlan, sìorruidh, làn
 De 'n bhainne 's fearr do chlann ;
 'S beò-uisge fìor bho chliabh a ghràidh
 A ruith gun tàmh 'n a dheann ;
 Tha 'uchd ion-mhiannaichte cho blàth,
 Cho maoth, làn bàigh, 's gach àm—
 'S mo mhiann cha riarachear gu bràth
 Gu 'm faigh mi dh' àit' 'bhi ann.

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THE HIGHLANDER'S APPRECIATION OF SCENERY.

It has been asserted by the justly celebrated historian of Scotland, Dr. John Hill Burton, that Highlanders have shown themselves peculiarly unconscious of the beauty and grandeur of their own scenery. Upon what evidence the learned historian bases his assertion we have not been able to discover; but, coming from a man whose knowledge of the history of Scotland is so profound, and whose judgment respecting the character of the people who made the history of Scotland is valued so highly, the statement, strange as it may appear upon the face of it, deserves examination. In effect Dr. Burton says that we were taught to admire our own scenery by James MacPherson, the translator, or, as he would say, the author, of Ossian. He would not, we presume, assert that the wild and varied scenery which attracts every summer so many sympathetic tourists, and a still greater number of gaping visitors who must perform the task, which has of late become so fashionable, of "doing" the Highlands, has not powerfully affected the moral and intellectual character of the people, as it has unquestionably contributed greatly to their physical development. Dr. Burton means, we presume, that our people may have been "unconsciously modified" by the silent influences of their local environment, but that it was MacPherson who taught them to

analyse these modifications, to interpret them, and to trace them to their causes. This is a perfectly reasonable view. But is it the true view? Were Highlanders before MacPherson's time not alive to the beauty of their own land? Or was MacPherson their teacher, if, indeed, they have yet been taught?

Admiration of scenery, so much the rage of late years, is not of old date in South Britain, if we take English literature as the exponent of the national taste. One of the earliest of English travellers in the Highlands, Captain Burt, does not regard "the land of the mountain and the flood" with the eye of the modern tourist. The influence of MacPherson in stimulating the taste and the prejudice of Southrons is admittedly great; but Scott, not MacPherson, was the man who aroused the dormant sympathies of Scotchmen and of Englishmen to the varied beauty of their own land, and especially of the northern portion of it. That MacPherson taught his readers to admire the grandeur of Highland scenery is undoubted; but who were his readers? Not his own countrymen. The English Ossian is, as Dr. Burton says, a work of genius, but Highlanders could not read it. The Gaelic Ossian, which, if we believe Dr. Burton, is, at the best, but meagre prose, was not published till the year 1807, and, alas! Highlanders were not taught to read it. Whether they appreciated their scenery in the past, or whether they did not, it is a melancholy fact that

the powerful stimulus of MacPherson's Ossian, whether in Gaelic or in English, never reached them.

Seeing that the learned historian has been mistaken as to our teacher, let us inquire whether any evidence exists of the attitude of our people towards the wild and impressive scenery among which they were reared. The only evidence which we need consider is to be found in our own language and literature. It is indeed true that the quantity of literature which has been preserved to us from the wreck of the past is not great, and it may be admitted that the quality of what remains is not uniformly excellent; but such as it is, it affords the most reliable proof now existing of the manners and customs of our people, and especially of their thoughts and sympathies. Take our language. It was not invented by MacPherson. In wealth of vocabulary it cannot compete with the English language; but it can be safely affirmed that it is peculiarly rich in words descriptive of the varied features of a country. It has been called the language of war; it might, with perhaps even greater justice, be called the language of nature. The English language, with that wonderful gift of appropriation which always characterised it, discovered our wealth in this department, and did not scruple to "convey" a goodly list of words wherewith to describe our "bens" and "glens" and "straths" and "corries." I doubt whether a more numerous class of words found its way from Gaelic to English than that descriptive of scenery.

And if we turn from words to phrases, idioms and figures of speech, we find a still more significant testimony to the very conscious influence which their surroundings exercised

over our people. It is commonly said, and with truth, that our language abounds in onomatopoeic words. A large number of these words, as might be expected, are indicative of the action of natural agencies—the roar of cataracts, the roll of billows, or the crash of thunder. No one who knows the language can be ignorant of the almost endless number of words whose derived signification relates to everyday matters, and commonplace thoughts and feelings, but whose original meaning points to our towering hills, or winding glens, our dark woods, our stormy seas, and our variable sky. Many of our similes, idioms, and turns of phrase attest, on the part of our ancestors, close observation of nature and sympathy with her grand but mutable features. For proof one has only to read a piece of Gaelic prose or poetry, ancient or modern, *literally* translated into English.

And what evidence upon the question before us can be gathered from the literature existing prior to MacPherson's time? Our proverbs indeed were not published till after MacPherson was born; but no one, not even Dr. Burton, will deny that they existed before his day. These proverbs furnish direct and reliable evidence of many valuable traits of character, manners and customs peculiar to the past of our people; and are always truthful witnesses to the prevalent modes of thought and belief of the time to which they relate. The reader of the "Collection of Proverbs," published by Mackintosh, even in the loose and misleading English in which they are but too often rendered, cannot fail to observe that sympathy with external nature is among the most prominent characteristics of Gaelic proverbs. The

prose and verse literature collected by J. F. Campbell and others, and published by Campbell in "Tales of the West Highlands," and "Leabhar na Feinne," is generally admitted to be genuine remains of the past, while much of it can be directly proved to have existed in manuscript before MacPherson was born. It is usually asserted that there is a marked absence of allusion to scenery in the old ballads, and this contrast to the Ossian of MacPherson has of late been strongly urged as conclusive proof against the genuineness of the latter work. So far as we have been able to discover it is simply not true that the ballads and tales do not show want of sympathy with external nature on the part of their authors. The utmost that can be said is that this feature is not so prominent in them as it is in the Ossian of MacPherson. But we doubt whether the same number of pages culled indiscriminately from English literature before the middle of the eighteenth century, can show an equal number of apt allusions to "mount, and stream, and sea," as the volumes of Gaelic literature published by Campbell.

The most thorough-going of the destructive critics will admit that we have had in the Highlands, for the last 250 years, a succession of lyric poets, a portion of whose works survives. What is the one characteristic which distinguishes modern Gaelic poetry, not merely from English poetry, but from all modern European poetry, of the last and preceding centuries? Those who have read, however cursorily, Mackenzie's "Beauties of Gaelic Poetry," will give but one answer to this question. All the Gaelic poets, major and minor, sang of the scenery of their own land. The impartial critic may find much to admire,

much to censure, in the works of them all; but in the blameworthy as well as in the praiseworthy portion, the one fact which stands out with startling prominence, and which gives a character quite its own to Gaelic poetry, is the ardent, passionate admiration of their scenery which the bards one and all displayed. Among them, doubtless, are to be found men whose talents gave them but a slender title to wide influence or enduring fame, but among them also are to be found men of genuine poetic talent. Four men can be named, all older by a generation than James MacPherson, who for the last 120 years have furnished the greater part of the intellectual nutriment of about one-twelfth of the population of Scotland; and we humbly think that it ought not to be beneath the notice of our national historian to know the names, and even somewhat of the labours, of these men. They are Alexander M'Donald, Dugald Buchanan, Duncan Ban M'Intyre, and Robert (Donn) Mackay. All these were men of genius. The two first were men of culture and wide reading; the two last did not know the alphabet of their own or any other language. M'Donald knew the poets of Greece and Rome; but it was the sublime scenery of Ardnamurchan, Mull, and Morvern which inspired his muse. Buchanan knew the Scriptures as few men did, and admired the descriptions of the Hebrew prophets and poets as only a poet can; but he was more indebted to Perthshire than to Palestine for the magnificent and sublime imagery of the "Day of Judgment." And what of M'Intyre, who knew no books, but whose praise is, through the energy of Professor Blackie, in a fair way of being in all the book-sellers, if not in all the churches?

He described, in his light, jaunty style, the hills and dales, the lochs and glens, of Argyllshire, *et preterea nil*. And of Rob Donn's versatile genius it may be said, that the passion for scenery was equally strong, but not so absorbing as with M'Intyre.

Dr. Burton has brought forward no evidence in support of his assertion; we have seen that all the evidence available, with a force and consistency almost unparalleled, proves exactly the reverse. It is

indeed true that the tourist who expects the mail-driver or the gillie to talk of the grandeur of Highland scenery with the fluency of the fashionable sight-seer will be disappointed. With the Highland peasant the scenery of his home has got beyond talk—it has become a matter of feeling, in many cases a matter of deep, passionate sympathy and love. Is it ignorance or prejudice that accounts for this misrepresentation of us?

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A VISION OF OSSIAN AND THE CELTIC CHAIR.

RECITED BY PROFESSOR BLACKIE AT THE DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES IN THE SENIOR GREEK CLASS.

The Bard of Ben Doran mentioned in the fifth stanza is Duncan Ban MacIntyre of Glenorchy whose monument the traveller notes on the rising ground between Dalmally and Cladich. The "mighty Macdonald" in the same stanza is Alastair Macdonald of Ardnamurchan, whose poem, "The Blessing of the Biorlinn," is deservedly celebrated as one of the finest compositions in the Celtic tongue. Both poets belonged to the '45, and sympathised of course with the Stuart party.—J. S. B.

It was night, and I lay all asleep on my pillow,
Asleep, but fine fancy was quick in my brain;
And I saw an old harp on a withered old willow,
And a thin skinny hand that was tempting the strain.
I looked, and the vision grew bigger and bigger,
Till a body grew out from the seed of the hand,
And before me there stood a tall wintry-white figure,
Majestic and mild like a king in the land,
And he wore round his temples a wreath of white heather,
And his locks, that were scant, fell astray to the wind,
And his brows were like marble unstained by the weather,
And he looked with the blankness of orbs that were blind.

"Son of the Lowlands, I know thee and love thee,
Thou lovest my people and knowest their song;
The Bards that I taught are the Muses that move thee,
And the airs that I breathed make thee lusty and strong.
Oft when in mist of the mountain I floated,
A wraith with the wraiths of the chiefs of my line,
Thy light-footed tread on the heather I noted,
And blithe-throated carol, and marked thee for mine.
Brave son of the Lowlands, now thine be the glory
From moths to redeem the old mouldering tale;
To wake the old notes of Fingalian story,
And the march of great deeds in the speech of the Gael.

"Oft have I wept 'mid the mist of the mountains,
When I looked on the desolate glens of the Gael,
With no sound to the ear but the low-trickling fountains,
And the low-creeping breeze as it sighed through the vale,
And the moan of the tide as it sobbed with its waters
Round the far-stretching base of the sheer-sided Ben ;
But I heard not the voice of the sons and the daughters
With the song of their sires that should gladden the glen,
And I heard not the cry of the stout-breasted warriors,
Nor the chaunt of the bard with the soul-thrilling tale ;
For a stranger had burst through the strong granite barriers,
And the Saxon was lord in the land of the Gael.

"I weep ; but what boots the salt flow of my weeping,
No tears from their exile can win back the men ;
I give, friendly Scot, what remains to thy keeping,
The tongue of the Gael that gave soul to the glen ;
I give thee the hymn of the mist and the mountain,
The deep-moaning wave and the high-swelling flood,
The red-rushing stream, and the white-sweeping fountain,
The green-shaded dell, and the dark-nodding wood ;
I give thee the pipe that in triumph was sounded
When the proud king of Lochlin was rolled in the clay,
And the ode that was chanted to Fingal surrounded
By banqueters flushed with the joy of the fray.

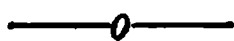
"I give thee the book of the bard of Ben Doran,
As ripe as the autumn, as mild as the May,
His stream of pure kindness in melody pouring
Like birches in sweet summer breezes that sway ;
I give thee the book of the mighty Macdonald,
As strong as the mountain, as wild as the storm,
When he gave to the brine the stout bark of Clan Ranald,
And cuffed the rude wave with the big brawny arm.
Go, teach to thy people the speech of the Highlands,
The tongue which in empty conceit they ignore ;
And awake to new life in the storm-fronting islands
The strains that shall live while the wave beats the shore.

"And say to my people—love chiefly the beauty
That buds by thy cradle and blooms at thy door ;
Nor dream it a pleasure, and praise it a duty,
To prink thee with foreign and far-gathered lore.
On the bank where it grows the meek primrose is fairest,
No bloom like the heather empurples the brae ;
And the thought that most deep in thy bosom thou bearest
In the voice of thy fathers leaps forth to the day.
Be true to the speech of the mother that bore thee,
Thy manhood grow strong from the blood of the boy ;
Be true to the tongue with which brave men before thee
Took the sting from their grief and gave wings to their joy.

"Say, shame to my people, in lofty Dunedin
The bards of the Ben and the glen are forgot ;
While the Greek and the Roman are haughtily treading
The floors of the wise in the land of the Scot.
O, faithless and foolish, who still will be itching
For far-travelled idols to tickle their gaze,
From rags of the foreigner painfully stitching
A wreath of the motley for green laurel bays !

Speak thus to the clans—let the old Celtic fervour,
 Relumed from its embers, triumphantly rise ;
 Take the Muse of the Bens to thy worship, and serve her
 With Greece and with Rome in the schools of the wise."

He ceased ; and the vision grew dimmer and dimmer ;
 I looked, and I saw not what face had been there ;
 It dropt from my view into night, like the glimmer
 Of torch, when it flickers its last in the air.
 And I saw but the harp on the old withered willow,
 And the thin, skinny finger that tempted the strain ;
 And I wept as they weep who bemoan on their pillow
 The friend whom they knew and shall know not again
 And I vowed to be true to the word he had spoken—
 That the Celt should be known in the schools of the wise,
 With the Greek and the Roman, through ages unbroken,
 Whose fame ever grows, and whose name never dies !



SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR THE CELTIC CHAIR.

The following is the list of subscriptions for the Celtic Chair submitted by Professor Blackie to the General Council of the University of Edinburgh on the 20th of April last. The list appeared in the newspapers of the day, but it appeared to us that the readers of the *Gael* would wish to have a matter of such importance to Highlanders placed in a more permanent form, and we have accordingly printed it in full.

His Grace the Duke of Sutherland	£100	0	0	The Mackay Clan	£105	0	0
His Grace the Duke of Argyll	100	0	0	Caledonian Society, London ...	10	10	0
His Grace the Duke of Manchester	25	0	0	Dundee Celtic Society	25	0	0
The Most Noble the Marquis of Bute	100	0	0	The Lord Advocate	25	0	0
Earl of Rosebery	25	0	0	Mrs. Cameron Campbell of Monzie	25	0	0
Earl of Seafield	25	0	0	David Smith, Esq., 64 Princess Street, Edinburgh ...	10	10	0
Lady Macdonald of Armadale, Skye	25	0	0	Sir Noel Paton, R.S.A.	10	10	0
Lord Macdonald of Armadale, Skye	25	0	0	Waller H. Paton, Esq., R.S.A. ...	10	10	0
Sir William Stirling-Maxwell of Keir, Bart., M.P. ...	100	0	0	Charles Fraser Mackintosh of Drummond, M.P. ...	100	0	0
John Gordon, Esq. of Cluny	100	0	0	G. F. Barbour, Esq., Bonskeid ...	100	0	0
— Scott, Esq. of North Harris	26	5	0	Lachlan Macdonald, Esq., Skeabost, Skye ...	100	0	0
The Lady Ruthven Winton	25	0	0	— Macdonald, Esq., Dunach, Oban	50	0	0
Sir Kenneth Mackenzie, Bart., Gairloch	25	0	0	W. Mackinnon, Esq. of Balnakeil, Kintyre	100	0	0
Sir James Matheson of the Lews, Bart.	50	0	0	J. M. Hall, Esq. of Tangy	100	0	0
The Hon. the Master of Lovat	50	0	0	Duncan Smith, Esq., St. Vincent Street, Glasgow ...	100	0	0
D. Davidson, Esq. of Tulloch	25	0	0	Duncan Macneill, Esq., 7 Lothbury, London	100	0	0
The Chisholm	100	0	0	Inverness, Ross, and Nairn Club, Edinburgh ...	50	0	0
The Mackintosh	25	0	0	The Honourable Lord Neaves ...	50	0	0
Trustees of the late Sir J. Colquhoun, Bart. of Luss ...	10	0	0	G. Cowan, Esq., Valleyfield ...	50	0	0
Cluny Macpherson	50	0	0	P. Mackinnon, Esq., Rosemount, Campbeltown ...	50	0	0
The Celtic Society, Glasgow	105	0	0	Peter Denny, Esq., Dumbarton ...	50	0	0

Manager of Commercial Bank, Edinburgh	£20	0	0	Late Rev. Dr. Aitken, Edinr.	£25	0	0
Sheriff Nicolson, Kirkcud- bright	25	0	0	Lord Provost Falshaw, Edinr.	25	0	0
Professor Turner	10	10	0	Benjamin Stodart, Mon- tagu Street, London ...	10	10	0
Professor Blackie	50	0	0	W. R. Macdonald, Esq., Arbroath	21	0	0
Dr. John Muir, LL.D., D.C.L.	25	0	0	J. Fletcher, of Rosehaugh, Liverpool	25	0	0
Professor MacLagan	25	0	0	Dr. Cumming, Edinburgh ...	25	0	0
John Mackintosh Esq., Cal- cutta	20	0	0	D. Robertson, Esq. of Penny- gael	10	0	0
Mrs. Duncan Morrison of Naughton	10	0	0	Colonel Gardyne, Mull ...	10	10	0
Lieut-Colonel G. A. Grant, C.B.	10	0	0	M. Mackenzie, Esq., of Mori- nish, Mull	25	0	0
Dr. Warburton Begbie	25	0	0	Hillhead Literary Association, Glasgow	10	10	0
Malcolm Macneill, Esq., Manor Place, Edinburgh ...	10	10	0	Robert Horn, Esq., Advocate, Edinburgh	10	0	0
R. Macfie, Esq., of Airds ...	50	0	0	W. Macdonald, Esq., High School, Edinburgh ...	10	10	0
R. Macfie, Esq., of Dreghorn	10	10	0	W. Kennedy, Esq., Moulmein, Burmah	10	0	0
Allan Mackenzie, Esq., younger of Kintail	25	0	0	Professor Fleeming Jenkin, Edinburgh	10	10	0
J. Campbell & Company, Glasgow	50	0	0	Alex. Tod, Esq., Peebles ...	10	10	0
Donald Beith, Esq., W.S. Edinburgh	50	0	0	John Cowan, Esq. of Beeslack	50	0	0
Provost of Dingwall	10	0	0	Sutherland and Ross. { A. S. Macdonald, Esq.... H. Cleghorn, Esq. ... W. S. Fraser, Esq. ... Rev. G. R. Kennedy ... T. Barclay, Esq. ... Mr. D. Macdonald ... W. Mitchell, Esq. ... D. M. Mackay, Esq. ... Rev. Neil M'Kinnon ... P. P. Sellar, Esq. ...	1	0	0
The Royal Celtic Society, Edinburgh	85	0	0		1	0	0
C. Morrison, Esq., 93 Harley Street, London	100	0	0		1	0	0
The Rev. Donald Macleod, Glasgow	10	0	0		1	0	0
Edward Ellice, Esq., of Inver- gary	25	0	0		1	0	0
John Mackintosh, Esq., Cal- cutta	20	0	0		1	0	0
James Hedderwick, Esq., Glas- gow	10	0	0		2	0	0
Kenneth Murray, Esq., of Guineas, Tain	10	0	0		1	0	0
Robert Wyld, Esq., LL.D., J. Macdonald, Esq., 7 Loth- bury, London	10	10	0		1	0	0
Rev. A. Cameron, Brodick ...	10	0	0	Friends of the Gael, Suther- land (Sums under £1) ...	3	7	6
Professor Crum Brown	10	10	0	A. Nicolson, Canada ...	5	0	0
Sir Michael Shaw Stewart, Bart.	10	10	0	Thomas Williamson, Glasgow	5	0	0
J. Carment, Esq., S.S.C. ...	10	0	0	John Watson, Glasgow ...	5	0	0
Keith Maclellan, Esq., of Kilninver	25	0	0	Charles Macrae, Glasgow ...	3	3	0
Æ. Campbell, Esq., of Auchin- darroch	10	0	0	W. G. Roy, S.S.C., Edinburgh	2	2	0
D. Carnegie, Esq., of Stronvar	25	0	0	D. Campbell Black, Glasgow	2	2	0
David Hutcheson, Esq., Glas- gow	25	0	0	John Macqueen, ...	1	1	0
Evan C. Sutherland Walker, Esq., Bonar	26	5	0	J. F. Mackenzie, ...	1	1	0
Macleod of Macleod	25	0	0	W. F. Shaw, ...	1	1	0
James Auldjo Jamieson, Esq., W.S.	10	0	0	C. M. Williamson ...	1	1	0
Proceeds of Skye Gathering, Glasgow	13	0	4	W. J. Macqueen ...	1	1	0
Professor Simpson	10	10	0	John M'Kinnon ...	1	1	0
				Charles Norman Crichton, Glasgow	1	1	0
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				Dr. Hodgson, Edinburgh ...	5	0	0
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Alex. Mackintosh Shaw, London	1	1	0	Alex. Fraser, Esq., Solicitor, Inverness ...	1	1	0
H. Bruce, Esq. of Edderlinn	5	5	0	W. B. Forsyth, Esq., of the Advertiser, Inverness ...	1	1	0
R. M. Smith, Esq., 4 Bellevue Crescent ...	5	0	0	Walter Carruthers, Esq., Wine Merchant, Inverness ...	1	1	0
Miss E. Macleod of Macleod, Dunvegan ...	5	0	0	Bailie Simpson, Inverness ...	1	1	0
The Miller of Iona ...	1	4	0	William Paterson, Esq., C.L., Inverness ...	2	2	0
John Macleod, Esq., Banker, Kirkcaldy ...	3	3	0	Don. Duff, Esq., Banker, In- verness ...	2	2	0
A Friend from John o' Groats	1	0	0	The Very Rev. Provost Powell	1	1	0
Rev. W. M. Nicolson, Linlithgow	1	0	0	William Macfarquhar, Esq., M.R.C.V.S., Cambridge	1	1	0
— Ross, Esq., Cromarty House, Cromarty ...	5	0	0	Mrs. Jane Clark, Ardersier ...	1	0	0
Rev. Geo. Mackay, Free Church, Tongue ...	1	0	0	G. Galloway, Esq., Chemist...	1	1	0
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A. Aitken, Esq., 27 North Bridge, Edinburgh ...	5	5	0	Captain A. Mann, Ballintomb, Grantown ...	1	0	0
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J. Stuart M'Craig, Esq., Oban	1	1	0	General Sir Patrick Grant, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., Governor of Chelsea ...	10	0	0
Mr. Duncan Clerk, Solicitor, Oban	1	1	0	Gaelic Society of Inverness	20	0	0
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Mr D. Rowan, George Street, Oban	1	1	0	T. M'Diarmid, Esq., Liverpool	10	0	0
Mr. Duncan M'Craig, George Street, Oban	1	1	0	David Jeffrey, Esq., 14 Randolph Crescent, Edinburgh	10	10	0
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Mr. John Sinclair, Oban	1	1	0	J. H. A. Macdonald, Advocate, Edinburgh ...	10	0	0
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Highland Society, London ...	105	0	0				

NEWS FROM THE HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS.

FORT WILLIAM—HONOURS TO AN OFFICER.—We understand that Major D. C. Macnaughton, a native of Fort-William, who recently retired from the army, has been promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel by H.R.H. the Commander-in-Chief, in recognition of his long and meritorious services, and that Her Majesty has been graciously pleased to nominate him for a reward for distinguished services. During his long connection with the army, Lieutenant-Colonel Macnaughton has seen a great deal of foreign service. He was engaged with his late regiment, the 13th Light Infantry, during the Crimean War, and was present at the battle of Tycher-neza and fall of Sebastopol. He also served with his regiment in India during the suppression of the Mutiny, and took an active part in many hard-fought fields, evidence of which is given by his possession of the Crimean medal and clasps, the Turkish medal, and Indian medal.

INVERARY—COMPETITION FOR THE ROYAL CELTIC SOCIETY'S PRIZES.—The Royal Celtic Society, instituted in 1820 for the encouragement of education in the Highlands, having offered prizes for competition among the schools of this district, the examination was held at Inverary on Friday 23d inst. Five schools were represented, the competition being limited to three from each school in each division—senior, middle, and junior. The competition occupied nine hours. The prizes, as announced at the close, for the several schools stood as follows:—Inverary, 49; Minard, 17; Lochgoilhead, 15; Cairndon, 5; Creggans, 1.

Dr. Hatley Waddell (Glasgow) has nearly ready a work to be entitled "Ossian and the Clyde," in which an attempt is made to trace Ossianic influences in Ireland, Iceland, and the Orkney Islands. — *Athenæum*.

TEACHING OF GAELIC IN HIGHLAND SCHOOLS.—The Rev. Dr. Maclauchlan and the Rev. J. C. Macphail, a deputation from the Gaelic School Society, accompanied by Sir Kenneth Mackenzie of Gairloch, Bart., had an interview on Saturday with the Duke of Richmond at the Education Office, Whitehall, London, on the subject of teaching Gaelic-speaking pupils in Highland schools to read the Gaelic language. The deputation urged on his Grace the importance of the object both educationally and morally, and especially in the case of a large number of the females who never leave their native place. They asked that small grants of money should be made to such national schools as might include this branch under the approval of the inspector. In reply, his Grace stated that he approved of the object of the deputation, but that it was a question of money, requiring the concurrence of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and, further, that he would bring the matter before the Chancellor, and see whether such a grant as was indicated could be obtained.

COMUNN NA GAIDHLIG AN LUNUINN.—The ordinary monthly meeting of this Society was held at the rooms, No. 1 Adam Street, Adelphi, on Wednesday the 14th inst., Mr. MacPhee, the president, in the

chair. Mr. Donald Kennedy, the librarian, read a paper in Gaelic on the rising of 1745, and traced the progress of Prince Charlie from his landing until his arrival at Derby. John Mackenzie, the piper, played (for the first time in public) a *Lament* he had composed in memory of the late esteemed Honorary President of the Society, Dr. Halley. It was greatly admired by all the members present, and a hearty vote of thanks was passed to Mr. Mackenzie, for the very superior and able manner in which he had performed his part in composing and playing so beautiful a lament to the memory of their dear friend.

GLASGOW INVERNESS-SHIRE ASSOCIATION.—This association recently held its annual general meeting in White's Temperance Hotel, Glasgow. The Secretary's report stated that the life members of the Inverness Society had transferred their books, documents, and cash, amounting to £25. 4s., to the Association. It was a matter of regret that so few of the natives of the county had connected themselves with the Association during the year. The annual gathering, through the exertions of the president, Bailie Macbean, and the chief, Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, Esq., M.P., who occupied the chair, had been a great success. The Treasurer submitted his annual statement, which showed a surplus of £7, 7s. 10d. to carry forward to next year. The following were elected office-bearers for the ensuing year, viz.:—Chief, Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, Esq., M.P.; President, Bailie Macbean; Vice-President, Donald Mackay; Treasurer, Arthur Stiven. The following are the Directors for the year:—Duncan Cameron, James F. Barron, Alex. Maclellan, Colin Ramsay, Donald Cameron, Charles Campbell, John Macdonald, Duncan Mackintosh, James Fraser, Roderick Stiven, and Alex. Shaw. Mr. W. B. Forsyth was appointed secretary for Inverness. Committees were formed for carrying out the arrangements for the annual gathering, and the proposed popular lectures and entertainments during the winter, as also a visiting committee. It was agreed to hold another special meeting on Friday, 14th May, for enrolment of members and other business.

AN GAIDHEAL.

“*Mar ghath soluis do m' anam fein
Tha sgeula na h-aimsir a dh' fhalbh.*”—OISEAN.

IV. LEABH.] DARA MIOS AN T-SAMHRAIDH, 1875. [42 AIR.

SEAN-FHOCAIL.

VI.—CHA'N FHEARR SINGEAS NA SANGAS.

'S e an dà ni gu sonruichte airson a' bheil na Sean-fhocail luachmhor marmhodh-teagaisg—am Firinn agus am Fuaim. Gheibhear Sean-fhocail gach Tìr air an tilgeadh, le caochladh innleachdan, ann am briathraibh a tha taitneach do'n t-suil agus do'n chluais; ach tha mi meas gur rian so a tha fìor, ann an doigh ro-shonruichte, mu na Sean-fhocail Ghaidhealach. Tha 'n Sean-fhocal a ghabh sinn mar steigh 'n a eisempleir air a' bhuaidh so. Feudaidh e bhi gu bheil Firinn 's an radh; ach, ma tha, cha 'n aithne dhomhsa i, agus cha 'n fhiosrach mi co d'an aithne. Thagh mi an radh air son na Fuaim a mhain; oir tha mi de'n bheachd gu bheil e 'comharrachadh a mach feart anns a' bheil sinn mar Chinneadh dealaichte bho Chinnich eile, agus gu h-araid bho ar coimhearsnaich na Goill. Cha 'n 'eil e farasta dhomh an dealachadh so a chur an cainnt,—cha 'n 'eil teagamh nach e m'aineolas air cumhachd na Gaidhlig is coireach. Tha focail aca 's a' Bheurla, *Form and Matter*, no mar dh'fhaodas sinne 'radh, *Cumadh* agus *Stuth*, a tha air an cleachdadh air uairibh a chur an ceill smuain cosmhuil ris an ni tha 'm bheachd; agus, le cion focail is freagarraiche, 's le cead, tha mi 'n dochas, luchd-leughaidh a

Ghaidheil, roghnaich mi iad air an àm.

Ciod is ciall do'n chainnt neo-ghnathaichte so? Tha gach ni air an crom thu do shuil air a dheanamh suas de'n dà sheud so. 'S e Stuth na Luinge am fiodh mar a dh' fhas e anns a choille,—an t-iarunn mar fhuaradh anabuich e an doimhneachd an talmhainn. 'S e Cumadh na Luinge an dealbh a chinn an ceann an t-Saoir. Ma tha meang 's an Stuth, cha seas an Long onfha cuain; ma tha failinn 's a' Chumadh, fàgar air deireadh i 's an rèis; ach faigh Stuth fallain 'us Cumadh neo-mhearachdach, agus tha agad Long air nach cuir gaoith an uair is cruaidhe sheideas i, no fairge an uair is buirbe dh'àtas i,—Long a bheir misneach do'n Mharaiche, 'us toilinntinn do'n Fhear-amhairc o thìr. 'Se Stuth an òrain na smuaintean tha builgeadh an inntinn a' Bhaird; 's e Cumadh an orain a' chainnt, 's an rann, anns a' bheil na smuaintean air an cur an ceill. Biodh an Stuth lag, faoin, agus a dh'aindeoin oirdheirceas na cainnt, a dh'aindeoin ceolmhoireachd na roinne, cha ghabh an Saoghal ris; agus air an laimh eile, ged bhiodh an Stuth iomlan, ma bhitheas a' Chumadh an deigh-laimh, cha 'n aithnich an Saoghal e. 'S e Stuth a tha thu 'cur an laimh an fhir-cheird —a' chriadh an laimh a' Chriadhad-air; 's e Cumadh an t-atharrachadh a tha sgil an fhir-cheird a' toirt air a' mheall, an uair a thiunndas e mach soithichean, cuid gun teagamh

na's urramaiche na cuid eile. Tha 'm ball crìochnaichte air a dheanamh suas de'n dhà; agus tha iomlaineachd a' bhuill a' co-sheasamh ann a bhi gleidheadh co-chordadh dlìgheach eadar an dà shealbh so.

Na'm biodh agam ri chur an ceill, an aon fhocal, am prìomh-fheart anns a' bheil an dà Shluagh—Goill 'us Gaidheil—dealachta o cheile, theirinn gu bheil *Cumadh* air taobh a' Ghaidheil, *Stuth* air taobh a' Ghoill. 'S e mo bheachd gu'm faighear dearbhadh air an dealachadh so ann an Corp, an Inntinn, an Canain, an Sean-fhocal, an Sgeulachdan, 's am Bardachd an dà Shluaigh. A thuilleadh air so, tha mi meas gu'm feudteadh aireamh nach beag d'ar beachdan, agus gu h-araid an spiorad anns an reusanach sinn mu cheistean cudthromach, 's anns an cuairtich sinn ar dleasdanas sholuimte, a lorgachadh air ais gus a' bhuaidh bhunaiteach cheudna. Cha ni faoin no suarach, tha mi meas, a bhi stri ri beachdan cothromach fhoghlum mu thimchioll ar Cinn-eadh fein, 's mu na feartan air an d' thug iad fianuis do'n t-Saoghal rè an Eachdraidh fhada agus chiogaitich. Is ann mar so a mhaing a chi sinn an t-àite tha dlìgheach do'n Ghaidheal am measg nan Sluagh 's an àm a dh' fhalbh, agus a shonruicheas sinn an doigh-theagaisg is freagarraiche airson ar Luchd-duthcha 'n ar latha fein.

Ann an dreach cuirp, tha 'n dà Shluagh comharraichte do'n t-smil. Cha 'n fhaighear "an fhuil fhiorghlan gun truailleadh" aon chuid aig Goill no aig Gaidheil am Breatunn, no eadhon 's an Roinn-Eorpa a nis; ach tha fathast an dà shruth, buairte ann an tomhas ged tha iad, cho comharraichte o cheile 's gu'n dearbhar co'n tobar bho'n d'eirich iad fa leth, agus ciod iad na riantan anns a' bheil iad a' mathachadh na

tìre troimh 'm bheil iad a' ruith. Gheibh thu an Gall soilleir, sultmhor, sliobasda; tha 'n Gaidheal air taobh a bhi dorcha, eutrom, deas. Gun teagamh gheibhear 's a' Ghaidhealtachd daoine cho tròm 's cho sultmhor 's a gheibhear am Breatunn; agus creididh mi nach 'eil fir 's an Roinn-Eorpa is eireachdaile na uaislean na Gaidhealtachd; ach gu bhi gabhail an dà Shluaigh thar cheann, fear airson fir, tha cudthrom 'us sult air taobh a' Ghoill, deise 'us sgairt air taobh a' Ghaidheil. Agus anns na cearnan de'n Ghaidhealtachd anns an dothuinnich na Lochlannaich, saoilidh mi gu'm faighear an luchdaiteachaidh gus an là diugh, na 's mo cnaimh, na 's soilleire dreach, 's na 's truime feoil, na anns a chuid eile de'n Ghaidhealtachd. Cha 'n 'eil teagamh nach do chuidich gnè na Tìre 's a' bheil ar dachaidh, 's air n-Eachdraidh thuasaidich rè cheudan bliadhna, ar meas air neart 'us lughmhoireachd cuirp a mheudachadh; ach cha 'n 'eil neach a leugh ar Bardachd nach aidich gu'm bu shluagh na Gaidheil a bha 'cur luach neo-chumanta air maise 's air deise—'s e sin *Cumadh*—cuirp.

'S e mo bharail gu'm faighear an dealachadh ceudna ann an Inntinn an dà shluaigh. 'S e *Stuth* na h-Inntinn, neart, reachdmhoireachd a buaidhear; 's e *Cumadh* na h-Inntinn, snas, riaghailteachd a buaidhean. Saoilidh mi gu'n aidichear gu bheil an Gall, 'n a nadur, foighidneach, mairnealach, leisg; an Gaidheal goirid, sgaitheach, dian. Agus ma's eigin aideachadh gur e inntinn a' Ghoill is farsuinge, seasaidh sinn air gur e ceann a' Ghaidheil is soilleire. Co-dhiu bha aite aig an dealachadh so an inntinn an dà Shluaigh o'n a sgar iad o cheile an toiseach, no nach robh, cha'n 'eil comas againn a nis air a dhearbhadh; ach tha mi de'n bheachd gu'm faighear an deal-

achadh o'n a tha Eachdraidh againn orra. Dhuinne tha e 'n a dhealachadh 's an fhuil, air a neartachadh no air a lagachadh a reir foghlum 'us clachduin nan Sluagh, ach gun bhi uair sam bith gu buileach air a chlaoidh. Achumleasachadh buaidhean na h-inntinn, is dòcha nach aithne dhuinn fathast lan-chumhachd foghlum; ach 'n a dheigh so uile, tha mi meas gu bheil e fìor mu'n inntinn 's mu'n chorp "Gur buaine duthchas na oilean." Chatoir na tha de fhoghlum fo'n ghrein sron a ghadhair do'n tarbh; 's cha mho dheanamh gach Maighstir-sgoil a thug bogha air bas Fionnaghal de Iain Lom, no Oisein de Dhonnachadh Bàn. Tha 'chuimhne laidir 's a' bhreith chothromach agad o'n bhroinn, cho chinnteach 's a tha 'n fheith rìghinn no 'n cnaimh cumachdail agad; agus ged is urrainn thu, le giullachd fhreagarraich, a' chuimhne 'neartachadh 's an fheith a rìgheachadh, tha e fathas fìor "nach tionail ear dearcana-fiona de dhrisibh, no figean de na foghannanaibh."

Cha 'n 'eil teagamh nach dearbh a mhor chuid de na tha nis ri fhaotainn de chainnt 's de litreachas nan Gaidheal 's an Rìoghachd so, gun robh ar n-Aithrichean a' cur barrachd meas air cumadh, snas, 'us maise, na bha iad air neart, beart-eas, 'us fìrinn, an cainnt 's an smuain. Cha ghabh cus meas a bhi air *Cumadh* buill a' chuirp; ach saoilidh mi gu'n robh *Cumadh* toraidhean na h-inntinn ro thrì fa chomhair ar sùl. Seall air ar Canain. Cha ruigear a leas a dhearbhadh gu bheil i aosda; tha h-aois, a nis, air aideachadh air gach laimh. Ach ciod a' bhuaidh a dh'fhag i air cho beag de fhocail; agus gu h-àraid ciod a' bhuaidh a thug dh'i cho beag de fhocail ghoirid an coimeas ris na bheil innte de fhocail fhada? Theirear gun teagamh nach e uir-

easbhuidh na canain is coireach ach aineolas an t-sluaigh air a fìor chumhachd. Cha 'n 'eil 'san fhreagairt ach a' chuid bheag de 'n fhirinn; agus ged bhitheadh an fhirinn uile ann, nach feoraichte co bhuaithe an t-aineolas so air ar cainnt fein? Tha mi smuaineachadh gur gann a gheibhear Canain eile, anns an deachaidh uiread a labhairt 's a sgrìobhadh, a leigeas fhaicinn cinneas cho mor air stoc no air freumh cho beag. Cha 'n 'eil duil agam gu bheil Foclair ri fhaotainn anns a' bheil uiread de fhocail dhubailte, mar theirear, 's a gheibhear 's an Fhoclair Ghaidhlig. Tha cumhachd na Canain ri fhaicinn air dà dhoigh—a comas air moran fhocal a tharruing o aon fhreumh, agus cho liutha doigh 's air an gabh ar focail cur ri cheile a chum smuain a chur an ceill. Tha sinn laidir ann am focal-fhreumhachd 's an gnathscainnt,—*derivation and idiom*, mar theirear 's a' Bheurla; tha sinn lag ann an aireimh ar prìomh-fhocail. Tha so ag eirigh, tha mi meas, o'n bhuaidh inntinn a dh'ainmich mi. Bha sinn na b'eudmhoire mu ghloinead ar canain na bha sinn mu ghloinead ar fola. Ghuidheadh an sean Ghaidheal "le Seonaid chòir ged tha i pòsda aig a' Ghall;" ach b' fhearr le'r Sgoilearan Gaidhlig riamh an nigheanan a' leigeadh do Shasunn na focal de'n chainnt a thoirt às. Rinn ar fein-dhiongmhaltachd 's an rathad so coire d' ar canain; dhi-chuimhnich sinn ar focail bheaga, bhrìghmhor; cha leigeadh ar Cinn-iuil dhuinn focail a ghabhail an coingheall à canain eile; 's b' eigin a bhi deanamh fhocail fhada,—focail, mar is trice, gun bhlagh gun bhlas. O chionn beagan bhliadhnachan, aig braighe glinne aillidh, dlù air mo dhachaidh, chiteadh, ri taobh an rathaid-mhoir, seana chraobh chaorainn a' cinntinn

a mach à sgoltadh an aodann creige. Cha b' urrainn duine aois na craoibhe innseadh. Bha 'beatha, a reir coslais, air a tarruing as a' chreig a mhain. Bha fosgladh a' ghlinne ris an Iar, 's bha gaillionn a' gheamhraidh, 'n a lan neart, a' bualadh air a' chraoibh; ach o bhliadhaa gu bliadhna, bha i cho ùrail, dhosrach, 's cho miaghail aig na h-eoin bheaga, 's ged bhiodh a freumh 's an talamh bu toraiche 's anns an aite b' fhasg-aiche. An uair mu dheireadh a bha mi 'n rathad, bha 'chraobh 'n a sìneadh; agus b' eigin aideachadh na 'm b' ann an talamh reachdmhor 's an àite fasgach a dh'fhas i, gu'n sgaoileadh a freumhaichean na b' fharsuinge, gu'm bitheadh an stoc na bu ghairbhe 's na b' airde, na meanglain na bu sgaoiltiche, 's gu'm faigheadh barrachd de eoin bheaga fasgadh na geugan. Is tric a choimeas mi am inntinn fein a' Ghaidhlig ris a' chraoibh ud. Sean mar na creagan àosda, urail, dosrach tha i; muirneach thar tomhais aca-san a dh'iunnsuich òg i; ach a' cinntinn ann an àite dorsach, fosgailte do ghaoith fhuair nan Coimheach; agus, nach feudar a' radh, le cion taire 's giullachd o Chairdean, a freumhaichean a' seacadh, a stoc caol, 's a fasgadh gann, mar gu'm b'ann à aodann creige bhiodh a fàs.

Cha 'n 'eil neach d' an aithne ar Sean-fhocail, ar Sgeulachdan 's ar Bardachd nach aidich gu'n robh na Gaidheil ro bhuailteach gu bhi air an sasuchadh le fuaim thaitnich, agus gu bhi ro thrì a di-chuimhneachadh gur e firinn is cliuitiche na fuaim. Cha 'n 'eil e comasach a nis a dhearbhadh c'uin a thoisich an droch-cleachduin so 'n ar measg, oir gheibhear i anns na sgriobhaidhean a tha air an cunntas ro shean; ach creididh mi nach robh a' chleachduin cho cumanta no cho neo-thuigseach

o shean, 's a tha i o chionn beagan cheudan bliadhna. Is tric a bha mi 'g a chunntas car fortanach nach d' iunnsaich Coigrich ach ainmig ar cainnt; 's nach d' fhuair iad cothrom air fhaicinn na bheil d' ar Bardachd air bheagan brìgh. Fhuaras coire d'ar sluagh iomadh uair, agus cha 'n 'eil teagamh nach toilleamaid achmhasan air amannan; ach tha mi meas nach d'amaid na sgriobhadairean air faillinn cho mor 's a' bhuineas duinn,—'s e sin a' meas a chuireas sinn air rann 's a' bheil fuaim thaitneach, co-dhiu tha dad tuilleadh ann no nach 'eil. Chunnaic na sean daoine an cunnart ged nach do sheachain iad e: "A bhò 's measa 's a bhuaille, 's i is airde geum;" "Ontha na poite bige;" "Cha 'n i bhò is airde geum is mo bainne;" "Is labhrach na builg fhas." Am measg ar Sean-fhocal gheibhear eisempleirean lionmhor air fìor mhaise cainnt co-cheangailte ri smuain gheur, air nach d'thoirrearr barr an canain 's am bith, agus, ma dh' fhaodte, gu'n tig sinn thairis air cuid diubh so fathast; ach saoilidh mi gu bheil air an laimh eile, moran diubh a tha luachmhor air son na fuaim a mhain: "Cha 'n fhearr Sioram na Sarum;" "Cha 'n fhearr Singeas na Sangas;" "Breith no beirid;" "Cnuasachd na Craineig;" "Caitheadh Criontaig air Cualaig;" agus mar sin sìos. Cha 'n 'eil teagamh nach 'eil ciall aig cuid de na Sean-fhocail so; ach saoilidh mi gur ann airson am fuaim a tha iad cho measail 'n ar measg.

Anns na toimhseachain Ghaidhealach, gheibhear gu minic am feart no 'n fhailinn cheudna. Ciod eile is brìgh de mhoran de leithid so de chainnt?

"Stioram, starum, stararaich
Air feadh a' bhaile mhargaidh," &c.

"Caora mhion, mhionachag,
Air an treas lomachag," &c.

“ Gliogaran a muigh, gliogaran a stigh ;
Bocsa ceithir chearnach, 's e lan
ghliogaran.”

Tha na Sgeulachdan Gaidhealach a chuir Mr. Caimbeul a mach o chionn beagan bhliadhnachan luachmhor airson iomadh deagh bhuaidh. Is e na Sgeulachdan so a bhi cho siubhlach 'n ar measg a thug comas labhairt 'us amas-cainnt do Ghaidheil na h-Alba nach robh aig daoine riamh air cho beag feghlum. Cha 'n 'eil teagamh nach ann 's na Sgeulachdan so a gheibhear a' Ghaidhlig Albannach 'n a fìor chumhachd agus 'n a lan mhaise. Ach tha 'bhuaidh a tha mi feuchainn ri shoillearachadh ro chomharraichte anns na Sgeulachdan. Leugh aon cho ainmeil 's a tha anns an Leabhar, “Gaisgeach na Sgiatha Deirge,” agus chi thu gu bheil a' chainnt gu tric a faotainn an lamh-an-uachdar, —gu bheil moran fhocal air an uisneachadh airson na fuaim a mhain : “Cnocan dath-uaine daite;” “Tar agus tailceas;” “Mar ghual guibhne gobha;” “An dealbh, 's an dreach, 's an cruth, 's an aogas;” “Am briathra fiosneacha, foisneacha, fìor-ghlic, fìor-eolais.” Thug mi na h-eisempleirean so o'n cheud taobh-duilleig de'n Sgeul. Gheibhear an leithidean a cheart cho lionmhor air gach taobh-duilleig de'n Sgeul so, agus de gach sgeul 's an Leabhar.

Agus ma rannsaicheas sinn ar Bardachd, gheibh sinn a' chleachduin cheudna. Tha e fìor gu'm faod moran d'ar Bardachd Ghaidhealaich, airson maise 's ceolmhoireachd smuain 'us cainnt, seasamh ri guala Bardachd fo'n ghrein gun naire 'ghabhail. Cha 'n fhaighear an àite eile orain is binne na chluinnear gu tric am beul na h-oigridh air an Taobh-an-Iar; agus tha dà Bhard co-dhiu a ghleidh co-chordadh dlìgheach eadar an smuain 's an cainnt, 's a dh' fheudar, airson doimhneachd

na smuain agus oirdheirceas na cainnt, ainmeachadh do Choigrich, agus eadhon eadar-theangachadh do'n Ghall,—s e sin Oisean agus Dughall Buchannan. Ann am farsuingeachd inntinn cha d' thig Maighstir-sgoil Raineach a nios ri Bard na Feinne; ach a reir mo bheachdsa, tha Dughall Buchannan cho ard os cionn gach Bard Gaidhealach eile tha againn, is nach 'eil e freagarrach gu'm biodh e air ainmeachadh leo; agus cha 'n 'eil, ma dh' fhaodte, feart anns an dearbh e 'cheannas thairis orra na 's soilleire na anns a' bheachd chothromach a bha aige air feum cainnt—a chur an ceill smuain, agus cha 'n ann a sheasamh 'n a h-aite, no a folach. Ach a mach o'n dà Bhard a dh' ainmich mi, tha mi meas nach faighear Bard Gaidhealach ainmeil a tha saor o'n mhearachd so. Mu'n chorr tha e fìor gu'n d' fhuair cainnt ro thrì an lamh-an-uachdar orra. Cha 'n ann an diugh no 'n dè a bha chuis mar so. Bha 'chleachduin aig airde neirt o chionn ceithir cheud gu leth bliadhna. Gheibh thu ann am “Brosnacha Catha, le Lachunn Mor MacMhuirich, do Dhomhnall nan Eileanan, latha Chath-gaireach” cainnt air a cur gu buil nach d' orduchadh dh'i. Mur 'eil “Bolg-fas labhrach” an so, cha 'n aithne dhomh c'aite am faighear e. Agus cha 'n e so a mhain, ach gheibhear daoine 'n ar measg a leugh fìor Bhardachd a' moladh na Ranntachd 's an Ughdair. Ann am beachd Mhic-Coinnich tha 'm “Brosnacha” luachmhor dhuinn air dà dhoigh. Dh'fhaodte gu bheil. Tha e co-dhiu 'n a dhearbhadh maireannach dhuinn air dà ni bu mhath leinn a dhi-chuimhneachadh,—s e sin gu'n robh Bard d' ar cinneadh air cho beag tuigse, agus gur urrainnear a radh mu'r n-Aithrichean gu'm faigheadh clabail-chraois de 'n t-seorsa so buaidh

thairis air an inntinnean. Agus ma sheallas tu roimh shaothair nam Bard a chluinnear air an ainmeachadh le h-urram anns gach Comunn Gaidhealach, nach faigh thu, mar is trice, smuain a' Bhaird air a h-adhlacadh 's cha 'n ann air a sgeadachadh le 'chainnt. Leugh "Oran an t-Samhraidh" le Mac Mhaighstir Alastair, no "Beinn Dorain" Dhonnachaidh Bhain, no "Am Foghar" le Eoghan MacLachluinn—sgoilear cho foghlumte 's a bha anns an Roinn-Eorpa r'a linn—agus nach saoil thu gur e crìoch araid a' Bhaird a bhi cruinneachadh nam focal is faide a gheibh e, 's a bhi 'g an snaomadh ri cheile, mar is fearr a dh'fhaodas e, air an doigh is taitniche do'n chluais.

Dh' fhaodte a chomharrachadh a mach, mar eisempleir air cumhachd na buaidh cheudna thairis oirnn, ar baigh ri sgàl chruaidh na piob-mhoir, ri daithean soilleir a' bhreacain, 's ri cumadh an fhèile, a' dh' aindeoin cuingeachd ar tighean, duirthead ar speur, 's fuachd ar geamhraidh. Agus na 'm b'e so an t-àm no 'n t-àite freagarrach, nach faodte 'radh gur iomadh Ministear Gaidhealach le le cliabh lag, 's le anail ghoirid, a bhiodh taingeil na 'm biodh cumhachd na fuaim thairis air a choimhthional na bu laige na tha e. Ach is eigin stad an so.

The mi de'n bheachd gu'n dearbh Eachdraidh ar Shluaigh an Rìoghachdan eile gu bheil grinneas, snas, 'us maise—no, mar thuirt mi roimhe *Cumadh*—an corp, an smuain, 's an cainnt dual do'n Ghaidheal. Tha fios againn uile gu bheil na Frangaich comharraichte airson nam feartan so. Anns an Rìoghachd so bheir na Gaidheil barrachd air na Goill anns na feartan ceudna. Is feartan iad a tha cliuiteach agus cunnartach do shluaigh. Tha 'm cunnart mor, gu h-araid far a' bheil foghlum anns

a chuid is mo leis a' chluais, gu'm fuaim thaitneach an t-àite tha dhligheach do smuain neartmhor. Thug mi air aghaidh eisempleir no dhà a dhearbhas nach do sheachain ar n-Aithrichean gu buileach an cunnart. Tha mi smuaineachadh nach ni mi-fheumail a bhi cuimhneachadh air uairean nach 'eil sinn uile gu leir iomlan. Saoilidh mi gu'n d'fhuiling ar sluagh iomadh uair dimeas o choigrich nach do thoill iad; agus gu'm b'ann againn fein gu tric a bha 'choire. 'N ar n-Eachdraidh, 'n ar Canain, 's 'n ar Bardachd tha iomadh feart a tha ion-mholta; ach tha cuid nach 'eil, agus ciod an t-iongantas ged tha? Anns a' phòr a fhuair sinn bho ar n-Aithrichean, glan 's mar tha e, tha beagan muill am measg an t-sìl. Nach cuir sinn barrachd meas air cuimhne nan Daoine a bha, 's nach toill sinn barrachd cliu bho na Daoine a bhitheas, ma leigeas sinn a ghaoith roimh 'n phòr, mu'n cuir sinn 'n ar fonn fein e, no mu'n toir sinn gu feill nan Coimheach e?

De 'n dà fheart a dh' ainmich mi airson a' bheil an dà Shluaigh—Goill 'us Gaidheil—fa leth comharraichte, co an diù 's co an roghainn? Cha 'n 'eil a' cheist farasta fhreagairt; cha 'n 'eil mi cinnteach gu'n gabh i cur le tuigse. Cha nithean a choimeasar Stuth 'us Cumadh; agus cha 'n fhaighear sgarte' o cheile iad. Is ann 'n an co-chordadh dligheach a tha iomlaineachd a' co-sheasamh. Sgarte' o cheile is neoni iad; aonte' tha iad uile-chumhachdach. Feudar a radh gu bheil deagh stuth air dhroch cumadh neo-thogarrach; gu bheil droch stuth air deagh chumadh foilleil. Ach saoilidh mi ma tha neart 'us tuigse a' Ghoill feumail a chum an Saoghal a chiosnachadh, gu bheil maise 's grinneas a' Ghaidheil cho feumail a chum a shealbhadh.

D. M'K.

THE ISLE OF SKYE.

AN EDINBURGH SUMMER SONG.

BY ALEXANDER NICOLSON.

THE beautiful Isles of Greece
Full many a bard has sung :
The isles I love best lie far in the West,
Where men speak the Gaelic tongue.
Ithaca, Cyprus, and Rhodes,
Are names to the Muses dear ;
But sweeter still doth Icolmkill
Fall on a Scotsman's ear.

Let them sing of the sunny South,
Where the blue Ægean smiles,
But give to me the Scottish sea,
That breaks round the Western Isles !
Jerusalem, Athens, and Rome,
I would see them before I die ;
But I'd rather not see any one of the three,
Than be exiled for ever from Skye !

What are the wonders there,
Stranger, dost ask of me ?
What is there not, I reply like a Scot,
For him who hath eyes to see ?
But if you're a delicate man,
And of wetting your skin are shy,
I'd have you know, before you go,
You had better not think of Skye !

Lovest thou mountains great,
Peaks to the clouds that soar,
Corrie and fell where eagles dwell,
And cataracts dash evermore ?
Lovest thou green grassy glades,
By the sunshine sweetly kist,
Murmuring waves, and echoing caves ?
Then go to the Isle of Mist !

The Matterhorn's good for a fall,
If climbing you have no skill in,
But a place as good to make ravens' food
You can find upon Scoor-nan-Gilleann.
And there will you see at Strathaird,
That Grotto of glittering spar,
With its limpid pool, where Mermaids cool
Their brows when they travel from far.

There frowns the dark Coiruisg
Which made the great Wizard wonder,
Even Voltaire might have worshipped there,
Methinks, in the time of thunder !

AN T-EILEAN SGIATHANACH.

ORAN SAMHRAIDH.

(Air eadar-theangachadh leis an Ughdair.)

Air Innse na Gréig' is àill',
Tha luaidh nam Bàrd nach gann ;
B' e m' ulaidh-sa riamh na h-Eileanan Iar,
Far an cluinnear cainnt nam beann.
Tha Itaca, Ciprus, is Ròds,
Ionmhuinn le clann nam fonn ;
Ach I-Choluim-Chille, 's i gràdh gach
flidh
Chaidh altrum an Alba nan sonn.

Ged 's bòidheach a' ghorm Mhuir Dheas,
Far an cleasaich 'n a neart a' ghrian,
'S ann leam gu'm b' fhearr 'bhi coimhead
an t-sàil'
A' briseadh air cladach na h-Iar !
Beinn Shioin, an Aithne, 's an Ròimh,
Faiceam mu'n teid mi fo'n ùir,
Ach 's beag mo spéis do bhaile fo'n ghréin,
An coimeas ri Eilean mo ròin !

Ars' an coigreach, a' fiosrach dhìom fhéin,
Ciod e na h-ioghnaidh a t' ann ?
"Ciod iad nach 'eil," do fhreagair mi
deas,
"Ma tha sùilean gu faicinn na d'
cheann?"
Ach bheirinn a' chomhairle dhut,
Ma 's duine thu tha meata na d' chàil,
Ma 's fuath leat fras, na ruith gu bras
A choimhead air Eilean mo ghràidh !

An toigh leat na beanntan mòr,
Cruachan 's na nedil gu h-àrd ?
Coireachan, frithean, dachaidh an fhìr-
eoin,
'S an cluinnear na h-easan a' gair ?
An toigh leat na glacagan grianach,
Innisean sgiamhach nam bò,
Is uamhan 'bheir fonn ri guth nan tonn ?
Siubhail gu Innis a' Cheò !

Tha *Matterhorn* taght' air son chàs,
Ma 's àill leat thu fhein a mhilleadh ;
Ach cothrom cho saor a ghiorrach' do
shaoghail,
Gheibh thu air Sgùr-nan-gilleann.
Air cladach an t-Srath chi thu 'n còs,
Mar gheal shneachd reòt' gun smàl,
Le 'lochan dubh fuar, far an tig air uair
Na maighdeana-mara a shnàmh.

An Coir'-uisg' chi thu 'n sud fo dhubh-
ghruaim,
Cul'-uamhais measg strì nan dùl ;
'N uair bhriseas an torrann le fuaim na
doininn,
Is mairg nach lùbadh an glùn !

There towers the wild Cuiraing,
 With its battlements grim and high,
 And the mighty Storr, with its pinnacles
 hoar,
 Standing against the sky.

Sail round the cliffy West,
 And, rising out of the main,
 You there shall see the Maidens three
 Like Choosers of the Slain ;
 And go wherever you may
 With a new and deep surprise,
 The Coolin blue will fill your view,
 And fix your gazing eyes.

Were I a Sovereign Prince,
 Or Professor at large in vacation,
 I'd build me a tower in the Isle of Skye,
 At the expense of the Nation ;
 And there, like a Sea-King, I'd reign,
 But with a more gentle rule ;
 I'd harry no cattle, nor slay any man,
 But I'd drive all the children to school !

There, in the bright summer days,
 Stretched on the sward I would be,
 And gaze to the west on Blaven's crest,
 Towering above the sea ;
 And I'd watch the billowing mist
 Rolling down his mighty side,
 While up from the shore would come ever-
 more
 The music of the tide.

And when the sun sinks to his rest,
 'Mid glory of purple and red,
 There will flash the light of a thousand spears
 On Blaven's cloudy head ;
 And each turreted ridge of black
 Is lit with a flame of gold,
 As they hang on high 'twixt earth and sky,
 A wondrous sight to behold !

Pleasant it is to be here
 With friends in company,
 But I would fly to the Isle of Skye
 To-morrow, if I were free !
 Dunedin is queenly and fair—
 None feels it more than I ;
 But, in the prime of the summer time,
 Give me the Isle of Skye !

Is chì thu ard-ioghnadh Chuith-Fhraing,
 Le bhaidealean aibheiseach mòr,
 'S an Stòrr cho cas le bhinneinean glas,
 Eadar do shealladh 's na neòil.

Stiùir timchioll nan creagan gu h- Iar,
 Is chì thu ag éiridh 's a' chuan,
 Triùir Mhaighdean Mhic-Lèid a' seas-
 amh gu stòld',
 Measg ghàirich ghairbh nan stuadh:
 'S ge b' e àite an toir thu do cheum,
 Chì thu le ioghnadh ùr,
 A' Chuilfhionn ghorm a' leantuinn do
 lorg,
 'S a' sàsachadh fradharc do shùil !

'S truagh nach robh mise na m' Thriath,
 A' riaghladh an Eilean mo chridh',
 Thogainn mar b' àbhaist o 'bhunait Dun-
 Sgàthaich,
 Is gainne na m' thalla cha bhiodh ;
 An sud dheanainn suidhe mar Rìgh,
 'S cha chlaoidhinn mo shluagh gu teann,
 Cha togainn creach, 's cha spuinninn
 neach,
 Ach thrusainn do 'n sgoil a' chlann !

'S ann leamsa bu mhath a bhi ann,
 'S grian shamhraidh a' lasadh an
 drùchd,
 Na m' shìneadh air fear a' coimhead nan
 neul,
 A' cadal air Blàth-bheinn nan stùc;
 Is chithinn an ceathach a' snàmh,
 'S a' lùbadh mu shlios nan cruach,
 'S a ghnàth na m' aire bhiodh fonn na
 mara,
 Ga m' thàladh gu foisneach gu suain.

'S an fheasgar, 'n uair théarnas a' ghrian,
 Gu rìoghail 's an Iar gu tàmh,
 Air mullach nam beann mar mhìle lann,
 Bidh boillsgeadh nan gathan àigh:
 'S gach dubh-sgor a' deàrrsadh gu cas,
 Fò lannair nan lasraichean òir,
 Gu h-àrd 's an speur eadar talamh is
 nèamh,—
 Sealladh na maise 's na glòir !

'S taitneach, measg chomunn a' bhlàiths,
 Bhi suidhe 's mo chàirdean ri m' thaobh,
 Ach na'm bu leam iteag, 's mi 'theicheadh
 an tiotadh,
 Do 'n Eilean Sgiathanach chaomh !
 An t-urram aig cathair Dhun-Eidin,
 'S mi fhéin a sheinneadh a cliù,
 Ach thigeadh an samhradh, 's bidh mise
 na m' dheann-ruith,
 A' greasad gu Eilean mo rùn !

CUNNTAS BEAG MU THURUS DO 'N EADAILTE.

II.

Bho mhullach a' bhealaich, far an d' rinn sinn tamh an la roimhe, gu 'bhonn air taobh na h-Eadailte, cha robh sinn ach goirid ris an téarnadh an coimeas ris an dìreadh. Ma bha 'n sealladh breagha air an dìreadh, cha 'n ann 's an téarnadh bu mhios' e. Tha 'n t-àite is iongantach de 'n t-slighe uile air an taobh Eadailteach, far am beil an rathad a' dol, fad dà mhìle, eadar chreagan, a' ruigheachd bho 1500 gu 2000 troidh air àirde, agus cho dlùth air a chèile 's gu 'n saoil thu h-uile tiotan gu 'm beil iad a' brath coinneachadh, agus an rathad a dhùnadh. Is e ainm an àite so Bealach Ghondo. Beagan na 's fhaide air aghart, tha na creagan, 's na beanntan, 's an sneachd, air am fàgail air chùl, 's cha 'n 'eil feum air leabhar-iùil a dh-innse dhut gu 'm beil thu ann an tìr ùir, cho eadar-dhealaichte bho 'n duthaich a dh' fhàg thu 's a' mhadainn, 's a tha Tuath a's Deas. Tha thu nis an tìr na gréine, tìr na maise agus a' chiùil, sean dachaidh fir-riaghlaidh an domhain, màthair Chésair mhóir a's Bhirgill mhilis, Dhante òirdheirc a's Raphael gun choimeas, Cholumbuis éuchdaich a's Ghalileo nan rionnag; tìr a rug, 'n ar làithean fhein Cabhùr foghainteach, Madsini, am fear deireannach de na Roman-aich, agus esan tha fhathast a làthair, fear nan gnìomh, gun char, gun ghò, sàr ghaisgeach nam buadh,—Garibaldi! Cha 'n ioghnadh Eadailteach uail a dheanamh ann an dùthaich a tha comasach fhathast air a leithid de fhir a ghintinn a's àrach. Cha b' ioghnadh e ghleachd, eadhon gu bàs, air son a saoirsinn, agus iolach aoibhneis a thogail an là a dh'

éirich i 'n a neart 's a bhris i cuibhreach a luchd-sàrachaidh! Ach, mo thruaighe! 's math a thig dha an osnadh throm air son nan ioma olc 'tha fhathast a' creachadh a dhùthcha àluinn, 's a' lìonadh a càirdean le amharus a's eagal.

An ceud sealladh a fhuair mi air an raon fharsuing, tharbhach, bha 'n a laidhe shìos bhuainn, air a chuairteachadh le beanntan àghmhor, air 'uisgeachadh le aimhnichean lionmhor, 'n a làn chulaidh le fionain a's crainn-ola, ag gàireachdaich 's a' ghréin le tighean 's le bailtean bòidheach, chunna mi nach robh guth bréige anns na leugh 's anns na chuala mi mu àilleachd na h-Eadailte. Ann an aon ni chaidh an fhirinn os cionn mo smaointean. Bha fhios agam gu 'n robh beanntan a's cnuic 's an Eadailt, bho cheann gu ceann, ach cho robh dùil agam gu 'n robh iad cho lionmhor agus cho follaiseach bho 'n a h-uile cèarna de 'n tìr. Is airidh i air "tìr nam beann" mar ainm a cheart cho fìrinneach ri "tìr nam speur gorm." Air son soilleireachd a's truimead nan dath anns an iarmailt, agus air aghaidh na mara, feumar am faicinn gu 'n creidsinn. Ach a dh-aindeoin sin, gus an fhirinn aideachadh, breagha's ge bheil speuran gorma na h-Eadailte, bha ionndrain nach bu bheag agam, agus sin gu tric, air neòil sgiamhach fhionnar, 's air ceathach glas drùighteach, ar tìre gaolaich ceòthaich fhein.

Thuinich sinn dà latha ann am Milan, an treas baile 's mò 's an Eadailte. De sheallaidhean a' bhaile so, 's e an t-ioghnadh is mò an Ard-eaglais no a' Chathair-Easbuig. Cha 'n 'eil a leithid air an t-saoghal. Tha i air a togail gu h-uile de mharmor geal, air a shnaidheadh air dhòigh cho snasmhor, grinn, 's gur h-ann a chuireas e 'n cuimhne do dhuine, na

h-oibrichean iongantach de dhéud-chnaimh a chitear a' tighinn á China. Ceithir thimchioll nam ballaichean, bho bhonn gu mullach, tha leithid de lìonmhoireachd ìomhaighean air an snaidheadh mar an ceudna de mharmor, 's gu 'm foghnadh iad, mar a thuirt fear roimhe so, air son luchd àiteachaidh do bhaile cuimseach, na 'n tigeadh iad beo cearta còmhluath. Tha iad ag ràdh gu 'm beil 4500 dhiubh ann mar thà, 's thathas a h-uile bliadhna 'cur feadhach ùra ris an àireamh. Ach a dh-aindeoin an lìonmhoiread, tha 'n t-aitreamh cho mòr, agus a h-uile roinn d'e cho cuimir, 's gur gann a chreideas tu gu 'm bheil urad ann diubh. Bho mhullach na h-eaglais, a rithist, ch'ì thu 'g éirigh, mar gu 'm b' eadh coille de bhinneinean 's de spiricean dealrach, maiseach, agus air bàrr gach binnein, ìomhaigh, uile de 'n aon chloich ghil, eireachdail. An uair a theid thu stigh air dorus an teampuill ghreadhnaich so, tha e mar dhol thairis gu saoghal eile, bho sholus 's bho ghleadhraich na sràide gu samhchair is dubhar an fheasgair. Ge b' i Eaglais do 'm buin thu, cha 'n urrainn nach fhairich thu, 's tu 'coimhead troimh na sreathan fad' ud de charraighean arda, dh' ionnsaidh nan uinneag de ghloine-dhathte, troimh am beil an solus a' téarnadh gu sèamh air an àrd-altair, "Cia uamhasach an t-ionad so!"

Cha 'n 'eil ùine agam air a bheag tuilleadh innse mu chulaidh-ioghnaidh na h-eaglaise so, ach cha 'n urrainn domh 's an dol seachad, gun ainmeachadh air an dà charragh de mharmor dearg a th' air gach taobh de 'n dorus mhor, mar a theid thu stigh. Thathas ag ràdh gur h-ìad sin na clachan-snaidhte is mò a th' air aghaidh an talmhainn. Tha iad 80 troidh air àirde 's gach te dhiubh de 'n aon chloich shlàin.

Tha sealladh eile anns a' bhaile so a tha ro ainmeil, dealbh na *Suip-eir-Deireannaich*, air a tharrainn air balla seòmair 's am b' àbhaist do mhanaich a bhi gabhail am bìdh. Tha còrr a's trì cheud bliadhna bho 'n a rinneadh an obair urramach so leis an dealbhadair chliùiteach Leonardo da Vinci. Tha e air a mhilleadh gu dona le àitidheachd an t-seòmair, trid dearmad maslach na feadhach do 'm bu chòir a ghleidheadh mar ubhal an sùla; ach tha làthair fhathast na tha dearbhadh nach mearachd an t-urram a fhuair e bho chionn fhada mar aon de phrìomh oibre ealaidh an t-saoghail. Air mo shon fhein d'e, cha 'n fhaca mi dealbh fhathast a dhùisg a leithid de smaointean annam.

A measg mòran de sheallaidhean comharraichte anns a' bhaile so, cha 'n fhaod mi gun aithris air a h-aon eile, agus 's e sin a h-aon de na sgrìobhaidhean Gàilig is sine th' air bhrath, a chaidh a sgrìobhadh ceudan de bhliadnaichean mu 'n robh a' Bheurla air a breith! Tha 'n leabhar prìseil anns an d' fhuaradh an sgrìobhadh so, anns an Leabhar-lann a tha ainmichte air Naomh Ambros, a bha 'n a easbuig bho shean ann am Milan. A rèir barail dhaoine' eòlach, rinneadh an sgrìobhadh le Columban, fear de dheisciobuil Chaluim-chille, agus le sin tha e còrr a's dà-cheud-deug bliadhna dh' aois. A dh-aindeoin sin, agus mar dhearbhadh air cho beag 's a thàinig de atharrachadh air cainnt ar sinnsear re ùine cho fada, rinn mi fhein a mach beagan fhocal de 'nt-seann sgrìobhadh ud, agus thug e faireachadh neònach dhomh, mar gu 'm bithinn ag cluinntinn guth an duine urramaich a sgrìobh iad, a' tighinn gu m' ionnsaidh thair aigeal an dà-cheud-deug bliadhna!

Bha mi dà latha eile ann am Florens, am baile 's breagha chunn-

aic mi fhathast ach Dunéideann caomh. Mar thubhairt muinntir Steòrnabhaigh mu 'm baile fhein, cha b' iongantach an rìgh fhein a thighinn a ghabhail comhnuidh ann! Tha fios gu'n d' thàinig rìgh na h-Eadailte a ghabhail comhnuidh ann am F'lorens, agus gur h-ann a bha chaithir-rioghail, gus 'na ghluais-eadh i gu ruig an Ròimh. Chunnaic mi nise le chèile iad, agus 's éudar dhomh aideachadh gur h-e Florens is annsa leam na an Ròimh, air son seallaidh agus taitnis. A leithid de shealladh de dh-aitreibh ghreadhnach, agus de dhealbhanan luachmhor 's a th' anns a' bhaile ud, cha 'n fhaca mi riamh. Tha dà luth-chairt mhor ann, faisg air a chèile, am *Palazzo degli Uffizi* agus *Palazzo Pitti*, cho làn 's a ghabhas iad de dhealbhan 's de ìomhaighean a tha do-labhairt ann an luach. Is math an obair-latha dol gu h-aidheis-each bho sheòmar gu seòmar de 'n da lùth-chairt ud, gun mhòran ùine chaitheamh anns gach seòmar. Gun tighinn air na dealbhan, 's cha'n 'eil an leithid, araon 'an àireamh agus 'an luach, 'an aitreibh eile air an t-saoghal, mur h-'eil an Dresden, cha bheag an sealladh na bùird (ma 's a ceart an t-ainm) a th' anns a h-uile seòmar a th' ann, air an deanamh de chlachan buadhach, air air t-seòl oibre ris an canar *mosaic*. Tha dealbhan dhaoine, a's ainmhidhean, a's lusan, 's gach seòrsa ni, air an deanamh le mirean de chlachan priseil de gach dath, geal a's dubh, dearg a's gorm, buidh a's uaine, air an cur ri chèile air dhòigh cho snasail 's gu'n saoiladh tu nach 'eil ann ach an t-aon chlàr, ged is dòcha gu'm bheil miltean de bhloighean beaga air an cur mar sud ri 'chèile. Tha 'n obair so cho saoithreachail 's gu'bheil bùird ann de 'n t-seòrsa so air an robh daoine 'g obair fad am beatha. 'S fhurasda

smaoineachadh, 'd e luach a leithid sin de bhòrd. Is aithne dhomh fhein duin' uasal aig am bheil fear dhiubh air an d' thug e 1500 Punnd Sasunnach. Ach tha mi 'creidsinn gu bheil bùird anns na lùth-chairtean Florentach ud is fhiach a shia urad sin.

Cha 'n urrainn dhomh, a measg nan iomadh oibre ealantais ainmeil a tha 'n sud, oidheirp a dheanamh air a chuid is lugha dhiubh ainmeachadh. Cha 'n 'eil an àite air bith eile urad de na dealbhan is taghta le Raphael, agus 's gann is urrainn do neach breith cheart a thabhairt air cumhachd iongantach an duine ud gun am faicinn. Ach tha aon chuspair ioghnaidh a measg chàich a dh'fhéumar ainmeachadh, agus 's e sin an iomhaigh iomraiteach dh' an ainm a *Venus de Medici*. 'S fhad o chuala 's a leugh mi gu' m b'e sud an obair is foirfe de 'n t-seòrsa 'chunncas riamh. Bha eagal orm nach coimhlionadh an sealladh mo dhuil, ach cha robh mi air mo mhealladh. Cha 'n 'eil e 'n comas inntinn duine cruth a smaoineachadh na 's àille, anns a h-uile ball, na 'n iomhaigh ud.

Tha suidheachadh a bhaile so air leth taitneach, aig ceann srath thor-aich, còmhdaichte le fion-liosan, crainn-olaidh, agus iomadh seòrsa eile de chraobhan is de lusan bòidheach nach aithne dhuinn ach bho leabhraichean. Air an taobh tuath, a' sineadh gu h-iar a's ear, tha cnuic bhòidheach, a's beanntan air an cùl cho garbh 's cho lom 's a tha 'n Alba fhéin; agus troimh an bhaile, air feadh an t-srath, tha amhainn bhreagh an Arno a' siubhal gu sèimh. Air gach cnoc a's bruaich timchioll a' bhaile tha tighean eireachdail, a's ge b' e cearn a sheallas tu, cha 'n fhaic thu ach maise 's taitneas. A measg nan sean aitreamh ainmeil tha tùr

Ghalileo fhathasd a suas, anns am b' àbhaist do 'n réuladair mhòr an oidhche chur seachad, ag còimhead na gealaich agus nan rionnag, mar tha Milton ag aithris, a chaidh a choimhead, a dh' aon ghnòthuch, air an duine urramach 'n a phrìosan:—

like the moon, whose orb
Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views,
At evening from the top of Fesole,
Or in Val d'Arno, to descry new lands,
Rivers and valleys in her spotty globe.

Thachair gu fortanach dhomh fhéin 's do m' chompanach-siubhail gu'n robh againn mar fhear-iùil an t-aon duine bu toigh leinn 's an Eadailte, fear a mhuinntir na dùthcha, air an robh sinn fada mion-eòlach 'an Dùneideann, far 'na chuir e seachad fichead bliadhna. Thainig an duine càirdeil sin, Dr. Lemmi, astar-latha g' ar coinneachadh, bho 'n àite far an robh e fhéin 's a theaghlach a' fuireach aig an àm, ri taobh na mara, mu 12 mhìle deas bho Libhorno: agus ged a bha a thigh ann am Florens dùinte, b'èdar fhosgladh agus sinn a chur suas ann fad an dà latha 's oidhche bha sinn 's a' bhaile. Tha 'n dùthaich ainmeil air son pailteas a's grinneas an anairt, agus fhuair mi dearbhadh air sin a cheud oidhche 'luidh mi 'an tigh mo charaid, dearbhadh, aig an aon àm, air uaisleachd nan daoine. Bha aodach-oidhche an tighe uile air a chur seachad, agus o'n a bha 'n aimsir gle bhlàth, bha sinn uile làn-thoilicht' an oidhche 'chuir seachad gun chòmhach ach am brat-leapa. Ach 'n uair a chual a' bhean-usal chòir aig bonn na staidhreach, dh' am buineadh an tigh, (tigh dhe 'n t-seòrsathalionmhor 'an Dùneideann, anns am beil iomadh lobhta, le staidhir chumanta) cia mar a bha, chuir i suas pailteas do 'n a h-uile anart a bha dhith. 'S e bh'ann, 'n uair a chaidh mi 'luidhe fhuair mi braith-ean-lin air mo leabaidh cho grinn, gun

ghuth bréige, ri nèapaigin pòca mna-uaisle, agus, gus an coltas a dhean- amh na bu riochdaile, air an gréiseadh anns gach beannaig le obair-shnàth-aid eireachdail. 'S ann a bha seòrsa nàire orm mo chlosach mhòr mhi-loinneil a chàradh ann an leithid de ghrinneas, a dh' fhoghnadh do bhan-phrionnsa air oidhch' a bainnse!

Còmhla ri m' dheadh charaid, chaidh mi a Florens gu ruig an t-àite dh'ainmich mi, gu la no dha 'chur seachad 'an comunn a theaghlach cheanalta. Chunna sinn anns an dol seachad sealladh de 'n iognadh ainmeil ud, Tùr Crom Phisa, a tha'tighinn 14 troidhean thar a ghruaim, ach a sheas a dh-aindeoin sin, còrr a's 700 bliadhna. Tha suidheachadh baile Phisa gle thaitneach, air bruachan an Arno, agus uaithe tha sealladh breagha de bheanntan Charràra, mu 30 mìle air falbh 's an airde tuath. Eadar Pisa agus Libhorno fhuair mi 'cheud sealladh de 'n Mhuir Mheadhon-thireach. Ged nach robh mi ach ceithir-la-deug gun sàl fhaicinn, rinn mo chridhe léum ris an t-sealladh, 's chuir mi fàilt oirre mar rinn an deich mìle Gréugach bho shean. Cha 'n 'eil àicheadh air gu bheil dath na mara ud na's doimhne 's na's soilleire na tha ri fhaicinn ni 's fhaide tuath, agus a réir coltais, a bharrachd air soilleir-eachd anabarrach na h-iarmailt, tha nadur an uisge fhéin 'n a aobhar dha so, oir tha e mòran ni 's treasa agus ni 's saille na sàl a' chuain. Aig Libhorno (ris an canar gu leibideach 's a' Bheurla Leghorn) dh'fhàg sinn an rathad-iaruinn, agus choinnich gille sinn le carbad éutrom ceithir-chuidhleach, air a tharruing le gearran donn easgaidh, a ghiulain gu h-aigeannach siun gu crìoch ar turuis. Bha an rathad fad an t-siubhail os ceann a' chladaich, le sealladh breagh a dh'ionnsuidh na

mara, agus nan eileanan gu h-iar a's deas,—Gorgona, Copraia, Corsica, Sardinia, agus Elba. Cha robh de loingeas ri fhaicinn ach bàtaichean iasgaich, ag itealaich a null 's a nall, le 'n dà sheol àrd, bhiorrach, coltach ri sgiathan eoin. Tha cabhlach dhiu a' seòladh á Libhorno a h-uile maduinn 'n uair a fhreagras an t-side (cha 'n 'eil iad ro mhisneachail air muir) air tòir an éisg do 'n ainm Beurla *mullet*, seòrsa do 'm buin an carbhanach againn fhein. 'S e 'n dòigh iasgaich a th' aca, lion fada a shlaodadh eadar da bhàta, 'sèoladh leis a' ghaoith.

Bha 'm feasgar a' tuiteam 'n uair a ràinig sinn tigh mo charaid, 's a choinnich sinn aig an dorus a dhithis ghillean tapaidh, calma, leth-Albannach, 's a chéile thlachdmhor, thuigseach, de shliochd fhial Chlann Domhnuill. Mur d'fhuair mise mo bheatha 's an fhardaich ud, agus deagh dhiol, 's eudar gur th' ann an aisling a thug mi céilidh do m' charaid Lemmi!

ALASDAIR MACNEACAIL.

—o—

AONACHD A' CHINNE-DHAONNA.

(*Air leantainn.*)

Is iad na Caucasianach an dream sin a tha ag àiteachadh na cuid is mò d' an Roinn-Eorpa, Asia nan Turcach, Arabia, Persia agus Innsean na h-airde-near, an Eiphit, Abyssinnia agus ceann tuath Africa, air corsa a' Mhediterranean. Bho cheann tri chiad bliadhna nis tha iad a' sgaoileadh agus a' tuineachadh thar cuid mhor de America, tuath agus deas, ceann deas Africa, Australia agus New Zealand; agus c'ait air bith am faighear iad chi sinn gu bheil iad gu h-ealamh a' glacadh uachdranachd agus ceannsalachd

thar gach treubh a bha anns na duthchannan sin romhpa. Cha ruig mi 'leas innseadh gur ann d'an earrainn so d' an chinne-dhaonna a bhuineas sinn fhein.

Is iad na comharan gu sonraichte a tha ri'm faicinn air an earrainn so, craiceann *geal* no soilleir—gruaidhean dearg—falt maoth, caisreagach camagach—feusag mhor—aodann beag, dìreach, na 's fhaide na tha e leathan—bathais fharsaing—claigeann mor—sron aimbleathan—agus beul beag. Is ann do 'n t-sliochd *gheal* so a bhuineas na fineachan a bha, agus a tha, gu sonraichte ainmeil air son chumbachdan-inntinn agus cliuit-eachd am beusan. Far an suidhich iad iad fein tha na fineachan eile a' crìonadh as; ach is ann gu h-araidh anns na duthchannan sin nach 'eil aon chuid ro fhuar no ro theth a thig iad gus an inbheachd agus an iomlanachd is airde. Ann an cearnaidhean ro fhuar no ro theth tha iad trid uine a' dol air an ais anns na buaidhean-inntinn agus na comasan cuirp sin a tha gu sonraichte ri 'm faicinn 'n am measg 'n an duthchannan freagarach fein.

Tha na Mongolianaich ag àiteachadh gu h-araidh meadhon agus ceann tuath na h-Asia. Is ann do 'n earrainn so a bhuineas na Turcach, muinntir China, Japan, ceann tuath na h-Eorpa (na Laplandaich agus muinntir Fingland), agus na h-Esquimaux ann an ceann tuath America. Tha an craiceann *buidhe*—am falt tana, garbh, agus dìreach—cha 'n 'eil orra ach fìor bheagan feusaig—tha an claigeann aca, ach beag, ceithir-oisinneach—a' bhathais iosal an t-aodann leathan, comhnard, marbhanta—na gruaidhean ard—na suilean domhain, agus air am fiaradh thun na sroine—an t-sron leathan—agus na bilean tiugh. Ann am buaidhean-inntinn tha iad air dheireadh air na Caucasianach.

Fo 'n earrainn Americanach tha air am filleadh a stigh na treubhan sin gu leir a bha ag àiteachadh na duthcha m' an d' fhuaradh a mach i le Columbus anns a' bhliadhna 1492. Gheobh sinn aca craiceann *dearg*—falt dubh, garbh—beagan feusaig—claigeann car coltach ris na Mongolianaich, ach beagan na's aimbleithne agus na 's cruinne—bathais iosal—suilean domhain—agus sron a' seasamh a mach. Ann am buaidhean-inntinn tha iad coltach ris na Mongolianaich, ach gu math na's fhaide air an ais. Tha an gineal so a' caitheamh as gu bras roimh ghnuis nan daoine geala ann am America mu thuath.

Tha na h-Etiopianaich ri 'm faighinn a mhain ann an Africa. Tha aca craiceann *dubh*—falt goird, dubh agus greannach—bathais fhada, chaol, agus a' claonadh air a h-ais—gruaidhean arda—sron mhor, leathan—peircill fhada—agus slipean tiugha. Tha an dream so fada air an ais ann an cumhachdan na h-inntinn, agus lundach, neo-sgiobalta 'n an giulan.

Tha na Malayanaich a chomhnuidh anns a' chuid mhoir de dh-eileinean a' Chuain Phacifig, Australia agus New Zealand. Tha iad an coitcheann *donn* anns a' chraiceann—dubh 's an fhalt—le falt cruaidh, tioram—claigeann aimhleathan—aodann le cnamhan mora—agus sron mhor, leathan. Ann an eolas agus oileanachadh tha iad fada air an ais, agus gle mhall ann an tighinn air an aghart.

Chunnaic sinn a nis cuid de na buaidhean agus na comharan a tha gu h-àraidh a' deanamh suas an eadar-dhealachaich a tha air'fhaicinn eadar na h-earrannan anns am bheil luchd an fhogluim a' roinn a' chinne-dhaonna. Bha sinn uile air ar teagasg o 'r n-oige, ged a bha a leithid a dh-eadar-dhealachadh colt-

ais agus còr ri 'fhaicinn air na fin-eachan fa leth a tha 'deanamh suas sluagh an t-saoghail, air a shon so uile, gu'm b' *aon* an cinne-daonna gu leir—gu 'n robh iad uile air an gintinn o aon phrìomh-athair agus mhathair. Chleachd sinn a bhi a' gabhail gun cheist ri facal nan Sgriobtur a tha gu soilleir a' cur an ceill dhuinn gu 'n do rugadh sluagh an t-saoghail gu leir do aon duine, Adhamh; agus bha sinn a' cur an eadar-dhealachaidh a bha sinn a' faicinn anns na treubhan fa leth, air aobharan bho 'n leth a mach, mar tha cor agus suidheachadh an duine—teas no fuachd na tire—aogas na duthcha m' an cuairt—na cothroman no dìth-chothroman a bha aige air e fein a thoirt air aghaidh ann an eolas aimsireil agus spioradail; ach nach minigachisinn daoine agus treubhan am measg sluagh an domhain a tha a' nochdadh eadar-dhealachaidhean cho mor agus cho comharaichte 'n an dealbh-cuirp, 'n am buaidhean-inntinn agus 'n an cleachdaidhean, 's nach gabh iad fagail gu h-iomlan air coran duine, no suidheachadh agus coltas na duthcha, agus a tha 'g a dheanamh 'n a nì ro dhuilich dhuinn a chreidsinn gu 'n d' thainig an cinne-daonna gu leir bho 'n aon fhreumh? Cha 'n e mhaireannach so, ach chi sinn iomadh uair gu bheil buaidh gu tur eadar-dhealaichte aig na h-aon suidheachaidhean air luchd-àiteachaidh moran de na duthchannan fa leth—chi sinn gu bheil am fuachd a tha, a reir coltais, a' toirt do 'n Esquimaux agus do 'n Laplandach, anns an airde tuath, pearsa iosail, dhaigeil, a' toirt do na Patagonianaich, ann an ceann deas America, airde fhamhairean; agus aig a' cheart àm, chi sinn an dluth choimhearsnaich, muinntir Terra-del-fuego, le pearsa neo-ar-thaing co beag ris na Laplandaich. A ris, am feadh a tha an teas fuathasach a gheobh sinn

anns na duthchannan mu chearcail-meadhoin na cruinne air a mheas 'n a aobhar mor air an luchd-àiteachaidh 'fhagail lundach, leisg, agus fuathach air gach gne shaothair agus oibre, nach minig a chi sinn 'n am measg treubhan a tha comharaichte agus ro ainmeil air son gaisgealachd agus tapachd?—chi, agus na mnaith-ean fein a' gabhail a mach a chogadh le gaisge agus le déine a tha duilich a cho-shineadh ris a' bharail gu bheil teas na duthcha an aghaidh caithe-beatha saothreachail agus gluasadach.

Ged a dh'aidichear gu saor gu bheil buaidh mhor aig staid agus suidheachadh an duine bho 'n leth a muigh air cor a' chuirp agus na h-inntinn, tha eadar-dhealachaidhean am measg a' chinne-dhaonna a tha air an sìneadh a nuas mar gu 'm b' ann o athair gu mac fad mhiltean bliadhna agus nach 'eil ach gle bheag air am mùthadh le imrich o dhuthaich gu duthaich, agus, uime sin, nach 'eil a' faighinn an aobhair ann an gin de na nithean a dh'ainmich sinn, mar tha, teas no fuachd, cothrom no neo-cothrom, saorsa no daorsa. Cha 'n 'eil aon diubh sin is fhasa thoirt fainear na dath a' chraicinn. Eadar aon de mhuinntir na Roinn-Eorpa agus aon de mhuinntir Africa tha de eadar-dhealachadh ann an dath—an dealachadh a tha eadar dubh agus geal—'s nach 'eil e soirbh ri 'chreidsinn gu 'm buin iad le cheile do 'n aon ghineal. Nach e aon chuid teas na duthcha no aobharan air bith fo 'n leth a muigh is ceann-fath do 'n chaochladh mhor so eadar an t-Eorpach agus an t-Etiopianach, tha daoine ag innseadh dhuinn gu bheil dearbhadh soilleir againn anns na seann dealbhan a thatar a' faighinn am measg làraichean na h-Eiphite—dealbhan a tha, co dhiubh, ceithir mìle bliadhna dh'aois, agus a tha a'

taisbeanadh dhuinn, air seol nach gabh cur an ag, gu 'n robh a' cheart choltas air muinntir Africa ann an dath agus ann an cruitheachd 's an àm sin 's a tha air an latha 'n diugh; gu 'n robh an dà ghineal a cheart cho neo-choltach r' a cheile 's a tha iad a nis, agus, mar so, a' dearbhadh dhuinn ma 's e ni air bith o 'n leth a muigh a b' aobhar, gu 'n do thach-air am mùthadh mor so ann an coig ciad bliadhna—nì a tha gu buileach do-chreidsinn.

A thuilleadh air so, an' uair a bheachdaicheas sinn air a liuthad cànan eadar-dhealaichte 's a tha am measg dhaoine; agus gu h-araidh am bealach farsaing a tha eadar cor iosal, truailidh, agus borb, muinntir Australia ann an coimeas ri staid ard, bheusach, agus chiallach an Eorpaich, nach 'eil lan bharant againn gu 'cho-dhunadh nach buin iad idir do 'n aon stoc, ach gu 'n do rinneadh air tus, cha 'n e mar ehleachd sinne bhi 'creidsinn, aon duine agus aon bhean, bho 'n do ghineadh an cinne-daonna gu h-ìomlan, ach duine agus bean no dhà a co-fhreagairt do na h-earrainnean 's am faodteadh sluagh an t-saoghail a roinn?

Mur biodh Facal Dhe againn—Facal a tha sinn a' gabhail agus a' creidsinn mar fhìrinn, agus a tha air a dhearbhadh dhuinn air iomadh doigh gu bhi fìor agus cinnteach agus seasmhach—tha mi ag radh mur biodh am Biobul againn a tha a' cur an ceill dhuinn gu 'n d' thainig an cinne-daonna gu leir o aon duine, tha iomadh nì ann a bheireadh coltas fìrinn do 'n bharail a dh'ainmich mi, gu 'n do chruthaich daoine air thus anns na duthchannan fa leth anns am faic sinn mar gu 'm b' eadh suil no tobar nan sruithean sluaigh eugsamhladh a tha ag àiteachadh an talmhainn; ach tha sinn deas gu ar steidh a thogail air Facal

Dhe, lan chinnteach, an aite aon mhearachd fhaotainn a mach no aon fhàiling a rusgadh, gur ann a bheir an solus a thig bho gheur-rannsachadh agus eolas air oibrichean Dhe air teagasgan an Fhacail soillseachadh le dearrsadh ùr, agus air mhodh is comharaichte na rinn iad riabh roimhe. Mur tilg am foghlum a gheobh sinn ann an rannsachadh Rioghachd Naduir solus air a' h-uile ceum air Facal Dhe, tha mi dearbh chinnteach as 'so,—nach faighear teagasgan obair Dhe ann an ni air bith a' cur an aghaidh teagasgan an sgrìobtuir. Nach i an aon lamh a Sgrìobh an da leabhar—Leabhar Naduir agus Leabhar nan Sgrìobtur?

Mur bhith eagail gu'n gabhadh a chleir gruaim rium, theirinn gu'n robh mi dol a ghabhail an rud ris an abair iad “ceann teagaisg,” ach coma co dhiubh, tha mi am beachd nach b' urrainn duinn steidh a bu fhreagarraiche no 'bu daingre a ghabhail na na facail a labhair an t-Abstol Paul ri daoine foghlumte na Greige, —“Rinn Dia a dh-aon fhuil uile chinnich dhaoine, chum iad a ghabhail comhnuidh air aghaidh na talmhainn uile, agus shonraich e na h-amanna roimh-orduichte agus crìoch an an àite-comhnuidh.”

IAIN MACILLEBHAIN.

(*Ri leantainn.*)

—o—

COMHRADH.

EADAR MURACHADH BAN AGUS
COINNEACH CIOBAIR.

MUR.—Tha mi faicinn gu'n d' thàinig thu mar a gheall, a Choinnich; fhuair mi do litir thaitneach an raoid le Séumas Mac Uilleim Mhic Alasdair, agus thog i mo chridhe le Sùnn agus sonas, an uair a chuir thu an céill gu'n robh dùil agad ris a' Ghoirtean-Fhraoich fhàgail aig

briseadh na faire gu tighinn a dh'amharc orm. Tha dòchas agam gu'n d'fhàg thu mo bhan-ghoistidh chòir, agus an òigridh gu brogail.

COIN.—Tàing do'n Fhreasdail, a Murachaidh, tha iad uile eadar bheag agus mhòr, eadar shean agus òg gu feadarra, fallain, agus is mòr am beannachd an t-slaime, agus is beag toilinntinn an tì sin air am bheil i a dhith.

MUR.—Is maith an toiseach, a Choinnich, oir as éug'ais na slàinte cha'n 'eil sonas no suaimhneas aig duine, ged bu leis an saoghal mu'n iadh a' ghrian. Thoir do dhuine uil' airgiod agus òr a' chruinne-ché, agus sealbh air uile shaibhreas an domhain, agus cha 'n 'eil ann ach creutair breoite, brònach, bochd as éug'ais na slàinte. Cha toir ni fo'n ghréin toilinntinn dha, agus cha'n urrainn da le fonn no sgairt sam bith, aon chuid a ghnòthuichean aimsireil no spioradail a ghiulan air an aghaidh. Cha'n urrainn, oir is deòran truagh e air an talamh; uime sin, cha chomas d'asan aig am bheil slàinte a bhi tuilleadh 's taingeil do'n Tì Uile-Bheannuichte sin a ta 'g a buileachadh; oir cha'n 'eil beannachd talmhaidh idir ann a choimeasar ris an t-slàinte.

COIN.—Is minic, a Mùrachaidh, a chuir thu briathra taitneach an altaibh a chéile, agus gu ma fad a bhios slàinte agus sonas air am buileachadh air do theaghlach, agus ort fein air an ceann. Is toileachas ùr domh do ghnùis fhaicinn a ris.

MUR.—Is i do bheatha d'on fhàrdaich-sa, a Choinnich, agus nam biodh mo bhan-ghoistidh Seònaid maille riut, mhéudaicheadh e an toilinntinn tri-fille. Ach is maith na th'ann. Dean suidhe a steach ris a' ghealbhan; socraich, agus gar thu fein, gus am faighear boinne beag a bhlàthaicheas thu an déigh do thurais agus do sgithis.

COIN.—Cha'n eagal domh, oir tha gach goireas agus deagh-ghean an còmhnuidh ri 'n sealbhachadh ann am fàrdaich fhialaidh, fhosgailte Mhurachaidh Bhàin.

MUR.—Tha'n fhàrdach mar a dh'fhéudas i, oir is dàn a bhi 'talach; ach dlùthaich rium, agus innis domh, a charaid, ciod i do naigheachd. An do chòmhlaich sìthean no sìthichean thu an diugh am measg nan gleann 's nam beann eadar so agus an Goirtean-Fraoich?

COIN.—Tha thusa, a Mhurachaidh, cosmhuil ri piobair an aoin phuirt, an còmhnuidh a' cluicheadh, agus gun a bhi 'cluicheadh ach e. Mar sin, tha thu do ghnàth a' toirt beum do Choinneach Ciobair bochd, ach cha'n 'eil cron no ciùrradh, éucoir no earchall ann an trombhuillibh Mhurachaidh Bhàin? Mar a thubhairt an Salmadair, “Buailleadh am firean mi is caoimhneas e; agus cronaicheadh e mi, is oladh luachmhor e nach bris mo cheann.”

MUR.—Tha eagal orm, a Choinnich, gu'n d' thug thu samhladh, seachad air nach 'eil mise airidh air sheòl sam bith; ach bochd, aineolach, agus neo-airidh mar a tha mi, abram le fìrinn nach 'eil droch rùn na m'chridhe do Choinneach Ciobair.

COIN.—Cha'n 'eil, no do neach eile; oir is cinnteach mi nach 'eil droch rùn, no droch shùil, no droch dhùrachd 'n ad chridhe do cho'chréutair sam bith, agus gu sònraichte dhòmhsa.

MUR.—Tha mi 'faicinn dh'aindeoin cùise, a Choinnich, gu'm bheil d' inntinn a' ruith air droch-shùil, a' feuchainn gu'm bheil thu a' creidsinn gu'm bheil a leithid de ni ann.

COIN.—Comadh leat, a Mhurachaidh, labhradh gu leòir muna nithibh, sin a cheana; ach an creid thu so,—éisd rium a nis,—an creid thu gu'm bheil nithe ann a ta 'n an droch

comhar air cùisibh a ta chum teachd?

MUR.—Tha fios cinnteach agam gu'm bheil moran ann, a tha 'toirt géill do nithibh àraidh mar chomharan air cùisibh ri teachd, agus a réir nàdair agus gnè nan nithe sin, gu'm bi na cùisean a ta chum teachd aon chuid taitneach nomi-thaitneach. Chual mi na ficheadan de na manaidhean sin 'n am là 's 'n am linn fein.

COIN.—Chual agus mise; ach cluinneam beagan de na nithibh, mu'n chùis so, air am bheil beachd agad, agus thoir do bharail fein mu'n timchioll, a Mhurachaidh.

MUR.—Chual mi gu'm bheil e mi-fhortanach a bhi 'faicinn neach a' eunntadh suas àireimh do chloinne, do chruidh, no do chaorach.

COIN.—Chual, agus chunnaic, ach, a Mhurachaidh, na'm faicinn-sa sgimilear dona ag àireamh mo chuid caorach aon chuid a'm follais no'n uaigneas, bheirinn am bata mu na clusaibh dha; agus tuilleadh na sin, na 'n tugainn fa'near gu'n robh e a' cùinntadh mo chuid mac agus nighean, no 'foighneachd cia lion a bh'agam diubh, cha b'fhad gus am faigheadh e an dorus, mur iarradh e beannachd a bhi orra-san a bha e ag àireamh.

MUR.—Is minic a chual mi sin, a Choinnich. Tha e dìreach mar gu'n abradh neach,—“Tha mi 'faicinn gu'm bheil deichnear chloinne agad, agus gu'n robh iad air am beannachadh dhuit.

COIN.—Ro mhaith, a Mhurachaidh, oir ged robh fichead leanabh agam, tha mi comadh ged robh iad air an cùinntadh air cheann o mhoch gu dubh, mu their esan a ta 'deanamh sin, an da fhocal so, “Beannaich iad.”

MUR.—Cha'n 'eil fichead paisd agad fathast,—beannaich iad,—ach, a Choinnich, ma leanas tusa agus

Seonaid air bhur n-aghaidh mar a ta sibh a' deanamh, cha'n fhad gus am bi crìochan a' Ghoirtein-Fhraoich tuilleadh's beag, agus tuilleadh's cumhann air son meud agus àireimh bhur sliochd,—beannaich iad !

COIN.—'S eadh dìreach, a Mhurachaidh, is maith leat an còmhnuidh a bhi 'cur conais ormsa, ach an Ti a thug comas labhairt dhuit-sa, thug e comas éisdeachd dhòmhsa.

MUR.—Is maith gu'n d' thug, a Choinnich, ach am bheil tuilleadh agad ri aithris mu na nithe sin, no am bheil cùisean air teirig dhuit ?

COIN.—Air teirig ! cha'n 'eil mi ach ann an toiseach a' ghnòthuich, agus na'm biodh mo bhan-choimhearsnach Ealasaid nighean Uilleim mhic Ruaraidh an so, chumadh i seachdain thu a' cur nan nithe so an céill. Ach comadh sin, a Mhurachaidh, an cual thu riamh gu'm bheil e mi-fhortanach àireamh còrr sluaigh suidhe a dheanamh aig bòrd, mar a ta cuig, seachd, naoi, agus aon-déug, agus tha trì-déug aig bòrd 'n a àireamh co neo-shealbhach a's mar cuirear aon diubh a mach as a' chomunn, gu'm faigh neach eigin de'n chuideachd a ta làthair am bàs mu'n tig a' bhliadhna sin gu crìch.

MUR.—Tha sin uile gle iongantach ma's fìor e, a Choinnich, agus cha'n fhéud e bhi nach 'eil droch shùil aig aon air chor-eigin dhiubhsan a ta 'n an suidhe aig a' bhòrd, oir ciod eile ach droch shùil a dheanadh ni co cianail ri sin.

COIN.—Bi 'n ad thosd, a-Mhurachaidh, oir tha mi sgèth dhe d' bharail-sa mu chumhachd na droch shùla. Tha deagh-fhios agam nach 'eil thusa a' creidsinn anns a' chumhachd sin, agus cha ruig thu leas a bhi 'deanamh fochaid ormsa, a' charaid.

MUR.—Tha e glé cheart nach 'eil mi a' toirt mòran géill do ni sam bith de'n t-seòrsa, a Choinnich, ach

an déigh sin, tha sinn a' faotainn eolais air nàdar an duine, le bhi a' beachd-smuaineachadh air barailibh agus cleachdannaibh éugsamhladh d'an robh iad a' toirt géill, agus d'am bheil na mìltean fathasd a' toirt géill anns gach cearnadh de'n rioghachd. Gun teagamh, chual mi aig mòran, agus a'm measg chàich aig an duine urramach, fhòghluimte sin "Bun Lochabair," gu'm bheil e neo-shealbhach imeachd tarsuing air na slataibh-iasgaich air a' chladach, an uair tha'n sgiobadh a' deanamh deas chum an cuan a thoirt orra.

COIN.—Cha'n 'eil fios agam cia aca 's droch shùil, no droch cas sin, a Mhurachaidh, ach tha e glé cheart, agus cha chuir na h-iasgairean riamh air tonn, gus an imich an neach sin air ais a ris air na slataibh, agus le sin gu'm bi an droch bhuaidh air a smàladh as.

MUR.—Cha'n 'eil e furasd a chreidsinn gu'm biodh amaideachd co mòr ann an ceann duine ghlic sam bith, no gu'n tugadh creutair reusonta sam bith géill da.

COIN.—Bha do shinnseara fein gle ghlic 'n an là 's 'n an linn fein, a Mhurachaidh, agus thug iad géill do na nithibh sin. Ach an cual thu riamh nach 'eil e sealbhach deoch-slaime cuideachd sam bith òl ceithir thimchioll ach a réir cuairt na greine ?

MUR.—Is tric a chual agus a chunnaic mi sin, a' Choinnich, ach cha'n 'eil mi idir a' smuaineachadh gu'm bheil brìgh no bladhadh sam bith anns na nithibh sin. A nis, a Choinnich, am bheil thusa a' creidsinn nach 'eil e sealbhach uisge salach a thilgeadh a nach an déigh laidhe na gréine, agus mu'n éirich i ? —innis domh.

COIN.—Tha do bhan-ghoistidh, Seonaid, a' creidsinn sin, oir b'fhearr leatha a' ghriosach a bhàthadh leis an uisge sin, na 'thilgeadh a mach

air an dorus an déigh tuiteam na h-oidhche. Ochan! is i nach deanadh idir.

MUR.—Och mo chreach! Is leoir Coinneach Ciobair fein a bhi làn saobh-chrabhaidh, co làn is tha 'n tubh de'n bhiadh, ged a bhiodh Seonaid chòir tuigseach agus glic.

COIN.—Tha mi fada fada 'n ad chomain, a Mhurachaidh, air son do dheagh-bharail dhiom-sa, ach is comadh co dhuibh, oir mar a thubhairt mi cheana an Ti a thug comas labhairt dhuitse, thug e comas éisdeachd dhomhsa. Ach stad ort, a charaid, an cual thusa riamh nach 'eil e ceart uaigh a bhi fosgailte air an t-Sàbaid, oir ma bhitheas, cladh-aichear uaigh air son neach eile 's an teaghlach mu'n crìochnaichear an t-seachdain. An creid thu sin a nis.

MUR.—Ma ta, cha chreid; ach an creid thusa mur ragaich corp an déigh a' bhais, gu'm bi bàs eile 's an teaghlach mu'n duinear a' bhliadhna?

COIN.—Is mi a chreideas, oir bha dearbhadh agam air. Ach, a Mhurachaidh, tha e 'n a ni ro chinnteach gu'm bheil bàs am fagus an uair a chluinnear ùlfhartaich chon air an oidhche, no ma chithear ròcas, no pitheid ag itealaich, agus a' leùm air mullach an tighe.

MUR.—Ma ta, a' Choinnich, tha mi fein ag aideachadh nach toigh leam na creutairean iteagach sin a bhi dlùthachadh ris an fhàrdaich, oir beagan mu'n do ghabh Domhnull Beag againn an tinneas a thug a mach e, cha charuicheadh fionnag mhòr, ghlas bharr simileirean an tighe rè na seachdain mu'n do chaochail e, agus an déigh sin cha'n fhacas riamh tuilleadh i.

COIN.—An d' fhosgail sin do shuilean, a Mhurachaidh, oir ma tha comhar mar sin ceart aig aon uair, car son nach biodh a leithid sin ceart aig uair eile?

MUR. — Gle chothromach, a

Choinnich, agus tha do cheist, glè nadurra. Cha'n 'eil teagamh agam nach 'eil thusa a' creidsinn gu'm bheil mòran nithe iongantach air an deanamh leis na h-eoin, an uair a chruinnicheas iad, agus a chumas iad a' phàrlamaid mhòr aca fein. Cha'n fhad o'n thug an t-uasal geanail, fòghluimte sin “Bun Lochabar” seachad earrann mhòr de “Bhàrdachd nan eun,” ach dheth sin bheir e tuilleadh seachad fathasd, an uair a gheibh e greim air. Is bàrdachd so a tha ceudan bliadhn' a dh-aois, agus a dh' airiseadh o shean, agus feudaidh e bhi fathasd le seann daoinibh ann an Uthisd, anns an Eilean Sgiathanach, agus ann an cearnaibh eile de 'n Ghaidhealtachd.

COIN.—Ma's maith mo chuimhne, bha na h-uiread de “Bhàrdachd nan eun” aig seann Dhomhnull Tailear a bha deanamh mach nach tuig eadh iad lide ach fìor Ghaidhlig.

MUR.—Fìor Ghaidhlig gu'n teagamh, oir tha “Bun-Lochabar” a toiseachadh na bàrdachd mar so:—

“ 'Nuair bha 'Ghaidheil aig na h-eòin,
'S a thuigeadh iad glòir nan dàn;
Bu tric an còmhradh anns a' choill
Air iomadh pòing, ma's fìor na Bàird.”

COIN.—Ro cheart—“còmhradh air iomadh pòing,” agus còmhradh mu'n bhàs, chum rabhadh a thoirt uime mu'n tig e.

MUR.—O, a Choinnich, cùm do theangadh, agus na cluinneam tuilleadh mu'n ghlòrais sin. Tha eoin gu leoir 's a' Ghoirtean Fhraoich, ach ma tha cainnt nam beann aca, bu chòir doibh comhairle a thoirt air Coinneach Ciobair, gun e bhi cho faoin-chreideach.

COIN.—Cha mhi-thaitneach leat idir, a Mhurachaidh, a bhi 'cluinntinn mu na nithe so uile, ged nach aidich thu a bhi 'creidsinn anna; ach ma dh' innseas tu an fhirinn, is tric a chual agus a chunnaic thu gur mi-

shealbhach agus cunnartach an ni creadhal fhalamh a luasgadh. Cha ghabhadh Seònaid an saoghal agus sin a dheanamh. Rachadh i air chrith mar shlait 's an t-sruth, na'm beanadh aon de 'n chloinn do'n chreadhail agus an leanabh aisde.

MUR.—Cha'n urrainn domh aicheadh nach cual mi sin, a Choinnich, ach is iomadh ni a chual mi riamh anns nach robh firinn no blagh; ach comadh co dhuibh, am bheil tuilleadh dheth na nithibh sin air chùimhn' agad?

COIN.—Is maith leat a bhi 'g an cluinntinn, a Mhurachaidh, chum comus fhaotuinn air a bhi 'g an dteadh; ach tha mi 'creidsinn gu'm bheil an gloc ni's miosa na'm builleadh, agus le sin gheibh thu an tuilleadh agus an tuilleadh dhiubh. An cual thu nach eil e sealbhach a' ghealach ùr fhaicinn troimh uinn-eig? Air an dóigh chéudna, cha'n 'eil e sealbhach dol a stigh do thigh anns am bheil thu gu tamh a ghabhail, air an dorus chùil. Ach gabh beachd air so, ma bhriseas tu do chnamhan le tubaist sam bith, cha'n 'eil e glie no sealbhach dhuit dol dh' ionnsuidh an léigh chum an ceangladh suas, oir tha na léighean gu tur aineolach air gach ni mu chnamhan na coluinn, ged tha iad eòlach air euslaintibh eile a leigheas.

MUR.—Is tric a thug mi sin fan-ear. An uair a bhris Callum Bàn Mac Uilleim Mhic Shéumais a chas an uiridh aig Coire-nan-eilid, ged bha an Leigh Mac Mhuirich 's an ath thigh aig an àm, cha leigeadh iad leis meur a chur air Callum, ach chuireadh fios gun dàil air Fearchar Gobha dh' ionnsuidh na ceardaich, thainig e, agus cheangal e suas a' chos, ach ma cheangal, tha i cho cròm an duigh ri bùlas na poite, agus cha bhi i ceart aige gu bràth. Ach is mòr a ni an t-aineolas, agus

is minic tha an t-aineolas an da chuid dall agus dàn.

COIN.—Tha mi ag aontachadh gur e an ti a dh' ionnsaich ealaidh no ceairde sam bith, an ti aig am bu chòir am barrachd eòlais a bhi mu'n chùis, ach an déigh sin ghabhadh moran Fearchar Gobha, agus dheanadh iad tair air an Leigh Mac Mhuirich, agus cha'n 'eil fios agam nach e sin a' cheart chleas a dheanadh Murachadh Ban fein.

MUR.—Cha'n 'eil fios agad, agus tha sin dìreach co maith, ach tha mi an dòchas nach bi mi an eiseimeil aon de'n dithis. Ach am bheil fios agadsa, a Choinnich, gu'm bheil mòran 's a' bharail nach 'eil e cneasda leanabh-nighinn a bhaisteadh 's an aon uisge ri leanabh-mic oir ma nithear sin, fàsaidh féusag co fad ri m', lùdaig air min-ghnùis na caileig bige.

COIN.—Cha'n 'eil teagamh agam nach fàs mur baistear i an toiseach, ach ma bhaistear fanaidh a gnùis co lòn ri dearnadh mo laimh.

MUR.—Tha thusa, a' Choinnich, mar a bha, a's mar a bhitheas tu, agus is diomhain a bhi labhairt riut. Am bheil thu a' creidsinn, ma ta, gu'm bheil nàdar na h-aimsire air fhaotuinn a mach le cumadh, coslas, dreach, teachd, agus trathanna na gealaich?

COIN.—Tha cho cinnteach is gu'n dean dhà agus trì cùig.

MUR.—Am bheil thu a' creidsinn nach 'eil e ceart crodh no caoraich, no beathaichean sam bith eile a mharbhadh ann an caitheadh na gealaich, do bhrìgh lesin a dheanamh, gu'n crìon an fheoil aca 's a' phoit air an teine; ach air an laimh eile, rachadh an coirce a bhuain, am fear a spealadh, na craobhan a ghearradh, agus a' mhoine a bhuain ann an caitheadh na gealaich, do bhrìgh gur e sin an t-àm a's fearr air son tiormachaidh agus caoineachaidh a ta idir ann.

COIN.—Tha na's leòir againn an diugh de na nithibh sin, rachamaid a ghabhail sràide, agus a dh-amharc air na caoraich agus na h-uain.

MUR.—Tha mi glé dheònach, oir is fearrde sinn an àile fhaotuin.

ALASDAIR RUADH.

—0—

GLEANN AFARIC.

FAILT agus furan air a' Ghaidheal. Tha mi 'n earbsa gu'm beil thu fhein slàn, fallain; 's gu'm beil gach cùis a' soirbheachadh leat a réir do mhiann.

A nise gabham dànadas ort: tha dùil agam nach droch oilean dhomh mo bheachd innse dhut gu saor, soilleir; gu sonraichte, bho 'n a tha sinn iomadh bliadhna eòlach air a cheile. Galbh mo leisgeul, ach tha iongantais mor orm, thu chur litir na "Ban-Sàilich" air bord do chàirdean 's a' mhios so chaidh.

Tha na ceudan deth do luchd leughaidh eadar Alba, Canada agus Nova Scotia air an cuir an litir ud làn an cinn a dh-iongantais. Gun teagamh tha cuid de shluagh òg ann an America, agus air Gaeltachd Alba nach cuala guth riamh roimhe so mu dheidhinn Afaric Chruaidh, no Afaric Mholach a bhi an geall airgid aig muinntir Chinntaile: Ach ma bheir thusa cothrom dhomhsa air ma sgeula sgaoileadh cho fad agus cho farsuinn 's a sgaoil thu sgeula na Ban-Sailich bidh fios aig gach aon duibh sean 's òg air firinn na cuise.

Feuchaidh mi an t-suim, an t-àm, agus ainm an duine phàidh an t-airgiod-gill do na Sailich. Ach le d' chead, bheir sinn tionndadh no dha 's an dol seachad air litir na Ban-Sailich. Tha e ro dhuilich leam focal suarach a chantainn mu bhan-choimhearsnaich. Ach dh' innis i dhut (a reir coltais chreid thu i)

"gu 'n do mharbhadh 'Muireach Fial' ann an tigh-òsda Shruidh." Tha so nar, 's gun luach prìne chaoil, no cudthrom fionnain fuil a bhi mar dhearbhadh aice air na thubhairt i. Tha i cantainn gu'n robh "Gille comhla ri *Muireach Fial*, gu'n deach e dhachaidh, ach bha cràdh-cogais aige air fhein agus dh' fhalbh e rithisd an ceann cheithirladiag, fhuair e 'Muireach Fial' air urlar puill marbh. Fhuair e air a thogail e agus thiodhlaic iad e ann an cladh Shrath-Ghlais."

A nise ma chaidh *Muireach Fial* a bhàthadh, no mhilleadh, agus gur e ghille fhein "aig an robh cràdh-cogais air fhein" a fhuair marbh e agus a thiodhlaic Muireach mar uidhe astair là ghoirid gheamhraidh do theis meadhon Chinntaile, gun fhios a thoirt dha chinneadh na dha chàirdean—nach 'eil a' chuis ro choltach ris gu'n robh fios aig a' ghille roimh-laimh air a' cheart àite anns an robh Muireach 'n a laidhe?

Tha i deanamh mach "gu'n robh deigh mhor aig na Sàilich air greim fhaotainn air cuid de na Glaisich a los am marbhadh. "Ach cha do leig an t-eagal leis na Glaisich gnothuch a ghabhail riu." O! a chluas, a chluas, nach éisd thu—" 's searbh a ghlòir ris nach faodar eisdeachd." Ach gu cinnteach ceart tha e ro dhuilich eisdeachd ri bhi cùl-chaineadh nan Glaiseach; daoine air nach robh eagal eile riamh, ach eagal Dhia a mhain.

"Ach thog na Sailich leac as a' chladh, agus thug iad leo 'an leac an dùil gu 'n leanadh na Glaisich iad.' An cuala am mac no 'n t-ath-air riamh roimhe a leithid so de sheanchas? Tha clach ann an Cill-Duthaich ris an abrar 'an leac chuileineach'; ach a reir barail dhaoine geur, glic, firinneach 's ann á Gleann-lic am braighe Cro Chinntaile a chaidh a toirt. Eisd

ris a chuid-sa de 'n sgeula:—Fhuair duine truadh aig an robh droch 'bhean a thug Peairt oirre' Bann Mhuirich Fheil 'agus air dha bhi ann am breislich eadar chadal 's duisg dh' innis e gu'n d'fhuair e Bann Mhuirich Fheil ann an seann bheinge.'"

Shaoileadh iomadh fear gu 'm faodadh sgeula na "beinge" gradstad gun dol na b' fhaide, ach tha Bhan-Saileach ag radh gu'n do chuir fear de luchd eòlais "an eachdraidh so uile an ceill do dh-fhear-lagha air an robh eolas aige an Duneideann."

Nach ann aig a' Bhan-Sailich 's aig a "ghille ruadh," a bha barail a' bhruic de 'ladhran air luchd lagha Dhuneideann? An robh duil aca gu'n gabhadh fear-lagha air bith, Deas no Tuath bonn suim no dragh deth sgeula breoite na Beinge bha falbh 'n a càth?

A nise eisd riumsa agus bheir mi sgeula firinneach dhut mu Ghleann Afaric:—Bha ceann shuas a' ghlinne so fad iomadh bliadhna 'n geall airgid aig muinntir Chinntaile: Ach PHAIDH Cailean Chnoc-Fhinn a h-uile ceann bonnasia dheth an t-suim, eadar chalpa, riadh, agus chostas. Thainig an t-iomlan gu Da-Mhile-dheug Marg. Cheangail an Siosalach gach Srath 's Monadh, gach Beinn 's gleann 's bealach gach coire 's fuaran, gach lùb 's sliabh 's fireach deth 'n talamh a lasaich e fhein dha Cailean Chnoc-Fhinn. Agus bha an ceangal a thug e dha air an talamh sin, air a làn-dhearbhadh. 'S e fear-lagha dh'a m b'ainm Alastar Friseal a sgrìobh an ceangal agus a chuir sios an leabhar-cuimhne anns a' Chananaich e air la 'eil Moire 1679.

Fhianais ort fhein, mur d' rinn am Frisealach a ghnòthuich cruadh, glan, snasail. Da-fhichead bliadhna agus a dha an deigh sin, chuir bàillidh an rìgh fear dh' a m b' ainm

Uilleam Ros) roimhe gu 'm feumadh iad màl Afaric a phàidhadh dha fhein as leth Rìgh Deorsa: ach choinnich Iain-Ruadh Chnoc-Fhinn e ann an Caisteal-Eirichealais air an 26mh la fhead de mhios meadhonach an fhoghair 1721. Bha so sia bliadhna an deigh la Sliabh-an t-siorra, agus mar tha fios agad, chaill an Siosalach an oighreachd air son eiridh an aobhar an rìgh dhlighich. Mar thuirt mi, chuir an Rosach a thagradh an ceill, ach chuir Iain ruadh an ceangal a fhuair athair air Afaric air a bheul-thaobh, agus cha b'urrainn do 'n Rosach dol na b' fhaide leis an tagradh. Bliadhna agus da mhios roimhe an la sin sheas an ceangal so gu laidir daingeann an aghaidh àrd chismhaor an Rìgh:—b'e sin, Seumas Baillidh (W. S.) am fear bho 'n d'thainig teaghlach Dabhach-a-phuir. Fhuair an duine so h-uile sgrìob de thalamh an t-Siosalaich ach na bha ceangailte aig fear Chnoc-Fhinn deth.

Reic am Bailleanach an talamh ri Seorus Mac Coinnich, i.e. Fear Allan, agus thug e còir-dhligheach dha air, anns a' bhliadhna 1720. Reic Fear Allan an talamh a rithisd anns a' bhliadhna 1727 ri Alastair Siosal Fear-Mhucarachd agus thug fear Mhucarachd an Oighreachd air a h-ais do Cheann-Cinnidh nan Siosalach.

A nise tha so a' dearbhadh a dh-aindeoin rìgh no uachdarain; a dh'aindeoin na rinn am Bailleanach, an Rosach, agus a' chuid eile de luchd dreuchd an rìgh, nach d'fhuair iad greim no cearb air obair an Fhrisailich. Tha e soillear gu'n d'fhàg e Bann Fhir Chnoc-Fhinn gun chron, gun mheang. Chaill an Siosalach an oighreachd a rithisd an deigh la Chuil-fhodair; ach cha do chaill fear Chnoic-Fhinn Afaric gus an d'thug e dha Cheann-cinnidh an Siosalach i, mar rinn Fear Mhuc-

arachd beagan bhliadhnaichean roimh an àm anns 'na cheangladh an oighreachd ris a' Chrùn.

Tha dà-cheud bliadhna ach ceithir bho 'n chaidh an t-airgiod-gill a phàidheadh do na Sailich: ach bha iad fad dha fhichead bliadhna 's h-ochd an deigh sin a' paidheadh màil á ceann shuas Afaric. Bha cuid de mhuinntir Chinntaile 'n an coimhearsniach cho math, cho tuigseach, agus cho reith-bheairteach ri daoine sheas riamh ann an leathar mairt. Ach bha cuid eile dhiubh ro dhraghail, agus ro laghail. Cha b'ann le'n deoin a dhealaich a' chuid so dhiubh ris a' ghleann. Ach b' fheudar iad fhein agus a h-uile bà a's each, 's caora 's gobhar, gach nì eile bhuineadh dhaibh, a sguabadh a mach á Afaric Chruaidh 's á Afaric Mholaidh, agus an cur a mach thair Beallach-Coire-chait.

Beannachd leat, turus math dhut, 's gu'm bu slàn a thig thu rithisd an rathad so.

BAN-GHLAISEACH.

An Giblin 1875.

—0—

SOP AS GACH SEID.

CU FHINN.

Gnos mar chuaille,
Cluas mar dhuilleach;
Earball mu'n speir,
'S an speir mar chorrna.

Bha duine coir ann roimhe ag comhairleachadh dh' a nighinn gun ghille bha 'n sid a phòsadh, "agus," ars esan, "Ise a phòsas tha i deanamh gu math; ach ise nach pòs tha i deanamh na 's fhearr." "Ma 's ann mar sin a tha," ars an nighean, ni mise gu math, agus an fheadhain a thogras deanamh na's fhearr deanadh iad e."

CUMA GAMHNA.

Am bronnach geamhraidh,
'S an seang earraich;

Agus

Ceann mor a's amhach chaol,
Aogasg an droch ghamhna.

AN T-ASAL AGUS AN CLUARAN.

Bha asal ann roimhe so an am an fhoghair a' dol do 'n achadh bhuana le sac bidh thun an tuathanaich agus nam buanaichean. Air an rathad thachair cluaran mor, briagha air, agus leis an acras tòisichear air 'iche; agus mar a bha e 'g a chnuasachadh, dh' éirich na smaointean so 'n a inntinn: "Is ioma fear ailleasach, sòghail, a mheasadh 'n a chuilm na th' agamsa air mo mhuin 's na cléibh, ach is mor gur blaisde 's gur fhearr dhomhsa an cluaran so, ge searbh e 's ge biorach a chaig, na a' chuilm is sòghaile."

"Cha tuig an sàthach an seang,
Is mairg a bhiodh 'n a thraill dh' a bbroinn."

Suirdhe fada bho laimh,
'S pòsadh am bun an doruis.

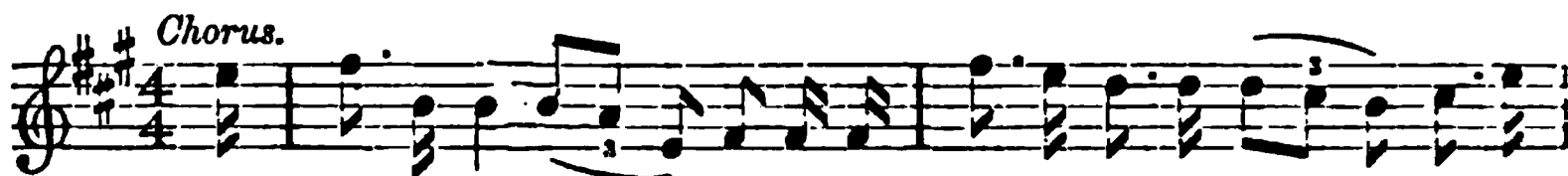
AN SAIGHDEIR AGUS A' CHAILLEACH.

Bha saighdeir là dol suas an t-sràid ann am baile Hamilton, a's sogan 'n a cheann an deigh dha bhi greis 's an tigh-dsda. Thachair e air caillich bhoichd 's chuir e failt oirre—"Cia mar thà sibh, a mhàthair?" "Tha mi 'n eatorras," ars ise, "ach b' fheairrde mi fios a bhi agam co tha 'g am fhoighneachd." "Nach aithne dhut idir mi?" ars an spailpeir dearg. "Cha 'n aithne gu dearbh," ars a' chailleach, "cha 'n fhiosrach mi gu 'm faca mi riabh thu." "An ann mar sin a thà," ars esan—"is mise ma ta, mac piuthar 'an fhir ud!" "Am beil thu fhein ag ràdh sin," ars a' chailleach, "ma ta, tha thu fìor choltach ri bràthair do mhàthar!"

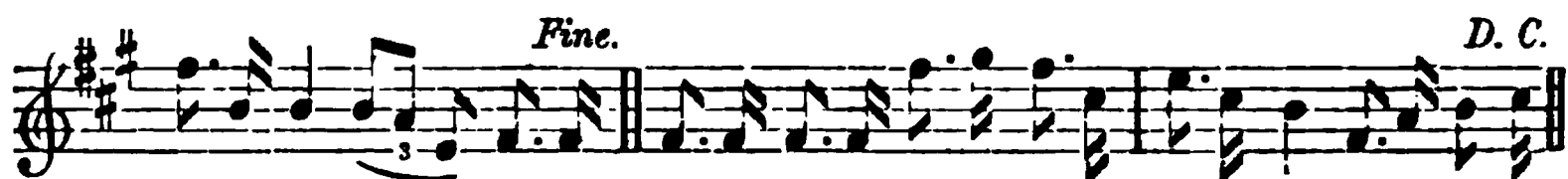
—2—

ORAN GAOIL.

GLEUS A.



,S | 1., r : r | r, d, s₁ : l₁. l₁, L₁ | 1., s : f., f | f, m, r : m, S



| 1., r : r | r, d, s₁ : l₁. l₁ || L₁. l₁ : l₁. l₁ | 1., t : l., m | S., m : r | l₁. d : r. m, |

Ill ù ill ó, hó rò éile,
Ill ù ill ó, hó ró bha hó,
Ill ù ill ó, hó rò éile.

Moch 's a' mhadainn rinn mi gluasad,
Dhìr mi a mach ri Beinn Cruachan.

Dhìr mi a mach, &c.,
'S theirrinn mi lag an fhraoich uaine.

Theirrinn mi lag, &c.,
'S shuidh mi aig tobar an fhuarain.

Shuidh mi aig tobar, &c.;
Chìr mi mo cheann 's dh'fhàg mi ghruag ann.

Chìr mi mo cheann, &c.,
Dh'fhàg a's falt mo chinn 'n a dhualan.

Dh'fhàg a's falt, &c.,
Suil g'an d' thug mi thar mo ghuallainn.

Suil g'an d' thug, &c.
Chunna mi 'tighinn na h-uaislean.

Chunna mi 'tighinn, &c.,
'D é, ma bhà, cha robh mo luaidh-s' ann.

'D é ma bha, &c.,
Fear a' chinn duibh 's a' chòt uaine.

Fear a' chinn duibh, &c.,—
Cha robh, a ghaoil, gu 'm b' fhada uam thu.

Cha robh, a ghaoil, &c.,
Bha té eil' aig baile 'd bhuaireadh.

Bha té eil' aig baile, &c.,
'S chaidil thu 'n raoir air a clusaig.

Chaidil thu 'n raoir, &c.,
Ach 's aithne dhòmhsa 'd é chum uam thu.

'S aithne dhòmhsa, &c.,
Tainead mo chrodh-laoigh air buaile.

Tainead mo chrodh-laoigh, &c.,
Lughad 's a bha dubh no ruadh dhiùbh,

Lughad 's a bha dubh, &c.,
Lughad 's a bha caisionn, guailionn.

Lughad 's a bha caisionn, &c.,
Ach 'd é ma 's ise 's truime buaile,

'D é ma 's ise 's truime, &c.,
'S mise 's càirdich' do na h-uaislean.

'S mise 's càirdich, &c.,
A dhìreadh 's a thearnadh ri Cruachan.

A dhìreadh 's a thearnadh, &c.,
Le 'm *flasgaichean* air an cruachainn.

Le 'm *flasgaichean*, &c.,
Le 'n gunnaichean air an guaillean.

Le 'n gunnaichean, &c.,
A dhol a shealg na h-éilde ruaidhe.

A dhol a shealg, &c.,
Mar sin a's lach a' chinn uaine.

Mar sin a's lach, &c.,
'S a' bhric air linne nan cuairteag.

'S a' bhric air linne, &c.,
'S mithich tearnadh le Beinn Cruachan.

Is ann bho m' dheadh charaid Donull Greum a fhuair mi an t-oran binn so—cha chreid mi nach taitinn e riut.

MAC-MHARCUIS.

THE GAEL,

ENGLISH DEPARTMENT.

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No. 42.

OSSIAN AND THE CLYDE.*

FIRST NOTICE.

APART altogether from the intrinsic merit of the work, the publication of Dr. Hately Waddell's handsome volume is an important and gratifying fact. It is an additional proof, if proof were required, of an increasing interest, on the part of intelligent and educated Saxons, in the study of Celtic literature, and the influence of that literature upon the spiritual life of this country and of the world. Dr. Waddell may well be ranked side by side with such men as Max Müller, Arnold, and Jerram, in this country, and Zeuss and Ebrard, in Germany—men of scholarship and culture, who believe that the remains of Celtic literature, scanty though they be, are of sufficient importance to deserve the attention of the historian, the linguist, and the philosopher; and who honestly attempt to assign his true place to the Celt among the civilising agencies of the world. To have obtained an ingenuous recognition of their history and literature from such eminent men is to the living Celtic population of these isles a gratifying matter. It is only what we were entitled to demand; but it is not what we have been accustomed to

receive. In this country it has been the peculiar misfortune of the Gael to have had his character and literature alternately traduced and extolled beyond the limits which adequate knowledge and impartial criticism would warrant. Nor does it appear that the time is yet past when it is considered necessary, in order to pass judgment upon the character and literature of that portion of the population of Scotland who live to the north of the Highland line, to lay aside the principles of criticism and of evidence recognised as essential when judging men and books elsewhere. The day is not yet past when ignorance of our language and people and literature, beyond what a few months' tour in the company of gillies and mail-drivers will ensure, is held by many to be not only no disqualification for the production of a fashionable novel, but even a positive qualification for dogmatising upon the literary merits of avowed translations of Gaelic poetry. We have our traducers and our panegyrists still; and we doubt whether we have not been misrepresented as much by the one as by the other. Indiscriminate eulogy and indiscriminate abuse have been equally hurtful to us; are equally distasteful to at least a goodly number among us; and, we confidently assert, have been equally undeserved by us. We ourselves and our encomiasts, who too often and too unadvisedly spoke for us, would not be satisfied with bread—we demanded delicacies; little wonder perhaps that

* *Ossian and the Clyde, Fingal in Ireland, Oscar in Iceland; or, Ossian, Historical and Authentic.* By P. Hately Waddell, LL.D., Minister of the Gospel, Editor and Biographer of Robert Burns, Translator of the Psalms into Scottish; Author of "Behold the Man," &c. Glasgow: James Maclehose, Publisher to the University. 1875.

our detractors gave us scorpions only in return. Against the prejudice of our defamers and the bias of oureulogists—parasites, both of them, upon the tree of ignorance—the works of the men we have named are a standing protest; and in this respect are especially valuable to those of our people who are engaged in uprooting the tree which has for so long cast its blighting shadow over our land.

The purport of Dr. Waddell's work is but imperfectly described in the short title, "Ossian and the Clyde," and even from the full title which we have quoted above only a faint idea of its contents can be gathered. It is an elaborate attempt to prove from internal sources that the works of Ossian, as represented in the English translation of James MacPherson, are historical and authentic. The author is admittedly incompetent to enter into a searching examination of that department of internal evidence which deals with the language and style of the poems, and which can be appreciated only by those who possess thorough knowledge of the Gaelic language in its past and existing forms. But he compares, with a minuteness and research never before attempted, the evidence furnished by the subject-matter of the poems with the existing evidence obtainable from other sources, geological, geographical, topographical, etymological, and traditional; and from the comparison he unhesitatingly arrives at the conclusion that the Ossianic poems are entitled to the character which popular tradition in the Highlands of Scotland always claimed for them, viz.:—compositions of old date by a poet of the first order, narrating events which actually occurred in the far-past history of these islands.

To the readers of this Magazine it may be unnecessary to repeat the thrice-told tale of the "Ossianic controversy," as it has, with but too much reason, been called. The story is not without its complications. It is in many respects a sad story. It reflects but little credit upon the chief actors engaged in it; and its effect both upon Gaelic scholarship and upon the intelligent education of the Scottish Highlanders has been unfortunate. "Ossian" was presented to the world in English by James MacPherson as an avowed translation of Gaelic poetry collected by him orally and in manuscript, while on a tour, undertaken for this purpose, through the Highlands of Scotland. Translations of a similar character, though of less pretension, but making the same claim to be translations of ancient Gaelic poetry, appeared before and after MacPherson's "Ossian." The intrinsic merit of the work was instantly acknowledged by all competent judges throughout Europe. But anon doubts arose regarding the genuineness of the work as a translation. MacPherson was denounced by Johnson and others as a literary impostor; and he, after depositing manuscripts with his publishers for inspection and examination, and advertising that he had done so, replied with sullen scorn. His opponents would not and could not examine manuscripts; his friends did not. His opponents poured forth abuse, invective, and reproach upon MacPherson and his country, as genuine and ferocious as ever M'Donald of Ardnamurchan uttered against Cumberland and the English army. The friends of MacPherson replied with encomium, rhetoric, and interjections. But a faithful and honest attempt to settle the question of genuineness once and for ever was not made till after

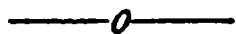
MacPherson's death in 1796, and then the only Gaelic manuscript recovered among his papers was found to be a complete copy of Ossian, written out in his own hand, or by one of his friends. The Highland Society now instituted an inquiry, and in 1805 issued a Report, which conclusively shows that MacPherson collected a mass of poetry in 1759-60, both orally and in manuscript, and that at least certain parts of the published English translation were examined by gentlemen competent for the task, and were held to be genuine translations of poetry, which either they themselves learned in youth, or which was recited to them by old people of their acquaintance. The Gaelic text of Ossian found among MacPherson's papers was entrusted to certain gentlemen; and in 1807 was published, for the first time, a complete edition of Ossian in Gaelic; but with the fatality attaching to all the manuscripts connected with this history, this also disappeared, and has not yet been recovered. The controversy raged fierce and hot. The denouncers of MacPherson demanded manuscripts, now that they could not be had; his upholders met the demand by quoting as conclusive proof popular tradition, and the testimony of men who were dead or dying.

The scene of interest now shifts to Ireland. "Ossian" is proclaimed to be genuine, but of Hibernian authorship. To Ireland, not to Scotland, it is alleged, belongs the author and his works; and the contents of old manuscripts are published in order to support the allegation. In our judgment, Mr. Campbell, in the fourth volume of the Highland Tales, and Mr. Skene, in his introduction to the book of the Dean of Lismore, effectually dispose of the Irish claim. The

publication of the Dean of Lismore's manuscript in 1862, and of Mr. Campbell's "Leabhar na Feinne" a few years ago, gave fresh interest to the controversy. Both these works prove that poetry of alleged Ossianic authorship existed in this country for several centuries back, and thus dispose once and for ever of most of the arguments or rather of the assertions of Johnson and his followers. But it is equally true that in all the "Ossianic" poetry published in the Dean's manuscript and in "Leabhar na Feinne" no passage can be found which is reproduced in MacPherson's Ossian. Accordingly the world at large were fast settling down into the belief that MacPherson collected a vast amount of Ossianic literature, and out of these materials constructed "Ossian" as we now have it, so that he might substantially be regarded as the author of it. In 1870 a vigorous attempt to establish the Ossianic authorship of the poems was made by Dr. Clerk of Kilmallie, in an able Introduction to his valuable edition of Ossian. This edition of Clerk's was the immediate occasion of a number of letters to the newspapers of the day by Dr. Waddell. These letters formed the basis of the elaborate work before us.

The different theories held with regard to MacPherson's Ossian may, it appears to us, be reduced to three. In the first place it is held that MacPherson got his material during his tour, and presented it to the world substantially as he found it, so that we have, to all intents and purposes, an authentic and genuine work. In the second place, it is maintained that materials were recovered by him of a similar character to the "Ossianic Ballads," as they are called; and that from

these, with or without the assistance of friends, he constructed the complete work as we now have it. The third theory is that he obtained materials in prose and verse which popular tradition ascribed to Ossian, and that from these he composed "Ossian" in English; and afterwards, with or without the assistance of friends, produced the Gaelic version. I consider it needless to discuss the third theory. All who know both languages maintain that, whoever the author, the Gaelic version is the original, the English the translation. In other respects the third theory is the same as the second. Dr. Waddell holds the first theory. The considerations which he adduces in support of his view, we shall endeavour to examine in a future number.



LEVERS TO RAISE OUR PEASANTRY.

III.—ASSIMILATION OF THE BURGH AND COUNTY FRANCHISE.

FOR some time back the conviction has been developing that, whatever criterion be accepted as the standard of political ability, the electoral privileges now enjoyed by our county ratepayers are very much out of proportion to their rights. This conviction has of late taken the form of an agitation to equalise the burgh and county franchise, and to such dimensions had the movement grown at the last general election that even the leaders of the great political parties felt themselves compelled to take sides in the conflict. They saw that the question had become one of the tests at elections, that members were being returned to Parliament pledged to assist in reforming the county franchise, and that the eyes of the nation

looked to them for an expression of opinion on the merits and shortcomings, the uses and dangers of the object aimed at. They spoke, and their declaration has been that they saw in the proposal—the one, the germ of one of the grandest constitutional reforms of the future—the other, a revolutionary project fraught with calamitous issues. As the vibrations of these grand key-notes swelled over the great national orchestra, many caught the tones. Much have they warbled since, either in the major or minor mode, according to the source of imitation; nor even now, in the palaces of mine host, are their voices unheard. But all the sound of battle which we hear is by no means the mere reverberation of these echoes. Louder and clearer than this empty wrangling rises the voice of conviction on both sides. It will be our duty to determine which of these convictions are well-founded and which are not—which are merely the crystallisation of pre-formed opinion, and which are the endogenous growth of a clear intelligence.

Let us review the arguments on both sides.

Against the proposal it is urged that the enfranchisement of the lower stratum of our county ratepayers would be an injustice to the burghs, because it would lead to the practical disenfranchisement of many of the least populous of these. Then it is added, that the inhabitants of our rural districts, villages, and small towns are not qualified to discharge the responsible duties of electors, and the obvious result is pointed out, that their disenfranchisement would therefore be inimical to the welfare of the state. By and by, we are led to expect, these ignorant people will be raised to a higher level through the agency

of the various educative forces now in play, and then they will receive, and make intelligent use of, electoral power; but in the meantime their enfranchisement would be, to say the least, premature and unwise, if not dangerous. After these endeavours to show us that the agitation has no solid basis, we are asked to conclude that it owes its being entirely to the needs of party—that the sole object of its existence is to furnish a mere political war-cry.

In favour of the proposal it is replied that the burghs have no right to arrogate to themselves the proud privileges which naturally belong to the counties, unless it can be shown that they possess superior claims on that honour through higher qualifications. As a sequel to this contingency, and as a reply to the second objection, the advocates of the reform declare that the burgh ratepayers possess no such claims—that they are quite ready to prove, that the qualifications of the county ratepayers, if not superior to, are certainly equal to those of their fellow ratepayers in the burghs. It is not their qualifications which are unequal, they say, it is their privileges which are unequal, and vastly unequal too.

A speculation interesting to the politician would be open up by considering which of the political parties would be chiefly benefited by carrying the proposal into effect. Would the bulk of the newly enfranchised electors throw themselves into the liberal or into the conservative ranks? But as our entire aim is the elevation of the people we dismiss this view of the question.

It appears then that the whole question depends on the qualifications possessed, and the privileges enjoyed, by the lower strata of our burgh and county ratepayers. Are

these qualifications and privileges in a ratio or nearly in a ratio to each? If so, the agitators are imagining a vain thing, or, worse still, they are conjuring up a mere phantom to deceive the imagination of others, and to serve their own ends. If not; then, all agree that they ought. Let us compare the qualifications and privileges of both.

To determine the political qualifications of a people it is generally customary to refer to either of three tests, their material resources, their social position, or their intelligence. Some political economists have declared in favour of the first two collectively, while in regard to the third test, it may be said that many contend for, not merely intelligence, but a culture which includes intellectual, physical, and moral development; and, finally, not a few hold the opinion that to arrive at a correct estimate of the political qualifications of any mass of men we must take the sum of their position, means, and culture into account. Let us do so, and consider first the *social position* of both.

The burgh ratepayer is probably a mechanic, his estate is in his skill, he is dependent on no one. If he is honest and industrious,—

“He looks the whole word in the face,
For he owes not any man.”

The county ratepayer is perhaps a mechanic also, or, more probably, he is an agricultural labourer; but whether the one or the other, he is quite as free in all his civic relations as the burgh ratepayer. He may, however, be a crofter, paying less than £14 annually. In that case his freedom is not equal to that of the burgh ratepayers. He is not so independent in the great relations of life. In the most important civil transactions he is not an active party,

but merely a passive recipient. It is entirely so in the case of the land. Thus he is lower in the scale of social position: But with agonizing earnestness comes a fierce "Why?" from a hundred thousand peasant lips. Why? indeed. Solely and entirely because the land laws which affect our peasantry render social independence impossible. But if any one considers the social degradation of our peasantry a reason for withholding the suffrage from the counties, let such a one remember that this social degradation is not personal, nor at all such as a people without the franchise are responsible for—that the evil has a political origin, and is entirely the creation of the landed despotism of the past. It is well to remember also that by denying the franchise to the counties we are stereotyping in plates that will never wear out the very laws that incapacitate our peasantry, and that are the instruments of their deepest wrongs. In regard to *social position* then we find that burgh and county ratepayers possess equal qualifications, except in the case of a portion of the latter, and that the qualifications wanted in this portion are such as would be supplied by the proposed assimilation itself, and by the various land reforms which through it this portion would be able to work out for itself. It is further observable that as far as social position is concerned there can be no rational hope of the material elevation of our peasantry until they are vested with electoral privileges.

In forming an estimate of the relative *means* of burgh and county ratepayers, we will be least apt to err if we consider the homes of both, as these reflect, not their incomes merely, nor their expenditure on what they deem necessities, but the

difference between both. Now, when we remember that our consideration is directed to the very lowest class of dwellings in towns, we will at once perceive that only one conclusion is possible. The ploughman's cot may be humble, the Highlander's hut may be rude, but the one and the other is a royal palace in comparison with the foetid dens in which the lowest classes of great cities herd. We do not say that it need be so. We know it *might* be far otherwise. We acknowledge that the habits of these people have more to do with their means than their incomes—that the proper use of their share of 130 millions spent last year on intoxicating drinks alone would do more, infinitely more, not only to swell their means, but to elevate their social position and to make them better men, than years of the sagest legislation, coupled with the most earnest endeavours of philanthropists, will be able to accomplish. But whatever *might be*, the fact remains that, from causes purely personal, and not political, the qualifications of burgh ratepayers, as determined by the test of means, are inferior to those of county householders.

In considering the *culture* of the strata of burgh and county ratepayers under review, we observe two facts which, as far at least as the state of the mind is concerned, carry in them quite conclusive evidence. The one fact is that the Education Act of 1872 would not then, and possibly would never, have been called into existence but for the defective educational machinery of our cities; and the other is, that advantage has been taken of the provisions of the new Act much more largely in the burghs than in the counties. The superior physical culture of our "bold peasantry"

is self-evident. Nor is it only in intellectual and physical development that our county ratepayers are superior, for we might watch long, but watch in vain, to see among them those displays of weak, vulgar sentimentalism and illicit sympathy of which there have been such notorious exhibitions of late in the southern burghs.

It seems, therefore, that an examination of the relative qualifications of burgh and county ratepayers amply justifies the assertions, and substantiates the arguments of the agitators for the equalisation of the burgh and county franchise.

Let us now compare their relative privileges.

From the latest returns we find that the population and number of electors in the most northern counties are as follows :—

County.	Population.	No. of Electors.
Caithness . .	31,857	1084
Sutherland . .	23,061	343
Ross & Cromarty	75,543	1475
Inverness . .	73,017	1642

In the four largest burghs the figures are :—

Burgh.	Population.	No. of Electors.
Glasgow . .	477,144	52,033
Edinburgh .	196,500	23,735
Dundee . .	118,974	16,295
Aberdeen . .	88,125	13,996

From the above figures we find that the percentage of electors in the counties and burghs above mentioned are :—

County.	Per-centage.	Burgh.	Per-centage.
Caithness	3·4	Glasgow .	10·9
Sutherland	1·3	Edinburgh	12
Ross and Cromarty	1·9	Dundee	12
Inverness	2·2	Aberdeen	13·6

Now, these figures show that, whatever the electoral qualifications of burgh ratepayers, their privileges are ten times greater than those enjoyed by ratepayers in the counties. Surely, then, the agitation for a more even arrangement is amply called for.

But it is not merely because the assimilation of the burgh and county franchise would be an act of simple justice to our county ratepayers that the proposal deserves the advocacy of all friends of our peasantry. All over the country, and very especially all over the Highlands, this enfranchisement would be productive of such splendid results as to render the claims of the proposal quite overpowering. Instead of a condemned and ignored rural population—instead of a Highland peasantry, despised, crushed, enslaved, and demoralised, we would see these brave and strong men revelling in the intense enjoyment of freshly-acquired power, bounding to a higher level of social and political independence, riveted to their country by a clearer and new-born patriotism ; and as in the past they have written on the never-fading page of history with swords dipped in the blood of Britain's enemies the splendid tale of British valour and British glory, so we would see them now working out for themselves the liberty which they lost in fighting the battle of the State and furnishing workers and guides to the fields of commerce, politics, and philosophy.

MACHAON.

GAELIC SOCIETY OF LONDON.

THE monthly meeting of the Society took place on the 12th ult., at No. 1 Adam Street, Adelphi. The attendance was greatly in excess of the ordinary number, many being added no doubt from the knowledge that Professor Blackie of Edinburgh and Mr. Jerram of Oxford, were likely to be present. The President rose to ask the concurrence of the Society to his proposition, that the rules which forbade English) be suspended for the present occasion, for reasons which they knew was, that thereby Professor Blackie and Mr. Jerram, who were present among them, might share their colloquies. The inability of these gentlemen to join the conversation in Gaelic was sufficient to carry the proposition, and the rule was suspended. The President then addressed the meeting, dwelling on the obligations which Professor Blackie had laid Celts under for his exertions in favour of, and sympathy with the "claims of their language." Professor Blackie replied at considerable length, dwelling mainly upon the justice of the case and the origin of his own connection with the movement, and experiences in prosecuting it from his first meeting in 1872 to the present. The Vice-President (Mr. Burton) then announced that the committee had made arrangements, with the concurrence of the Marquis of Huntly, to hold a meeting in Willis Rooms on Monday, June 7th, at 2 P.M. The health of "the Strangers" was drank, for which Professor Blackie and Mr. Jerram returned thanks, and to that some Gaelic songs succeeded, the Professor joining, and the meeting terminated after a long sederunt.

THE CELTIC CHAIR.

DURING the sittings of the Annual Assemblies of the three great Presbyterian Churches of Scotland, a deputation of the Celtic Chair Committee appeared before them to request the interest and support of the clergy and educated laity of Scotland in favour of the movement. The reception of the deputation was most gratifying. In the absence of Professor Blackie in London upon the business of the committee, the deputation to the Synod of the United Presbyterian Church consisted of Professor Macgregor, Rev. W. Watson, and Mr. D.

Mackinnon. Professor Macgregor addressed the Synod, after which the Moderator said he was sure he spoke the mind of the Court when he said the subject was dear to all of them. Most of them had Highland blood in their veins, and he was sure they would give a Highland welcome to a national object like this.

Dr. Bruce moved—"That the Synod thank the deputation for the statements which had been laid before them, and for the opportunity given them of expressing their interest in the matter to which our attention has been turned, and recommend to the interest and liberality of the Church the movement that has been advocated."

On Friday, the 29th May, the deputation, which consisted of Professor Macgregor, William M'Donald Esq., Rev. W. Ross, Rothesay, headed by Professor Blackie, appeared before the General Assembly of the Free Church, and on Saturday the 30th, before the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. Professor Blackie powerfully urged the claims of the proposed chair before both Assemblies. After a cordial reception in the Free Church Assembly, it was moved by Dr. Kennedy, Dingwall, seconded by Principal Rainy, and unanimously agreed to, that the Assembly having heard the deputation, express interest in the movement on behalf of the endowment of a Celtic Chair in the University, and recommend it to the liberality of the wealthier members of the Church.

In the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, it was moved by Rev. Mr. Forsyth, Abernethy, seconded by Sir A. Muir Mackenzie, Delvine, and carried by acclamation, that the Assembly congratulate the deputation on the success which the efforts of the promoters of the movement in question had already attained, and expressing the interest which the Church felt in the matter.

PRESENTATION OF PORTRAIT TO DR. M'LAUHLAN.

ON Saturday, the 29th ult., the Rev. Dr. Thomas M'Lauchlan, Convener of the Committee for the Highlands and Islands of the Free Church of Scotland, was presented with his portrait at a meeting held in the Free Presbytery Hall, Edinburgh. Want of space compels us to withhold a report of the proceedings.

AN GAIDHEAL.

“ *Mar ghath soluis do m’ anam fein
Tha sgeula na h-aimsir a dh’ fhalbh.* ”—OISEAN.

IV. LEABH.] TREAS MIOS AN T-SAMHRAIDH, 1875. [43 AIR.

SEAN-FHOCAIL.

VI.—AN DALL AIR MUIN A’ CHRUBAICH.

Anns an aireimh mu dheireadh de’n *Ghaidheal* thug mi air aghaidh am beachd gu bheil maise, grinneas, ’us snas, an Corp’s an Inntinn, dual d’ar Cinneadh; agus dh’fheuch mi ri dhearbhadh, le eisempleirean a litreachas ar Sluaigh ’s an Rìoghachd so, gu’n d’fhuiling sinn do’n bhuaidh urramaich sin a leithid de ughdarras fhaotainn thairis oirnn, ’s gu’n d’fhas i gu tric ’n a coire an aite bhi ’n a cliu dhuinn. ’N ar dian ruith as deigh Fuaim chaill sinn ro thrì sealladh air Firinn; agus, air uairean, saoilidh mi gu’n d’thug luathas an t-siubhail ar Claisteachd cho math r’ar Sealladh uainn. Ach cha robh a’ chuis mar so an comhnuidh. “Chaill sinn am magh air a’ chluain” air amannan; ach tha e fathasd fìor gu’m faighear ’s a’ Ghaidhlig, cha’n e mhain fuaim thaitneach, ach smuain gheur air a sgeadachadh ann an cainnt mhaisich air nach d’ thoir ear barr an canain eile. ’N ar Sean-fhocail gheibhear gu tric an t-aonadh dligheach so eadar smuain ’us cainnt. Chunnaic sinn eisempleir no dhà air a’ bhuaidh so cheana; ach air an àm, cha’n e doimhneachd na smuain ach snas na cainnt a tha ’m beachd a shoillearachadh leis an t-Sean-fhocal a ghabh mi mar steigh.

Am faighear ann an cainnt, an

comhradh, no an litreachas nan Gaidheal am feart ris an abrar anns a’ Bheurla *wit*, agus, ma gheibhear, ciod e ’dhreach no ’ghne? Gheibhear, deir an leughadair, oir ciamar a nithear Sean-fhocal as eugmhais. A reir mo beachd fein ’s e ’m feart so beatha an t-Sean-fhocail. Ach tha cuid de atharrach barail. Tha iomadh Sean-fhocal aig Goill Albainn; ach their na Sasunnaich gu tric nach faighear an ni sin ris an can iad fein *wit* am measg nan Gall, agus tha e gun teagamh fìor nach ’eil focal againn ’s a Ghaidhlig a dh’ eadar-theangaicheas gu dligheach am focal beag brìghmhor so. Ach ged nach ’eil aon fhocal Gaidhlig againn a fhreagras do’n fhocal Bheurla, tha ’bhuaidh inntinn a tha ’m focal Beurla ’cur an ceill dligheach d’ar Sluagh. Gheibhear an doigh-chainnt am measg nan Gaidheal gu tric ’n ar latha fein, agus dearbhaidh ar litreachas gu’n robh am feart ceudna air a chleachdadh mar mhodhteagaisg ’s an àm a dh’ fhalbh. Is feart e, a reir mo beachd, aig a’ bheil aite an inntinn an duine, agus a gheibhear, ann an tomhas mor no beag, am measg gach Sluagh. Is modhteagaisg e a tha fìor chumhachdach, ach fìor chunartach. Air àm’s an àite iomchuidh, tha e cho dligheach ’s a tha e cho comasach; ach is arm e tha sabhailte an laimh na ceille a mhain.

Tha fios againn uile gur e crìoch araid cainnt fiosrachadh a gliulan eadar duine agus duine a chum agus

gu'n tuig an dara aon smuaintean an aon eile. Cha ruig sinn a leas a bhi feoraich an traths' co-dhiu a bhuilicheadh comas labhairt air an duine le 'Chruith-fhear a thuilleadh air ceud-faithean inntinn, no co-dhiu is feart so a tha co-cheangailte ri oibreachadh nan ceud-faithean sin. Is feart e nach buin ach do'n duine a mhain de chreutairean cruthaichte. Ach ciod e 'chumhachd, cha 'n ann a mhain a chum smuaintean a chur an ceill, ach a chum buaidhean na inntinn ardachadh gus an inbhe gus a' bheil e comasach dhoibh ruigheachd, cha 'n urrainn an neach is farsuinge inntinn 'n ar measg a thuigsinn no 'bhreithneachadh. 'S e prìomh chrìoch cainnt co-luadar eadar inntinn duine 's duine a dheanamh comasach; ach, eadhon am measg nan Cinneach is buirbe, cha'n 'eil a cumhachd air aon chor a' stad an so. Cha 'n fhoghainn leat do choimhearsnach a dheanamh fiosrach; is miann leat a theagasg, iompachadh, a thoileachadh. Gheibh thu mar so an t-oradaiche a' stri ris an tuigse aomadh gu bheachd fein; an labhraiche 's an searmonaiche a' stri ris an toil a lùbadh; 's am bard a' toirt toilinntinn cho maith ri foghlum do uile bhuaidhean na h-inntinn, eadar smuain 'us fhaireachduin. Feudaidh gach aon dhiubh an rùn a bhuannachd le bhi cleachdadh cainnt lom, mhaol,—le bhi cur an earbsa gu tur á cudthrom 's á firinn nam beachdan tha iad a' toirt air aghaidh; ach cha'n fhaighear iad uair 's am bith, saoilidh mi, a' dearmad doigh no meadhon leis an gabh na smuaintean a bhi air an cur an da chuid taitneach agus druigheach fa chomhair an t-Sluaigh. Anns a' chainnt a chleachd sinn roimhe so, air feabhas an *Stuth* cha'n 'eil tàir ri dheanamh air *Cumadh*. A reir eisempleir nan sgriobhaichean is cumhachdaiche, 's a reir nan riaghailtean a gheibhear

o dhaoine foghlumte anns na cuisean so, tha atharrach seol-sgriobhaidh, no *style*, mar theirear 's a' Bheurla, ri leantainn a reir na buaidh inntinn a tha toil agad a ruigheachd. 'S e mar so soillearachd 'us neart a dh' aomas an tuigse; 's e neart, sgairt, 'us durachd a lùbas an toil; agus tha gach feart dhiubh so, agus gu sonruichte maise, feumail do'n Bhard.

Tur-dhealaichte o na feartan a dh' ainmich mi tha 'm feart ris an abrar *wit* 's a' Bheurla, agus ris an abair sinne gu tric geiread, deise, no sgaiteachd cainnt. Cha 'n 'eil againne, mar anns a' Bheurla, aon fhocal air a chur air leth a chum am feart so a chur an ceill; ach saoilidh mi gu bheil an ni fein soilleir gu leoir do gach neach. Anns a' bhuil is airde gus a' bheil cainnt air a cur, ma dh' fhaodte nach 'eil aite sonruichte air a chur a mach do'n fheart so. Tha e fìor nach robh cuid de na h-inntinnean a b'airde comharraichte airson sgath an cainnt. Gheibhear oirdhearcas, neart, 'us maise air gach taobh duilleig de Oisein; ach cha'n fhaighear am feart so 'n a Bhardachd. Cha do chuir a mhor chuid de na daoine a theagaisg an Saoghal le doimhneachd 'us farsuingeachd an inntinn moran earbsa á sgaiteachd an cainnt. Agus aidichidh gach neach gu bheil an t-aon is cumhachdaiche guth am Breatunn 'n ar latha-ne, *Gladstone*, air deireadh anns an fheart so. Ach cha 'n aobhar so gu dimeas a dheanamh air. Mar dhoigh sgriobhaidh 'us labhairt tha aite fein aige; agus mar mhodh-teagaisg tha 'chumhachd mor. Is iomadh ni a thig gaisgich as eugmhais air nach faod daoine is laige tàir a dheanamh. Ach is arm so a dh' fhaodas an laoch is treise a ghiulan. Is ann á neart a' ghairdein 's á faobhar a' chlaidheimh

a bhitheas earbsa an laoiach 's a' chomh-stri, ach is tric a chuir sathadh de'n bhiodag as do'n namhaid a thainig ro dhluth. Cha'n iunndrain sinn am feart so á Oisein; ach co leughadh Rob Donn as eugmhais. Rainig *Gladstone* an t-àite is airde 's e dhith air; ach c'aite robh *Disraeli* 'n diugh mur bhith e.

Co ann a tha 'm feart a' co-sheasamh? Cha 'n 'eil e farasta mhin-eachdadh. Is 'usa fhaireachadh na innseadh. 'S e teagasg,—an inntinn a cheannsachadh, an toil a thoirt fo smachd, an fhaireachduin a shasuchadh,—'s e so a chrìoch, a rùn. Ach tha dhoigh fein aige airson a rùn a choi-lionadh. Cha 'n ann le buille trom ach le buille clis a tha e toirt na h-inntinn gu talamh. Tha e deanamh greim air smuaintean a tha tur-dhealaichte o cheile, 'g an ceangal 's 'g an toirt, gun rabhadh, fa d' chomhair. Feumaidh gu'm bi de fhirinn 's an t-samhladh nach cuir an inntinn gu tur 'n a aghaidh; ach foghnaidh so. Tha buaidh aig gach ni ùr 'us neo-chumanta thairis oirnn. Is ann air a' bhuaidh so tha *wit* a' tighinn beo. Thig e ort gun fhios; tha dreach na firinn air a' ghnais. Cha 'n iongantach ged nithear a bheatha gu suilbhearra. Ach mu 'm bi an t-aoidh cridheil, sunndach so fada a d' thigh, is docha gu'n sonruich thu riantan ann nach 'eil uile gu leir ionmholta. Anns na ceuman is cudthromaiche 's is soluimte de d' bheatha, cha mheas thu 'n a chompanach freagarrach e. Aig feill no aig banais cha tigear ro mhaith as eugmhais, agus is tric a dh'eutromaich e uallach an fhir a bha 'g a sharuchadh; ach ann an amhghar, an trioblaid, 's am bàs, agus co de'n chinne-dhaonna nach feum imeachd air na slighean so, roghnaicheadh tu companach a bu steigheile doigh, a bu chinntiche gluasad, 's a bu bhlaithhe cridhe na

'n companach luaimneach, ciogailteach, daicheil so. Agus saoilidh mi nach bi thu fada 'n a chuideachd an uair a bheir thu 'n aire nach 'eil e uile gu leir cho maith no cho fìor ri choslas. Tha dreach na firinn air, agus air taobh na firinn feudaidh e bli gu'n seas e; ach tha 'n cunnart mor nach seas. Theireadh na sean daoine "Na cuir claidheamh an laimh amadain, no slachdan an laimh oinsich;" ach cha robh claidheamh Fhinn, air a gheiread, cho cunnartach ri teangaidh sgaitich an ceann gun tuigse. Anns gach dreuchd annsa 'bheil gleustachd air a dhearbhadh 'us cliu air a bhuannachd le deisealachd, 's gu h-àraid le faicealachd, tha 'n cunnart ro mhor gu'n caill am fear-ceird sealladh air a' chrìch 's gu'n gleidh e 'shuil air a' mheadhon; agus tha so fìor gu sonruichte mu fhear na teangaidh bhriathraich. Mu dheighinn-san faodar gu minic a radh "Nach faic e 'choille leis na craobhan."

Tha mi de'n bheachd gu'm faighear a mhor no bheag de'n doigh-chainnt so am measg gach Cinneach. Ach gheibhear e an tomhas na's mo am measg cuid na cuid eile; agus tha gach tir ann an doigh ro aithnichte a' cur a dreach fein air, 's a deanamh a feum fein dheth. Tha na focail a th' againne airson a chur an ceill—geiread, sgaitheachd, beumadh, gearradh—a' dearbhadh a' bheachd bha aig air n-Aithrichean air an doigh-chainnt so. Anns an Sgìreachd d' am buin mi 's e *Scotchadh* a theirear ris,—focal a tha 'g innseadh eachdraidh fein—an losgadh 's an leir-eadh a rinn Albannaich air Sasunnaich rè nam bliadhnachan a bha aimhreit eatorra. Saoilidh mi gu bheil na focail so a' dearbhadh na crìche a bha aig na Gaidheil 's an amharc leis 'a bhuaidh inntinn so. Duine geur, teangadh gheur, smuain gheur,—cha mhor nach 'eil *geur* a' ciallach-

adh *glic*. An rian so a tha dual d'ar Cinneadh? Gun teagamh cha 'n ionann do'n gheiread againne 's do gheiread nan Gall. Saoilidh mi gu'n abramaid mu'n Ghall a bhiodh comharraichte airson na buaidh so "Nach e tha fada thall," agus mu'n t-Sasunnach "Nach deas e;" ach gun teagamh chanamaid mu'n Fhrangach mar a chanas sinn umainn fein "Nach geur e." Ach ciod mu'n Eireannach;—'s e 's dluithe dhuinn am fuil na 'm Frangach? Saoilidh mi gur e 's dealaichte uainn anns a' cheum so na 'n Gall no 'n Sasunnach. Tha e cridheil, mear, abhachdach, sgeigeil, neonach; ach cha 'n 'eil e sgaiteach, beumnach, geur. Cha 'n 'eil na h-Eireannaich as eugmhais nam feartan so; agus cha 'n 'eil sinne gu tur as eugmhais nam feartan aca-san; ach tha sinne comharraichte airson geiread,—iad-san airson abhachdais. Cha'n urrainn-eara' bhuaidh a tha dligheach dhuinne 's do na Frangaich, saoilidh mi, a chur as leth ar Cinneadh; agus cha 'n fhiosrach mi gu'n gabhad dearbhadh gu'm buineadh a' bhuaidh so do na Gaidheil o shean.

Dearbhaidh ar Sean-fhocail, tha mi meas, gu'm buin geiread cainnt no *wit* do na Gaidheil. Tha na ceudan diubh gu siubhlach 'n ar measg nach deachaidh fathasd an clò, ged tha fiughair nach bi 'chuis ro fhada mar so; ach anns a' chruinneachadh a rinn Mac-an-Toisich, 's anns na chluinneas sinn am beul an t-Sluaigh, saoilidh mi gu'm faighear lan dearbhadh nach 'eil sinn air deireadh, mur 'eil sinn air thoiseach, air ar coimhearsnaich anns a' bhuaidh so. Tha e fìor gu bheil fuaim nam focal gu tric a' meudachadh snas an radh: "Ceist bradaig air breugaig;" Bagair 's na buail; "An t-ainm gun an tairbhe;" "Cha lion beannachd brù;" "Cridhe na circe an gob na h-airce;"—ach

is buaidh so a gheibhear ann an Sean-fhocail gach tìre; agus is buaidh ionmholt a ian uair a tha i air a deagh chleachdadh. Ach gheibh sinn 'n ar Sean-fhocail Ghaidhealach smuain 'us cainnt cho geur 's a gheibhear an Sean-fhocail 's am bith. Agus an coimeas ris na Sean-fhocail Bheurla, saoilidh mi gur e na Sean-fhocail Ghaidhealach gu tric is fearr. Tha cuid a gheibhear 's an dà chanain; agus, ma 's e 'n eadar-theangachadh a rinn sinne, rinn sinn an corr,—leasaich sinn iad an smuain 's an cainnt. Their na Goill "*A lix hath no legs*;" their sinne "*Cha seas a' bhreug ach air a leth-chois*;" a ris, de "*Raw dawds make fat lads*" rinn sinne "*'S i 'n taois bhog a ni 'màs rag*;" agus far an abair na Goill, maol an smuain, 's lom an cainnt "*Far birds have fair feathers*," their sinne "*Is gorm na cnuic tha fada uainn*." Anns gach feart a ni suas Sean-fhocal—firinn an smuain, snas 'us maise cainnt, fallaineachd teagaisg,—cha d' thoirear barr air na leanas: "Cluinnidh am bodhar fuaim an airgid;" "Is rìgh an càrn am measg nan dall;" "Cha chluinn e ach na 's binn leis;" "'S i 'n dias is truime is isle 'chromas a ceann;" "Bithidh duil ri fear feachd, ach cha bhi duil ri fear lic;"—agus dh' fhaodte na ficheadan eile ainneachadh.

Cha dearbh ar Sean-fhocail gu'm bu daoine naimhdeil, fuilteach, no sgallaiseach na Gaidheil; agus do bhrìgh so saoilidh mi nach b'e geiread no sgaiteachd a theirteadh o shean ri *wit*. Tha cuid diubh salach, ach tha mi meas anns an rathad so nach 'eil iad na 's measa, ma tha iad cho dona, ri 'n coimhearsnaich. Gheibhear teagasg mi-fhallain an cuid diubh, agus so air doigh nach biodh fiughair ris am measg nan Gaidheal,— "Bagair 's na buail;"—ach cha 'n fhaighear ach ainmìg. Air taobh

firinn, onoir, gloine an smuain, an cainnt, 's an gnìomh tha iad; agus tha mi meas gu bheil na Sean-fhocail Ghaidhealach 'n am fianuis cho urramach air gliocas, gleustachd 'us deadh-bheus ar n-Aithrichean, 's a tha iad air maise 's air neart na Gaidhlig.

Agus 's e mo bharail gu'n dearbh cainnt 'us co-luadar ar Sluaigh 'n ar latha fein, gu bheil ar beachd air dreuchd geiread cainnt no *wit* mar mhodh-teagaisg na 's cothromaiche na chuireas na focail ghnathaichte an ceill. 'S e gearradh, sgathadh, beumadh, a reir ar cainnt, is crìoch do'n bhuaidh so. Ach cha 'n e so gu leir ar cleachduin; co-dhiu anns na cearnan 's a' bheil mise eolach. Cha saoil mi gu'm faighear ann am Breatunn deise cainnt na's cumanta na gheibhear ann an Eileanan Iar na Gaidhealtachd; agus tha mi meas gu bheil a' bhuil gus an cuirear am feart anns a' chuid is mo a chum buannachd. Tha 'n teangadh geur, sgoilte; ach saoilidh mi gu'm faicear driuchd na meala cho tric ri driuchd a' phuinnsein air a barr. Cleachdar i air uairean gu mi-laghail a sgaoileadh sgainneal 's a chur smal air deagh ainm; agus gu laghail a sgiursadh a' pheacaich nach fairich peanas eile cho goirt. Gheibhear an luath-bheul 's an droch-bheul air uairean 'n ar measg; ach mar is trice 's ann ri cridheile, ri mire, 's ri sugradh neo-chiontach a gheibhear a' bhuaidh air a cleachdadh. Cha 'n fhaigh meud-mhoir no blathastair-eachd moran fathanais; agus feudaidh an gille no 'n nighean a thig dhachaidh thar Galldachd le briseadh Beurla 's le fasain ùra, a bhi cinn-teach gu'n teid an cliu a sheirm an rann 's an radh nach taitinn riu. Ach nach ann a bu choir dhuinn a bhi taingeil gu bheil saighead air chor-eigin ann a dhruigheas air seiche thiugh a' ghurraich 's a' pheasain;

gu'n tig oiteag oirnn taobh-eigin a shiabas d' a aite fein an dealan-dé. Tha 'm bata daraich maith 's an stri ma's diulanach do namhaid; ach bu dona 'n t-arm e a shealg ghraineag no dheargann. Is beag duil aig an t-Sasunnach a dh' fharas sgibeadh a thoirt an aisig dha, no bheir leis balach, gun bhròig gun bhoineid, a ghiulan a shaic, gu bheil suil fosgailte ach a shuil fein. Cuiridh an Sasunnach luideagan a' bhalaich 's a chainnt thuaisteach gu *Punch*; 's bheir am balach teisteanas an t-Sasunnaich gu 'mhathair. Co is geire suil 's is meamnaich' inntinn, bhiodh e faoin fheoraich; oir leughaidh an Saoghal *Punch*, 's cha teid cliu a' bhalaich seach an t-ath dhorus.

'N ar litreachas gheibhear geiread cainnt gu tric, agus air a chleachdadh gu maith 's gu h-olc. Mar thuirt mi cheana, cha 'n fhaighear am feart so 's an inntinn is airde d' ar Cinneadh air a' bheil cunntas againn—Oisean. Ach gheibhear cainnt dheas anns na Sgeulachdan gu minic, agus air uairean air a cleachdadh ann an doigh a tha fìor thoilintinneach. Ach 's ann am measg nam Bard a gheibhear a' bhuaidh so 'n a lan neart, 'n a lan mhaise, agus 'n a lan ghrainealachd. Anns a' bheagan tha againn de sheana Bhardachd gheibhear a' bheag no mhor de gheiread cainnt, air uairean mear, sunndach; mar is trice, salach, breun. Ann an "Sar obair nam Bard Gaidhealach" tha 'n glan 's an salach, am milis 's an searbh ri fhaotainn co-cheangailte ris a' bhuaidh so. Am measg nam Bard is isle cliu, cha 'n aithne dhomh aon a chleachd teangadh dheas airson culaidh-mhagaidh a dheanamh de neach cho maith ri Gilleasbuig na Ciotaig ann an "Oran cnàideil do'n Olla Leodach." Am measg nam Bard is ainmeile tha ceathrar gu tric air an comharrachadh airson sgaiteachd an cainnt, Iain Lom, Rob Donn,

Donnachadh Ban, agus Mac-Mhaighstir-Alastair. Ann am bleachd-sa, cha 'n airidh an dithis mu dheireadh air a' chliu so. Bha buaidhean ard aca; ach cha robh *wit* aca. Cha 'n aithne dhomh ni cho maslach d'ar cainnt r'in "Aoirean." Ma 's geiread cainnt so, feudaidh neach 's am bith a bhi geur. Tilg firinn, naire, gloine a leth-taobh; rannsaich am Foclair Gaidhlig airson gach focal beumnach, sgainnealach, salach; agus ma tha cluas-chiuil mhaith agad, 's beagan cleachdadh air deanadh rann, ni thu "Di-moladh Moraig," no "Aoir an Tailleir" ann an leth latha. Bha teangadh sgaiteach, shearbh aig Iain Lom, agus bu tric a dh' fhairich a naimhdean fein agus naimhdean na coir a cumhachd. Ach saoilidh mi gu'm b'e Rob Donn a b' fharsuinge inntinn; 's e co-dhiu a bu bhlaithe cridhe. B'e 'n dithis *Juvenal* agus *Horace* na Gaidhealtachd.

Saoilidh mi nach robh ach dà Ughdar Ghaidhealach againn aig an robh beachd cothromach air a' bhuaidh so mar mhodh-teagaisg. B'e sin Rob Donn agus an t-Olla MacLeoid nach maireann. B'iadsan a mhain a sgiursadh ann an caoimhneas; a lotadh a chum leigheas. Bha Rob gun teagamh salach air uairean; ach bha e 'n comhnuidh fìor. Airson sgeig, fanoid, abhachd, cha robh a leithid againn, mur robh MacLeoid. "Tha 'n osann dheireannach craiteach;" ach nach iomadh abhaist 'us fasan a chuir an dà dhuine so gu bàs le gaire air an gnais. Na'm biodh tuilleadh de'n leithidean againn, no na 'm biomaid na' b'eolaiche orra fein na tha sinn, cha b'ann le geiread, sgath, no beum teangaidh a dh'eadar-theangaicheamaid *wit*. Bha 'n dà dhuine ann an iomadh doigh gle eucoltach ri cheile. Cha robh Rob ach 'n a bhuachaille, 's cha leughadh e focal de chanain fein no de chanain

eile. Cha robh moran 's an rioghaichd a b' airde ann am meas 's an comunn dhaoine mora na MacLeoid; chunnaic e moran dhaoine 's moran bhailtean, agus leugh e moran leabhraichean ann an iomadh canain. Ach bu bhraithrean 'n an inntinn iad; agus bu leth-bhraithrean 'n an dreuchd iad, oir bha aon 'n a fhoirfeach 's aon 'n a mhinisteir. Bha Rob 'n a bhard mu'n robh e trì bliadhna a dh' aois; cha d' rinn Tormod a bheag de rann. Ach 's i an aon bhuaidh a ghleidheas air chuimhne iad. Bha suil aca a thoirt fainear gach ni iongantach, neonach, abhachdach; agus bha teangadh dheas 'us cridhe blath aca airson culaidh-mhagaidh a dheanamh de chleachduinean suarach 'us mi-sheadhar nach robh aig neach 'eile a sgriobh an Gaidhlig. B'e leas nan Gaidheal crìoch beatha MhicLeoid, 's b'e 'n teagasg crìoch an *Teachdaire*; agus 's e cliu bhuan Rob Dhuinn gu'n seasadh e 'n fhirinn 's a' choir co-dhiu b'e Morair no Maor a bhiodh 'g an sarachadh.

Tha geiread, deise, 'us snas cainnt, ma ta, dual do'n Ghaidheal. 'N ar measg-ne cha 'n 'eil focal freagarrach againn airson a' bhuaidh ainmeachadh; ach gheibhear an ni fein 'n ar measg anns gach linn. Mar mhodh-teagaisg mhi-ghnathaich cuid d'ar Baird is ainmeile a' bhuaidh so; agus lean an eisempleir-san ann an tomhas g'ar latha fein. Gheibhear am feart am measg ar luchd-duthcha fathast; ach 's ann le gruaim a sheallas ar luchd-teagaisg air. Bhiodh ard fhear-teagaisg na Greige 'g a choimeas fein ri bean-ghluin—ag aisead na h-inntinn. An 'n e Rìgh na h-Eiphit a dh' orduich dhuinne gach leanabh mic a bheir an inntinn thun an t-saoghail a chuir gu bas, co-dhiu ma 's ann 's a' chanain a tha dual dha a chuireas e 'dhuthchas an ceill?

D. M'K.

ORAN.

LE IAIN RUADH DROBHAIR A BHA 'N
RAINEACH.

FONN.—Duine bochd air bheagan mhart,
Cha 'n fhaigh e meas bho nàbaidh:
Duine falamh 's e gun nìth,
Gur fada shìos theid fhàgail.

Bha mise uair de m' shaoghal,
'S bha maoin agam a's càirdean:
Bu chompanach dhaoin'-uaisle mi,
'Nàm suidhe suas 's tigh-thàirne.

Ach nis bho 'n tha mi aosmhor,
'S gu 'm beil mo mhaoin air m' fhàgail,
Cha 'n aithnich fear de 'n chiad mi,
Ged fhaic iad sìos an t-sràid mi.

Ged bhiodh gliocas Shol' aig fear,
A 's sgoilearachd Rìgh Dàbhaidh;
'N uair their'geas a chuid stòrais,
Cha 'n fhiach a chòmhradh fairdean.

Cha 'n iarrar ann an comhairl' e,
Cha dian e gnothuch stàthor:
Measar e mar umpaidh,
Cha 'n fhiù a ghuth no ghàire.

'S fuathach e le choimhearsnach,
'S doimheil e le chàirdean;
'S ann is aobhar spòrs e
Do luchd an òil 's an àillis.

Ma dh' iarras iad gu drama e,
Bidh faire air gach tràth ann;
Gu'm féum e bhi cho sìbhealta
Ri luchd aig stid' fo smàgan.

Ach am balach slaodach,
Gun fhoghlum ach droch-nàdur,
'S e sin an sàr dhuin'-uasal:
Tha 'n sporan uaine làn da.

'S tha 'm fear tha pailt de ghineachan,
Sior-shireadh bhi na 's àirde;
'S gheobh e meas a's ioraslachd,
Ged ghinteadh leis a' cheàrd e.

Ged ghinteadh anns a' mhonadh e,
Le Conan no le Càn,
Tha urram agus onoir dha,
Ma tha a sporan làidir.

Tha 'n sluagh air fàs cho uaibhreach,
'S 'n an éideadh suas co àrda,
'S nach aithn'ear an duin'-uasal
Seach buachaille an fhàsaich.

Tha 'n Sgrìobtur dhuinn ag innse,
Le fìrinn nach gabh àicheadh,
An uair is àirde 'n inntinn,
Gu'n leagar sìos gu làr i.

Ach marbhaig air an t-saoghal,
Gur caochlaideach a thà e;
Ni 'n t-airgiod a h-uile ni,
Ach anam duine 'theàrnadh.

Gur h-iongantach a chlaon e,
Tha 'n daoidh a' sior-dhol 'n àirdead;
Tha 'n t-umpaidh pailt de stòras,
'S an duine còir 'g a shàrach'.

Ach 'n t-umpaidh 'g am beil stòras,
Airgiod, 's òr gun bhàigh leis,
Cha 'n fhasa dol do ghldir dha,
Na dol tromh chrò na snàthaid.

Ma gheobh mi lòn a's aodach,
Cha 'n iarr mi chaoidh na 's àirde,
'S gu'm bi mi leis cho toilichte
Ri Bonipart 'n a phàillinn.

—o—

AONACHD A' CHINNE-
DHAONNA.

(*Air leantainn.*)

THA aon ni ann a tha 'cur an duine gu sonraichte air leth bho bheathaichean na talmhainn uile, agus is e so e—mar theid aige air e fein a cho-shineadh agus a dheanamh, mar gu'm b' ann freagarrach do gach seorsa sìde agus duthcha. Tha an saoghal gu h-ìomlan aige mar 'aite-comhnuidh. Thugamaid cuid de na creutairean a tha ag àiteachadh cridhe Asia no Africa agus cuireamaid sìos iad ann an gleanntan reodhta Ghreenland, agus gu grad basaichidh iad; ach cha 'n ann mar so a thachair do 'n duine; ged a mhothaicheas e am fuachd gle throm air, ma chleachd e teas, no an-teas, ma chleachd e fuachd, chi sinn gu 'n teid aige ann an uine ghearr air cur suas leotha agus e fein a dheanamh moran na's comhfhurtach-aille 'n a dhachaidh ùir na aon air bith eile de chreutairean na talmhainn. Gheobh sinn muinntir na duthcha fuaire so againn fhein a' tuineachadh agus a' soirbheachadh ann an teas Africa no ann an fuachd Chanada-uachdraich. An deigh so

uile, chi sinn gu bheil aig na cinnich fa leth buaidhean sonraichte a tha 'g am fagail na's freagarraiche air son nan duthchannan anns a bheil iad air an suidheachadh na tha iad air son aite air bith eile. Mar so, gheobh sinn gu bheil na daoine dubha a' sealbhachadh tuilleadh slainte agus fallaineachd agus treise fo ghathan loisgeach na greine ann an Africa, na dheanadh iad 's an duthaich againne. Tha an t-slaime is mò aig an Innseanach air machraichean loisgeach India far am bitheanta gheobh an t-Eorpach am bas agus an uaigh. Tha a' cheart ni fìor mu mhuinntir na h-airde tuath; tha gach buidheann dhaoine air an deanamh freagarrach leis a' Chruithfhear, a reir coltais, air son an aite sin auns an d' thug E dhaibh an aite-comhnuidh air tus; agus anns an ionad sin tha iad a' teachd beo anns an tomhas is mò de chomhfhurtachd agus de shonas. Ma dh'aidicheas sinn gu bheil Cruithfhear idir ann, agus gu sonraichte an uair a chuimhnichas sinn gur Cruithfhear E a tha iomlan ann an gliocas, c' arson nach b' fhearr leinn a chreidsinn gu 'n do rinn Esan rud-eigin a chur anns na treubhan fa leth gu 'n deanamh freagarrach air son an fhearainn agus air son gach cor agus suidheachaidh a bha iad ri choinneachadh anns na cearna fa leth a mhiannaich E a thoirt daibh mar oighreachd—nach mor a b' fhearr dhuinn so a chreidsinn na bhi 'leum mar ni cuid a dh-ionnsaidh a' chodhunaidh, a chionn gu bheil aon duine gu tur eadar-dhealaichte o dhuine eile, ann an dath no ann an cruth, gu 'm buin e uime sin do stoc eile uile gu leir? Am feadh 's a tha na Sgriobturan againn a tha 'cur an ceill gu 'n d' thainig an cinne-daonna gu h-iomlan o aon duine, agus a tha mar an ceudna ag innseadh dhuinn gu 'n do bhuin an Cruithfhear fein

ris an duine chum a sgapadh an uair a thug E mach an reachd aig Tur Bhabail gu 'n rachadh a chainnt a chur troimh cheile, agus a sgaoil E an sluagh mar so “thar aghaidh na talmhainn uile”—cho fhad 's a tha na teagasgan so againn agus gun aon diubh air a chur an teagamh le ni sam bith a fhuaradh a mach fhathast ann an rioghachd Nàduir; cha 'n e mhain sin, ach an uair a tha eolas air oibrichean a' Chruithfhir a' dearbhadh theagasgan an Fhocail, c' arson nach gabhamaid gu saor ris a' bharail so—gu 'n do rinn Dia an duine 'fhagail freagarrach air son na duthcha a bha e gu àiteachadh—seach a bhi 'toirt geill do bharailean eile aig nach 'eil bun no barant ann an teagasgan Nàduir no ann Focal nan Sgriobtur? Ged dh' fhoghnas gnothaichean o 'n leth a muigh gu 'nochdadh ciamar a thòisich agus a chinn moran de nithean anns a bheil aon duine eadar-dhealaichte o dhuine eile, air a shon so uile, tha nithean ann nach gabh atharrachadh no dubhadh as ge b' e air bith mar mhuthas duine 'aite-comhnuidh agus a chleachdainnean; feumaidh sinn, uime sin, a chodhunadh gu 'n d' thug an Cruithfhear 'n a ghliocas, do na cinnich fa leth, cha 'n e mhain caochladh chàinain, ach, mar an ceudna, caochladh dath agus cruth agus dealbh chum an deanamh na bu ro-fhreagarraiche air son an suidheachainnean ura; aig a' cheart àm a' fagail aca gun chaochladh nan comharan coitcheann a chi sinn anns gach seorsa dhaoine, agus a tha a' dearbhadh dhuinn gu'm buin iad uile do aon teaghlach mor an domhain.

Ann a bhi 'tagradh as leth aonachd a' chinne-dhaonna, tha e ro thaitneach a bhi 'faicinn gu bheil againn air ar taobh moran dhiubhsan a tha ainmeil air son an eolais, agus air son an dichill leis a bheil iad a' rannsach-

adh agus a' beachd-smuaineachadh air oibre Dhe, ged a tha moran d' am barailean ris nach 'eil sinn deas gu strìochdadh. Tha Professor Huxley ag radh—agus tha a bharail airidh air gach uile mheas anns a' chuis so, do bhrìgh gur duine e fein a tha 'toirt moran geill do bheachdan Mhr. Darwin, esan a tha 'deanamh a mach gu 'n d' thainig an duine air tus bho na h-ainmhidhean—tha Professor Huxley ma ta ag radh—“Is mi aon diubhsan a tha 'creidsinn nach 'eil againn fathast dearbhadh air bith nach d' thainig an cinne-daonna an toiseach bho aon duine agus bean. Feumaidh mi a radh nach 'eil mi 'faicinn barantais maith sam bith, no eadhon dearbhaidh air mhodh sam bith cinnteach, air son mo thoirt gu bhi 'creidsinn gu bheil anns an t-saoghal tuilleadh agus aon ghineal dhaoine.” Agus Humboldt, a thug barr air gach duine 'n ar linn ann am farsaingeachd eolais air oibrichean mora a' Chruithfhir, tha esan a' toirt fianuis anns na briathran a leanas—“Cho fhad 's a bha daoine a' stiuradh an aire a mhain a dh-ionnsaidh eadar-dhealachaidhean comharraichte ann an dath agus ann an cruth, agus na nithean sin a bhuaileadh suil na h-inntinn gu h-araidh aig a' chiad sealladh, bha am fear-ambairc gu nadurra ealamh gu sealltainn air treubhan a' chinne-dhaonna mar ghinealaibh eadar-dhealaichte, agus cha 'n ann mar bhuill eadar-dhealaichte d' an aon ghineal. Bha maireannachd chomharan araidh, a dh-aindeoin chaochlaidhean suidheachaidh agus sìde, mar gu'm b' eadh a' taiceachadh na baraile so, goirid eadhon 's mar tha 'n uine o'n fhuair sinn fianuis sgriobhte mu'n chuis. Is e mo bheachd-sa, ged tha, gur h-urrainn duinn aobharan moran is cumhachdaiche a thoirt air an aghaidh as leth aonachd a' chinne-dhaonna, mar

tha na dathan a gheobhar air craicinn dhaoine bhi a' fas na 's duirche no na 's' soilleire, a lion beag a's beag, (gheobhar iad de na h-uile dath;) agus air a' mhòd cheudna, mar tha na caochlaidhean a chi sinn ann an cumadh a' chlaiginn a' dìreadh no 'claonadh, a chuid 's a chuid, 's cha 'n ann a dh-aona bheum, (tha iad ann ach beag de gach cumadh,) mar tha iad air an nochdadh dhuinn 'n ar linn fein, mar tha eolas air na cùisean a' dol am meud; le bhi 'coimeas nan eadar-dhealachaidhean a chi sinn ann an ginealaibh moran chreutairean fiadhaich agus càlda; agus am bacadh a tha Nadur fein a cur air siolmhorachd chreutairean nach buin do 'n aon ghineal.”

Mar bheachdaicheas sinn air an duine, tachraidh ni no dha oirnn a tha 'dol a dhearbhadh gur aon ghineal an cinne-daonna; seallamaid air beagan diubh. Anns a' chiad dol a mach their sinn nach 'eil anns an roinn a chaidh a dheanamh air gach gne dhaoine 'n an coig earrannan, mar dh' ainmich sinn cheana, ach obair dhaoine fein, oir ged tha na treubhan fa leth a' nochdadh gu h-araidh nan comharan sin a dh' aobharaich an seorsachadh so, gheobhar anns gach treubh moran dhaoine a tha a' nochdadh chomharan gu tur eadar-dhealaichte agus calg-dhireach an aghaidh nan comharan a thug air daoine foghlumte an cur air leth mar threubhan. Uime sin, cha 'n 'eil sinn ri moran earbsa a chur ann an seorsachadh no ann an roinn sam bith a nithear air a' chinne-dhaonna, no bhi 'smuaineachadh gu bheil gach duine anns gach buidhinn mu 'n do chuireadh an cearcall coltach r' a cheile. Mar so, ged is e aodann a' claonadh air ais aon de na comharan sonraichte air na h-Etiopianaich, is minig a gheobh sinn 'n am measg daoine aig a bheil an aodainn a cheart cho dìreach ri

aodann a' Chaucasianaich is foghlumte 'n ar measg; agus air an laimh eile, is tric a gheobhar Caucasianach aig a bheil a bhathais a' claoonadh air a h-ais neo-ar-thaing cho fada ri bathais an duine is duibhe ann an Etiopia. Air a' cheart doigh gheobh sinn gach dath craicinn ann am measg nan gineal fa leth a tha deanamh suas sluagh an t-saoghail.

Tha luchd an fhoghlum ag inns-eadh dhuinn ma ghabhas sinn fuil duine, agus ma choimeasas sinn i ri fuil beathaich, ag amharc oirre troimh ghloine-mheudachaidh, gu 'm faic sinn an t-eadar-dhealachadh is soilleire eadar iad; ach ma ghabhas sinn fuil nan treubhan fa leth d' an chinne-dhaonna nach 'eil an t-eadar-dhealachadh is lugha eadar iad—a' dearbhadh dhuinn aonachd a' chinne-dhaonna, agus gu bheil Caucasian-aich agus Americanaich, Etiopian-aich agus Mongolianaich uile “de dh-aon fhuil.” Dh' fhaodar a radh mu 'n *fhuil* mar thuirt an t-Abstol mu 'n *fheoil*—“Cha 'n aon fheoil gach uile fheoil; ach a ta feoil air leth aig daoineibh, agus feoil eile aig ainmhidhibh, feoil eile aig iasgaibh, agus feoil eile aig eunlaithibh.”

Chunnaic sinn gu bheil aig a' Chaucasianach an craiceann geal agus aig an Etiopianach craiceann dubh; ach ged a tha an t-eadar-dhealachadh so ro mhor agus ro chomharraichte, cha 'n 'eil e air chor sam bith a' dearbhadh dhuinn gu 'm buin iad do dha shliochd; oir ma ghabhas sinn beachd air na caoch-laidhnean a thig air ainmhidhean agus air daoine fein, ann an cursa aimsir, an uair a tha iad air an togail a aon aite agus a' gabhail an comh-nuidh ann an ionad eile a tha gu mor na 's fuaire no na 's teotha na an t-aite chleachd iad, chi sinn nach 'eil an t-aobhar is lugha anns an eadar-dhealachadh dath agus cruth a dh' ainmich sinn air son na barail

nach buin dubh agus geal le cheile do theaghlach mor aon duine. Gheobh sinn na Portugueseich a dh' fhag taobh an iar na h-Eorpa, agus a tha o chionn uine mhoir a' comh-nuidh ann an Africa agus anns na h-Innsean-an-Ear, air fas cho dubh ri naistinn an aite fhein. A thuill-adh air so, chi sinn gu bheil na h-Iudhaich a tha air an sgapadh thar an t-saoghail uile a' gabhail g' an ionnsaidh fein dath nan daoine a bhuineas do na duthchannan fa leth anns an faighear iad; gheobh sinn Iudhaich de gach dath—a' nochdadh dhuinn gu bheil anns an duine gu sonraichte an comas sin air ge b' e dath no dealbh is freagarraiche do 'n aite 's am faigh e tuineachas, a gabhail g' a ionnsaidh fein; ionann 's gu bheil e fìor mu chruitheachd an duine mar tha e mu 'chleachdainnean—“Guath an aite anns am bitear 's è nìtear.” Is e dubh dath is freagarraiche do na duthchannan teithe sin far am biodh luchd nan craicrann geala air an losgadh 's air am pianadh “Gabhaidh gach dath dubh,” thuirt an sean-fhacal, agus na 'n tigeadh na h-Etiopianaich a nall a chomhnuidh 'n ar measg-ne cha 'n 'eil fhios agam nach breugnaichteadh a' chuid eile d' an t-sean-fhacal cheudna a tha ag radh, “Cha ghabh dubh dath.” Tha briathran an Sgriobtuir fìor mu cho neo-chomasach 's a tha e do 'n Etiopianaich “a chraiceann a mhùthadh,” oir ma dh' fhanas e 'n a Etiopianach, cha 'n urrainn da a mhùthadh; ach, fagadh e an duthaich sin, agus a lion beag a's beag, ann an cursa aimsir fasaidd a dhath mar dhath muinntir an aite anns an tuinich e.

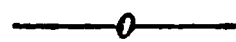
Am measg nan comharan a tha a' cur dealachaidh coltais eadar treubhan a' chinne-dhaonna cha 'n 'eil gin ann is faicsinniche na cumadh a' chlaiginn; agus, ged nach faod sinn a bhi deas gu lan gheill a thoirt do 'n teagasg a tha cuid a' toirt dhuinn

—ris an abair iad Phrenology—gu bheil na buaidhean-inntinn agus na h-aignidhean is comharraichte anns gach duine air an leigil ris anns na h-uchdain no na lagan a tha anns a' chlaigeann, cha 'n 'eil an teagamh is lugha nach i an eanchainn tobar na tuigse agus nam faireachdainnean. Gheobh sinn aig na Caucasianach mar fhine, a' ghne chlaiginn is snasmhoire ann an cumadh. Tha a' ghnuis dhireach 's a' bhathais ard, a' nochdadh barrachd ann an eolas agus ann an tuigse. Anns an t-seadh so tha iad a' seasamh anns an ionad is airde am measg threubhan an domhain, am feadh 's a tha na Mongolianaich, na Malayanaich, na h-Americanaich agus na h-Etiopianaich 'g an leantainn anns an ordugh 's an d' ainmich mi iad. Is iad na h-Etiopianaich is fhaide air an ais, agus is buirbe dhiubh gu leir. An so tha sinn air ar co-eigneachadh gu 'aid-eachadh gu bheil cuid de threubhan anns an t-saoghal a tha, ann an dealbh a' chinn, ann an suidheachach na h-eanchainn, agus uime sin, ann an tuisge, fada air dheireadh air muinntir eile; ach cha 'n 'eil an so ach gnothach a tha 'tachairt a reir an aite anns am faighear iad, agus gu sonraichte dith nan cothroman gu iad fein a thogail suas as an t-sloc aineolais anns an d' fhag na h-easbhuidhean so iad. Tha e 'n a ni nach gabh aicheadh gu 'm faighear, eadhon am measg nan Caucasianach fein, daoine a tha—le dith eolais, cion nan cothroman a tha aig muinntir eile, cursa fada de dhroch-bheart, agus caithe-beatha aineolach, dorchach—a' h-uile ceum cho fada air an ais ris na daoine-dubha is gairge 's is bréine a gheobhar ann an cridhe na h-Africa; agus aig a bheil clar an aodainn a' cheart cho claon, agus a' ghnuis cho duaichnidh 's a tha iad aig muinntir Van Diemen's Land,

aig a bheil air an claiginn, mar thuirt Dughall Buchanan mu 'n chlaigeann a fhuair esan air bruaich na h-uaighe, "lag far am bu choir e bhi lan." "Bheir gliocas duine air a ghnuis dealrachadh, agus atharraichear danachd a ghnuise." Tha uime sin, lan duil—lan chinnt againn, le foghlum, le teagasg inntinn agus bheusan, gu 'n tig atharrachadh mor chum na cuid is fearr air cumadh a' chinn agus snuadh na gnuise gu h-iomlan, anns na cinnich is isle inbh agus is fiadhaiche am measg luchd-àiteachaidh na talmhainn.

IAIN MACILLEBHAIN.

(*Ri leantainn.*)



SGIALACHD ÆNEAIS LE VIRGIL.

Eadar-theangaichte o' n Laidina gu Gailig le D. B. B.

SUIM AN DUAIN.

'N uair a sheòl, Æneas agus a chuideachd bho Eilean *Shichili* gu dol do 'n Eadailt bhrosnuich Iuno Æolus dia na gaoithe gu stoirm a thogail 'n an aghaidh leis an do sgapadh an luingeas air feadh na fairge. Chaisg Neptun a' Ghaoth agus rinn e an fhairge ciuin. Thainig na Troidhich air tir an Africa far an do ghabhadh riutha le Dido a thug aoidheachd dhoibh gu cairdeil. Dheibh Venus innleachd leis an d' thug i air Dido tuiteam ann an gaol air Æneas. Rinneadh cuirm mhor leis a' bhanrighinn agus chuir iad seachad an oidhche ann an subhachas agus ceol. Dh' iarr a' bhanrigh air Æneas gu'n aithriseadh e eachdraidh cogadh na Troidhe agus a thurasan fein air muir 's air tir, ni a dh' aontaich e a dheanamh.

Is e aimsir a' cheud duain latha na stoirm agus an oidhche an deigh sin 'n uair a chaidh iad air tir, agus an latha maireach 'n uair a thainig Dido a dh' ionnsuidh an teampuill maille ris an oidhche 'n a dheigh a chuireadh seachad ann an talla rioghail na Ban-righ. Is e an t-ionad-gniomh an cuan Meadhontireach agus Baile Chartaigh ann an Africa.

DUAN I.

Turus-cuain Æneais gu Africa far an do

thachair e air Dido bànrighinn baile na
Cartaigh.

AIR airm 's air fear nan euchdan mòr,
Canaidh mi nis oran réidh,
A theich air tus o bhaile Throidh
Do 'n Eadailt le ordugh Dhé,
'S a' thàinig air tìr aig tràigh
Lavinium àrd nan stuadh:
Is mòr an t-iomluasgadh ro sgith
A fhuair e air tìr 's air chuan,
Tre ainneart nan Cumhachd àrd,
'S fearg Iuno, gun bhàigh bha buan.
Dh' fhuiling e fòs mòran tàir
Le cogadh nam blàr ro chruaidh,
Mu'n do thog e 'm baile dion,
'S mu 'n d' thug e na diathan a steach
Do Latium, tìr nan sonn,
D' an geilleadh gach fonn fa seach.
Bho sin shiolaich cinneadh treun,—
Laidinnich nan geur-lann còrr,
Priomh-aithrichean Alba, na sàir,
Us daingnichean àrd na Ròimh.
Aithris, a Bhan-dia nan Dan,
Ceann-aobhair us fàth a' bhròin,
Cò an dia a fhuair an tàir?
No ciod a bhrosnaich Bàr-rìgh'nn Iobh,
'N uair dh' eignich i gaisgeach an àigh
A dhol an cinneal ghàbhadh geur,
A's chruaidh chàsan lionmhor trom?
'M beil fearg cho mòr an com nan dé?
Bha baile daingean ann bho chian
A thogadh le Tiorraich nan long,
Cartaigh, bho 'n Eadailt fada thall
Fa chomhair Thibeir mhall nan tonn;
Baile beairteach, làn de shluagh
An cogadh bha cruadalach treun;
Thug Iuno dha gràdh a cridh',
Thar gach tìr a ta fo 'n ghrein,
B'e a roghainn thar Samos an àigh
Far an d' àraicheadh i òg;
A's chruinnich i an sud a h-airm
'S a carbadan dearg mar òr.
Runaich 'n a cridhe a' Bhan-dia
Am bail' ud a riaghladh nan slògh,
A's shaoil i na'n leigeadh na Dàin
Gun tàrladh mar sin fadheadidh,
Ach chual i gu'n eireadh suas
Sliochd nan Troidheach cruaidh 's a' chath,
'S gun leagadh iad gach daingneach sìos
A thogadh le Tiorraich nam flath.
Gu'n riaghladh iad thar gach tìr,
'S le cogadh millteach a's àr,
Gun sgriosadh iad Afric nan Dùn;
Sud mar rùnaich dé nam Fàth.
Air eagal gu'n tachaireadh so:
Oir chuimhnich i 'n cogadh buan
A chog i mu Argos a gaoil
Aig Troidh nan laoch 's nan sluagh.
Air diochuimhn' fòs cha d' leig i 'n fhearg
A' chorruih gharg loisg a com;
A's thaisg i domhain sìos 'n a cridh'

A bhreith thug Paris mìn nan conn;
Mar rinneadh air a maise tàir,
Le claon-bhàigh a's eucoir mhòir;
Oir b' fhuath leath' 'n aiteam ud gu leir
Bho 'n thogadh Ganyméde gu glòir,
'N uair chuimhnich i so las a fearg
A's dh' fhuadaich air falbh o thràigh
Am fuigheall a chaidh as o'n Ghréig
'S bho Aichioll nan euchd gun bhàigh:
A's luaig iad air bharr nan stuadh
Le seacharan truagh iomadh bliadhn',
Na Fathan 'g an iomain mu 'n cuairt
Air feadh gach cuain am fàl 's an cian,
B' ann an sud bha 'n obair chruaidh
Mu'n do thogadh suas an Roimh,
Mu'n do shuidhicheadh clach-steidh
Na cathrach d' an geill na slòigh.
Cha luaithe a sealladh tìr
Aig Eilean Tri-rosach nan gleann,
A sgaoil iad sìuil gu h-ait air chuan
'S muir chobhrach luath a' ruith fo 'n ceann;
Na labhair Iuno gu searbh,
'S i 'g altrum a feirg 'n a cridh',
"Am fairtlich orm a nis a' chùis
A thionnsgail mi thoirt gu crìch?
Nach urrainn domh Troidheach nam buadh
Bho 'n Eadailt fhuadach air falbh?
Carson? A chionn gu'm beil na Dàin
'G am bhacail an tràs le 'n gairm!
'N do loisgeadh le Pallas nan conn
Cabhlach nan sonn bho 'n Ghreig?
An d' adhlac i iad féin 's a' chuan
'N uair thug Ajax cruaidh dh'i beum
Thilg i suas bho neoil nan speur
Tein'-athair 'n a leum gu luath,
A's sgap i 'n luingeas bhos a's thall,
A's thionndaidh bun os ceann an cuan.
Le h-ìomghaoith spion i air falbh
Ajax ainmeil nan euchd corr,
An lassair a' bruchdadh bho chliabh,
A's bhuail i e gu dian air sgòrr.
Ach mise a's bàr-rìgh nan dia
D'an dual a bhi riaghladh air nèamh,
Dearbh-phiuthar agus céile Iobh,
Bean-phòsda àrd-rìgh nan speur;
An éigin domh cogadh gun sgur
Ri aon dream fad iomadh bliadhn' ?
Co tuilleadh bheir onoir no cliù
Do mhòrachd Iuno 's i gun mhiagh?
Co nis a lùbas an glùn
Le guidhe dùrachdach dian?
No thairgeas iobairt gu bràth
Air altair bàr-rìgh'nn nan dia?"
'N uair smaoinich a' bhan-dia mar so,
'S a cridhe 'g a losgadh le feirg,
Chaidh i gu dùthaich nan Sion,
'S nan Deas-ghaothan fiadhaich searbh,
Far am beil Æolus, an rìgh
A' riaghladh gach gaoith' a's stoirm,
'G an cumail fo smachd 's an uaimh
'N uair a ni iad fuaim no toirm.
'G an ceangal le slabhruidh theann

'S 'g an druidealh an gainntir dhuibh ;
 A's iadsan a' beuchdail mu'n cuairt
 Le boile bhuaireasaich a stigh.
 Cluinnear torman feadh an t-sleibh,
 Bùirich agus geumraich mhòr ;
 Shuidh Æolus air àrd-sgor shuas,
 A's colbh nam buadh aig' 'n a dhòrn ;
 A' ceannsachadh am boile deirg'
 'S a' ciùineachadh am feirg' gu sìth ;
 Air eagal gu'n séid iad gu smùr
 'S gu'n cuir iad gach dúil gu dìth.
 Mur deanadh e sin shéideadh dian
 Na Gaothan fiadhaich ro threun,
 A's thogadh iad neamh, muir, a's tìr,
 'G an sguabadh gu min tre'n speur.
 Bha eagal sin air rìgh nan dùl,
 A's dhùin e iad an cùiltibh dorch' ;
 Thilg e tòrr mòr os an cionn,
 Beanntan àrda dùlaidh doirbh.
 Thug e rìgh dhoibh agus reachd
 A riaghlas iad gu ceart gach trà,
 D'an eòl an cumail teann 'n a ghlaic
 'S an leigeil as 'n uair gheibh e 'n àithn'.
 Labhair Iuno ris an Rìgh
 Ag achanaich am briathraibh caoin,
 Æoluis, (oir 's ann dut gu fìor
 Thug athair nan dia 's rìgh nan daoine',
 Comas na tuinn a chur 'n an suain
 'S an togail a suas le gaoith.)
 Air fairge Thuscanaidh 's an uair
 Tha fìne fuathach neo-chaomh,
 A' seoladh do'n Eadailt bho Thròidh
 'S an diathan-làir air bòrd nan long ;
 Cuir onfhadh 's a' ghaoith gu luath,
 'S cuir fodha iad an cuan nan tonn :
 No sgap an luingeas air gach taobh,
 'S an ciosaichean sgaoil air an lear.
 Tha agam da uair seachdnar òigh
 Is cuimir's is bòidheche dreach.
 An té dhiubh is maisich na càch,
 Deiopeia bhàn nan gaol,
 Bheir mi dhutsa chaoidh le còir
 Am pòsadh nach téid fa sgaoil,
 A chum gu'm fuirich i gach trà
 Ad chomunn air tailleabh do ghnìomh,
 Gu bhì 'n a màthair mhacan òg,
 Aluinn, òrlòinneach, gun ghiamh."

Fhreagair Æolus i gun dàil,
 "A bhàn-rìgh'nn buinidh dhut gu fìor
 Do thoil a nochdadh mar is còir ;
 Ach buinidh dhòmhsa cur an gnìomh.
 Mo rioghachd a's colbh nam buadh
 Dhòmhsa fhuaire le fàbhor Iòbh ;
 'S tu choisinn domh suidhe bho chian
 Aig cuirm nan dia air am bòrd,
 A's thug thu dhomh rioghachd nan sian
 A chum gun riaghlainn an stoirm
 A's cumhachd os ceann na gaoith'
 Nuair sheideas i baobhaidh doirbh."

'N uair labhair e thionndaidh e bàrr
 Na sleagh ri taobh fàs an t-sleibh ;
 Ghrad-spàrr e stigh ; shéid gach gaoth

Amach 'n an sgaoth a' ruith 's a' leum.
 Mar armailt dol a ruith na ruaig',
 An taobh a fhuaire iad bealach réidh ;
 A's shéid iad thar gach cnoc a's raon,
 Mar iomghaoith le sraonadh geur,
 Chrom iad a sìos air an lear,
 A' ruith bho'n Ear 's bho Dheas maraon,
 'S bho'n Iar-dheas a' séideadh doirbh,
 Bho'n tric a dh'eireas stoirm neo-chaomh.
 Dh' at iad an fhairge 'n a dùin
 'G a togail bho'n ghrùnnd an àird,
 A' luasgadh nan sùmainnean trom
 Tonn air thonn a chum na tràigh,
 Dh' éirich an sin gàir nan laoch
 A's géisgeil nan taodan garbh ;
 A' ghrian 's an speur ghrad-cheil na neòil,
 Bho shùilibh nan Tròidheach calm.
 Shuidh an oidheche dhorcha chiar
 A' gur le sgiathan dubh air lear ;
 Bheuc an tàirneanach 's an speur
 'S tein-athair a' leum gu mear.
 Chinn aogas a' bhàis air gach nì,
 A's chrìochnaich 'n an crìdh' na laòich ;
 Uilt Æneais sgaoil gu luath
 Le ball-chrìth 's fuar-ghèilt neo-chaomh.
 A' togail a dha làimh gu nèamh
 Rinn e osna gheur le cràdh,
 A's labhair e mar so 'n a chrìdh'.

"O 's nèarachd seachd-fille na sàir
 A fhuaire bàs an tìr an gràidh,
 An sealladh am pàrantan caomh,
 Aig daingnichibh àrd na Tròidh,
 Anns a' chogadh mhòr ro dhaor,
 Mhic Thuid bu tréine 's a' Ghréig,
 Carson nach d'éirich dhomh le d' làimh
 Tuìteam marbh air raontaibh Thròidh
 A's m' anam a dhòrtadh air làr.
 (Ri leantuinne.)

—o—

PARA PIOBAIRE.

NAIDHEACHD EIRIONNACH.

THA naidheachd agam duit, agus
 tha i neonach ; ach iongantach 's
 mar tha i, tha i cho fìor 's a tha e
 gu bheil mise am sheasamh ann an
 so, agus is breugach do 'n fhear a
 chuireas sin an ag :—Thachair an
 nì so ann an àm an Ar-a-mach, an
 uair a bha na laithean fada samh-
 raidh, coltach ri beatha iomadh oigear
 ghrinn, air an gearradh goirid leis na
 laghannan a chaidh a thoirt a mach
 'n ar n-aghaidh—laghannan nach
 ceadaicheadh do dhuine sam bith
 math no dona bhì mach air dorus
 an deigh claonadh feasgair ; oir an

uair a bha obair an latha thairis, cha robh a chridh' againn dol a ghabhail lan-beoil le caraid, no a dhannsadh le nigheanaig, ach dh' fheumadhmaid falbh dhachaidh, agus sinn fein a chùbadh a suas fo ghlais, agus gun chrann a thoirt bharr doruis gus an eireadh a' ghrian 's a' mhadainn.

Ach coma, gu tighinn gu m' naidheachd:—Am feadh a bha sinn, oidhche de na h-oidhcheannan, 'n ar suidhe mu 'n chagailt agus a' phoit-bhunta a' goil air an teine, agus na cuachan bainne lan, deas air son ar suipeireach, chuala sinn buille aig an dorus. “Cuist,” arsa m' athair, “sin agad na saighdearan oirnn a nis; tha eagal orm gu 'm faca iad aiteal an teine troimh na tuill a tha air an dorus. Cha 'n 'eil math dhuinn a bhi 'cur am fiachaibh dhaibh gu bheil sinn 'n ar laidhe—falbh, a Sheumais,” thuirt e rium fhein, “agus seall co tha ann; ach air do bheatha na fosgail an dorus do dhuine beo ach do na saighdearan, agus feuch gu 'n slìog 's gu 'm breug thu iad mar is fearr is urrainn duit.”

Air so thug mi 'n dorus orm 's glaodhar, “Co tha sin?” “Tha mise,” thuirt am fear a bha mach. “Agus co thusa?” arsa mi fhein. “Nach 'eil thu ga m' aithneachainn,” ars' esan,—“do charaid, Para Piobaire?” “O, shiorraim 's a rìgh,” arsa mise, “ciod a thug a' so thu mu 'n àm so dh' oidhche?” “Ma ta,” fhreagair Paruig, “cha robh toil agam dol m' an cuairt an rathad-mor, ghabh mi an t-ath-ghoirid, chaidh mi air seacharan, agus sin agad ciod a chum cho anmoch mi.” “Cha ghabhainn,” arsa mise, “crun an rìgh agus a bhi ann ad aite; oir tha fhios gle mhath agad fhein gur e crochadh do chuibhrionn ma chithear a mach thu 's na h-amannan cruaidhe so.” “Tha fhios agam gu math air

sin,” fhreagair am piobaire, “Ni-math ga m' dhion! agus is e sin a chuir a' so mi; leig a stigh mi air sgath seann eolais.” “O, air m' fhacal,” arsa mise, “cha 'n 'eil a chridh' agam an dorus 'fhosgladh air son an t-saoghail, mar is math tha fhios agad; agus ma bheireas na saighdearan ortsa tha do cheann an geall na 's fhiach e—theid do chrochadh cho cinnteach 's is e Paruig is ainm duit.” “Gu'n robh math agad,” ars' esan, “ach tha dochas agam nach e sin is deireadh dhomh fhathast.” “Ma ta,” arsa mise, “rach agus falaich thu fein cho luath 's is urrainn duit, neo 's i binn ghoirid 's teadhair fhada na gheobh thu bho na saighdearan—oir, ceartas cha 'n aithne do na slaightirean, agus trocair cha 'n 'eil aca!” “An tuilleadh aobhair air son gu 'n leigeadh tu stigh mi, Sheumais,” arsa Paruig bochd. “Is diomhain duit a bhi a' bruidhinn,” arsa mise, “cha 'n fhaod mi an dorus 'fhosgladh. Thoir ort am bà-thigh cul an tighe, far a bheil am mart, agus gheobh thu an sin dais chonlaich air am faod thu cadal gu sona-bheairteach—leaba a dh' fhoghnadh do fhear-fearainn, gun ghuth air piobaire.”

Air falbh ghabh Paruig do 'n bhà-thigh, agus, gu fìor, rainig e ar cridheachan a dhiultadh, agus gu seachd sonraichte o'n bha am buntata bruich—agus cha bu sinn a bha riabh doicheadh ri duine bochd a thainig 'n ar caraibh. Coma co dhiubh, chaidh sinn uile a laidhe, agus nedaich Paruig e fein am measg na conlaich anns a' bhà-thigh; agus a nis feumaidh mi innseadh dhuit mar a chaidh dha:—An deigh do Pharuig a bhi greis 'n a chadal, dhuig e suas, agus a' smaoineachadh gu 'n robh a' mhadainn fada air a h-aghaidh,—ach is i a' ghealach a thug an car as,—thog e air, oir bha

toil aige bhi moch aig a' bhaile 'b' fhaigse dha, do bhrìgh gu 'n robh faidhir ri bhi ann air an latha sin, agus bha mhiann air urad 's a b'urrainn da de pheighinnean a chur cruinn air an fheill. Cha robh anns an duthaich m' an cuairt piobaire a bheireadh barr air Paruig.

Mar bha mi ag radh, thog e air a dhol thun na faidhreach, agus ghabh e frith-rathad troimh na h-achaidhnean, ach cha deachaidh e ach gle ghoirid air a thuras an uair a thachair callaid thiugh air, agus an uair a bha e 'g a shlaodadh fein troimhpe agus e a' sgiolcadh a mach air an taobh eile dhi, thug e gleadhar le 'cheann air rud-eigin a chuir tein-athair as na suilean aige. Dh' amhairc e suas—agus ciod a shaoileas tu bh' ann, Ni-math g' ar dion! —ach corp duine, crochte air meangan craoibhe. “Failte na maidne dhuit, fhir a th' ann,” arsa Paruig, “cha bheag an clisgeadh a thug thu dhomh;” agus b' fhior dha sin, 's cha b' iongantach e.

A nis, is iad na 'reubalaich a chroch an duine truagh, agus bha fhios aig Paruig air so gu lan mhath, oir dh' aithnich e air a chulaidh co'n dream d'am buineadh e. “Air m' fhacal,” arsa esan, “is eireachdail a' phaidhir bhòtainnean a tha air do luirgnean, agus is i mo bharail nach cuir thu bheag a dh-fheum tuille orra; agus is narach ri 'innseadh gu 'm bithinnsa—am phiobaire is fearr anns na seachd sgìreachdan—a' siubhal an rathaid le paidhir de sheann chóbuil bhrog orm nach togadh an diol-deirce is bochda 's an duthaich as an dùnan.” Rug Paruig air na botainnean agus thoisich e air an slaodadh dheth, ach dheth cha tigeadh iad; mu dheireadh thug e thairis dhiubh agus bha e brath togail air, an uair a thug e an ath shuil air na botainnean aluinn, 's

chuir e roimhe gu 'm biodh iad aige, dheoin no dh' aindeoin. Thug e mach sgian mhor, gheur, agus ghearr e na luirgnean bharr a' chuirp, chàirich e 'n a achlais iad, a' cur roimhe feuchainn ris na botainnean a thoirt diubh a' chiad chothrom a gheobhadh e. Cha b' fhada rainig e an uair a chunnaic e ghealach a' caogadh a mach fo sgéith neoil; thug e nis fainear mar thug i an car as, agus, dh' aithnich e nach robh e ach ro mhoch 's a' mhadainn; bha sgàth air, agus air eagal gu 'm beirteadh air 's gu 'n rachadh a ghiollachd coltach ris a' chorp a bha e fein an deigh a ghnathachadh cho neo-laghail,—thill e air a shail, thug e air am bà-thigh far an robh e toiseach na h-oidhche, agus an uair a chuir e falach na bòtainnean agus speirean a' chuirp am measg na conlaich, laidh e sìos agus chaidil e. Ach ciod a th' agad air no dheth, cha b' fhada bha e 'n a laidhe 'n uair thainig na saighdearan agus 's e bh' ann, glacar agus togar iad leotha am piobaire beo, slan—agus bu gheal a thoill e sin an deigh mar mhi-ghnathaich e an corp.

An uair thainig a' mhadainn, arsa m' athair rium fhein, “Falbh a mach an bà-thigh, a Sheumais, agus abair ri Paruig bochd tighinn a stigh a chum 's gu 'm faigh e cuid d' an bhuntata; is neonach leamsa mur 'eil an t-acras air roimhe so.”

A mach an bà-thigh ghabh mi agus ghlaodh mi am piobaire air 'ainm, ach smid fhreagairt cha d' fhuair mi. Ghlaodh mi a rithist 's a rithist ach, facal cha chualas. “An ainm an àigh, a Pharuig,” arsa mise, “c'aite bheil thu?” Sheall mi shìos a's shuas ach mir de Pharuig cha robh agam. Mu dheireadh, faicear, thar leam, a dha chois am measg na conlaich. “Fhir mo chridhe,” arsa mise, “is tu tha

toigheach air oisinn bhlath; mur 'eil thu an deigh thu fhein a tholladh a stigh anns a' chonlaich cho seasgair ri deargainn ann am plaide! ach cuiridh mise stad air do chuid bruadar." Le so rug mi air chaol da chois air—mar shaoil mi fhein—thug mi an spionadh sin air, an uair a dh' fhalbh mi an comhair mo chuil, ceann thar thulchainn, anns an inne.

An uair a thainig mi gu seorsa mothachaidh bha mi am laidhe air leud mo dhroma agus da rud am lamhan coltach ri paidhir dhagaichean—agus 'bheil fhios agad nach mor nach do chaill mi sealladh nan sul an uair a chunnaic mi 'd é bh' agam; dà chois duine mhairbh! Thilg mi bhuam iad mar gu 'm biodh iad r'a theine; thug mi duibh-leum asam, agus ghlaodh mi mort a's milleadh. "O, a bhana-mhortair gun iochd," arsa mise, 's mi maoidheadh mo dhuirn air a' mhart—"O, a bheist mhi-nadurra, dh' ith thu Paruig bochd, a bhrùid gun mhathanas; is miosa thu na na daoine dubha;—agus, an droch bhàs ort, nach tu bha àilgheasach an uair nach foghnadh dhuit gu d' shuipeir ach an t-aona phiobaire b' fhearr eadar da cheann na rioghachd! Mo thruaigh sinn uile! ciod a their an duthaich gu leir ri 'leithid de mhort mi-chneasda? agus thusa an sin a' sealltainn cho seimh, neo-chiontach ri uan, agus a' cnàmh do chir mar nach biodh sion air tachairt." A mach ghabh mi, oir gu cinnteach mheas mi gu 'n robh mi fada gu leoir an cuideachd na béist. Thug mi an tigh orm agus dh' innis mi dhaibh gach ni mu 'n chuis.

"Cuiist, cuiist," arsa m' athair, "cha 'n urrainn da sin a bhi fìor." "Cha 'n 'eil facal breige ann," arsa mise. "An e gu 'n d' ith am mart Para piobaire?" ars' iadsan. "Mar is beo mi, cha 'n 'eil facal agam ach

smior na firinn; cha d' fhag an t-ainmhidh gun iochd mir d' an Phiobaire ach a dha chois 's a bhot-ainnean." "Agus an d' ith i a' phiob cuideachd?" arsa m' athair. "Is i mo bharail gu'n d' ith," arsa mise. "An droch bhàs air a' bheist," ars' esan, "nach ann aice bha an déigh air ceol." "A nis," arsa mo mhathair, "na mallaich a' bhó a tha 'toirt bainne do'n chloinn." "Mallaichidh mi," thuirt m' athair, "c'arson nach mallaichinn a leithid a bheist mhi-nadurra? Cha bhi i na 's fhaide agamsa; cuiridh mi a dh-ionnsaidh na faidhreach i gun tuilleadh dälach, agus reicidh mi i air ciod sa bith tairgse 'gheobh mi. Gabh air falbh, a Sheumais," ars esan, "cho luath 's a ghabhas tu greim bidh, agus thoir leat i thun na faidhreach." "Ma ta, a dh-innseadh na firinn," arsa mise, "b' fhearr leam aon-eigin eile 'dhol leatha." "Cuiist," ars esan, "agus na dean amadan diot fein." "Is ann da-rireadh a tha mi," thuirt mi ris; "is sibh fein a b' fhearr a bheireadh an aire dhi na mise." "Tha 'n gnothach gu math," ars' esan; "cha 'n eil fhios agam c'arson a bhithinn a' gleidheadh coin ma dh' fheumas mi fhein an tathunnaich a dheanamh; na cluinnean facal tuilleadh, ach tog ort leatha, 's na faiceam ceann no crodhan di tuille."

Air falbh ghabh sinn, fada an aghaidh mo thoil, creid mi; cha robh tlachd sam bith agam a bhi mar fhad na laimhe do 'n bhrùid neo-chneasda. Ach coma co dhiubh, ghearr mi cuaille laidir, fada, de bhàta, los gu 'n rachadh agam air a' bhanasgail mhortail iomain gun a bhi dluth dhi idir, idir.

Mar bha sinn a' gabhail an rathaid bha an sluagh a' dumhlachadh a dh-ionnsaidh na faidhreach. "Madainn mhath dhuit, 'ille oig," arsa duine rium 's an dol seachad, "is math

coltas a' mhairt a tha thu ag iomain." "Tha i," arsa mise, "cho math r'a coltas," am Freasdal 'thoirt math-anais dhomh, is dona thainig e ri m' chridhe facal math a radh as a leth. "A bheil thu dol g' a reic?" ars' esan. "Tha," fhreagair mi. "Ciod tha suil agad a gheobh thu air a son?" dh' fheoraich e. "Ma ta, cha 'n 'eil fhios agam," thuirt mi—rud a bha fìor gu leir, chionn bha mi ann an seorsa imcheist mu 'n bhruid mhosaich uile gu leir. "Is boidheach an gnothach dhuit a bhi dol gu margadh," ars' esan, "'s gun fhios agad ciod is fhiach do chuid feudail." "O," arsa mise—'s gun toil agam amharus a bhi aige gu 'n robh beud air a' mhart—"cha bhi fios aig neach 'd é gheobh e gus an ruig e an fhaidhir, 's am faic e ciod na prìsean tha dol." "Ceart gu leir," ars' esan, "ach na 'm faigheadh tu tairgse mhath m' an ruigeadh tu 'n fhaidhir idir, nach gabhadh tu rithe?" "Gun teagamh," arsa mise. "Ciod tha thu ag iarraidh oirre, ma ta?" ars' esan. "Cha bu mhath leam a bhi mi-reusanta," thuirt mi ris—oir, a dh-innseadh na firinn, bha mi toileach a bhi reidh 's i—"gabhaidh mi ceithir puinn Shasunnach air a son, 's cha ghabh mi peighinn na 's lugha na sin." "Cha chreid mi," ars' esan, "nach 'eil i saor gu leir; ach tha eagal orm gu bheil rud-eigin cearr oirre; cha 'n ann air an t-suim sin a reiceadh tu mart-bainne a coltais na 'm biodh i gun choire." "Gu dearbh," arsa mise, "air m' fhacal, tha i math gu bainne." "Theagamh," ars' esan, "gu 'n deachaidh i bharr a bainne—a bheil i air son a bidh?" "Moire, 's i th' air son a bidh!" fhreagair mi, "cha 'n 'eil a leithid eile air uachdar na cruitheachd, is i mo bharail; bheir mi mo mhionnan gu 'n ith i." "Cha 'n 'eil duil agam gu 'n gabh mi an dràst i," ars' esan;

"feithidh mi gus am faic mi cia mar theid do 'n mhargadh." "Tha mi toileach," arsa mise, a' gabhail orm a bhi caoin-shuarach, ach air chinnt bha seorsa amharuis agam gu 'n robh daoine 'faicinn rud-eigin mi-chneasda ann an aogas na béist, agus nach faighinn bharr mo lamhan idir i. Mu dheireadh rainigsinn an fhaidhir, agus b' e sin an sealladh gun a leithid—shaoileadh tu gu 'n robh an saoghal uile cruinn air an aon fhaiche, gun ghuth air gach riomhaidh eile 'bh' ann. Bha bùithean an sin anns am faighteadh an deoch a b' fhearr, agus na fìdhlean a' cluich a chur spreigidh anns na caileagan agus anns na gilleann oga; ach chuir mi romhan nach gabhainn gnothach riu gus am faighinn saor 's a' bheist mhosach a bha air mo churam; uime sin dh' iomain mi stigh i gu teis-meadhoin na faidhreach. Ach, a mhic chridhe, mar a bha sinn a' dol seachad air dorus aon de na bùithean, sheid piobaire air chor-eigin suas port-dannsaidh, agus m' an abradh tu "Deis-de" bha 'h-earball a suas agus thug i an roid sin aisde a dh-ionnsaidh a' bhùth.

"O, mort a's marbhadh!" arsa mise ris na bha m' an cuairt, "cumaibh oirre, cumaibh oirre—dh' ith i aona phiobaire an diugh cheana, agus an droch bhàs oirre tha i air son fear eile bhi aice."

"An e gu 'n d'ith mart piobaire?" arsa fear dhiubh.

"Gun fhacal breige, dh' ith," arsa mise, "oir chunna mi fhein a chorp 's gun mhir a lathair dheth ach an dà chois; cha 'n 'eil ann ach amaid-eachd dhuinn a bhi strith ris a' ghnòthach a cheiltinn; tha mi faicinn nach gabh i cur bho 'n chleachdainn—mar is daor tha fhios aig Para piobaire bochd—mo bheannachd as a dhéigh!"

"Co tha 'n sin a' luaidh air m' ainm-sa?" ghlaodh fear-eigin lamh

rium; agus, an uair a thionndaidh mi m' an cuairt, co bh' ann, a reir coltais, ach Para piobaire e fhein.

“Beiribh air-san cuideachd,” arsa mise, “cumaibh uam e, oir cha 'n e fhein a th' ann idir, ach a thannas; chaidh a mhort an diugh 's a' mhadainn, do m' dhearbhbh fhiosrachadh fein, 's cha d' fhàgadh oirleach dheth ach a chasan.”

An uair a chuala Paruig sin—oir is e fhein a bh' ann, mar fhuair sinn a mach a rithist—cha mhor nach do sgain e a' gaireachdaich; agus an uair a lasaich air, thoisich e agus dh' innis e dhuinn gach car, mar dh' innis mise nis; agus na 'n cluinneadh tusa 'n fhochaid a bha 'n sin ormsa, air son bhi cur air a' bhó bhoichd gu 'n d' ith i am piobaire. Chaidh sinn a stigh do 'n bhuth 's dh' òl sinn fad-shaoghal do Pharuig 's do 'n mhart; chluich Paruig an latha sin air dhoigh a thug barr air na chluich e riabh; agus is iomadh aon a thuirt nach cualas a leithid riabh roimhe no 'n a dheigh. Chaidh am mart neo-chiontach, boichd 'iomain dachaidh a rithist, agus is iomadh latha math a bha aice fein agus againne 'n a dheigh sin.—Cha di-chuimhnich mi gu bràth mu 'n mhart a dh' ith am piobaire!

Eadar. le

IAIN IAIN MHIC UILLEIM.

—o—

COMHRADH.

EADAR MURACHADH BAN AGUS
COINNEACH CIOBAIR.

COIN.—Is moch a chuir thu cùl ris an leabaidh, a Mhurachaidh; a bheil thu ag eirigh a' h-uile là co tràth ri so?

MUR.—Nach ceart, a Choinnich, a dh' fhéudas mise a' cheist chéudna a chur ortsa? Ciod a ghluais thu co moch as do leabaidh an déigh do

choiseachd mòire, agus do sgios gun teagamh air an là 'n dé? Tha mi an dòchas nach do dhùisg na sithichean thu, agus nach d' thainig taibhse no tannasg, bodach no bocan 'n ad char re na h-oidhche, chum dragh no dorran a chur ort, a charaid.

COIN.—Ochan! a Mhurachaidh, cha'n fhurasd a' chromag a thoirt as an t-seann mhaide! Gu dearbh bu dàn a' ghruagach, no, 'n t-sithich' a thigeadh 'n ad char-sa, aig a bheil fuath co mòr d'an taobh, agus nach 'eil a' creidsinn 'n am bith no 'n am buaidhibh, mar chréutairean aig a bheil cumhachd agus ceannas thairis air uile-chùisean a' chinne-dhaonna.

MUR.—Cumhachd mòr no cumhachd beag, cha'n 'eil fios agam co aca; agus tha mi comadh co dhiubh. Cha'n 'eil iad a' cur dragh sam bith orm, agus cha'n 'eil mise a' cur dragh orrasan; agus mar sin, tha sinn gu riaghailteach, réidh, agus leanaidh sinn air sin.

COIN.—Is iomadh rud neònach a th'ann, a Mhurachaidh, agus is iomadh ni iongantach a bha anns na linntibh a dh'fhalbh 'n ar duthaich fein, air nach 'eil ach air éiginn iomradh idir a nis.

MUR.—Tha'n fhirinn 'n ad bheul a nis, a Choinnich, oir tha deagh chuimhn' agam fein, an uair a bhiodh an t-aosda agus an t-òg maraon mar mhuinntir aig am biodh an ceann 'n a bhoile aig amannaibh àraidh de'n bhliadhna.

COIN.—Ciod na h-amanna sònraichte a bhiodh an sin? oir is airidh iad air cuimhne a chumail orra.

MUR.—Bha ceithir amanna àraidh de'n bhliadhna a bha comharraichte air an doigh sin, agus an toiseach, La Callainn agus Oidhche Challainn; a ris, Di-domhnuich Càisge; a ris La Bealltuinn, agus mu dheireadh, Oidhche-shamhna.

COIN.—Cuiridh tu comain nach beag orm, a Mhurachaidh, le cunntas goirid a thoirt air na ceithir tràthan sin fa leth, oir cha'n 'eil beachd freagarrach agam fein d'an taobh, ged is minic a chuala mi m' athair agus mo sheanair a' labhairt mu'n timchioll agus mar an céudna 'g an gnàthachadh a réir cleachdadh na dùthcha.

MUR.—Ni mi mo dhìchioll air beagan a chur an céill duit mu'n dòigh air an robh cleachdanna nan àm sin air an coimhead, agus tòisich-eam le Là Callainn, agus b'e sin an là dà-rìreadh, agus Oidhche Challainn, b'i sin an Oidhche!—là agus oidhche na bliadhn' ùire. O, ciod a' ghleadhraich anns gach tigh! Cuid an sud, agus cuid an so,—cuid a' ruith 's a' leum a null 's a nall, a mach agus a stigh! Rachadh cuid do thighean eile mu'n cuairt, le'n-searragaibh làna gu bhi 'n an céud-chòmhlaichibh. Is lionnhor deas-ghnàth a bhiodh 'g an cleachdadh air an oidhche sin a stigh agus a mach. Bhiodh na tighean air an cuairteachadh leis na ficheadaibh ag éigheach agus a' glaodhaich le seicheannaibh tioram mhart air an guailibh, a bhiodh iad a' bualadh le maidibh, agus aig an àm cheudna ag aithris rannan de gach gnè. Bhiodh cuid eile a' slachdarsaich nam ballachan le slachdanaibh troma, a' glaodhaich, a' togail iolaich, agus a' séinn le'n làn-sgairt. Leis an odhail so uile bha iad, ma's fìor, a' fògradh nansithichean, nandeamhan, agus nan droch-spiorad de gach gnè, fad air falbh as na crìochaibh. Dh'ullaich iad dhoibh fein an earrann sin de amhaich seiche a' mhairt ris an abrar an "caisean-uchd;" rinn iad greim air, dhòth iad 's an teine e, agus thug iad e do'n teaghlach chum faile a ghabhail dheth, mar thearmunn an aghaidh nan leannan-sithe, agus gach drùidheachd eile.

COIN.—Nach anabarrach an othail a rinneadh leo, agus sin air fad chum cur an aghaidh nan cumhachdan sin do nach 'eil thusa a' toirt creideis gu'm bheil iad idir ann!

MUR.—Ma bha iad ann riamh, a Choinnich, tha iad a' fàs ainneamh agus tearc ann an aireamh, oir cha'n 'eil an t-ullachadh ceudna 'g a dheanamh a nis gu bhi 'cur 'n an aghaidh a bha roimh so.

COIN.—Is comadh co dhuibh, a Mhurachaidh, ach ciod a nis mu Dhidòmhnuich-caisg?

MUR.—Bu ghnàth leis an òigridh sòlas mòr a dheanamh air son Didòmhnuich-caisge. Bha gach beag agus mòr a' tionail nan ubh fada roimh laimh. Bhiodh iad air am bruich gu ro chruaidh, agus air an sliobadh leis gach dath fo'n ghréin; 's eadh dubh, geal, dearg, buidhe, uaine, agus gorm! Rachadh an tilgeadh thall 's a bhos, agus an itheadh an uair a bhristeadh iad. Dh'fhuineadh iad anabharr de charaiceagan le bainne, min, agus uibhean, agus bhiodh bonnaich bheaga, agus breacagan tana aca de gach seorsa air an deasachadh. Le so dheanadh iad cuirm mhòr far am biodh cleasan gun aireamh a' dol air aghaidh, agus fortan gach neach air a leughadh le gloinichibh agus innleachdaibh eile.

COIN.—Tha deagh chuimhn' agam fein air na nithibh sin fhaicinn an uair a bha mi beag, ach a nis chuireadh cùl riu, tha mi an dùil, mar a chuireadh ri mòran nithe eile a bha air an cleachdadh 's an dùthaich o shean.

MUR.—'S eadh, a Choinnich, o'n a dh'fhalbh na sithichean cha'n 'eil feum air na cleachdannaibh sin trid an robh muinntir 'g an dìon fein 'n an aghaidh.

COIN.—Cha léig thusa na sithichean air dearmad co dhuibh, a Mhurachaidh, fhad 's a bhios tlachd agad ann a bhi 'cur conais ormsa.

Ach ciod an t-àm eile de 'n bhliadhna a bha comharraichte air an dòigh so?

MUR.—Ciod ach Là-Bealtainn, a bha 'n a là ro chudthromach air iomadh doigh. Chuireadh a' cheud là de 'n mhios seachad le greadh-nachas mòr. Bha lasraichean teine air am fadadh air mullach gach beinne, agus bha uile spreidh agus fhéudal na duthcha air an greasadh troimh na lasraichean chum an dion o gach éuslaint rè na bliadhna. Air an là sin bu ghnàth o shean gu'n rachadh gach teine anns gach tigh a smàladh as, a chum, gu'm biodh iad air am fadadh a ris leis an teine fhiorghlan so o mhullaichibh nam beann. Anns na céud linnibh bha na Druidhean a' deanamh aoraidh do'n dia Belus, le teine, uime sin, tha'm focal "Bealtainn a' ciallachadh, "Beil-teine," agus La-Bealtainn a 'ciallachadh, "La Beil-teine," no la teine Bheluis. Bha i 'n a cleachd aig an òigridh o shean anns a' Ghaidhealtachd dol a mach do na raointibh air an là sin. Dheanadh iad cuairteag bheag mar bhòrd air an fhéur; ghearradh iad clais mu'n cuairt da; lasadh iad teine 'n a mheadhon; ann an sin, dh' fhuineadh iad bonnach mòr, agus ghearradh iad e 'n a earrannaibh beaga, earrann air son gach neach a dh' fhéudadh a bhi làthair. Dheanadh iad an sin aon de na h-earrannaibh dubh le guailleann, agus thilgeadh iad e maille ris na h-earrannaibh eile ann am boineid. An sin, le'n suilibh còmhdaichte, tharraingeadh gach neach fa leth earrann de'n bhonnach a mach as a' bhoineid, agus ge b'e an ti air an tuiteadh an crioman dubh bha esan gu bhi air ìobradh gu bàs do Bhelus. Chum, gidheadh, nach rachadh a' bhinn eagallach so a chur an céill, b' éigin da léum tri uairean thairis air na lasraichibh teine.

O cheann da cheud bhiadhn' air ais, bha La Bealtainn air a choimhead ann an Sasunn le mòr ghreadh-nachas agus odhail. Dh' éireadh na h-uile aig meadhon oidhche, agus rachadh iad a mach do na coilltibh le ceòl de gach gnè, le séideadh thrompaid, agus le bualadh dhrum-aichean. Ghearradh iad sios na craobhan uaine, agus ghiulaineadh iad luchdan de'n bharrach bhrigh-mhor, ghlas, a stigh do na bailtibh, agus anns a' mhaduinn bhiodh na sràidean làn de gach craoibh agus preas. Ann an iomadh àite bha "Cranna-Céitein" air an togail, a bha co àrd ri crann luingeis. Bha na croinn sin air an sliobadh leis gach dath, le stiallan de gach dreach 'g an cuairteachadh, agus le sròlaibh de gach cumadh a' crith-ghluasad anns a' ghaoith? Ann an sin, bha 'n sluagh, sean agus òg a' dannsadh mu'n cuairt do na crannaibh-ceitein sin rè an là le ceòl de gach gnè. Ach a nis, thàinig na nithe sin ach beag gu crìch. Cha'n fhaicear a' bheag dhiubh 's an àm a ta làthair. Tha e, gidheadh, fathast cumanta 's an taobh deas a bhi faicinn nam mnathan agus nam maighdeannan uasal agus iosal a' dol gu moch a mach air La Bealtainn, 's e sin, air a' chéud là de'n Chéitein chum an gnuisean agus an làmhan ionnlad ann an druchd na maidne.

COIN.—'Tha thu a' cur iongantais orm, a Mhurachaidh; ach co fo'n ghréin a thug eolas dutsa air na nithibh iongantach sin. Is leòir do'n mhinistear chòir fein dàrna leth an thiosrachaidh sin a bhi aige, agus ciamar air thalamh a fhuair thusa gréim air? Is cinnteach gu'm bheil thu air aithris a nis na th' agad ri radh mu na h-amanna de'n bhliadhna a bha comharraichte air son nan cleachdanna neònach sin.

MUR.—Dh' innis mi dhuit a

cheana, a Choinnich, gu'n robh ceithir amanna de'n bhliadhna comharraichte air an dòigh sin. Thug mi tri dhiubh, ma ta, fa'near; agus a nis abram beagan mu'n cheathramh àm a dh' ainmich mi, agus 's e sin "Oidhche Shamhna," an oidhche sin bu chudthromaiche, agus bu shònraichte air son gach atharrachaidh chleas, agus chluiche de gach oidhche 's a' bhliadhna.

COIN.—Chunnaic mi fein mòran de na nithibh d'an d' thugadh géill air an oidhche sin; ach tha iad a' dol as.

MUR.—Cha'n 'eil teagamh nach 'eil, a Choinnich, uime sin cha'n abair mi moran umpa aig an àm. Air an oidhche so, mar an céudna, bha mòran 'g a dheanamh le teine a reir deas-ghnathanna nan Drùidh. Tha "Samhuinn" a' ciallachadh "Sàmh-theine," 's e sin "Teine-sàimh," no "Teine-sithe," an teine sin a lasadh aig toiseach na Dùbhlachd chum am fuachd fhògradh air falbh. Is i so an oidhche anns an d' thugadh làn shaorsa agus chead do gach uile spiorad chum an toil fein a dheanamh air feadh an t-saoghail. Air an oidhche so bha na sithichean a mach 'n am buidhnibh oir an stéud-eachaibh geala, agus mar an céudna gach druidh agus buidseach leis am bu mhiann an t-olc a dheanamh. Bha muinntir gach àite a' deanamh an dìchill chum iad fein a dhion o na spioradaibh sin, agus chum an greasadh air falbh le léusaibh teine ris an abradh iad "Samhnagan;" agus, leo sin a' losgadh le lasair shoilleir, an deigh tuiteam na h-oidhche, chuairticheadh iad gach céum d'am fearann fein. An déigh do so uile a bhi thairis chruinnicheadh na teaghlaichean uile 'n an tighibh fein, a chur na h-oidhche seachad le bhi cleachdadh gach seun, cleas, deas-ghnàth, agus dubh-fhocail, air an

comas doibh an inntinn fein a leagadh, chum gu'm biodh iad uile air an teasairginn o chumhachd, agus o cheannas nan droch spiorad. Bu lionmhor deas-ghnathanna saobh-chràbhach a bha air an cleachdadh rè na h-oidhche sin. 'N am measg so, bha iad a' tumadh air son nan ubhal a thilgeadh ann an soitheach, no ballan uisge; bha iad a' spionadh agus a' tilgeadh stocan-càil a stigh air an luidheir; bha iad ag iomart nan tri lugaidhean; a' fluichachadh muilichinn na léine; a' cur sìl na còrcaich; a' spionadh nan dias coirce; a' tilgeadh ceairsle de shnàth gorm ann an sorn an àth-chruadhachaidh; a' cur gealagain nan ubh ann an gloineach-aibh; a' léughadh nam fortan ann an cupanaibh; agus a' deanamh lionmhorachd nithe eile nach urrainn domh aithris.

COIN.—Ann an ainm an àigh, thubhairt thu na's leoir, a Mhurachaidh; tha mi a nis seachd sgith de na nithibh sin, agus tha mi 'cur romham nach abair mi diog tuille mu na sithichean, no mu na dubh-chleasan a bha, a réir coltais, aon uair co lionmhor. Beannachd leat aig an am.

ALASDAIR RUADH.

—o—

SOP AS GACH SEID.

Is fhear gu mòr bàs an ionracain, no beatha an eucoraich. S.

Ma phios bròn ort air son a bhi 'call d'ùine fein, cuir an ùine r'a teachd gu deagh bhuil. S.

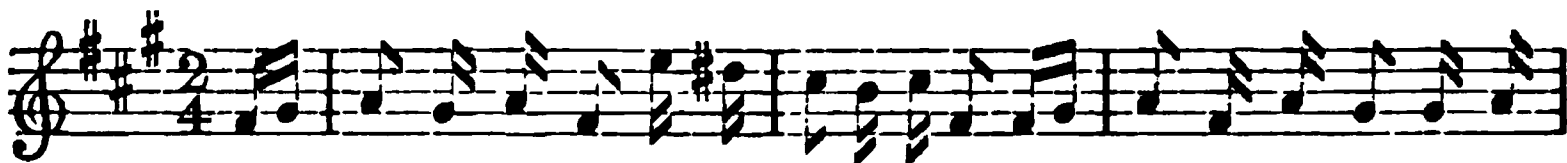
Nach mòr gur fearr gu'n innseadh do charaide do lochdan duit ann an uaigneas, na gu'n cuireadh do nàmhaid an céill iad gu follaiseach? S.

"A Sheonaid chòir," ars' òganach spòrsail ri 'bhan-choimhearsnaich féin." a Sheonaid chòir, chunnaic mi an dé 's an eaglais thu, an do thuig thu an t-searmoin ghrinn ud a thug am ministear seachad? "O, a Dhòmhnuill, a Dhòmhnuill, am bheil dùil agad gu'm biodh a dhànadas agamsa sin a dheanamh?" S.

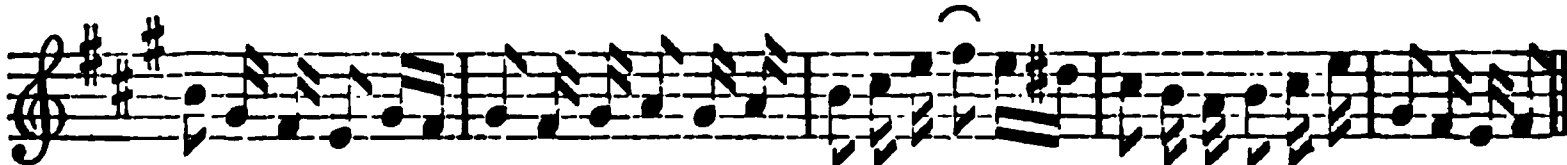
EALOIDH GHAOIL.

(LE EOBHAN MAC-LACHAINN.)

GLEUS A.



.L₁,t₁ | d . t₁ , d : l₁ . s , fe | m . r , m : l₁ . L₁,t₁ | d . l₁ , d : t₁ . t₁ , d |

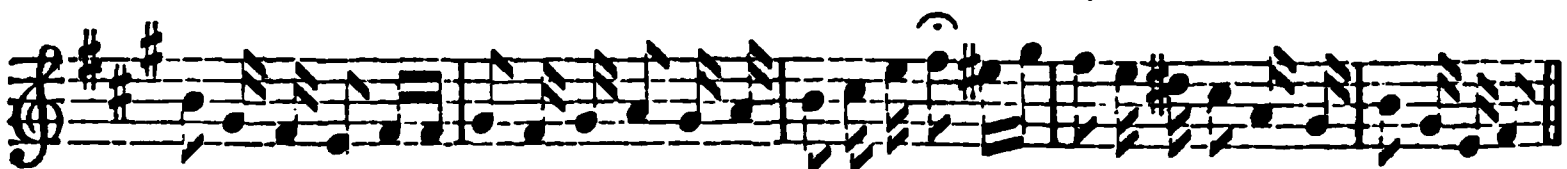


| r . t₁ , l₁ : s₁ . T₁,l₁ | t₁ . l₁ , t₁ : d . t₁ , D | r . m , s : l . S , fe | m . r , d : r . m , S | t₁ . l₁ , s₁ : l₁ ,

Fonn.



.L₁,t₁ | d . t₁ , t₁ : l₁ . t₁ , r | m . r , m : l₁ . M₁,m₁ | d . t₁ , d : t₁ . l₁ , t₁ |



| r . t₁ , l₁ : s₁ . L₁,l₁ | t₁ . l₁ , t₁ : d . t₁ , d | r . m , s : l . Si , t | l . s , fe : m . d . t , | r . t₁ , s₁ , l₁ ,

Gur gile mo leannan

Na 'n eal' air an t-snàmh ;

Na cobhar na tuinne

'S e 'tilleadh gu tràigh ;

Na 'm blàth-bhainne buaile

'S a' chuach leis fo bhàrr ;

Na sneachd nan gleann dosrach

'G a fhroiseadh mu 'n bhlàr.

FONN—Air faillirin, illirin, uillirin ó,
Air faillirin, illirin, uillirin ó,
Air faillirin, illirin, uillirin ó,
Gur bòidheach an comunn
Th' aig coinneamh 'n t-Srathmhóir.

Tha cas-fhalt mo rùin-sa

Gu siùbhlach a' snìomh,

Mar na neòil bhuidhe 'lùbas

Air stùcaibh nan sliabh ;

Tha 'gruaidh mar an ròs,

'N uair is bòidheche bhios 'fhiamb,

Fo ùr-dhealt a' Chéitein,

Mu 'n éirich a' ghrian.

Mar Venus a' boillsgeadh

Thair coiltibh nan àrd,

Tha a mlog-shùil 'g am bhuaireadh

Le suaicheantas gràidh ;

Tha bràighe nan séud

Ann an éideadh gach àigh,

Mar ghealach nan spéur,

'S i 'cur réultan fo phràmh.

Bidh 'n uiseag 's an smeòrach

Feadh lòintean nan driùchd,

'Toirt fàilte le 'n drain,

Do 'n òg-mhadain chùin ;

Ach tha 'n uiseag neo-sheòlta,

'S tha 'n smeòrach gun sunnt

'N uair 'thòisicheas m' éudail

Air gléusadh a ciùil.

'N uair 'thig samhraidh nan neòinein

A' còmhach nam bruach,

'S gach eoinein 's a' chròc-choill

A' ceòl leis a' chuaich,

Bidh mise gu h-éibhinn,

A' léumraich 's a' ruaig,

Fo dhlùth-mhiaraibh sgàileach,

A' mánran ri m' luaidh.

THE GAEL,

ENGLISH DEPARTMENT.

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OSSIAN AND THE CLYDE.*

SECOND NOTICE.

DR. WADDELL says that "Ossian" is historical and authentic. He means that the events narrated actually occurred; that many of the localities described can yet be identified; and that the narrations and descriptions were composed by a man named Ossian, the son of Fingal, some 1600 years ago. He holds that MacPherson is editor and translator—nothing more; that he used no liberties with his author or with his text beyond what an editor and translator is entitled to use. We may not have the *ipsissima verba* of Ossian; but we have real scenes and historic incidents substantially in the language of the ancient bard. Against this theory, as we all know, it is maintained that MacPherson had in his possession a mass of heroic literature, in prose and verse, some of which has been recovered from other sources, but a great part of which has for ever disappeared; that this literature treated of the same persons, and of many of the places and incidents found in "Ossian;" and that from this material MacPherson composed the poems as we now have them, so that they are not authentic,—invented

some incidents and transformed others, so that they are not historical.

These two theories are mutually destructive, but they are not collectedly exhaustive of the subject. Logically opposed, while they cannot both be true, they may both be false. They are both, it appears to us, incapable of strict, accurate proof. For what kind and amount of evidence would be required to substantiate either the one or the other? Nothing less than the material which MacPherson himself had; but this is lost for ever. It is true that no existing manuscript, so far as known, of date prior to MacPherson's tour, contains poetry corresponding in character to that of which his English "Ossian" is a professed translation; but this does not prove that MacPherson had none such. We know that he had manuscripts, and that they have disappeared. It is also true that all the poetry which has been recovered from old reciters is the same in subject and style with existing manuscripts, and different from MacPherson's; but yet it is true that MacPherson got a great deal of material from reciters which disappeared with him and them. On the other hand, it may be proved to demonstration that there are real scenes and historical incidents in the poems which MacPherson could neither have described nor known nor invented—the utmost that can be proved from this is, that in these cases he gave the material substantially as he got it. The region of

* Ossian and the Clyde, Fingal in Ireland, Oscar in Iceland; or, Ossian, Historical and Authentic. By P. Hately Waddell, LL.D., Minister of the Gospel, Editor and Biographer of Robert Burns, Translator of the Psalms into Scottish; Author of "Behold the Man," &c. Glasgow: James Maclehose, Publisher to the University. 1875.

proof is thus reduced to very narrow limits; while the area of inferences more or less legitimate, of probabilities more or less weighty, of conjectures more or less plausible, is indefinitely extended; and it were well had Ossianic critics kept this fact always in view.

The external evidence at the present day briefly stands thus: A quantity of Ossianic ballad literature, exceeding in bulk the "Ossian" of MacPherson four times over, was published by J. F. Campbell in "Leabhar na Feinne" in 1872. These compositions were taken down to dictation in various parts of Scotland at different periods, ranging from 1512 to 1872. They all treat of the same subjects, and are in the same style. With the exception of a few hundred lines at most, the cast and style of them all are as like one another as they are different from MacPherson and Smith's collections. To many, Campbell himself included, the inference is irresistible that MacPherson and Smith had only material of this kind, though perhaps more varied in incident and of more perfect form, and that out of this material they composed their several collections as we now have them. To other critics, such as Dr. Clerk, the reasonable conclusion appears to be that these "ballads" are but the spurious versions of genuine ancient poetry of a high order which somehow was preserved among the people till such collectors as MacPherson and Smith appeared, but which escaped the industry of previous collectors, and which has since totally disappeared. But proof, in the strict sense of the term, does not exist for the one inference or the other.

The internal evidence furnished by MacPherson's "Ossian" was

examined with greater or less ability, fairness, and research, at various times. It was declared, for example, that MacPherson not only did not write "Ossian," but, from what was known of his poetical talents otherwise, that he could not write it. The matter and style, the diction, imagery, and allusion, were all held to prove the antiquity of the poems. On the other hand, the manners and customs described were alleged to militate against their Ossianic authorship, while a considerable amount of talent and industry was expended in attempting to show suspicious similarity in idea, imagery, and language to other poets, ancient and modern. In this case also assertion was substituted for proof, dogmatism for doubt, and, too often, calumny for candour. Critical dissertations, whether by Blair or Laing, ought to be valuable, if they were but critical. But the critics of Ossian, like the heroes of Valhalla, were powerful only in attack; in defence they were impotent. They always killed their foes; but they scarcely quaffed their blood when their own was shed by others.

Against the negative criticism of Johnson, Laing, Pinkerton, and Macaulay, Dr. Waddell is triumphant. They rejected Ossian mainly by instinct, and used strong language towards those who differed from them. Dr. Waddell is a believer in Ossian by instinct; but he does not press for the acceptance of his views upon this ground. The instinctive argument as it is, somewhat paradoxically, called, is in some of its phases a valid argument, but limited in its application. In the department of Christian Apologetics it has always held a prominent place. But it is confirmatory of a system or work as a whole, not of details. It may afford valuable testimony to the

truth of a system or the unity of a work ; but it is valueless in deciding upon a disputed text or a variant reading. Again, while this kind of argument may be most convincing to the individual, it is absolutely worthless to convert the world.

As stated in the former article, Dr. Waddell's argument is threefold—Geological, Geographical and Etymological, and Traditional. The first is, so far as we are aware, original ; the second and third are pursued with a minuteness and research which has not hitherto been paralleled. The whole is presented in a handsome quarto volume, beautifully illustrated, extending to upwards of 400 pages. It would be impossible to give an intelligible outline, within the limits of this Magazine, of the author's argument, or of the learning, research, and ability displayed in the treatise. To be understood and fairly judged, the book must not only be carefully read, but the reader would require to follow, *Ossian* in hand, the heels of Dr. Waddell over a considerable portion of Scotland and of Ireland, and to be gifted with the literary insight and historical imagination of the distinguished author.

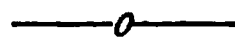
The elaborate work before us, learned, able, and eloquent though it be, is not without its defects,—some of them, in our judgment, of a grave character. In form the book is far from being perfect. It is sadly in want of an index ; and the argument might be presented in a more condensed and more convincing form. As to the argument itself, it is undoubtedly a valid argument ; and, in its threefold form, what logicians call cumulative. That is to say, even if the Geological argument were to break down, the Geographical and Traditional arguments

would not thereby be affected. It is a rope of three strands, where the strength of the rope consists of the combined strength of the several strands, but where the strength or weakness of one strand does not imply strength or weakness in the other. Dr. Waddell, it seems to us, has clearly established a number of striking coincidences between the text of "*Ossian*" and his Geological theory, his Geographical researches, and local tradition,—coincidences in many cases, one would almost say, beyond MacPherson's knowledge and even beyond his imagination. But, *Ossian* apart, is Dr. Waddell's Geological theory independently established ? It is admitted that a recession of the sea has taken place, and perhaps to the extent that Dr. Waddell's theory and *Ossian*'s text seem to demand ; but when did this happen ? The evidence furnished by the Roman wall was conclusive to Hugh Miller that the subsidence of the sea occurred before the wall was built. Until the question of date is settled, the proof from Geology cannot be admitted. As it stands, the argument is in a circle, and a narrow one : "The Clyde, at some time or other, is admitted to have been a broad expanse of water ; '*Ossian*' (whose authenticity is in question) describes it as an expanse of water ; therefore '*Ossian*' is authentic." The Geographical and Etymological argument, it appears to us, is pushed too far in many cases. Gaelic Etymology is in a very unsettled state, but one cannot help feeling that the ease with which Dr. Waddell transposes syllables, drops letters or changes them, must detract not a little from the weight of this branch of his argument. In many cases we would only suggest as a possibility what Dr. Waddell presses as an un-

doubted fact. The same feeling of an attempt to prove too much arises when reading the discovery of Malvina's grave, Oscar's, Ossian's and Fingal's in Arran. It may be that these illustrious personages were all buried there, but it must be remembered that the poem chiefly relied on, "Berrathon," has not been found in Gaelic; and that quite a different explanation from Dr. Waddell's is possible here, viz., that in Gaelic it never existed. If not, what of the beautiful scenes in "Berrathon" and of Dr. Waddell's book in relation to the authenticity of "Ossian"?

The great defect of the work, in our judgment, is its treatment of Ossianic tradition in Scotland. The upholder of Ossian's authenticity and of MacPherson's integrity is not called upon to refute for the hundredth time Johnson and Laing. He is called upon to refute Tradition. The Arran people have a tradition that Ossian and Fingal were buried there, and their tradition may be true. But where is the tradition in manuscript, or dictated by any known reciter—outside of MacPherson's collections—for the last three hundred years, that makes Fingal king of Morven, or that makes him even *Fingal*. It is not Laing who is to be refuted now; it is the Dean of Lismore and the whole record of tradition so far as collected throughout Scotland since his day. MacPherson stands opposed to all other authorities (with the exception of Smith) in his incidents, as well as in his style; and his own authorities cannot now be had, for he destroyed all trace of them. There is thus presumptive evidence of the strongest kind against MacPherson;—evidence which must be disposed of before we can accept the character of perfect uprightness and integrity which Dr. Waddell gives him.

But although we consider that Dr. Waddell, in establishing the authenticity of "Ossian" and the integrity of MacPherson, has been over sanguine in all parts of his argument, and has overlooked the branch of the argument from Tradition which stands most in need of support, we cordially commend the work for its industry, ability, and research. The author labours under the very great disadvantage of not knowing the Gaelic text, and occasionally draws inferences which the original does not warrant. But his familiarity with the English text of "Ossian" is truly astonishing; and his admiration of the bard of Selma truly great. For this able and hearty tribute to the genius of Ossian from the "stranger" we feel grateful. It would be interesting and in many respects important to prove that these poems were written 1600 years ago. But of far greater interest and of infinitely greater importance to us Celts is the fact, that the poems, by whomsoever written, are a lasting monument of Celtic,—of Gaelic genius; and for his lofty tribute to their worth, in this non-heroic age, we most heartily offer the thanks of the Gael to Dr. Waddell.



LEVERS TO RAISE OUR PEASANTRY.

IV.—EDUCATION.

EDUCATION is development; and that system of education best deserves the name which develops or draws out to the highest excellence, consistent with the harmony of the whole, every faculty with which the subject educated is endowed. If that subject be a human being, the education best fitted for his necessity is that which will most excel-

lently and most harmoniously develop all human faculties. Such an education will aim at physical, intellectual, and moral culture.

In the following observations we will restrict ourselves to a survey of the intellectual and moral culture afforded by the Highland educational machinery of the past and present. We pass over physical culture, both because the natural conditions which surround Highlanders as well as their habits of life, ensure to them a degree of physical culture fully co-ordinate, at once to their own mental development, and to the physical culture of most modern nations; and because the claims of physical culture are already ably advocated by a gentleman of influence in Highland educational councils. No doubt much could be copied from the educational systems of the ancient Greeks and modern Germans with decided advantage to the physical culture, even of Highlanders, and without detriment to their mental training, and we heartily wish success to all who aim at well directed reform in this direction; but it must not for a moment be forgotten, that physical development must always play a subordinate part in human culture. In the physical world we find that besides the characteristics common to all animals, each tribe is naturally possessed of peculiar endowments and aptitudes which are enjoyed in common by all the animals of that tribe, but not by any others; and what is of the very highest importance to education, we discover the law that each animal finds its highest pleasure in the exercise of its peculiar endowment;—that the happiest bee is that which gathers honey best, the happiest hawk that which hawks best, the happiest horse that which races

best. Now, the distinctive endowment of human beings is moral and intellectual intelligence, and the highest human happiness is to be found, not in physical enjoyment, but in the harmonious action of the moral and intellectual faculties. Therefore, while not neglecting the body, the great aim of human culture must be, to enable the mind to see clearly, to reason justly, and to act readily. This is true education. Let us now see how far the past education of Highlanders came up to this standard.

Let the reader carry himself back into the middle of the last century, and imagine himself surveying a Highland glen. We look down the strath and observe the foaming Tummel rushing through its rocky depths. It is Sabbath evening, but no hallowed strains are heard rising to heaven with the fervent praise of devout hearts. Shouts and peals of laughter start a hundred echoes from the surrounding hills. Down on the broad green bank of the river we see a motley crowd. Here women in small groups laugh and gossip as they sit on the soft sward, there unkempt children run about and tumble over each other, while yonder, may be seen two or three dozen of strong men putting the stone, tossing the caber, and engaging in the other athletic sports common to the Highlands at this period. Presently we observe a man with a long cloak, a Highland bonnet, and an earnest face, and with a half-opened book in his left hand quietly advancing. He reaches the crowd. He speaks in kind accents. The women listen—his voice rises—the men stand. Louder and clearer ring his accents as he preaches to them the words of eternal truth, till their rude breasts begin to swell and their eyes to

moisten. This picture is not altogether imaginary. The incidents are historical, and the centre-piece is Dugald Buchanan, teacher, preacher, and poet. He was a favourable type of the Highland teachers of the past. Engaged by a society, whose professed aim was to propagate Christian knowledge, these men were Christian Missionaries as much as teachers. Throughout the week they taught all who chose to attend their schools the art of reading, and on Sunday they acted as lay preachers. They confined themselves generally to imparting a knowledge of the scriptures and to the surveillance of moral conduct. What the pecuniary rewards of these men were is of little import. They worked not for reward. They were fired by a finer impulse. Gradually the instruction became more secular, or perhaps it would be more correct to say that it became more liberal, by the gradual introduction of writing and arithmetic, and, at a later date, by the addition of English and grammar. But the teaching of these subjects for a long time held a subordinate place, and while writing, English, and a little arithmetic were considered desirable, because useful, the systematic culture of the intellect was never dreamt of. Thus we perceive that however real and permanent the moral and social results of the labours prosecuted by the noble band of Highland educational pioneers and their successors, the education of the past was nevertheless one-sided and imperfect. The emotions and the will were not neglected, but the people were not trained to habits of thought; and thus, although they read the Scriptures, the high intellectual culture afforded by the examination of Scripture characters and by the analysis of Scripture thought was

lost on them; for although a few of peculiar mental bias prosecuted an independent study of the Scriptures, it is a matter of history that the multitude contented themselves with taking on trust the result of their researches.

Thus we see that the education of the past failed to prepare Highlanders for the proper discharge of the highest human functions, and failed to secure to them the enjoyment of that "highest good," which only a full culture can supply.

We come now to the education of the present. One great law regulates the Highland education of to-day, and that law is utility. Partly from choice, partly from political causes, and partly from the rapid spread of those utilitarian ideas of education indigenous to every industrial country, the moral culture of the past has succumbed to a pseudo-intellectual system of education, whose chief end is to return as much money as possible to the school managers, while the children are being trained, and to the trained themselves after they have entered life. Now we do not deprecate useful education. On the other hand we hold utilitarianism to be the true test of all education; but we refuse to identify this term with a mere return in pounds, shillings, and pence. We associate a far higher meaning with the word. Money is no doubt useful, but there is that which is far more useful to human beings, and this is happiness. Now the highest human happiness is to be secured, as we have seen, not by any return in money, but in the free, full, and harmonious operation of all the distinctively human faculties. Thus, whatever system of education does not aim at directing the human mind into this harmonious action is not calculated to

perform the most useful functions of human education, and can never meet the most urgent requirements of human beings. What we want is culture. This is the right of all, this is the need of all, this is the most useful to all.

Three great difficulties stand in the way of culture in the north.

1. The people do not appreciate it. This is by no means peculiar to the Highlands, but counteracts the progress of true education wherever such education is attempted. It is vain, however, while the people are not being trained to experience the transcendent advantages of culture to wait till they yearn to revel in its clear light. It is the province of education itself to remove this barrier.

2. Culture is not sufficiently encouraged by the state. It is true indeed that some attempts have been made to promote intellectual development, by offering grants for general intelligence as well as for special excellence in the various branches of literature and science—it is true also that music and drawing may have some small influence on the moral condition, and that any degree of moral culture is permitted by the state; but it is none the less true that so long as payment by results regulates education, and so long as the exact degree of intellectual and especially of moral development is so difficult to ascertain, so long will education consist in a mere storing up of dry imparted knowledge, so long will living thought sicken and pine in the noxious atmosphere of cram, so long will the highest functions of education be unperformed, and the highest necessities of human beings be unmet, so long, in short, will culture be inadequately encouraged by the state. But, it is not only in this connection that culture

receives insufficient attention from government. We all know how essential a thorough knowledge of the body is to the successful physician; but how much more necessary must the thorough knowledge of mind be to the successful teacher. But although psychology ought to form the principal subject of study in the professional training of teachers, we look in vain into teachers' examination papers for questions referring to the philosophy of mind.

3. The only direct instrument of culture, the known language, is neglected. Some people may be tickled at the idea of seeking culture through the use of barbarous Gaelic, but this is only because some people associate culture with those showy accomplishments which bear the same relation to true culture that an artificial paper flower does to a rosebud. Culture is not the ability to play the piano-forte, to talk nonsense glibly, and to revile an absent friend, in compliment to the one present. It is the flowering of the human being, man, in all the strength of his three-sided existence, and in all the richness of his varied faculties. Now it is manifest that while language is the only direct instrument of culture with which the teacher can work, and while Gaelic is the only language of the majority of Highland children, the expulsion of Gaelic from Highland schools cannot but cause the utter neglect of intellectual development, and must also sooner or later result in moral conditions of which the contemplation would be very painful to the old pioneers of Highland education. The conduct of the Romans in the days of Quintillian might teach Highland educationists a wholesome lesson in their present difficulty.

The removal of these three obstructions from the path of culture will

not be accomplished in a day. First a higher appreciation of culture must be created by the press, and the teaching profession itself. Then, the call for a higher professional training of teachers, now, to their honour be it spoken, issuing chiefly from teachers themselves, will not improbably swell into a national cry for the institution in all our Universities of a distinct educational faculty, where psychology, logic, and the history, principles, methods, and practice of education would be made subjects of systematic study. In the hands of men who had been thus prepared, who felt a genial sympathy with the struggling faculties of childhood, who understood not only the tabulated systems elaborated by psychologists, but who could read human nature, who could measure intellectual and moral conditions, safely direct thought and gently curb untoward passions and strengthen weak wills, who had entered the profession not because it presented convenient temporary employment, but because they had consecrated their lives to a chosen labour—in the hands of such men education might well be allowed to take care of itself, and the miserable artifice of payment by results might well be dispensed with. Then, too, as the need for culture becomes fully realised the most effectual instrument of culture, the known language, would receive its proper place in Highland education. Meantime Highlanders retain little of their ancient spirit, if, in waiting for the good time coming, they allow the moral and intellectual culture, the happiness and destinies of the rising generation to be sacrificed to the flunkeyism, redtapeism, and absurd notions of mistaken utility which have banished Gaelic from the schools of the Gael.

There are peculiar difficulties in the way of Highland education, such as a scattered and indigent population, and a severe climate; but as these are receiving commendable attention in the proper quarter, it is not necessary now to discuss them.

It might also come fairly within the scope of this paper to consider what useful subjects should receive special attention in Highland schools. Should the young be taught to understand the relation of Highlanders to land and landlord? Should they be taught the chemistry of soils? How far should a study of Celtic literature be prosecuted? These are questions on which we cannot afford to enter.

In conclusion, although some of the higher duties of education are unperformed by the system now in force, in the North there are not wanting reasons for congratulation and encouragement—for congratulation, because the technical instruction now given, as well as the general knowledge and indirect intellectual training which must accompany it, cannot but considerably elevate the social position of the Highland peasantry, and fit a greater number of Highland youth for holding offices of trust and honour in every part of the world; and for encouragement, because in the lively interest taken in the advance of culture, and in the higher professional training of teachers by the leading Highland teachers themselves, we see the first faint streaks of the coming day, when the clear, pure light of culture will throw its sweetness into every heart, enabling the whole human race to rise to a grand conception of their divinely appointed end, and find their fullest happiness in its accomplishment.

MACHAON.

ON GAELIC—NEW TESTAMENT.

SIR,—Although I preached Gaelic last year for several weeks, I have not such free use of my mother-tongue as to enable me to write to you *currente calamo*. I shall therefore speak to my kindred Celts in that English which to me is a foreign tongue, although I have spoken little else for a quarter of a century.

Has it ever occurred to you that the Apostle Paul may have preached Gaelic? The Galatians, to whom he wrote his great epistle, were a race of Celts who had wandered from Europe, and, after doing a good deal of mischief, settled in Asia some 200 years before Paul visited them there. I find some commentators puzzled about the name Galatia. Why, they despairingly ask, is it not Gallia? What is the meaning or use of the “tia” at the end? Any Highlander knows the reason why? The *t* or *d* sound at the end designates the region inhabited by Gaels, as in our own word *Gaidhealdachd* = Gael-dom.

Paul’s experience of our ancient kindred is curiously characteristic. For instance, they had for him “the fatal Celtic gift of fascination.” A lowlander who some time ago accompanied me on a voyage round the North West Highlands, remarked that it would be easy to form an enthusiastic attachment to the people there. Paul had evidently formed an enthusiastic attachment to the Celts of Asia Minor. Though vehemently remonstrating with them in his epistle, he betrays towards them a passionate personal affection, such as appears in the same measure nowhere else in the surviving memorials of the great-souled apostle of the Gentiles.

Then, again, in their feelings towards him, we mark a *trait* distinctively Celtic,—the tendency to run into extremes, a feverish nature, whose fever-heat is followed by a fever-chill; to which it is seldom or never necessary to say, “I would ye were either cold or hot.” When Paul first went among them, apparently afflicted with some painful infirmity of the eyes, they received him with enthusiastic favour—would have been willing to pull out their own eyes for his sake. But soon after, they had swung round from the fever-heat to the fever-chill,—so that they might, figuratively, have pulled out his eyes if they could have laid hands on him. The same feverish nature was observed by Cæsar in Gaul: the rush—*elan*—of the Gaelic warriors was, he found, terrific; but if it could be resisted, then they broke away like waves from a rock; so that his problem proved to

be, how to withstand the first shock of their assault. And so, even in modern times, though there has been much blending of races, Celtic valour has been compared to straw or heather on fire, while Teutonic valour has been compared to coal on fire, or iron heated to a white-heat.

The Galatian theology is not less characteristic. It betrays a certain fickleness of spiritual temperament—always going towards extremes. It is occupied with the fundamental question of justification. In relation to this question, the race which but yesterday had gone to the extreme right, are to-day going fast to the extreme wrong. So at this hour, the extreme of Popery is best represented by the Celts of Ireland, while the extreme of Evangelism is best represented by the Celts of Scotland in the north and north-west. Our Highlanders have never, so far as I know, shown any proclivity towards Antinomianism. But they, more perhaps than any other race on earth, cordially welcome the most thorough-going statements of the doctrine of free justification by faith without the works of the law. I may add that there has been remarked in Highland Christianity a tendency to lean too much upon the past, on remembered attainments (of bygone times or persons), and that this tendency, unduly indulged in, appears to have been precisely what occasioned the lapse of the Galatians into their heresy about justification. It will be remembered with interest in this relation, that a kindred heresy, as to the power of man’s will, is represented in church history by the name of Pelagius (Morgan), a Celt of Wales.

Whether Paul preached in Celtic, is an insolvable question. Irenæus, three generations later, himself an Asiatic Greek, preached Gaelic to the Celtic churches of Lyons and Vienne, so that, in the beginning of his great work on heresies, he apologises for the rustiness of his Greek, on the ground that he has long been accustomed to speak in the language of the Celts under his pastoral care. The leading Christians of Galatia could no doubt read Paul’s letter in Greek, as leading native Christians in Calcutta can read a letter from Dr. Duff in English. But the mass of the Galatians certainly spoke Celtic. Celtic was spoken by their descendants in the time of Jerome, 300 years after. And, as Paul had a miraculous gift of tongues, it is perhaps reasonable to suppose that he preached Celtic in Galatia, so as to declare to his hearers, “in their own tongue, the wonderful works of God.”

There is a somewhat doubtful, but inter-

esting, thread of connection between that ancient Celtic church and the Celtic churches of Britain. It is certain that Christianity was very early introduced into our country—probably long before the end of the second century. There is a vague tradition about a mysterious visitor, who came to Britain with the gospel through the Straits of Gibraltar from the Mediterranean Sea. May not this have been a Galatian Christian, set on fire of heaven, bringing the good tidings from that Asian colony to The Island of the West which then was the recognised mother-land of the Celts? May he not have been a Celtic preacher? May he not have been a convert of Paul.—Yours, &c.

JAMES MACGREGOR.

New College, Edinburgh,
14th June 1875.

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THE CELTIC CHAIR ENDOWMENT FUND.

ON Monday, 5th ult., close upon 100 gentlemen assembled in Willis's Rooms, London, in furtherance of the scheme for establishing a Celtic Chair in the University of Edinburgh. The Marquis of Huntly presided, and was supported by, among others, Professor Morley, Dr. Lyon Playfair, M.P.; Professor Blackie, Mr. J. Cowan, M.P.; Mr. J. Maitland, M.P.; Mr. C. Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P.; Mr. R. Hepburn, Mr. W. Cunliffe Brooks, M.P.; Dr. Charles Mackay, &c. The noble Chairman announced that the Queen had sent £200 towards the proposed Chair, an intimation which elicited much applause, and it was privately stated that the Duke of Hamilton had given £100 for the same object.

The Marquis of HUNTLY, in introducing the business, said the hon. secretary to the present gathering (Mr. Burton) had pointed out to him that many years ago his (the chairman's) father was president of the Gaelic Society, and that as far back as 1835 he presented a petition respecting the very object the promoters of the present meeting had in view. The noble chairman earnestly urged upon all present and all Scotchmen interested in the matter to do their best towards assisting Professor Blackie in carrying to a successful issue the admirable movement he had taken in hand.

MR. FRASER-MACKINTOSH, M.P., moved—

That the Celtic language having been the general language of the early inhabitants of Great Britain and Ireland, a complete view of the character and origin of society as it

now exists in these countries cannot be given without a knowledge of the language, literature, and traditions of the Celt.

Professor MORLEY seconded the motion. Although not by any means a naturally born Highlander, and having no claim whatever to being considered a Gaelic-speaking person, he had, from some practical experience of the study of literature, come to the conclusion that a practical knowledge of the Celtic language was indispensably necessary to the proper appreciation of what might be called English Literature. He therefore gave to the movement his best approval. (Applause.)

The motion was agreed to unanimously.

Professor BLACKIE moved—

That the Celtic language being the spoken language of a considerable portion of the inhabitants of this country, and the only medium through which they can receive instruction, it is desirable that clergymen and others called upon to teach in Celtic districts should have the opportunity afforded them of systematically studying the language at one or more of our Universities.

Dr. LYON PLAYFAIR seconded the proposition. He concluded, from the energetic manner in which the movement had been set on foot by Professor Blackie, that that gentleman was a Celt, for, as had been said by Professor Morley, spirit, dash, and energy had been peculiarities of that race. As the representative of the University of Edinburgh, he was glad of an opportunity of supporting such a proposition.

The motion was agreed to amid general acclamation.

Mr. COWAN, M.P., moved—

That this meeting tenders its thanks to Professor Blackie of Edinburgh for the great and so far successful efforts being made by him to found a Celtic Chair in the University of that city, and with the view to aid him in accomplishing this object, that the following committee be appointed (with power to add to their number) to solicit and collect subscriptions towards the founding of the Edinburgh Celtic Chair:—The Marquis of Huntly, Dr. L. Playfair, Mr. C. Brooks, M.P.; Mr. J. Cowan, M.P.; Mr. Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P.; Mr. J. Maitland, M.P.; and Sir C. Shand, Chief-Justice of the Mauritius.

Mr. J. MAITLAND, M.P., seconded the motion, and it was carried unanimously.

A vote of thanks to the Marquis of Huntly for presiding, proposed by Dr. Charles Mackay, seconded by the Chief Justice of the Mauritius, concluded the proceedings.

AN GAIDHEAL.

*“ Mar ghath soluis do m’ anam fein
Tha sgeula na h-aimsir a dh’ fhalbh.”—OISEAN.*

IV. LEABH.] CEUD MHIOS AN FHOGHAIR, 1875. [44 AIR.

SEAN-FHOCAIL.

VIII.—CHA LION BEANNACHD BRU.

CIOD e teagasg ar n-Aithrichean, cha 'n ann “mu'n t-seirbhis a tha mhain ann am biadhaibh agus ann an deochaibh,” ach mu Bhiadh agus mu Dheoch? Their sinn gu tric 'n ar latha fein gu bheil ar coimhearsnaich na Goill agus gu sonruichte na Sasunnaich a' cur barrachd luach air biadh na tha sinne. Ni sinn uail as ar measarrachd fein anns an rathad so; agus ni sinn amharc sios gu tric air na Goill airson an deigh air biadh blasda 's air moran dheth. Cha 'n 'eil sinn cho mi-mhodhail no, ma dh'fhaodte, cho toibheumach 'us gu'n abair sinn gu bheil iadsan a' deanamh “dia d' am bru;” ach, ann an coimeas ruinn fein, their sinn gun teagamh gur iad is mo a tha 'n an traillean d' am broinn. Ach nach tilgear oirne gu minic ma tha sinn measarra 'n ar biadh nach 'eil 'n ar deoch? Nach abrar ma tha na Goill gionach, gu bheil na Gaidheil pàiteach? Ma chuireas sinne geocaireachd as leth ar coimhearsnaich, nach cuirear pòitearachd as ar leth fein? Cha 'n fheoraich sinn an traths' co-dhiu tha no nach 'eil e fìor gur geòcaich na Goill; no co is mo tha 'g òl de dheoch mhisgich 'n ar latha-ne, an Gall no an Gaidheal; ach feudar sealltainn le buannachd air an fhianuis a gheibhear 'n ar canain agus 'n ar litreachas air a' mheas a bha ar n-Aithrichean

a' cur air Biadh 's air Deoch; agus air nadleasdanais 's na cleachduinean a dh' eirich 'n am measg an co-lorg nan nithean so.

'N ar latha-ne tha e gun teagamh fìor—agus is duilich gu bheil e cho fìor—gu'n nochdar Sluagh an cairdeas 's an deagh-rùn d' a cheile, an uair a choinnicheas iad, gu minic le deoch agus gu h-ainmig le biadh. Tachair air do luchd-eolais o'n dachaidh no mu'n tigh-òsd' aig baile. Gabhaidh iad 'us bheir iad seachad deoch am pailteas; ach is tàmailt leo biadh a phaigheadh air an son, ged ma dh' fhaodte nach do bhlais iad greim fad cheithir-uaire-fichead. 'S e so cleachduinar Sluaigh ann an Albainn 'n ar latha fein. Ge b'e ar beachd mu'n fhaireachduin o'n d' eirich a' chleachduin—tha mi fein a meas gur ann o fhaireachduin ionmholta dh' eirich i—cha 'n 'eil aon 'n ar measg nach aidich gu'n gleidheadh ar luchd-duthcha 'n ar latha-ne a suas an cliu fein agus cliu an Sluaigh na b' airde na 'n-itheadh iad barrachd air an turuis agus na 'n-òladh iad na bu lugha. Cho fad 's is leir dhuinn cha robh a' chuis mar so o shean. Anns an fhianuis a tha againn air beachdan ar n-Aithrichean, saoilidh mi gu'm faighear dearbhadh nach aich'ear gu'n robh na seann daoine a' cur barrachd meas air Biadh, agus na bu lugha meas air Deoch, na tha sinne.

O chionn beagan bhliadhnachan rinneadh barrachd rannsachaidh air a' Ghàidhlig na rinneadh riamh.

Aideachar a nis air gach laimh, a' bhuidheachas sin do shaothair nan coigreach, gu bheil a' chanain aosda, agus gu'm faighear 'n a fuaim, 'n a focail, 'us 'n a cumadh na feartan a bhuineas a mhain do phrìomh chanain a labhair daoine treun,—eadhon neart, maise, agus cumhachd. Cha dearbhar aon chuid gu'm b' i canain Adhaimh no gur i "canain is fearr fo'n ghrein," mar bhiodh cuid d' ar Baird Ghaidhealach, o'n earbamaid barrachd tuigse, a' cumail a mach; ach cha 'n innis eachdraidh c'uine no c' àite an d'rugadh i, agus airson a maise 's a neart, cha 'n e'n ceannacharinn i. Tha rathad eile ann 's am feudarar canain a' rannsach' le buannachd — rathad nach 'eil ro chomasach do choigrich, — agus 's e sin fìor-bhrìgh ar focail, ar coimeasan, ar samhlaidhean 's ar doigh-labhairt, agus an solus a tha gach aon diu so a' tilgeadh air smuaintean, beachdan, 'us cleachduinean ar Sluaigh. Na'm biodh gach focal Gaidhlig a tha 'n an ceudbhrìgh co-cheangailte ri Biadh 's ri Deoch air an tarruing a mach air aon chlàr, gheibhleadh, saoilidh mi, dearbhadh nach gann air a' mheas bha aig air n-Aithrichean gu sonruichte air Biadh.

Tha e comharraichte nach 'eil focail Ghaidhlig againn airson trathan bìdh (*Breakfast, Dinner, Supper*), ged tha ar focail airson bìdh fein ro lionmhor,—*lòn. aran, cuirm, cuilm, fleagh, feisd, feill, &c.* Nach soilleir agus nach brìghmhor am focal "beo-shlainte" airson nan nithean a tha feumail a chum beatha a chumail suas a chur an ceill? Their na Goill "lorg na beatha" ri aran, agus their iad gu maith; ach their sinne "slainte na beatha" (beo-shlainte)-ris, agus tha mi meas gu'n abair sinn na's fearr. Ach tha sinn a' deanamh a' cheangail eadar beatha agus biadh na 's dlùithe na so; oir

's e *beathachadh* mar is trice a their sinn ri *biadhachd*. Saoilidh mi gur anns na h-eileanan, far am biodh fiùghairricomhnadh o'n mhuir, a dh' eirich ant-ainm iongantach sin airson lòn—*teachd-an-tìr*; co-dhiu cha bhiodh a leithid de ainm ro fhreagarrach ann an tìr phàilt, thoraich. Thugadh fainear uair 'us uair ar baigh ri dath buidhe—'s e falt buidhe is maisiche; 's e latha buidhe is breagha—o'n fhocal thug sinn *buidheach*, agus *buidheachas*, 's e sin taing, agus gu h-àraid taing as deigh bìdh, mar gu'm feumteadh a bhi *buidheach*, sasuite, mu'n rachadh *buidheachas* a thoirt seachad. Fhuair mi o chionn beagan laithean o charaid Altachadh agus Buidheachas nam Ban air an Airidh mar so: Altachadh—"A Dhia nan grasan beannaich e"; Buidheachas—"A bhuidhe ri Dia mo chuid, fair mo chuigeal." Cha choir dhuinn, tha mi smuaineachadh eas-urram a chur á leth nam mnathan còire, ged fhuair iad roimh 'n dleasdanas so na bu luaithe na tha e cleachdta 'n ar measg-ne. Thug na Goill am focal *perfect* o na Roman-àich airson nì tha air a dheanamh gu maith 's gu ro mhaith. Their sinne *iomlan*—air a *lionadh* iomadh uair—ris an nì cheudna. Ri ball a tha reir a cheile their sinn gu bheil e *coimhlionta*. De fhocail de 'n t-seorsa so tha moran againn; agus tha mi de'n bheachd gur airidh iad air an rannsachadh. Gabh mar eisempleir na seadhan anns an cleachd sinn gu tric na focail a leanas agus na ficheadan a thuilleadh orra:—*bolg, goile, sathach, reamhar, tarbhach, daor, ainfhiach, balach, cuireadh*.

Gheibhear moran d' ar samhlaidhean cumanta—a thuilleadh air an doigh shamhlachail anns a' bheil sinn a' cleachdadh ar focail—a tha tarruing an brìgh o bhiadh 's o dheoch;—"A lion beagan 'us beagan,

mar a dh' ith an cat an sgadan"; "Cho eolach 's a tha 'n ladar air a' phoit"; "Liunn dubh air mo chridhe"; "Geiread an liunn chaoil" "Deoch an doruis"; Beul an anmoich";—agus moran eile a bheir a' chuimhne fein fa chomhair inntinn gach neach.

Cha 'n 'eil mi meas gu'm faighear ann an canain eile co liugha sean-fhocal, a réir an aireimh, a tha tarruing an cumadh 's an dreach o ith-eadh 's o òl, 'us a gheibhear anns a' Ghaidhlig. Le beagan dragh chunnt mi cuig fichead ann an cruinneachadh Mhic-an-Toisich, agus cha 'n 'eil teagamh agam nach faighear moran ann air nach d' amais mi. Tha iad so a' teagasg caochladh bheachdan 'us dhleasdanas mu bhiadh, mu dheoch, 's mu iomadh ni eile; ach is ann o bhiadh 's o dheoch a tha an samhladh, air a tharruing. Tha ni no dha comharrachichte mu na Sean-fhocail so a tha tur dhealaichte o'n bheachd chumanta mu'r Sluagh.

A dh' aon ni cha 'n 'eil os cionn deich no dusan de 'n chuig fichead mu dheoch; agus cha 'n eil an deoch airson a' bheil ar Tìr 's ar Sluagh a nis cho iomraiteach—*uisge-beatha*—air a h-ainmeachadh idir. Tha liunn 'us fion air an ainmeachadh ach cha 'n 'eil deoch ach sin. A réir coslais cha robh na seana Ghaidheil cho eolach air sugh an eorna air a ruith roimh na poit-ean-dubha 's a dh' fhas an sliochd, no co-dhiu cha robh de mheas aca air 's gur e *uisge-beatha* a theireadh iad ris. Agus cha 'n fhaigh mi dearbhadh gu'n robh meas air misgear am measg nan seann daoine. Theirear "Is fearr a' mhisg na bhi gun leth-sgeul,"—ach a ris theirear na 's firinniche, "Is dona 'n leth-sgeul a' mhisg." A ris theirear, "Misg gun liunn is measa tha ann";—'s e sin, "Is fearr bhi air

mhisg na air a chuthach." Cha saoil mi gur moladh air deochl-aidir an claidheamh dà fhaobhair so "Cha d' rinn uisge glan riamh liunn maith"; agus cha b' urrainn namhaid na dibhe misg a chaineadh na bu sheirbhe na so:—"Tagh do cho-luadar mu'n tagh thu d' òl"; "Is coma leam comunn an òil"; "An uair a bhitheas an deoch a stigh, bithidh an ciall a mach." "'S e 'n suidh docharach 's an tigh-òsd is fearr."

Is ann air toradh an spreidh a bha ar n-Aithrichean anns a chuid bu mho tighinn beo. Cha 'n 'eil moran de'n fhearann freagarrach airson barra ann an coimeas ris na tha maith gu ionaltradh. Mu'n d'fhas caoraich cho lionmhor 's a tha iad a nis, b'e toradh a' chruidh dhuibh, maille ri sithinn 's ri seilg air Tìr-mòr, 's ri iasg anns na h-Eileanan, a bha deanamh suas lòn an t-Sluaigh. Cha robh min no aran ach gann. Gheibhear lan dearbhadh air so anns na Sean-fhocail. Mu choinneamh aoine anns a' bheil iomradh air aran no air min, tha ceithir co-dhiu d'an samhladh im 'us bainne. Ge b'e air bith an teagasg 's e im 'us bainne mar is trice an cainnt: "Am fear aig am bi im, gheibh e im;" "Cha 'n fhaodar a' bhó reic, 's a bainne òl;" "B' e im a chur do thigh àiridh e;" "Cha dean corag mhilis im;"—agus mar sin sios. Air an doigh cheudna gheibhear iasg gu tric air ainmeachadh. Chuala sinn uile an radh; "Breac na linne, slat na coille, 's fiadh nam fireach,—meirle nach do ghabh duine riamh naire as;" agus a ris: "Gaoth an Iar, iasg 'us bainne." Anns na h-Eileanan cluinnear gu tric iad so, am measg morain eile: "Ithidh na cait fuigheall nan caolan;" "Mionach ar n-eisg aig ar n-eunaibh fein;" "An gad air an robh an t-iasg;" "Iasgach amadain,—corra

bheathach mor ;” “Is lom an cladach air an cunntar na faochagan.”

Tha teagasg nan Sean-fhocal a tha buntainn ri biadh 's ri itheadh, mar a bhiodh fiughair ris o'n aireamh, eug-samhuil. Gheibhear beachdan 'us comhairlean a tha calg-dhireach an aghaidh a cheile air an toirt air an aghaidh. Ach do aon bheachd tha na Sean-fhocail a tha f'ar comhair an traths', agus feudar a radh na Sean-fhocail Ghaidhealach thar cheann, an comhnuidh dileas ; agus 's e sin am meas air pailteas, agus an dimeas air goinne no bochdainn. Cha 'n 'eil mi smuaineachadh gu'm biodh e comasach dearbhadh cho laidir agus cho druigtheadh fhaotainn air bochdainn na tìre, agus air na cruaidh-chàsan a b'eigin d' ar n-Aithrichean gu minic fhulang a' solar lòn d'an teaghlaichean, 's a gheibhear anns a' chainnt a chleachdar anns na Sean-fhocail agus 'n ar Bardachd mu phailteas agus mu ghoinne lòn. Cha 'n 'eil teagamh agam fein nach ann o'n bhochdainn so, maille ri gairbhead na tìre 's cion rathaidean mòra, a dh' eirich ann an tomhas mor a' bhuaidh airson an robh, 's a' bheil, 's a tha mi 'n dochas a bhitheas, sinn cliuiteach am measg nan Sluagh—'s e sin ar fialachd ri coigrich. Tha sinn teom air a bhi caoidh na tìm a bh'ann o shean, agus ann an tomhas tha aobhar againn nach 'eil aig moran Shluagh ; ach tha eubh a' teachd o chein air bilibh nan Seanfhocal a dhearbhas dhuinn gu'n robh camadh nach bu bheag an crannchur ar n-Aithrichean. “Cha robh duine saoi bhir riamh gun dilibich ;” “Cha robh caraid riamh aig duine bochd ;” “Cha tig duine acrach fada uaithe ;” “Is olc an ni bhi falamh ;” “Fear falamh 's e gun ni, suidhidh e fada shios o chach ;” “Is buidhe le bochd ean-bhrìgh ged nach bi i ro bhrùich ;”

“Is bochd an ainneis lomanach ;” “Is iomadh cron a bhitheas air duine bochd ;” “Is farasta fuine dheanamh le min ;” “Meallaidh am biadh am fitheach o'n chraoibh.” “Is fada lamh an fheumaich ;” “Cha 'n fhaigh an gortach cnaimh.”

Ann an dlu-cheangal ris an rian so, tha an luach bha na seann daoine a' cur air beagan ; am moladh a dheanadh iad air cruinnealachd ; 's an caineadh air sgapadh gun aobhar : “Is fearr fuine thana na bhi uile falamh ;” “Thig an t-acras dà uair ;” “Is call caillich a poca, 's gun tuilleadh bhi aice ;” “Cha reic e chearc 's an latha fhliuch ;” An toiseach an t-saic a tha 'n riaghailt ; “Bhiodh sonas aig an stroghaire 'n am faigh-eadh e mar a sgapadh e ;” “Is 'usa sgapadh na tional.” Cha 'n 'eil teagamh agam nach e gainne lòn 's an tìr a thug dhuinn an Sean-fhocal so : “Is fearr fuigheall na braide na fuigheall na sgeige.” Agus is ann an uair a ghleidheas sinn air chuimhne fein-fhiosrachadh ar n-Aithrichean air goinne, a dh' fhairicheas sinn fìor chumhachd agus fìor mhaise nan Sean-fhocal a leanas : “Is fearr a bhi bochd na bhi breugach ;” “Is fearr peighinn an fhortain na 'n rosad 'us cuig ceud ;” “Is ann an uair is goinne am biadh is coir a roinn.”

Cha 'n 'eil mi meas gur ann do bhrìgh 's gu bheil an geocaire a' caitheadh barrachd bidh na dh' fhoghnas dha, a chainear e cho mor, ged a chreideas mi gu'm feud e bhith gu'm b' e so cuid de 'n aobhar. Tha mi de 'n bharail gu'n robh ar n-Aithrichean a' meas geocaireachd 'us pòitearachd 'n an nithean nàrach, maslach ; ach cha 'n 'eil teagamh nach amhairceadh iad na b' fhaide 'n deigh na chuireadh an glamair 's am misgear a' dholuidh de bhiadh 's de dheoch na dh' amhairceas sinne. A dh' aon ni cha tugteadh fathamas

do aon de 'n phaidhir. “Cha tuig an sathach an seanr,—is mairg a bhitheadh 'n a thrail d'a bhroinn;” “Cnuasachd uircein buain 'us ith-eadh;” “Cha dean cas laidir nach ith brù mhor;” “Cha robh brù mhor 'n a seis mhaith do neach eile;” “Tilg mir am beul na beist.” An aghaidh an ditidh so, cha 'n fhaigh mi ach aon radh a ghabhas leth-sgeul a gheocaire: “Is tric a bha sonas air beul mor.”

A mach o'n chliu a fhuair na Gaidheil mar Shaighdearan, cha 'n 'eil feart, ma dh' fhaodte, anns a' bheil iad cho ionmholta ri 'n aoidhealachd,—am fialachd ri luchd-turuis 's ri coigrich, gu h-araid le Biadh 's le Deoch. Riamh o'n tha eolas againn air an cleachdadh, bha iad comharraichte airson na buaidh so. Dearbhaidh ar Bardachd, ar Sgeulachdan, ar Sean-fhocail, 's ar n-Eachdraidh gur i Tìr nam Beann Tìr na h-Aoidheachd; agus cha 'n 'eil coigreach a chaidh air thurus 'n ar measg nach d' thug fianuis thoil-each air caoimhneas agus air fialachd nan Gaidheal. Ge b'e an t-aobhar no an rùn o'n d' eirich e, cha 'n 'eil teagamh 'n a fhirinn. Theirear gu bheil caochladh a tigh-inn oirnn anns an rathad so, a chum na cuid is measa, mar ann an iomadh ni eile; ach tha 'n Gaidheal doich-eallach, 's spìocach fathasd air a chunntas 'n a chreutair maslach, agus gu ma fada bhitheas a' chuis mar sin. Is ann 'n ar Sean-fhocail a mhain a gheibh sinn aobhair ar deadh-bheus agus ar droch-bheus air an cur sìos. Mholadh 'us dhi-moladh na Baird Ghaidhealach cho maith ri ach beag; ach 's ann ain-mig a dh' innseadh iad c'arson. Teagaisgidh ar Bardachd 's ar Sgeulachdan le eisempleir; is ann 'n ar Sean-fhocail a mhain a gheibh sinn comhairle agus aobhar na comhairle. Ann an rathad aoidheachd

'us fialachd tha mi meas gu'n deach ar Cleachduin os cionn ar Teagaisg. Tha e gun teagamh fìor gu bheil na feartan so air an cliuthachadh gu minic agus gu mor; agus gu bheil dimeas 'us tair air a dheanamh air an atharrach: “Bheirinn cuid oidhche dha ged bhiodh ceann fo achlais;” “Fialachd do'n fhogarrach 'us cnamhan briste do'n eucorach;” “Bithidh sonas an lorg na caith-eamh;” “Tha teid ni sam bith 's an dorn dhuinte;” “Is maith a sheol-adh an rathaid am fear nach bi maith air an aoidheachd;” “Is olc an t-aoidh is misd' an tigh;” “Suidh gu h-ìosal 'us diol gu h-uasal;”—cha b' urrainn a bhi na b' fhearr na so. Agus a ris chi sinn am meas a bha na seann daoine a' cur air caoimhneas ri 'n coimhearsnaich leis mar bha iasachd no coinghill air am moladh leo. “Bha iasad a ghabhail 's a thoirt riamh feadh an t-Saoghail;” “Millidh airc iasad;” “Cuir an t-iasad dhachaidh a' gaireachdaich.”

Ach is eigin aideachadh gu'n robh beusachd nan Gaidheal mar bu trice feineil. Cha do rainig iad 'n an teagasg cho tric 's a rainig iad 'n an cleachduin air an riaghailt: “Gach uile ni bu mhiann leibh daoine a dheanamh dhuibhse, deanaibhse a leithid dhoibhsan mar an ceudna.” B'e 'n teagasg, agus an so cha robh iad na bu mheasa na daoine eile: “Gach ni a ni daoine dhuibhse, deanaibhse a leithid dhoibhsan mar an ceudna.” Gheibhear an teagasg ceudna mu bhiadh: “Beathaich thusa mise an diugh 's beathaichidh mise thusa am maireach;” “An lamh a bheir, 's i gheibh;” “Is iomadh mir a thug thu do'n bheul a mhol thu.” Agus is e teagasg de'n aon seorsa, ach ceum na 's airde a gheibhear anns na beachdan geur, cothromach air caomhnadh 's air caitheadh a tha anns na Sean-fhocail a leanas: “Cinnidh a' chrionntachd,

's theid an ro-chrionntachd a' dhol-uidh;" "Tionailidh maoin maoin,— 's tionailidh fiachan fiachan;" "Tha caitheadh ann is caomhnadh e, tha caomhnadh ann is caitheadh e."

'N ar Sgeulachdan agus 'n ar Seana Bhardachd gheibhear eisem-pleiran gun chrìch air a' chuid is airde 's is fearr de theagasg nan Sean-fhocal. Rachadh "biadh an aite chaitheamh, deoch an aite h-ol, 's ceol an aite eisdeachd," a thoirt do'n fhear-thuruis mar a dhlighe, gun fheoraich co-dhiu bu charaid no namhaid e. Lean a' chleachduin ionmholta so 'n ar Tìr, ann an tomhas mor, g'ar latha fein. Ach o chionn dà cheud bliadhna gheibhear atharrachadh mor anns a' mheas a bha ar Sluagh, no co-dhiu ar Baird, a' cur air deoch laidir. B' abhaist do na seanachaidhean a bhi 'g inn-seadh mu'n eclas a bha aig prìomh luchd aiteachaidh Albainn air liunn a dheanamh de shugh barr an fhraoich, agus air cho curamach 's a ghleidh iad an t-eolas so o choigrich. Tha e coltach gu'n do chaill iad fein an t-eolas air an deireadh, ma dh' theudar idir a radh gu bheil bun no barr aig an sgeul. Ach fhuair na Gaidheil eolas dà cheud bliadhna roimhe so air deoch laidir a lean riu, cia air bith co as, no ciamar. 'S e mo bheachd fein gur ann thar Galldachd a thug iad an t-eolas so—dearbhadh ùr air an t-seann fhirinn nach urrainn mac an duine blasad de chraobh an eolais gun a bhi fiosrach air olc maille ri maith. Fhuair na Gaidheil deoch mhisgeach 's thug iad *uisge-beatha* mar ainm oirre; fhuair Innseanaich America a' cheart deoch o na ceart dhaoine 's thug iad ainm a bu fhreagarraiche oirre—*uisge-teine*. Mar so bha e o thoiseach. An uair a choinnicheas Sluaigh, gabhaidh iad 'us bheir iad seachad am maith 's an t-olc. "Tha smùdan fein os cionn gach foid;" agus

eadhon ri fòid an eolais cha gharar Sluagh gun aon a nis 's a ris bhi air a thachdadh. Riamh o'n àm a dh' ainmich mi, bha e 'n a chleachduin aig na Baird a bhi moladh an Uisge-bheatha. Cha 'n fhoghnadh leo "Marbh-rann" a dheanamh do gach aon de 'n luchd-eolais a b' ainmeile na cheile, anns am biodh gach feart chluiteach a bhuineadh dha, agus iomadh feart nach buineadh, air an cur as a leth; ach b' eigin a thuilleadh air fialachd an cairdean, le biadh 's le deoch, a bhi sniomh moran rannan anns an robh gach buaidh fo'n ghrein ri 'm faot-ainn co-cheangailte ri uisge-beatha. Cha 'n 'eil teagamh sam bith agam fein nach robh cleachduin ar Baird agus eisempleir morain diubh anns an rathad so cronail d' ar Sluagh. Tha iomadh ni an eorabh a' Ghaidheil, 'n a Fhuil, 'n a Eachdraidh, 'us 'n a Thìr, a tha deanamh cuid de chleachduinean neo-fhreagarrach air a shon, agus tha mi meas gur e baigh ri deoch-laidir aon diubh so.

Is docha gu'n cuir luchd-aiteachaidh gach Tìr a tha bochd, neo-thorach, meas neo-ghnathaichte air biadh, 's gu'm bi a chliu mur bi a bhlas gu tric 'n am beul. Theireadh na seann daoine, "Uraireachd na bà a mach 's a steach, mur leighis so an Gaidheal cha 'n eil a leigheas ann." Agus tha mi smuaineachadh gu'n aidich gach aon a shiubhail a bheag de 'n Tìr 's a chunnaic a luchd-duthcha a' suidhe gu biadh aig banais no air turus, gu bheil baigh mhor aca fathasd ri crobh dubh, marbh 'us beo. Ach cha 'n e saill nam bà ach sugh an eorna is ioc-shlaint do gach creuchd a nis. Tha mi smuaineachadh nach do leasaich sinn cleachduin ar n-Aithrichean anns a cheum so. Ghleidh iadsan ordugh ceart eadar Biadh 'us Deoch;—chuir sinne car mu chrìos dhiubh agus b' fhearr iad bhi mar bha.

D. M'K.

AM FONN.

Fonn—"An nochd gur faoin mo chadal dhomh."

O ! sid am fonn a chuala mi
An uair a bha mi òg,
Mi 'n cluain ri uchd mo mhàthar,
Is mo chridhe 's namh 'n a ceòl ;
'S 'n uair chuala mi a rithist e,
Aig nighinn ghil nam bò,
Gu'n thàlaidh i mo chridhe leis,
'S mi mireagaich mu'n chrò !

Bu tric, o sin, 'g a chlàistinn mi
Mu eadradh, àrd-thra nòin,
'S mi beadradh, air an àiridh,
Ri mo Mhàiri àillidh, òig ;
No feadh nan glacag fàileanta,
'S an tàrladh dhuinn, gun ghò,
Bhi coinneachadh, gu mánranach,
Fo sgàilean coill nan cnò.

Ach b' éiginn dòmh's an àiridh,
Agus Màiri chur air chùl,
A's siubhal fad bho'n àite sin
'S an robh mo ghràdh a's m' ùigh,
A sheasamh anns na blàir,
An aghaidh nàmbaidean ar dùthch' :—
'S an latha dh'fhàg mi 'm Bràighe
Rìgh ! bu chràiteach m' aigne, brùit' !

O ! sid am fonn a chuala mi,
'S a chuaileinich mu m' chrìdh',
I's tric a dhùisg dhomh sealladh
Air mo leannan, 's air mo thìr ;
An uair a bhithinn airtealach,
'N am chairtealan, le sgìos,
Gun taislicheadh e m' anam,
'Nuair a chanainn e leam fhìn !

Ach thog am fonn an tràsa dhomh,
Fàth cànrain agus bròin ;
Oir dhuisg e iomhaigh Màiri
A's mo mhàthar, 's iad fo'n fhòid—
Gach caochladh agus sàrach
Thainig air na Gàidhil chòir,
Bho'n àm 's na bhual an dàn ud mi
Le gràdh, 'n uair bha mi òg !

— *Am Fìlidh.*

AONACHD A' CHINNE-
DHAONNA.

(*Air leantainn.*)

GHEOBH sinn barant laidir gu
cho-dhunadh gur aon sliochd an
cinne-daonna, ma bheachdaicheas
siun air an atharrachadh a thig air

creutairean eile ann an cursa aimsir,
agus anns na duthchannan fa leth
anns am faighear iad. Ma chì sinn
an neo-choltaichead is mò eadar dà
bheathach a tha gun cheist a' teachd
air tus bho 'n aon fhreumh, nach
faod sinn a cho-dhunadh gu bheil
an ni ceudna fìor mu 'n duine? Cha
'n 'eil moran ann a chuireas an
teagamh gu 'n d' thainig gach seorsa
chalman a tha againn bho 'n aon
phaidhir air tus,—tha daoine fogh-
luimte ag innseadh dhuinn gur e an
calman gorm a gheobh sinn fiadh-
aich anns na creagan is sine d' an
treubh,—agus nach lionmhor seorsa
a tha againn de gach cruth agus
dath ; a rìs, tha iad ag innseadh
dhuinn gu bheil gach gne chon, bho
'n fhear is mò a nuas gus am meas-
an is leibidiche a dh' fhalbh riabh
aig sàil ceaird, a' teachd gu leir an
toiseach bho aon phaidhir. Ma tha
so fìor, agus cha 'n 'eil an teagamh
is lugha r' a chur 's a' chuis, nach
'eil e a cheart cho coltach gu bheil
an duine mar an ceudna a' tighinn
bho aon stoc? Am measg gach
eadar-dhealachaidh a fhuair sinn
eadar duine agus duine cha 'n 'eil
bealach a choir cho farsaing 's a tha
eadar cuid de na creutairean a
dh' ainmich mi. A rìs, an uair a
chì sinn an caochladh mor a ni
mùthadh cor, suidheachaidh agus
aite-tuinich anns na creutairean sin,
tha an co-dhunadh ceudna 'g a
sparradh fein oirnn—gu bheil na
ceart aobharan sin a' togail gach
eugsamhlachd a chì sinn ann an
cumadh agus ann an coltas ar co-
dhaoine, c' aite air bith am faighear
iad.

Tha aon doigh ann,—agus cha 'n
'eil e comasach a breugnachadh,—
anns an deanar dealachadh eadar
gineal seach gineal de na h-ainmh-
idhean, agus is e sin cho eu-comas-
ach 's a tha e gu 'm bi sliochd aig
càraidean, ged chuirteadh comhladh

iad, de chreutairean nach buin d' an aon ghineal: ma bhios *clann* aca, cha bhi *oghachan*; tha Nadur fein, mar gu 'm b' eadh, "a' cur stad a's grabaidh 's a' phosadh" mhi-laghail agus neo-bheannaichte. Ach cha 'n ann mar so a tha e ann an teaghlachan eadar-dhealaichte a' chinne-dhaonna,—theid dubh a's geal comhladh agus chi iad an clann agus clann an cloinne. Cha 'n 'eil duthaich air an t-saoghal far an soilleire a chithear an co-phosadh so na ann Mor-roinn America. Tha againn an sin Caucasianach, Malay-anaich, Etiopianaich, agus Innseinich de gach dath agus de gach cruth, a' sgaoileadh an sliochd gun aireimh thar aghaidh na duthcha. Thar leam gu bheil an so fein againn dearbhadh soilleir gur aon an cinne-daonna gu leir.

Cha 'n 'eil taisbeanadh againn is comharraichte air aonachd a' chinne-dhaonna na tha air a chur f' ar comhair anns na cànaichean fa leth a tha air an labhairt le luchd-àiteachaidh na talmhainn. Shaoileadh neach nach robh moran coltais aig cuid de na cànaichean sin r' a cheile; agus, do 'n chluais no do 'n t-suil neo-chleachdte agus neo-fhoghlumte, cha 'n 'eil; ach air a shon so uile, tha iadsan a stiur an aire gu son-raichte a dh-ionnsaidh nan teangannan fa leth, agus a rannsaich agus a lean iad a suas troimh gach sruthan agus caochan, gach abhainn agus alltan 's an do shruth iad g' ar n-ionnsaidh, ag innseadh dhuinn, mar le aon ghuth, gu bheil de shuaip aca r' a cheile, 's de chomharan orra gu leir 's a tha 'toirt an dearbhaidh a 's do-àicheadh gu 'n d' thainig iad gu leir as an aon lochan mhor a chaidh a chur troimh-cheile aig Tùr Bhabeil. Cha 'n 'eil a' ghne eolais so ach ùr; ach cha 'n 'eil am measg uile ionmhasan eolas an t-saoghail tobar is taitniche no is buannachd-

mhoire na e; agus mar is mò a thatar 'g a sgrùdadh, agus, mar tha eolas nan cànaichean agus an cuid chaochlaidhnean a' dol am farsaingeachd, tha e 'fas na 's soilleire agus na 's soilleire gach latha gu 'm buin gach geug agus meangan d' an chraoibh mhoir so, do 'n aon fhreumh, agus gu 'n do chinn iad gu leir bho 'n aon stoc. 'N am measg uile cha 'n 'eil cànaich is brioghmhoire agus is feumaile anns an obair thaitnich so na a' Ghaidhlig bhinn, bhlasda againn fein, fada 's mar bha i air a fagail an deigh-laimh agus air a dìmeas mar theangaidh nach b' fhiù. Tha mi toilichte bhi agam r' a radh gu 'n d' eirich latha grianach oirre 'n a seann aois; agus, an uair a bha dream leis nach bu toil i, a' cur air mbanadh gu h-uailleil, agus moran leis am bu ghradhach i, a' caoidh gu bronach, gu 'n robh i gu bras a' crionadh air falbh, tha sinn a' faicinn eadhon daoine nach urrainn a labhairt, agus do nach bu chomain baigh a bhi aca rithe, 'g'a gabhail gu h-aoidheil air laimh. 'N am measg gu leir cha 'n 'eil aon duine is airidh air tuilleadh urrainn agus taingealachd bho na Gaidheil na an t-uasal grinn agus sàr-fhoghlumte 'sin, Professor Blackie, a ghabh a leithid de thlachd ann an cànaich ar n-athraichean 's gu 'n do chuir e e fein gus an dragh a h-ionnsachadh; agus cha 'n e mhain sin, ach, nach 'eil e a' cur faruim am measg ar luchd-duthcha anns gach cearn d' an t-saoghal as a leth, agus a' cur roimhe—rud a shoirbhicheas leis—gu 'm bi a' Ghaidhlig air a cur 'n a suidhe ann an cathair, an Ard-oil-thigh Dhuneideann, taobh ri taobh ri Greugais a's Laidinn, a thoirt a fianuis maille riutha mu 'n àm sin, agus is i Ghaidhlig a bha thall 's a chunnaic an t-àm, 's an robh "an talamh uile dh' aon teangaidh, agus na h-aon fhocail aig gach neach."

Tha steidh eile againn air son na barail—gur aon an cinne-daonna—anns na h-eachdraidhnean a gheobhar air an sìneadh a nuas le beul-aithris o linn gu linn, am measg uile fhìneachan na talmhainn. Cha 'n e gu bheil am beul-aithris so air sheol sam bith airidh air gu 'n tugamaid geill dha gu saor—oir is iomadh sgeul neonach agus faoin a tha am measg dhaoine aineolach mu chiad thoiseach a' chinne-dhaonna—ach is e a tha gu h-àraidh luach-mhor dhuinne, an aon-sgeulachd leis a bheil iad gu leir a' cur an ceill nan aon bheachdan mu 'n doigh anns an do chruthaicheadh an duine, agus an co-chordadh a tha eadar iad mu chiad eachdraidh a' chinne-dhaonna—co-chordadh nach b' urrainn a bhi 'n am measg na 'm biodh a phrìomh-athair fein aig gach gineal fa leth. Anns na h-eachdraidhnean neo-sgrìobhte so aca, gheobh sinn cunntas mu chruthachadh an duine; mu Ghàradh Edein; mu bhuaireadh agus mu thuiteam an duine; mu neo-chiontachd, mu shonas, agus mu chor an duine air tùs, agus mar gheill e do chomhairle na mnatha; agus, mu thuil Noah. Ohi sinn aimsir air a roinn 'n a seachdainean anns gach cearn d' an t-saoghal, agus iobairtean air an tairgseadh am measg uile shloigh a' chruthachaidh.

Tha fhathast tuilleadh fhianuisean againn ri thoirt air an aghaidh as leth an tagraidh a tha sinn a' deanamh air son aonachd a' chinne-dhaonna; agus is e aon diubh sin, an taisbeanadh a tha againn ann an cor-inntinn agus bheusan agus aignidhean dhaoine de gach dath agus de gach gineal. Am feadh a chi sinn moran eadar-dhealachaidh ann an suidheachadh-inntinn threubhan fa leth, chi sinn aig a' cheart àm gu bheil 'n am measg moran chomharan anns a bheil iad coltach r' a cheile: leig sinn fhaicinn cheana cuid de

dh-aobharan an eadar-dhealachaidh. Tha an duine anns gach ionad a' tighinn a dh-ionnsaidh an t-saoghail lag agus neo-chomasach air deanamh air a shon fein; agus ma dh'fhagar 'inntinn gun fhoghlum gun oileanachadh fàsaidh e suas 'n a chreutair borb agus aineolach. Air an laimh eile, chi sinn gu bheil e air a chruthachadh le comasan aige air gliocas 'fhoghlum, agus buaidhean air an suidheachadh 'n a inntinn, aig a bheil cumhachd fàs agus dol am feobhas agus am farsaingeachd. Is i so an fhianuis a tha air a togail leis na *missionaries* agus le luchd-turais do gach cearn. An uair is isle an duine, agus an uair is truailleidhe a chor, tha fhathast freumh bheag de eolas agus de thogradh ann an geall air rud-eigin os cionn cor nan ainmhidhean a tha m' an cuairt air—deigh air ni-eigin is airde na 'n suidheachadh truagh anns a bheil e gu nadurra. An uair a theid cothroman air e fein a leasachadh a chur m'a choinneimh, a reir mar ghabhas e riutha agus a chuireas e an cleachdamh iad, eiridh e suas ann an gliocas; theid a chor dìoladh, bochd air chul, agus theid e air aghaidh gu inbh is airde. Agus a bheil e fìor, ma ta, na 'n tugteadh a nall aon de na daoine borba, aineolach sin an uair a tha e 'n a leanabh, agus gach cothrom a thoirt dà a tha aig clann na duthcha so, a bheil sinn a' creidsinn gu 'n nochdadh e a' cheart tapachd ann an togail foghlum agus gu 'n ruigeadh e air urad aghartachd ann an eolas agus ann an gliocas ri aon againn fein? Is duilich a' cheist so a fhreagairt. Na 'n tugteadh e far am faiceadh e moran d' an ghrainealachd agus d' an droch eiseimpleir a chuireadh moran de mhuinntir na tire so mu 'choinneimh, cha chuirinn geall nach ann a rachadh an duine bochd air ais 'n a bheusan, mar thigeadh e

air aghaidh ann an sgoil agus ann an eolas. Tha cuimhne agam air duine bhi ag innseadh dhomh uair, gu 'n do ghabh e uibhean chearc, agus gu 'n do chuir e ann an nead feannaig iad, aig a' cheart am a' toirt air falbh uibhean na feannaig. An uair a thainig an gur a mach, thog e leis na h-iseanan a nead na feannaig, agus chuir e ri circ iad. Bha e ag radh, an uair a chinn iad suas, gu 'n robh de nadur na feannaig annta—gu sonraichte anns na coilich—'s nach robh an leithid ann an darna taobh na duthcha; chuireadh iad na sùilean as a' h-uile coileach a bhiodh air an fhaiche, latha cath nan coileach! Is gann a chreid mi an duine coir; agus cha mhò a theirinn gu'n cuireadh e nadur, no foghlum, no oilean a' Bhreatunnaich ann an leanabh Africanach, ged rachadh a thogail a nall agus a chur ann an nead maighstir-sgoil no ministear anns an duthaich so; oir, ged nach àicheidh-inn gu'm faodar iomadh aon 'fhaigh-inn am measg nan daoine dubha a bhiodh a cheart cho comasach air sgoil a thogail rinn fein, cha n 'eil mi a' meas gu bheil an coimeas idir ceart no freagarrach eadar ginealach a tha ann an dorchadas agus ann an aineolas fad choig mìle bliadhna, agus muinntir mar tha sinne ann, a tha fad linntean a' sealbhachadh airde mheadhon latha gach eolais aimsireil agus spioradail. Ma tha buaidh aig eolas agus fiosrachadh, agus cor agus suidheachadh an duine air dealbh agus cruth a' chuirp cho math ri buaidhean na h-iuntinn, cha b' ann rè beatha aon duine a bu choir suil a bhi againn ris an aghartachd sin a chuireadh an t-Africanach bochd, ge b'e air bith cothroman a bheirteadh dha, air an aon ruith ruinne, a tha ag òl a stigh eolais agus gliocais as na ciada tobar o chionn iomadh linn.

Tha an t-abstol ag innseadh dhuinn, an uair a thachair da fein agus d' a chompanaich a bhi air an tilgeil aireilein nach b'aithne dhaibh, agus eagal orra nach do rinn iad, a reir coltais, ach dol as o aon chunnart gu bhi air an tilgeil ann an cunnart eile—air an saoradh o 'n fhairge gu bhi air an itheadh leis na fiadh-dhaoine; an aite sin gur ann a "nochd an sluagh borb caoimhneas nach bu bheag dhaibh; oir, air fadadh teine dhaibh ghabh iad riutha uile, air son an uisge a bh' ann, agus air son an fhuachd;" agus gheobh sinn a' cheart teastanas aig luchd-turais ann an duthchaibh cein gus an latha 'n diugh—gu bheil am measg moran de na treubhan aineolach agus dorchach air feadh an t-saoghail, iomadh uair ri fhaicinn truacantas agus blath-chridheachd air nach d' thugadh barr am measg Chriosdaidhean fein. Is fìor mar thuirt am bard Cowper, anns a' Bheurla—

"Fleecy locks and black complexion
Cannot forfeit Nature's claim;
Skins may differ, but affection
Dwells in white and black the same."

Ann an tagradh as leth aonachd a' chinne-dhaonna tha sinn a' cur cul ris a' bharail mhi-mhisneachail agus bhochd mu *threubhan arda* agus mu *threubhan iosal*,—barail a bhuineadh air falbh bho chuid d' ar co-chreutairean an còirichean mar bhraithrean agus mar pheathraichean—clann an aon teaghlaich mhoir,—barail mhearachdach agus sgriosail, a dhealbh geimblean thràillea, agus a thoinn cuip an luchd-sgiùrsaidh anns gach linn,—barail a thuil-chòmhdach machraichean farsaing America, a' bhliadhna roimhe, le fuil a cuid cloinne. Thainig saorsa, ach bu mhor agus bu diùbhalach a prìs!

Thugamaid an aire, le bbi 'geill-eachdainn do 'leithid so de bharail

mhi-airidh agus tharcuisich, nach bi sinn a' toirt gnùis do 'n teagasg mhearachdach a dheanadh aon chinn-each a chur os cionn cinnich eile ann an gnè agus ann an inbh a thaobh naduir. "Nach 'eil aon athair againn uile? nach aon Dia a chruthaich sinn? c' uime a bheil sinn a' buntainn gu fealltach, gach duine an aghaidh a bhrathar, le bhi briseadh comh-cheangal ar n-ath-raichean?" Gu ma fearr leinn a bhi ag amharc ri "linn an àigh," agus ag oibreachadh air son an àm a thoirt dlùth, anns am bi—

"Caoimhneas, comunn, iochd a's gràdh
Anns gach àit am measg an t-sluaigh;
Eadar far an éirich grian
'S far an laidh i 'n Iar 's a' chuan!"

IAIN MACILLEBHAIN.

(*Ri leantainn.*)

SOR AIDH

CHUIR IAIN MAC MHURACHIDH A CINNTAILLE
GU MUINTIR SHRATH-GHLAIS.

FHIR a theid thar a' mhonadh,
Bheir mise dhut dollar
Agus liubhair mo shoraidh
Gu sàbhailt.

Fhir a theid, etc.

Air faidead na slighe,
Na leig i air mhi-thoirt,
Gus an ruig thu 'n tigh-dibh'
Anns a' Bhràighe.

Air faidead, etc.

Bheir Seònaid an toiseach,
Gun mhòran a chosd dhut,
Na dh' fhoghnas a nochd dhut
Gu sàbhailt.

Bheir, etc.

Theirig sios feadh na tuatha
Ris an can iad na h-uaislean,
'S cha 'n fhaigh thu fear gruamach
Mu 'n fhàrdaich

Theirig, etc.

Tha 'n dùthaich ud uile,
Air a lìonadh le furan,
Bho iochdar a buin,
Gus a bràighe.

Tha, etc.

Le mnàì ceanalta còire
Is grinn air am meoirean
'S is binne ghabhas crònan
Dha' m pàisdean.

Le mnàì, etc.

Le maigdeanan maiseach,
Nach d' ionnsaich droch fhasan,
Ach ullamh gu

Taisbeanadh càirdis.

Le Maigdeanan, etc.

Na teirig sìos thar a' bhaile
Ris an can iad Bun-Chanaich
Thoir a mach ort

An Gleannan 's àirde.*

Na teirig, etc.

Tha tri bailtean urad,
Gus am fiach dhut do thuras,
Gheobh thu fiadhach a' ghunna
Bho phàirt diubh.

Tha tri, etc.

FEAR MONAIDH.

An t-Og-Mhios, 1875.

—o—

AIR CLEACHDANNAIBH CIANAIL NAN GAIDHEAL ANNS NA H-AMANNAIBH A DH' FHALBH.

Is mòr an tàing a tha dligheach
d'on Tì a ta 'riaghladh os ar ceann
gu'm bheil sìth agus suaimhneas 'n

* This is an allusion to Glencanich, where the people were at that time in easy circumstances. Special mention is made in the next and last verse of three townlands or joint farms, where the men were not only sportsmen like the Bard but men of honourable ambition, who succeeded in giving college education to some of their sons. Of their descendants I remember one Bishop and fourteen Priests, two Colonels, one Major, three Captains, three Lieutenants, and seven Ensigns. Out of all these military men there is only one alive. The rest, or the most of them, left their bones in Africa, between Sierra Leone, Gambia, and Goree. There are six of the clergymen alive; the Bishop alluded to was the late Bishop Fraser of Halifax, Nova Scotia, formerly known in Lismore and Lothaber as "An Sagart laidir." His surviving brothers are (I think) the nearest blood relations in the Clan Fraser to the present Lord Lovat.

ar tìr agus gu'm bheil sinn fein agus ar cuid air ar dìonadh o gach reubainn agus spùilleadh a bha air an cleachdadh anns gach cearnadh dhe'n Ghaidhealtachd ri linn ar roimh-aithriche. Is lionmhar cath fuilteach agus creach dhéistinneach, air am feudadh cùntas a bhi air a thoirt, a thachair anns an dùthaich far an d' rugadh sinn eadar na fineachan. Cha robh a' Ghàidhealtachd anns na h-amannaibh sin, mar a tha i an diugh, air a dìonadh le laghannaibh cruaidh agus cothromach, agus bha a' bhuil air a' ghnothuch, oir bha gach nì anns na làithibh buaireasach sin an crochadh ri faobhar a' chlàidheimh, agus b' iad na fineachan bu chliùitiche iadsan bu diorrasaiche chum gach creach agus sgrios a chur air an aghaidh.

Tha'n fhirinn gu'n robh cùisean mar sin, air a deanamh soilleir leis an iomradh a ta againn ann an eachdraidh air gach aimhreite agus tagluinn a bha eadar na cinn-fheadhna o shean; ach is iomadh gnìomh cruadalach a rinneadh air am bheil eachdraidh na rioghachd gu tur 'n a tosd, agus air am bheil iomradh againn a mhàin trid béul-aithris. Nach lionmhor gnìomh euchdach agus allail a rinneadh ann an garbh-chrìochaibh na h-Alba, ri linn an tréun-laoich ghaisgeil sin Rob Ruadh Mac Griogair! Bha Rob Ruadh 'n a chuiridh làidir agus teòma, ach an déigh sin rinneadh iomadh euceart agus fòirneart air, agus feudar a radh m'a thimchioll:—

Chaidh e stigh do na blàraibh,
Le mòr-shunnt agus làn toil;
'N àit bhi meath-chridheach, sgàthach,
'S ann bha mhisneach 'sir fhàs da;
'S ged bu tric e 's an àr-fhaich'
Thug a thuigse 's a thàbhachd,
Da a mach a' bhuaidh-làrach,
S cha bu mhios a làmh air an tòir.

Ach àimhreiteach 's mar bha staid na dùthcha ann an làithibh Roib

Ruaidh, 'bha i moran nì bu mhiosa linntean roimh sin, an uair a bha beatha agus bàs gu h-iomlan ann an làmhaibh nan ceann-feadhna. Ach dh' aindeoin gach fuil a dhòirteadh, cha robh e an comas lagh na rioghachd an toirt fo smachd. Co-dhàingnichidh an sgeul a leanas sin agus ioma sgeul eile a dh' fheudadh a bhi air an aithris cosmhuil rithe.

Goirid o cheithir cheud bliadhna roimh so rugadh oighre air Gart, aig bun Ghlinn-Liobhainn do'n d' thugadh cìoch le té de Chlèinn Dhiarmaid. Bha dithis mhac aice, aon diubh comh-dhalta do oighre Ghairt, agus am fear eile na bu shine na sin. Dh' fhàs an t-oighre suas 'n a òganach sgiamhach agus gaisgeil, agus cha robh a chomh-dhalta a bheag sam bith air deireadh air, a thaobh misnich agus tàbhachd. Aig an àm sin bha an earrann bu mho de Ghleann-Liobhainn le cloinn Iabhair, cinneach dalma agus cruadalach, a chaill còir air an oighreachd goirid an déigh do'n sgeul a leanas tachairt. Dh' éirich aimhreite eadar am mac a b' oige bh' aig banaltrum oighre Ghart, agus aon de chloinn Iabhair; agus air do'n òganach mòran tàmailt fhaotuin thubhairt e ri Mac Iabhair, "Mar is beò mise, a Mhic Iabhair, bheir oighre Ghart ort gu'n diol thu air son so fathast." Dhealaich na fir agus cha do chaill an t-òganach agus a bhràthair ùine sam bith gus an d' thug iad Caisteal Ghart orra, a chur an ceill do'n uachdaran mar a thachair. Chual Clann Iabhair gu'n do ghabh na h-òganaich an t-slighe gu Gart agus air ball, chuir iad an ruaig orra. Thàinig iad air an dà bhràthair gun fhios gun aire dhoibh, ach air doibh-san an cunnart fein fhaicinn ghrad-léum iad a stigh do linne dhomhainn ann an Liobhainn, 's an dòchas nach leanadh Clann Iabhair leis an eagail iad. Ach ged nach deachaidh Clann

Iabhair a stigh do'n amhainn, gidheadh, thilg fear diubh saighead air na h-òganaich a bha 's an linne, —lèonadh comh-dhalta Ghart gu searbh,—thuit e sìos do ghrùnnd na linne, agus bhàthadh e. B'e Dòmhnall Mac Dhiarmid a b'ainm da, agus goirear "Linne Dhòmhnuill" ris an àite gu ruig an là an diugh! Fhuair an t-òganach eile comas teichidh, agus ràinig e Gart. Dh'innis e do'n tighearna òg mar a thachair, agus air da a bhi làn corruich air son mar a bhuin Clann Iabhair ri chomh-dhalta, chuir e roimhe air ball aichmheil a thoirt a mach, agus a bhàs a dhioladh. Chruinnich e gu h-ealamh a chuid daoine, agus ràinig e Gleann Liobhainn air an ceann. Air do Mhac Iabhair cùisean a thuigsinn, chruinnich esan, mar an ceudna, a luchd-leanmhuinn fein, agus chòmhlaich e Fear-Ghart aig meadhon a ghlinne. Air do na seoid coinneachadh, chuir iad fàilt air a chèile, agus labhair iad. dh'fhéuchainn an rachadh cùisean a shocrachadh gu'n bhuille a bhualadh. Bhabreacan air guaillibh Ghart air an robh taobh dearg, agus taobh dorch, agus thubhairt e r'a chuid daoine, iad a bhi deas gu bualadh air na naimhdibh gun mhoille, gun bhàigh, na'n cuireadh esan taobh dearg a' bhreacain a mach! Is gann a thug e an àithne so seachad, an uair a rinn Mac Iabhair fead, agus ghrad leum mòran dhaoine fo'n làn armachd á bad coille a bha goirid o laimh, agus sheas iad maille ri'n ceann-cinnidh, agus ris na fearaibh a bha còmhladh ris, a labhairt ri Gart. "Cò iad sin," ghlaodh Fear-Ghart, "agus ciod an gnothuch an so?"—"Is iad sin," ars' Mac Iabhair, "treud de na h-earbaibh agamsa, a ta léumnaich air feadh nan tom agus nan creag." "Direach ceart," ars' an t-òigear eile, "ma's ann mar sin tha 'chùis,

tha 'n t-àm agamsa a bhi 'gairm mo mhiol-chon. Ghrad-thionndaidh e an taobh dearg de 'n bhreacain a mach, agus am priobadh na sùla, bha na fir am badaibh a cheile. Car ùine bha 'n tuasaid teth agus garg, agus bha closaichean nam marbh 'n an luidhe gu tiugh air an raon. Ma dheireadh, theich a' chuid a bha lathair de chlainn Iabhair,—thug iad na beanntan orra, agus a mach o'n là sin chaill iad am fearann. Tha e air innseadh nach bu mhòr a chaill Gart anns an tuasaid sin, ach gu'n do thuit corr agus seachd fichead de na Liobhannaich thruagha, agus gu'n d'fhàgadh an closaichean gu'n deo re na h-oidhche air na raointibh far an do thuit iad.

Tha iomadh cuimhneachan air an là fhuilteach sin fathast anns a' Ghleann an do thachair e. Mu'n do thòisich an cath, thilg fir thighearna Ghart an cuarain bhàrr an cosaibh, a chum gu'n ruitheadh iad na bu luaithe air an tòir, agus theirear "*Leac nan cuaran*" fathast ris an àite 's an d'rinn iad sin. Tha mar an ceudna "*Rùisgeach*," "*Lagan a' chatha*," agus "*Camus nan càrn*," mar ainmean fathast air na h-àitibh sin far an do rùisg iad an claidhean,—an do chuir iad an cath,—agus an d'adhlaic iad na daoine a thuit. Tha 'n amhainn fein n' a cuimhneachan air an là fhuilteach sin, oir roimh an àm sin, b'e "*Duibh*" a b' ainm do'n amhainn, agus "*Gleann Duibh*" a b' ainm do'n ghleann. Ach an uair a phill Fear-Ghart agus a chuideachd o'n ruaig, "*Lobh*" no ghlan iad an claidhean fuilteach anns an amhainn, gus an robh an t-uisge dearg; agus an sin, ghlaodh an ceann-cinnidh a mach, ag ràdh, "Cha ghoirear "*Duibh*" mar ainm air an uisge so tuilleadh, oir, o là liobhaidh nan arm, bithidh "*Llobhann*" mar ainm air "*Duibh*."

Féudar a nis cunntas a thoirt air

là fuileachdach eile a thachair goirid o'n àite chéudna, beagan bhliadhn-aichean, roimh àm na téugmhail eadar Fear-Ghart agus Mac Iabhair.

Thàinig tighearn Airdghobhar air sgriob do Raineach, agus phòs e nighean do Thighearna Shruthain, ceann-cinnidh Chloinn-Donnuchaidh. An uair a thug fear Airdghobhar a bhean fein leis dh' ionnsuidh a' chaisteil fein, chuir Fear Shruthain coignear ghillea sgairteil maille ri 'nighinn, a bha 'n an càirdibh dileas dh' i fein, agus anns am feudadh i a h-carbsa a chur am measg choigreach. Thug uachdaran Airdghobhar seilbh fearainn do'n choignear òganach sin dlùth d' a h-àite còmhnuidh fein, agus rinn e gach ni 'n a chomas chum gu'n soirbhicheadh leo. Bha iad measail aig muinntir Airdghobhar air sgàth na baintighearna, air an robh mormheas aca, agus cha'n 'eil teagamh, nach gabhadh iad fein, agus an sliochd 'n an déigh còmhnaidh air fearann Airdghobhar, mur b' e mar a thachair. Bha gach aon de'n choignear a chaidh á Raineach, tréun agus gaisgeil, ach thug am fear bu lugha dhiubh barrachd air càch uile do thaobh gaisg' agus tapachd, ach gu sònraichte do thaobh a theomachd eucaich le bogha agus le saighid. B' e Alasdair Beag Mac Dhonnuchaidh a' b' ainm do'n òganach ealanta so, agus cha b' fhad gus an do dhùisg a lùth-chleasan eud agus gamhlas ann an cridheach-aibh luchd-leanmhuinn Airdghobhar 'n a aghaidh. Là de na làithibh dh' eirich connsachadh eadar Alasdair Beag agus òganach sgiamhach eile de mhuinntir Airdghobhar. Chaidh na fir am fionnsgan a chéile, ach cha b' fhada gus an do leag Alasdair Beag an t-òganach gun deò air an làr! Cha deanadh fuireach féum tuilleadh; b' éigin do Mhac Dhonnuchaidh am fireach a thoirt

air. Thug e na buinn as air ball, agus cha do ghabh e tàmh no fois gus an d' ràinig e a cheann-feadhna euchdach agus cruadalach fein, "Iain Dubh Gear," no mar a theireadh iad ris, "Iain Dubh nan lann," a bha 'gabhail còmhnaidh ann an Gleann Duibh, ris an abrar a nis Gleann-Liobhainn. Dh' innis e do'n tréun-laoch Iain Dubh, mar a dh' éirich dha ann an Airdghobhar, agus thubhairt Iain ris, "Cha'n eagal duit, a Mhic Dhonnachaidh; gabh fasgadh fo m' sgeith-sa, agus ma thig mac màthar á Airdghobhar a chur dragh' ort, cha teid e dhachaidh a dh-innseadh a sgeoil.

Fàgaidh sinn a nis Iain Dubh agus Alasdair Beag ann an Gleann-Liobhainn, a' tighinn air an gnìomharaibh gaisgeil fein fa seach, agus theid sinn le 'r sgeul, car tamuill bhig, do Shrathghlais, ann an siorramachd Inbherneis. Air là àraidh bha'n Siosalach, uachdaran Shrathghlais, agus buidheann thaghta maille ris, a mach a' sealgaireachd air feadh nam beann. Air doibh a bhith air an sàruchadh le siubhal nan beann, chaidh iad a steach aig cromadh an anmoich, do bhothan bantraiche truaighe, a bha ri taobh an rathaid, agus gun a cead iarraidh mharbh agus dh'ith iad an t-aon laogh a bha air a seilbh. Cò a thachair a bhi stigh 's an am ach duine bochd á Ghleann Liobhainn, a bha siubhal o àite gu àite ag iarraidh na déirce. Cha robh na cùisean a' còrdadh ris an duine bhochd, air chor sam bith, agus thòisich e ri bhi 'cur dheth agus a' gearan. Thionndaidh an Siosalach, agus thubhairt e, "Ciod a tha 'cur ort, a bhodaich leibidich, dhranndanaich?" "Cha'n 'eil a bheag," deir an duine bochd, "ach tha fios agam air aon ni, 's cha bhinn leat a chluinntinn,—tha fios agam far nach biodh a chridhe aig an t-Siosalach e fein a ghiulan mar

a rinn e 's a' bhothan so." Las an ceann-cinnidh uaibhreach le corruich, agus thubhairt e, "Innis domh, a bhodaich, c'ait nach biodh a chridhe agamsa mo thoil fein a dheanamh?" "Tha," deir am bodach, "ann an dùthaich Iain Duibh nan lann." Mhionnaich an Siosalach gu'm biodh dearbhadh aigesan air sin mu'n rachadh mòran làithean seachad. Thuig an duine bochd nach biodh cùisean réidh, agus cha do chaill e ùine sam bith gus an d' ràinig e Iain Dubh nan lann, agus gus an d' innis e dha focal air an fhocal mar a thachair. Fhuair Iain Dubh soire mhòr do'n duine bhochd air con a luathais-theanga, ach thug e maitheanas da, agus thòisich e air gach ni a dheanamh deas air son teachd an t-Siosalaich. Cha b' fhad a chuir an Siosalach dàil 's a' ghnòthach, oir cha deachaidh seachdain thairis, an uair a bha fir Shrathghlais, agus an uachdaran air an ceann air fraighibh Ghlinn-Liobhainn. Bha freiceadan aig muinntir a' Ghlinne a mach a ghabhail beachd air gach beinn agus beallach, agus chunnaic iad na Tuathaich naimhdeil a' tarruing am fagus. An uair a roghnaich an Siosalach àite-taimh freagarrach air a shon fein, agus air son a cheatharnach, chuir e teachd-aireachd dh' ionnsuidh Iain Duibh, ag innseadh dha cuirm a bhi deas aige air son beagan cuideachd, a bha teachd a dh' amharc air o'n àirde-tuath; "agus mur bi,"—ars' an Siosalach, ach cha dubhairt e tuilleadh. Fhuair Iain Dubh an teachd-aireachd, agus thuig e gu ro mhaith a seadh. Ghrad-chuir e fios air ais gu'm biodh gach ni deas a bha freagarrach air an son, agus iad a thighinn air an aghaidh gu h-ealamh, "ach" ars' Iain Dubh "ma thig,"—agus stad e an sin. Thuig na laoiach air gach taobh gu'n robh na cùisean gu bhi garbh, agus air gach taobh

rinneadh gach uidheamachadh air a son. Chaidh na Siosalaich gu faiceallach air an aghaidh, agus bha Iain Dubh mar gu'm b'ann air eutromas-céille le mire-chatha, chum deannas cruaidh, teth, a thoirt doibh. Bha seachdnar mhac aige, òganaich co ealant' agus clis 's a ghiulain riamh iubhar, agus saighead, agus dòrlach! Chaidh ceathrar diubh air laimh dheis an athar, agus an triuir eile air a laimh chli, maille ril an robh mar an ceudna, Alasdair Beag Mac Dhonnuchaidh, a bha comharraichte 'n a linn fein air sort cuimse a ghabhail le saighid. Theirinn an Siosalach air ceann a chuid dhaoine chum na h-aibhne, an uair a bha na Liobhannaich thall fa'n comhair air an taobh eile. Bha ceann-feadhna Shrathghlais air éid-eadh o 'bhàrr gu 'bhonn le lùirich-lannaich, clogaid, agus ceann-bheart, air chor 's nach ruigeadh saighead air a leonadh. Bha'n là soilleir, grianach, teth, agus chunncas gath-anna na gréine mìltean air astar, a' dearrsadh mar ghrad-bhoisgeadh an dealanaich air armachd nan laoch! Thog an Siosalach a chlogaid suas os ceann a shùl, agus air a' mhionaid sin thilg Alasdair Beag saighead a bhuail an clàr an aodainn air ceannard Shrathghlais! Ghrad spàrr an duine leònta a làmh air an lot, ach ghlaodh Mac Dhonnuchaidh, "A Shiosalaich, gheobh thu an t-saighead air do chùlaobh,"—ach bha'n Siosalach gun chomas freagairt, oir thuit e marbh 's an làraich. Tha'n t-àite far an d' thug e suas an deò fathast air a chomharrachadh a mach le cloich mhòir, ris an abrar gus an la 'n diugh,—"*Clach an t-Siosalaich.*" An uair a chaill na naimhdean an ceannard, threig am misneach iad, agus thionndaidh iad an cùl air na Liobhannaich. Chuir Iain Dubh Gearr an ruaig orra, agus cha d' fhàgadh mac màthar diubh

beò, ach am piobaire a mhàin.
Thugadh cead dhàsan dol dhachaidh
a dh'innseadh sgeul a' bhròin d'a
chàirdibh agus d'a chinneadh. Beag-
an an deigh sin thug Iain Dubh
nan lann a nighean 'n a mnaoi do
Alasdair Beag Mac Dhonnuchaidh,
agus tha e air aithris gu'm bheil an
sliochd-san fathast lionmhor anns na
criochaibh sin.

Bha na h-amanna sin searbh agus
garbh, ach chaidh iad seachad.
Uime sin, biodh uile luchd-leugh-
aidh a' Ghaidheil, agus muinntir na
tire gu léir, taingeil do'n Uile-
chumhachdach, nach 'eil eòlas aca
air na h-amannaibh sin, ach a mhàin
ann an iomradh, agus ann an eachd-
raidh. SGIATHANACH.

—o—

SGIALACHD ÆNEAIS LE VIRGIL.

Eadar-theangaichte o' n Laidinn gu Gailig
le D. B. B.

(Air a leantuinn.)

Far an do thuit Hector calm
A lot an t-Aichioll garg le sleagh,
A's far am beil Sarpedon garbh
'N a laidhe sinte marbh air magh,
Simoeis nan cuairt-shruth bras
A' tionndadh car air char fo thuinn,
Sgiathan 's clogaidean nan laoch,
'S an cuirp chalma ghaolach chrùnn."
'N uair labhair e gu faoin, ghrad-bhuail
Gaoth shrannach bho thuath gu treun
Ri seòl na luinge, 's thog i suas
Na tonnan uaibhreach chum nan speur.
Bhriseadh na raimh; 's chlaon an long
A's chuir i slìos ri tonn gu grad;
A's dh' éirich an t-uisge 'n a dhùn
Ard mar mhonadh stùcach cas,
Chrochadh cuid air bàrr nan tonn,
'S chunnaic cuid diubh 'n grunn 's a' chlais;
Bha muir a's gaineamh feadh a cheil
Le boile dhéin a' goil gu cas;
Tri longan spion a' ghaoth á deas
A's bhuail i iad air sgeir fo thuinn
D'an ainm an Altain; carraig chruidh
Gun dad dith 'n uachdar ach a druim;
Tri eile ruaig a' ghaoth an Ear
Air tanalach a's gaineamh beò,
'G an iomain a stigh bharr a' chuain
Bu shealladh e bha truagh gu leòir!
Bhuail i iad air oitir chruidh,
'S thog gaineamh mu'n cuairt 'n a tòrr.
Long nan Luichianach nach tìom,

'S an robh Orontes dileas còir,
Dh' éirich tonn mòr os a ceann
'S bhuail deireadh na luing f'a shuìl;
Thilgeadh fear na stiùrach sìos,
An coinneamh a chinn 's a chuìl;
Ghlac an tonn i 'n sin gu grad
'G a toinneamh tri char mu'n cuairt,
A's shluigeadh i le cuairteig chais
A chuir á sealladh i 's a' chuan.
Chithear sgaoilte bhos a's thall,
A' snamh air an doimhne mhoir,
Clair na luinge 's airm nan laoch,
A's ionmhasan daor na Tròidh.
Long làidir Ilioneus chaoimh,
A's long Achateis laoch ro chruidh,
Long Abais us Aleteis aosd'
Bhris an doinionn bhaoth gu luath.
'Dh' fhuasgail ceanglaichean nàn taobh,
'S an t-uisge, thaom a stigh 'n a steall,
Sgain na clair gu grad bho cheil
A's dh' fhas iad eudionach 's gach ball.
'N sin mhothaich Neptungu'n robh stoirm
A' cur na fairge thar a cheil,
Doinionn mhor a thog bho'n ghrùnd,
An t-aigèal 's gach duil gu léir.
Bha inntinn fo bhuaireas trom
Lan cùraim mu dhoimhn' a' chuain;
Thog e suas a cheann gun dàil
Le aghaidh mhàld air bhàrr nan stuadh.
Luingeas Æneais, an laoch,
Chunnaic e sgaoilt' air a' mhuir,
'S na Tròidhich claidhte leis na tuinn,
A's leis an doinninn oillteil dhuibh.
A's cha robh folaichte bho shùil,
Cuilbheartan Iuno 's a fearg;
Ghairm e ghaoth near 's a' ghaoth niar
A's labhair riu am briathraibh garg,
"A Ghaothan ladurna na ruais,
Carson a tha bhur n' uail cho mòr,
'S an teaghlach dh' àraich sibh air tùs,
An uair a bha sibh mùirneach òg?
Nach dàna dhuibh gun chead bhuam fein,
Talamh 's neamh chur bun os ceann,
A's beanntan thogail leis an stoirm
Ach bheir mis' oirbh 'n uair thig an t-am,—
Ach 's fearr dhomh sìth a chur 's an uair
Air na tonnan uaibhreach garbh.
Ach diolaidh sibh na's mo a ris
An ath-uair theid sibh cli gu dearbh.
Teichibh gu grad chum ur rìgh
A's innsibh dha mar so gun dàil,
Nach d' fhuair e impireachd a' chuain,
No 'n Tri-bhiorach cruaidh 'n a laimh.
'S ann dhomhsa thugadh sin le còir;
Ach riaghladh esan eòs nan creag,
Do thuineadh-s', O Earghaoth ro gheur,
Bho 'n tric a shéideas tu le neart,
'S an Aros sin tha farsuinn mòr,
Deanadh Æolus bòsd nach gann,
'N a rìgh ann am prìosan duint'
S na Gaothan 'n a dhùirn gu teann."
Labhair e, 's cha luaithe rinn,

Na chitinnich na tuinn gu réidh.
 Sgap e coithional nan nial,
 A's dh' aisig e ghrian 's an spéir,
 Thainig Tonnruith * 's Triton mòr
 A's rinn iad còmhnaidh ris gu luath,
 Phàc iad na longan le neart,
 Bho mhullach nan sgeirean cruaidh.
 Ghabh e 'n Tri-bhiorach mar lùnn,
 A's thog e iad le lùth's a làmh;
 Leig e ris a' ghaineamh bheo,
 'S na h-oitirean mòra bàn;
 Chuir e fèath air aghaidh 'chuain
 A's ruith e gu luath 'n a still,
 'N a charbad air barraibh nan stuadh
 Le rothaibh neo-fhuaimneach grinn,
 Mar tharlas ann an cumasg sluaigh
 'N uair dh' eireas duaireachas gu tric,
 'S a lasas le corruich suas,
 A' ghraisg an-usal neo-ghlic;
 Tilgear clachan 's leusan dearg,
 'S gach arm a gheobh fearg an t-sluaigh;
 Ach 'n uair a chi iad seanair còir
 Ro chràbhach 's ro mhòr an luach,
 Seasaidh iad 'n an tosd gu grad
 A's bheir iad aire dha le 'n cluais;
 Le bhriathraibh ceannsaichidh e 'm fearg,
 A's citinnichidh e gairg an smuain,
 'B' amhuil thuit braighlich a' chuain.
 N uair sheall mu'n cuairt air a' mhuir
 Neptun an t-athair bith-bhuan,
 An t-uachdaran thar gach tuil.
 Ghrad-shiubhail e tre'n iarmailt luim
 A' stiùradh nan each mu'n cuairt,
 A's leig e 'n t-srian leotha 'n àm falbh,
 Ag itealaich 'n a charbad luath.

Ach cuideachd Æneais 's iad sgith,
 Dh' iarr an tir a b' fhaig air làimh,
 'S air còrsaibh Luibia nan tùr
 Thionndaidh 'n cùrsa ris an tràigh.

Ann an geodha fada réidh,
 Tha ionad tèaruine bho'n ghaoith,
 Rinn eilean dheth cala sèimh
 Le sineadh a mach, gach taobh;
 Ri slìos an eilean brisidh 'n tonn
 A thig 'n a still bho dhoimhn' a' chuain,
 Sgoiltidh e, 's ruithidh 'n a dheann
 A steach do chamus cruinn mu'n cuairt,
 Air gach làimh tha creaga mòr,
 A's da sgòrr ro chorrach àrd,
 Fo sgàile nan creag thall 's a bhos
 Tha mhuir tosdach ciùin 'n a tàmh.
 Gu h-àrd air mullach nan sgùrr
 Tha coille dhosrach ùr a' fàs,
 A's doire dubh dubharach dlùth
 An crochadh os cionn a' bhàigh,
 Le creagan crocht' os a ceann;
 Mu choinneamh thall chithear còs,
 Tha tobar fìor-uisg innte steach,
 A's cathraichean de chlachaibh beò,
 Ionad-tàimh nan òighean naomh:

* Cymothoe.

Cha cheanglar le taod an long,
 'N uair ghabhas i fasgadh bho 'n t-sion,
 'S cha 'n iarr i ann acair crom.
 An so chaidh Æneas a steach
 Le seachd longan maiseach luath
 A thionail e de'n chabhlach mhòr
 Bha seòladh leis air a' chuan;
 Na Troidhich chaidh mach air tir
 Air an robh an déigh cho mòr,
 A's 'n uair a sheas iad air an tràigh
 Rinn iad gairdeachas gu leòir:
 An cuirp a bha fliuch le sàil
 Shin iad air an làraich luim
 Air a' chladach ghainmhich réidh
 Ris an tric, a leum na tuinn.
 'N sin bhuail Achates air tùs
 Srad bho'n spuir ùir le cruaidh,
 Lasadh leis duilleach nan craobh,
 A's charn e connadh caoin mu'n cuairt.
 Ghabh an teine greim gu grad,
 A's dh' éirich an lasair suas,
 Ghrad-shuidh a' chuideachd 's iad sgith,
 Le ànradh na sine cruaidh.
 'N sin thug iad an gràn air lom
 A mhilleadh le tuinn a' chuain,
 Gach inneal gu fuineadh 's gu bleth,
 Chuireadh leo air leth gu luath;
 A's chruaidhich iad le tein' an gràn
 A chaidh a shàbhaladh bho'n tuinn;
 Mheil iad e le muileann-bràth,
 'S dh' fhuin iad dearnagan deth cruinn.

Ach dhirich Æneas suas
 Gu mullach carraig cruaidh 's an àm:
 Sheas e, 's ghabh e fradharc-cuain
 Fada bhuaith, bhos a's thall.
 Am faicteadh leis Anteus caoin
 'G a iomain le gaoith air sàil,
 'S na birlinnean dà-ramhach sliom,
 Bho Phruigia tir an àigh.
 No Capus an gaisgeach cruaidh;
 No suaicheantais Chaicuis mhoir
 An crochadh thar deireadh na luing
 Mar bhrataich os cionn nan seòl.
 Long cha'n fhacas air muir réidh,
 Ach chunnaic e trì feidh air tir.
 A's greadhuinn mhòr a' teachd 'n an déigh,
 Ag ionaltradh air réidhlean glinn.
 Sheas e 'n sin a's ghlac 'n a làimh
 Am bogha cruinn 's na saighdean luath;
 Na h-airm a bh' aig Achates fìor,
 A charaid dileas anns gach cruas.
 Leag e 'n toiseach na daimh mhòr,
 Cinn-fheadhna chròcach nan ceann àrd;
 A's cuid diubh reubadh leis gu bàs.
 Dhian-ruagadh leis a' ghreigh gu léir
 Do dhoire geugach nan dlu-bhàrr,
 A's mu'n do sguir e dh' fhàg e marbh
 Seachd cairbhean reamhar air a' bhlàr.
 Bha damh aige air son gach luing,
 As thionndaidh e cheann ris an tràigh
 'S 'n uair ràinig e compaich a rùin,
 Roinn e chreach gu dlùth air càch.

Thug e 'n sin doibh deoch de'n fhion
 A thaisg Achestes fial, an laoch,
 'N a bhuideil lan, an am dhoibh triall
 Bho eilean Trìonairdeach* nan craobh.
 A's mhinich e le briathraibh caoin
 Cridhe nan laoch a bha fo bhròn;
 "A chairdean, 's aithne dhuinn gu léir
 Gach ànradh geur a thàinig òirn,
 Dh' fhuilig sibh truaighean bu mhò,
 'S bheir Dia iad so fòs gu crìch:
 Chaidh sibh dlùth air *Scuille* ghairg,
 Na sgeirean fuaimneach garbh neo-mhin.
 Chunnaic sibh fos cragan cruaidh
 Nam Famhair Cuach-shuileach* gun bhaigh;
 Glacaibh misneach air an uair
 A's cuiribh 'n t-eagal uaibh gun dàil.
 Faodaidh bhith gun tig an t-am
 'S an cuimhnichear so le tlachd.
 Do *Latium* tha sinn a' triall
 Tre chunnartaibh lionmhor a's pailt.
 Tha 'n fhaisneachd a' cur an céill
 Gu'm faigh sinn ionad réidh gu tamh,
 'S gu'n éirich righeachd Thròidh as ùr,
 'S an dùthaich ud mar tha 's an dàn.
 Cumaibh bhur misneach a suas,
 A's seasaibh buan, gu ruig a' chrìoch;
 Coimhdibh sibh fein mar is dual
 Gu amaibh buadhar nan deagh ghnìomh."

Labhair e mar so gu ciùin,
 'S e le trom chùram air a chlaoidh;
 Ach nochd e dòchas ann a ghnùis
 A's cheil e bhròn an grùnnd a' chridh.
 Chaidh na seòid an sin air seirm
 A los a' chuirm a dheanamh deas,
 Dh'fheann iad an t-sitheann gun dàil,
 'S an greallaoh air a' bhlàr leig ris.
 Ghearr cuid diubh 'n a miribh an fheadil,
 Gu ròstadh air na bioraibh cruaidh;
 Chroch cuid air tràigh an coire prais,
 'S an teine dh'fhadaidh ris gu luath.
 Dh'ùraich iad an neart le biadh,
 Sint' air an fhiar laidh iad sgaoilt,
 'G am beathachadh le saill nam fiadh,
 A's dh'òl iad pailteas de 'n fhion aosd.
 'N uair shàsaicheadh iad leis an lòn,
 'S a chuir iad am bòrd gu taobh
 Theann iad ri rannsachadh air ball
 Na bha air chall de luchd-an-gaoil.
 Oir bha iad ann an imcheist mhòir
 Le eagal, 's dòchas taobh air thaobh,
 Cia dhiubh a bha iad beò no marbh,
 No 'n cluinneadh iad gairm no glaoth.
 Gu sònruicht' Æneas, an saoidh,
 Bu ghoirt a chaoidheadh e leis féin,
 Bas Oronteis thapuidh chruaidh,
 'S Amycuis chruadalaich nach géill.
 A's chiteadh e fàsgadh nan dòrn
 Mu bhàs dòineach Lycuis thréin;
 Mu Ghyas a's Cloänthus calm,

* Trinacria Tri Airdean Ruchacan.

* Cyclopes.

Bu ghaigich ainmeil iad le chéil'.

Nis tharruing an latha gu ceann,
 'N uair sheall Iobh bho àird nan neamh
 Air cuan sìubhlach nan seòl bàn,
 'S gach tir a's tràigh a tha fo 'n ghréin,
 'S gach sluagh a ta bhos a's thall:
 A's sheas e ann an druim nan speur,
 Bheachdaich e gu geur le shùil
 Air Luibia dùthaich nan treun.
 Bha chridh' le cùram troimhe chéil'
 Nuair thainig Venus, 's i fo sprochd,
 A sìilean dealrach sìleadh dheur,
 A's labhair ris gu réidh mar so;
 "O thus' a riaghlas thar gach ni
 Measg dhaoine agus dhé fa leth,
 Le d' chumbachd sìorruidh buan gu h-àrd,
 'S do thairneanach 'g an cur fo gheilt;
 Ciod a rinn m' Æneas còir?
 No ciod a rinn na Tròidhich ort?
 Gu'n d' fhuilig iad cho liugha bàs,
 'G am fuadach as gach àit gu goirt.
 'G an ruagadh de 'n domhan gu léir
 Air sgàth na h-Eadailt tir an gràidh?
 Gu cinnteach gheall thu dhomhsa féin
 Gun eireadh na linntean aigh,
 'N uair shiubhladh bliadhnachan mu'n
 ouairt
 'S a ruitheadh aimsir luath gu ceann,
 Gu'n eireadh na Romanaich suas
 Bho 'n fhior fhuil uasail gun mheang,
 Iarmad Theucheir mhòir nam buadh
 A' cinntinn as nuadh a ris,
 A cheannsaicheas gach fine 's sluagh
 Fo 'n uachdranachd air muir a's tir.
 Ciod uime nis, O Athair chaoimh,
 A thàinig caochladh air do rùn?
 Bha mise toirt sòlais domh féin,
 Gu'n eireadh gach ni as ùr,
 Ged thuit Tròidh àrd nan stuadh
 Le leirsgrìos duaidheach gu làr;
 Mu choinneamh gach mì-shealbh a's truaigh
 Thomhais mi suaimhneas agus àgh.
 Tha 'n cruaidh-fhortan ceudna 'g an ruith
 Ged thainig iad tre chunnart mòr.
 Ach ard-rìgh a ta beo gu sior
 Cuine a chrìochnaicheadh tu am bron?
 'N uair thàr Antènor tearuint' as
 Bho laimh nan gaisgeach bho 'n Ghréig,
 Sheol e steach le 'longaibh luath
 Do chuan Illyricuim gun bheud.
 'N sin thàinig e air tir le buaidh,
 A's chaidh e féin 's a shluagh gun stad
 Gu righeachd nan Lioburnach cruaidh,
 'S *Timavus* nan luath-shruth bras
 Tha ruith 'n a naoidh sruthaibh borb,
 'S a' bheinn ri torman a's co-ghàir,
 Mar bhuinne-shruth mara 'n a still,
 'S na dailthean leis an dilinn bàitht'.
 Ach shuidhich e 'n so baile mòr,
Patavium, oomhnuidh nan sàr
 A theich o Thìoidh; us thug e ainm
 Do 'n chinneach a ghabh seilbh 's an ait.

Oir ghoir e Tròidh de 'n bhaile nuadh
 A's chuir e suas a h-airm gu h-àrd,
 A nise, tha e mealtainn fois
 Gu sìochail socrach air gach làimh ;
 Ach sinne, do shliochd runach féin
 D' an d' thug thu riaghladh nèamh gu buan
 Chaill sinn ar longan gu léir,
 Ge brònach an sgeul r' a luaidh!
 Thilgeadh sinn gu tur air chùl
 Air son corruich Iuno mhain,
 A's cian bho 'n Eadailt dh' fhògradh sinn
 Fad air falbh bho thir ar gràidh.
 'N e so an t-urram, Athair chaoimh,
 A gheobh an saoidh a ta gun fheall ?
 Mar so an aisigear leat sinn
 A dh' ionnsuidh righeachd mar a gheall ?"

Dhearc athair nan daoine 's nan dia
 Oirre le fiamh ghaire 'n a ghnùis,
 Le 'n abhaist doinion nan speur
 A thionndadh gu fèath ro chiùin.
 Phog e beul a nighinn ghaoil
 A's labhair e gu caoin mar so :
 " Chuitreia, caisg d' eagal gu luath,
 An ni tha 'n dàn do d' shluagh thig ort.
 Chi thu *Lavinium* nan tùr
 Le dhaingnichibh ùr mar gheall :
 'S Æneas mòr-inntinneach treun
 Togaidh tu gu neamh 'n a àm.
 Cha d' thàinig caochladh air mo rùn ;
 Ach bho'n tha 'n cùram so 'g ad chnàmh,"
 Innsidh mi dhut-sa gu saor,
 'S cha cheil mi aon ni tha 's an dàn.
 Lorgaicheam gach ni bho chian,
 'S mo rùintean diomhair bheir air lom,
 A chum gu'm foillsichear dhut féin
 Mar shuidhicheadh gu leir iad leam.
 Nuair ruigeas e 'n Eadailt fadheoidh
 Ni e cogadh mòr ro chruaidh,
 A's ciosnaichidh e cinnich dhoirbh
 'Gam pronnadh gu searbh le buaidh ;
 Daingnichidh e lagh le còir,
 A's togaidh bailtean mòr d' a shluagh :
 Tri samhraidh riaglaidh e 'n a rìgh
 Air *Latium* tir nan tuath.
 Tri geamhraidh theid seachad gu dlùth
 Nuair chuirear na *Ruthlaich* fo ghéill.
 Ascanius an t-oigear ciùin,
 D' an comh-ainm Iulus nan deagh-bheus ;
 Ius theirtéadh ris bho thùs
 'N uair sheas Ilium ur nan stuadh,
 Triochad bliadhna bidh 'n a rìgh,
 A's laithean 's miosan thig mu'n cuairt.
 Atharraichidh e chathair-rìgh
 Bho Laibhinn nam milidh trom,
 A's balla laidir cuiridh suas
 Mu'n cuairt air *Abba* nan sonn,
 Tri cheud bliadhn' iomlan, slàn,
 Seasadh rioghachd laidir bhuan
 An *Abba* mhoir *Fhada* nam feachd
 Fo iarmad Hector nam buadh
 Gu linn Ilia, nighean rìgh,
 Ban-sagart mhin a bheireas clann ;

'Nuair bhios i trom aig Mars nan cath,
 Bidh dithis mhac aic' 's an aon am.
 Sgeadaicht le bian odhar faoil'
 A' mhuime chaomh a chum e beò
 Glacaidh Romulus an crùn,
 A's togaidh daingneach ur na Roimh,
 Baile Mhars a' chogaidh dhoirbh :
 'S ainm fein gairmidh e de 'n t-sluagh,
 Romanaich nan geur lann gorm
 Adh' fhàgas naimhdean marbh 'n an cruaidh
 Cha chuir mi air an cumhachd ceann
 No tomhas a thaobh àm no àit :
 Thug mi dhoibh impireachd gun chrìch
 A mhaireas feadh gach linn gu bràth.
 Chuir Iuno dhoirbh tre ghibht an tràs
 Tir, muir, a's neamh bun os ceann ;
 Ach caochlaidh i gu rùn nas fèarr,
 A's nochdaidh càirdeas doibh nach gann.
 Maille rium féin bheir i gràdh
 Do Ròmanach nam blhàr 's nan euchd ;
 Cinneach nan gùn sgarlaid òir,
 Ard-thria than mòr a' chruinne ché.
 'S e so mo rùn mar tha 's an dàn :
 Oir thig na làithean mun cuairt
 'S an cuirear fo chuing 's fo smachd
 Le tigh Assaracuis nam buadh
 Phthia tir nan gaisgeach garbh,
 'S Muichèine ainmeil nan laoch ;
 A's riaghlar leis an Argos chruaidh
 'Nuair chuirear a sluagh fo dhaors',
 Eiridh Ceasar mòr nam buadh
 De 'n fhine Thròidheadh uasal threun ;
 Ruigidh a rioghachd an cuan,
 'S a chliù theid suas chum nan reul ;
 Iulius comh-ainm an t-saoidh,
 A shloinneadh bho Iulus nan euchd
 'Nuair bheir e air an domhan buaidh
 Gabhaidh tu e suas gu neamh.

(*Ri leantuin.*)

—0—

MAR A FHUARAS AMACH AMERICA.

AN TREAS EARRANN.

(*Air a leantuin bho'n 35 Airimh.*)

'S a' bhliana 1497, sheol Iain
 Cabot, marri mhac Sebastian, e
 Bristol, an Sasunn le da lhong agus
 tri cheud maraich, fo ughdaras
 Eanric a Seachd, Rìgh Shasuinn.
 B' Eadailteach Cabot, ach bha e a'
 tuineadh am Bristol. Air a' cheath-
 ramh latha fichead de mhios a'
 Chéitein, chunnaig iad eilein mòr
 Newfoundland. Sheol iad an sin
 siar ; agus an uine ghoirid rhainig
 iad tir-mòr America mu Thuath,

bliana mus am faca Columbus tir mòr America mu Dheas.

Stiur iad a nise gu tuath, gus an d' rhainig iad an talamh reòta. Bha iad a' runachadh Asia a rhuigheachd: ach on nach fhac' iad caolas troi an seoladh iad, thill iad gu deas, agus lhan iad oirthir America mu Thuath, gus an d' rhainig iad tir-thiorail. On a bha am biadh a' teannadh gu deire, agus na maraichean a' fas ceannairceach, thill iad an sin do Shasunn; agus rhainig iad Bristol toiseach an fhaoghair.

An toiseach na bliana 1517, sheol Fransis Cordobha e baile mòr Habhana, an Cuba, le tri longuibh,—agus fhuair e nach mòr-roinn Iucatan. 'N uair a bha e dol air tìr, thainig coig bàtaichean de shluagh na tìre na ionnsaidh. Chuir iad sin ionghnadh air na Spainnich: oir bha iad air an cluthachadh an aodach cotain, agus bha 'n sluagh a chunnaig iad roimhe ruisgte.* Sheol iad an sin sear, gus an d' rhainig iad Campitsi, far an deach beul ri leth-cheud diu a mharbhadh leis na h-Innseinech 'n uair a bha iad air tìr air son uisge: agus, chaidh Cordobha fhein a lhanadh gu trom. Uime sin thill iad do Chuba, far an d' eug Cordobha bho lhortaibh.

Beagan roimhe sin, 's a' bhliana 1512, dh' fhalbh Iain Ponse Leon bho eilein Phorto Rico, far an robh è 'n a fhear-riaghlaidh, le tri longaibh, air toir "tobar na h-Oige," air an robh mor iomradh. A reir na h-aithris, bheireadh uisge an tobair sin neart agus ath-nuadhachadh oige do gach neach. Sheol e am measg innsean Bahama; ach cha d' fhuaras am tobar. Stiur e n' sin sear; agus an uine ghoirid,

* Chunnaig Cabot Innseinich Newfoundland, roimhe sin, air an eideachadh le bianaibh fhiadh-bheothaichean, mar a bha sluagh nan duthchan fuara gu tuath: ach cha robh eolas aig na Spainnich orrasa.

chunnaig e, a reir a bheachd, eilein mòr, air an d' thug e Florida mar anim, on a bha 'n talamh gorm agus lan dhìtheinibh earraich.* Fhuair e mach an caolas eadar Florida agus Cuba; agus sheol e am measg innsean Phortùga: ach cha d' fhuair e sgeul air bith mu 'n tobar, cheann nach robh e idir ann. Chan 'eil 's cha robh a lheitid de thobar air thalamh. Uime sin thill e do Phorto Rico. Thug ant Iompaire tigh-earnas dha air Florida; agus dh' orduich è gun aitheachd Ponse an tìr. Uime sin thill è 's a bhliana 1521, le da llong, a runachadh baile a thogail. Ach shàs na h-Innseinich orra gu garg: chaidh moran de na Spainnich a mharbhadh, agus fhuair Ponse lot bàis.

An earrach na bliana 1518, fhuair Iain Griochalbha, le cabhlach cheithir longan, amach oirthir Mhechico (ris an abair na Sasunnaich Meicsico,) bho Iucatan gu Tampico, agus thug e "An Spainn Nemha" mar ainm air an dùthaich. Thug a dhaoine air ais mill òir, agus cunntas mu rhioghachd mhòr bheirteach, Mhecsico.

An ath-bhlian', rhanasach Albares Pinedo, le tri longaibh, an oirthir, bho Rhudha Florida gu Tampico, coig' ceud deng mile: agus fhuair e mach an amhainn mhòr Misisipi, aig am bheil cùrsa a tha corr a's ceithir mile mhilltean agus ceithir cheud mile air fad, bho bhraighe na Misuri, a tha a sruthadh innte.

'S a bhliana 1519, chuir Diego Bheleasas, uachdaran Chuba, Ferdinand Cortes, le aon long dheug, a rhanasachadh agus a cheannasachadh Mhecsico. Bha sluagh na tìr fhar-suinn sin lionar agus garg: ach cha robh iarunn no umha aca; agus bha cuid diu fo chis aig Montesuma, an

* Is pairt do thir-mor Florida, ach tha i coltach ri eilein.

righ. Dh' eirich iad sin leis na Spainnich; agus an deigh cogadh fuilteach sgrathail, anns an do bhasaich Montesuma, ghlac Cortes baile-mor Mhecsico toiseach an fhaoghair, 's a bhliana 1520; agus an uine ghoirid an deigh sin, gheill an tir gu leir dha. Roimhe sin, chaidh Cortes fhein a ghlacadh; agus bha na h-Innseinich a' dol g' a iobradh d' an diathaibh; ach thiorc cuid de na Spainnich e. Anns a' chogadh so fhuair iad eòlas air a chuid mhòr de Mhecsico; bho chuan gu cuan.

An toiseach na bliana 1524, rhannsaich Iain Bherrasani, Eadailteach, a bha seoladh fo ughdaras Rìgh na Frainge, oirthir America mu Thuath, bho 'n amhainn Savannah, air crìch Carolina, gu ceann tuath Newfoundland, còrr a's da mhìle do mhìltean. B' e a chuideachd na ciad daoine geala a chunnaig na h-Innseinich mu dheas. Bha iad dorchas mar na Mùirich, air an cluthachadh le biannaibh, agus itean riomhach am falt laidir dubh, gun dual, gun chaisreig. Ghabh iad gu caoimhneil ris na coigrich; agus theasraig iad seoladair, a bha 'n cunnart bàthaidh; ach mar phàidhe air a chomain, thug na Frangaich oireap air cuid diu a thoirt air falbh le ainneart.

Mar a bha e a' seoladh gu tuath, bha 'm fearann na bu bhoidh'che; agus bha na coilltean arda, gorma a' sgaoileadh bola cubhraidh air gach taobh. Fhuair e amach an cala farsuinn, taitneach far am bheil a nise baile mòr New York; agus dh' fhan e ceithir-la-deug an cala mòr Newport, an Eilein na Ròid. Bha na h-Innseinich 'n an daoine mòra cuimir, agus ro chairdeil rintha; ach bha iad co aineolach 's nach do thùr iad feum innealan iarunn. 'N uair a thainig e faisg air Newfoundland, bha sluagh na tìre fiata coimheach; agus anns a'

mhalairt a bha eadar iad fhein 's na Frangaich b' e sgeanan a's buill-acfhuinn staillinn a bha iad a rùn-achadh. Bha iasgairean nan trosg, bho oitiribh Newfoundland, air a bhi 'n am measg, a dh' fheuch ri cuid diu a ghoid airson thraillean.

Thill Bherrasani do 'n Fhraing; agus rhainig e Diepe mu mheadhon ant shamhraidh, far an do sgrìobh e cunntas mu thurus, airson Rìgh Fransis. Thug e "An Fhraing Nomha" mar ainm air an tir; agus mhair ant ainm sin, car iomad linn, air a phàirt 's an do ghabh na Frangaich seilbh.

An earrach na bliana 1534, chuir Fransis amach Seumas Cartier, e Port Saint Malo, le da lhong agus sia fichead maraich. An ceann fhichead latha, rhainig e Newfoundland. An deigh cuairt gu tuath, thill e gu deas, agus stiuir e siar gus an d' rhainig e m bàgh a dh' ainmich e bho theas na h-aimsir, "Bai des Chaleurs" (Bàgh an Teas). Sheol e 'n sin gu tuath, mu'n cuairt do Ghaspè; agus fhuair e mach amhainn mhòr Chanada. Chaidh e suas an aghaidh a sruth, gus am faicear tìr air gach taobh: * ach on a bha e nise toiseach an fhaoghair, agus nach robh doigh aig Cartier air fuireach gu h-earrach, thill e do 'n Fhraing; agus rhainig e Saint Mala an ceann dheich latha fichead.

Toiseach an ath shamhraidh, sheol Cartier a rithisd, le trì long-aibh, agus na h-uibhir de uaislibh na Frainge, measg mor aighir. Rhainig e 'n càmus mòr taobh an iar Newfoundland air latha Naomh Labhruinn—an deicheamh latha de cheud mhìos an fhaoghair, Uime sin thug e "Saint Laurent" (Naomh Labhruinn) mar ainm air a chamus; agus fhuair an amhainn a' cheart ainm, gus an latha 'n diugh, chaidh

* Tha an amhainn so còrr a's coig mìle fichead air leud aig a beul.

e air aghart taobh tuath eilein Antecoste, gus an d' rhainig e cala, an eilein boidheach, anns an robh mòran fhionaineann. Uime sin thug e “Eilein Bhacchuis” mar ainm air. So ant eilein ris an abrar a nis Eilein Orleans, fo Chuibec, a tha comharraichte airson a mheas math.

Ghabh na h-Innseinich ris na Frangaich gu fialaidh; agus dh' innis iad dhaibh gu'n robh an amhainn co fada suas 's nach fhac iadsa riamh duine a bha aig a braighe. Uime sin dh' àitich Cartier a lhongan 's a chala; agus chaidh e suas am bàtaichibh, gus an d' rhainig e baile ris an abrar Stadacona no *Canada*,—'s e sin, 'n an cainntse “am baile.” Bho sin thug Cartier *Canada* mar ainm air an dùthaich,—ainm a mhair agus a sgaoil. Lhabhair Donnacona, an triath Innseineach, òraid do na Frangaich, agus chaidh bann, cairdeis a dheanamh eatarra. Thog na h-Innseinich an sin an gaoir-chatha aillteil, air dhoigh 's gu'n do ghabh na Frangaich eagal: ach 's e greadhnas a bh' air an aire.

Dh' innis iad mu bhaile Hoiselaga, a bha fada shuas, faisg air an amhainn; agus chuir Cartier roimhe gu'n reachadh e suas; ach cha robh na h-Innseinich toileach, agus dh' oireapach iad air a bhachdadh. Thug iad air tri daoine, air am sgeadachadh gu h-alluidh, tighinn thun nan longaibh (a thug Cartier suas gu Stadacona), agus sriutach a lhabairt. Dh' fhalbh iad an sin 's a chanù, an sgobh Innseineach, 's an d' thainig iad. Thubhairt na h-Innseinich gum bu teachdairean iad sin, bho 'n dia *Cudruaigné*, a thainig a dh' innseadh gu'n robh moran eigh a's sneachd shuas anduthaich, air dhoigh 's gu'm bàsaicheadh na Frangaich na'n reachadh iad suas. Ach chaidh Cartier air aghart, air sruth mòr,

riomhach na h-aimhne; agus bha muinntir na tire baileach caoimhneil ris.

An ceann cheithir la-deag, rhainig e eilein agus baile Hoiselaga troi fhearann aillidh, torail, air nach robh sneachda no eigh.† Bha am baile sia mìle air ais bho 'n amhainn, teann air tulaich bhoidhich, air an d' thug e *Mont Real* (am monadh rioghail) mar ainm—agus bho sin thainig ainm ùr an eilein agus bailemor Mhontreal gus an latha 'n diugh. Bha 'n sealladh bho mhullach na tulaich co aillidh, le uisge 's beannaibh a's coilltibh, 's gu'n robh duil aig Cartier gum biodh ard-bhaile na duthcha an sin—mar a thachair. Dh' innis na h-Innseinich dha mu na coig luich mhora a bha shuas; ach b' eiginntilleadh gu Stadacona; far an d' fhuirich e gu h-earrach. Bha an geamhradh fada cruaidh; agus bhàsaich coig fir fhichead de na Frangaich leis an tachas-thioram, agus chaidh an adhlac 's ant shneachda, on nach b' urrainn cach uaighean a chlaodhach dhaibh 's an talamh rheota.‡ Thill Cartier leis na bha lhathair; agus rhainig e Saint Malo mu mheadhon ant shambradh, le Donnacona agus cuid eile de na h-Innseinich 'n a chuideachd. 'S ann eadar foill a's ainneart a chaidh iad sin marris.

An aithris Chartier tha a chiad chunntas a fhuaras 's an Roinn Eorpa mu 'n *tombaca*, luibh a thainig e America air tùs. Dh' fheuch na Frangaich ris; ach cha do thaitinn e riutha 's an am sin.

P. MAC-GRIOGAIR.

† Ged tha sneaca trom an Canada 's a' gheamhradh, falbhaidh e gu h-ealamh, fo ghrian bhlaith an earraich.

‡ Bhasaich tuille dhiu leis a' ghalar so—ris an abrar 's a' Bheurla *scurry*; ach dh' fheuch na h-Innseinich craobh dhaibh; agus lheighis sugh na cairt 'na bha tinn diu.

SOP AS GACH SEID.

Nach bu taitneach an nì na'm biodh focal duine co dìongmhalta ris an urras aige, agus nach biodh féum idir air dubh 's air geal? Cha'n 'eil e mar mhòr-chliù do dhuine sam bith, gu'm féumar fhocal a rannsachadh a mach, a chothromachadh, agus a sgrùdadh, a dh' fhéuchainn am bheil e fìor no nach 'eil. Na'm biodh e comasach earbsadh a chur ann an geallannaibh dhaoine, agus gu'n earbadh iad ri aon a chéile, ciod am brosnachadh a bheireadh e do chùisibh an t-saoghail, agus cia còmhnaidh 's a rachadh nithe air an aghaidh chum maith do na h-uile?

S.

Tòisicheadh bbur seirc aig a' bhaile, ach na sguireadh e ann an sin. Deanaibh maith d'ur teaghlachibh, d'ur dillsibh, agus d'ur càirdibh, ach an déigh sin, seallaibh a mach air feadh an t-saoghail. Amhaircibh air an Eaglais, agus bithibh 'n'ur Criosdiudhibh. Amhaircibh air bbur dùthaich, agus bithibh rioghail. Amhaircibh air uile chinneach-aibh an talmhainn, agus bithibh làn seirc agus gràidh.

S.

Tha mòran ann aig am bheil nàdar goirid, frionasach, neo-stéidheil. Tha iad 's a' bharail gu'm bheil na h-uile a' deanamh tàire orra. Cha tachair nì 's an teaghlach gun oilbheum a thoirt doibh, do bhrìgh gu'm bheil an aigne co neo-stéidheil agus iomluasgach. Ma chòmhlaicheas iad fear-eolais air an t-sràid le inntinn fein air nithibh eile, tha iad an dùil nach 'eil suim aige dhiubh, agus air ball gabhaidh iad gu dona e. Tha iad a' cur coire na frionasachd aca fein air muinntir eile. Tha iongantais air daoineibh neo-chiontach, nach do rùnaich riamh oilbheum a thoirt do neach sam bith, an uair a chi iad gu'n do ghabhadh mar thàire focal air chor eigin a labhair iad le deagh rùn. Is tubaisteach, mi-shona an giulan so, gidheadh, chithear gu tric e. Faigheadh neach an cliù gu'm bheil e mar so cas, amharusach, agus frionasach, agus cuiridh muinntir gu h-ealamh cùl ris, oir "Am fear air am bi fearg a ghnàth, is cosmhail a ghnè ris an dris."

S.

MR. BOWLES AGUS NA MEIRLICH.

Bha ministear de 'n Eaglais Shasunnaich, bàrd ainmeil (*W. L. Bowles*) a bha cho an-barrach gealtach 's gur gann a chaidleadh e mach as a thigh fhein le eagal mhèirleach a's mhurtairean. Fhuair e fiadhachadh bho 'n easbuig aige, agus gle fhada an aghaidh a thoile, b'éadar dha oidhche chur seachad 'n a thigh. An uair a chaidh e suas dh' a sheòmar, g' a dheanamh fhein deas air son na dinnearach, dh' fheuch e gu cùramach a

h-uile doras a's preas a's uinneag, gu cinnte fhaotainn mu chairtealan-oidhche. Fhuair e dorus a' fosgladh gu seòmar beag eile, agus dorus an t-seòmair sin a' fosgladh air staidhir-chùil. Cha do chòrd so idir ris, agus 's e bh'an an uair a thainig an nighean leis an uisge theth dha, gu'n d' fhoighneachd e co bha cadal 's an t-seòmar bheag. "Cha'n 'eil duine," ars ise. Rug e air laimh oirre, agus le guth air chrith le eagal, thubhairt e rithe gu 'n d' thugadh e Punnd Sasunnach dh' i na 'n tigeadh i chadal do 'n t-seòmar bheag! Ruith an nighean air falbh 'n a deann, a dh-innse dh' a maighistir nach b' urrainn d' i frithealadh air a' bhodach mhosach mhi-mhodhail a bha shuas an staidhir. An uair a dh' innis i mar a thachair, thuig an t-easbuig còir nach e anamiannan na feòla, ach an tur eagal a chuir an ceann a charaide a leithid de thairgse a thoirt seachad. "Cha ruig thu leas," ars esan, "dad a dh-fhiamh a bhi ort romh 'n duine mhath, is e an t-eagal a mha'n a thug air a leithid iarraidh ort. Is ann a chuireas tu comaine ormsa ma chaidleas tu fhein 's do bhan-chompanach anns an t-seòmar bheag mar dhion da. Ma tha thu cho faoin 's gu bheil fiamh sam bith ort roimhe, faodaidh sibh ur leaba chur ri cùl dorus an t-seòmair, 'chor 's nach urrainn dèan tighinn a stigh oirbh." Dh' aontaich an nighean ri so, 's rinn i mar a dh' iarr a maighistir, ach gu tubaisteach dhi-chuimhnich esan innse dh' a charaide ciamar a shuidhicheadh mu 'n t-seòmar. An uair a thainig an t-anmoch, chaidh iad le chéile suas an staidhir, agus mar a b' àbhaist ghlais Mr. Bowles dorsan a sheomair air an taobh-stigh mu 'n deach e laidhe. Mu mheadhon-oidhche dhùisg e, agus chual e le clisgeadh cridhe fuaim cheumannan a' tighim bho 'n staidhir-chuil do 'n t-seòmar bheag. Chuimhnich e an sin nach do ghlais e dorus-cudha 'n t-seòmair bhig, 's thug e duibh-leum as a leabaidh gu sin a dheanamh mu'n dìreadh na naimhdean an staidhir. Ach an uair a dh' fheuch e ris an dorus eadar an dà sheòmar fhosgladh, dh' fhairich e cudthrom làidir 'n a aghaidh air an taobh eile, agus 's an àm cheudna chual e cagaraich anns an t-seòmar bheag. Cha robh dad de theagamh aige nis nach robh mèirlich a stigh, agus ruith e cho luath 's a bh' aige mach do 'n chadha 's e 'g éigheach "*Murt! Mèirlich!*" An ceann tiota bha an t-easbuig 'n a aodach-oidhe, agus cha b' fhada gus an d' fhuaradh solus air aobhar-eagail an aoidh. Cha b' ann gun imcheist a dheonaich e dol a laidhe rithist, agus 's fhurasd a chreidsinn nach d' fhuair e an t-ath chuireadh an cabhaig do thigh an easbuig!—*Eadarth bho. 'Memoirs of C. M. Young' by Rev. J. C. Young.*

ILLE DHUINN.

GLEUS A Flat.


$$: \underline{M.r}, t_1 \mid l_1, m_1, s_1 \mid l_1, D., r \mid m : l., s \mid m, r. - : \underline{M.r}, t_1 \mid l_1, m_1, s_1 \mid l_1$$

$$: \mathbf{M}, s, - \mid m., r : d., d \mid r., d : T_1., l_1 \mid l_1., t_1 : l_1., s_1 \mid s_1., s, -$$

ILLE dhuinn, chaidh tu 'm dhìth !
 Slan gu 'n till thu 's gu 'n ruig thu !
 Ille dhuinn, chaidh tu 'm dhìth !

**Ille dhuinn a dh' fhalbh á Brògaig,
Bidh mi bronach gu 'n d' tig fios ort.**

Ille dhuinn an leadain àluinn,
'S ann Dimairt a dh' fhag thu mise.

Dh' fhag thu mi air caoc am aonar ;
'S leir do 'n t-saoghal mar tha mise.

Ille dhuinn an leadain dualaich,
'S ann Diluain a fhuair mi fios uait.

Ghabh iad *thusa* 'n arm Rìgh Deorsa ;
Och mo leon ! cha ghabh iad *mis'* ann.

'S a' *mhillisi* an Duneideann,
Dh' fhalbh mo cheud ghaol fo na h-itean.

Dh' fhag thu mo shuilean gun leirsinn ;
Ann ad dheigh cha leir dhomh litir.

Ach na 'n gealladh tu mo phosadh,
Chunntainn òr dhuit mar na sligean.

Mile marbhphaisg air na breugan,
'S iomadh deuchainn gus an tig iad!

Thog iad orm gu 'n robh mi aosmhor,
A's ri m' shaogh'l nach togainn shiochd
dhuit.

Ach na 'm paigheadh iad mo shaothair.
Dh' innsinn m' aois dhaibh ann an tiotan.

Bliadhn' 'ar fhichead, mios, a's ràidhe,
'N aois a tha mi, 's gu bheil fios air.

Ille dhuinn, chaidh tu 'm dhìth!
 Slan gu 'n till thu 's gu 'n ruig thu!
 Ille dhuinn, chaidh tu 'm dhìth!

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LEVERS TO RAISE OUR PEASANTRY.

V.—THE PRESS.

IN a country like Scotland the influence of the press for good and for bad, for fortifying character and for enervating it, for inspiring with a generous passion for what ought to be and for lulling into an ignoble contentment with whatever may chance to exist, for convincing us all that as a race we may as yet have hardly emerged from the chrysalis state in the course of human destiny, and for building us up in the conceit that we have already mounted to the very zenith of attainable excellence, for breathing into us an ardent aspiration after the perfecting of the spirit within, and for firing us with a fierce fever for the accumulation of things material, for elevating into the zone of universal benevolence, and for enclosing in the narrow shell of self-concentration—the influence for all this, and for very much more is verypowerful indeed; and were Scotland more intelligent, the influence, in very important directions, would be more important still. The land of the Gael—we mean what was once the land of the Gael, where the Gael are now permitted to live—has not yet been brought under the general influence of this great power. Another educative force similar to the press, if not identical with it, in its essence and influences, has been determining the mental character of the Gael for

many centuries. But the march of political events was not favourable to the development of this force. On the other hand it has languished in the feudal atmosphere of the immediate past, and now to all appearance it is rapidly dying. The educative power of which we speak is the folklore, the poetry, music, and traditions of the people. These are among a people the impersonation of the national spirit, and with the life of these, written or unwritten, must the life of the national spirit be coeval. In other words, the spirit or thought of a nation must find its expression in its literature or in its folklore, and if these be wanting, then indeed “the glory is departed.” Moreover, if we wish to trace the course of this national spirit, to measure its depth and its intensity through by-gone ages, we must study the national literature, or, in the absence of written literature, the national folklore. To trace the national spirit of the Highlands, to feel its pulse through the succeeding epochs of the past, to discover its relations to Highland history, to analyse the national character of the present, and show how much of it is the formation of this folklore, and how much of it is due to other causes, to speculate on the intellectual and moral consequences resulting from storing the mind with the national traditions of a thousand years, and with patriotic, didactic, emotional, and artistic poetry and music—to do all this would be very interesting, but at the same time very

difficult. What we want to bring out at present is that there was such a thing as a distinct national spirit among the Gael, that their folklore was the expression of this spirit, that this folklore was an educative influence, that it occupied the same position, and produced the same results that the press does at present, that the traditions, poetry, and music of the Highlands have been and are being forgotten under the influence of feudalism, and that the national spirit, if it ceases to find expression in Highland folklore, and if it does not pervade the Highland press, must be dead or like unto death. Well then, we must analyse the Highland press. Does a distinctive spirit pervade it? If so, is this spirit that which in former times found expression in Highland folklore? Let us take the periodical press. Why, we find that the relation between the periodical press and the mass of the Gael hardly exists, that few of the Highland peasantry ever come in contact with the so called Highland newspapers, and that the tone of these newspapers is not a distinctively Highland tone, that it is rather a feudal tone. No doubt we find in some of these papers a manly upholding of the cause of the Highland people, and a distinct and crashing condemnation of despotism in whatever quarter, but still we do not find the expression of the old Highland spirit. A recognition of this spirit and its uses, a reaction after the terrible depression of the first half of this century, the labour of a few enthusiasts, and above all a realisation of the degenerating influence of feudalism on the Highland peasantry, in respect of number, social position, intelligence, and character, have produced an awakening of interest in Celtic

matters, and have given fresh life to the distinctively Highland spirit in the breasts of Highlanders at home and abroad. This Gaelic renaissance could not but find corresponding expression, and accordingly the *Gael* and the *Highlander* have risen to represent it. Collections of Highland music have been issued, and we are informed that the quickening influence has extended even to general Highland literature. The Gaelic Society of Inverness, with its hundreds of members, has also sprung into existence, and Highland associations may be found over the country rising to the conception of new duties. But this revival of spirit has not yet extended to the Highland peasantry. Not yet! Alas, we fear it never can while present influences are at work. Time was when the sons of the Gael roamed over lands which were their own, and when the principle of fraternal love formed the main spring of their character. These times are gone, and now harsh laws, grasping land owners, and bullying factors, have produced and are producing a cowed, impoverished, and demoralised race, from the neglected waste of whose souls spring envy, malice, and selfishness in dark luxuriance. Truly the distinctive Highland spirit of the past finds not a resting place in its ancient home. Only in those who are removed from the poisonous miasma, that hangs like a terrible pall over the wretched north, has the awakening of spirit of which we speak found any considerable development.

Having now endeavoured to consider the phase with which we have to do of the Highland mind at home and abroad, and the present tone of the Highland press, two important questions present themselves for solution. These are,—What are the

duties which the present state of the Highlands demands from the Highland press? and,—How may the Highlands best be brought under the influence of the press? Then, What are the peculiar duties of the Highland press? There are general duties which the English press has to perform towards Englishmen as members of the human brotherhood, as men; but there are special relations in which it must stand to them as members of the same state, as Englishmen. And so with the case of the Highlands. The special duties of the Highland press must of course be determined by the peculiar condition of the Highlands. As this condition is by no means satisfactory, and as the causes which have produced the most deplored results are causes, directly political, and only indirectly personal, the special duties which the state of the Highlands demands of the periodical press are such as it is peculiarly fitted to perform. Politically, the Highland press must in the first place discuss Highland politics, in the second place British, and only in the third and fourth place French and German politics. This duty appears so plain as to render its specification unnecessary. Yet in the Highland press, which is not pervaded with the distinctively Highland spirit, which rings with the feudal tone, the politics of France and Germany receive much more intelligent expression than the politics of the Highlands. And why? Because the existence of a distinctively Highland spirit is not realised; because it is thought that laws have been able to assimilate the Highland spirit with the feudal, because it is believed the Celtic spirit and the Teuton spirit have coalesced and have produced the

British spirit. That union of spirit might have been consummated under favourable circumstances, but the circumstances have not been favourable, and consequently there has been no union. Such an union would require to be voluntary, mutual, reciprocal. But the advances of the feudal spirit were not friendly—they were rather aggressive advances. Their object was not union but usurpation. Hence there has been no union. The feudal spirit has forced itself upon Highlanders, crushing them, enervating them, demoralising and destroying them; and as an overcharge of carbonic acid gas destroys a natural fire, so this flood of feudalism is destroying the ancient fire of the Highland spirit, which can only burst out into its natural splendour when surrounded with that spiritual oxygen which, alas! floats not now around the Highland hills. But give the oxygen, feed the Highland spirit, and it will burn. Enlighten it, encourage it, and it may unite with what is best in the feudal spirit instead of succumbing to what is worst in it, as at present. Therefore the Highland press must acknowledge and feed this Highland spirit, and as in every nation its peculiar spirit is the essence of its peculiar politics, the Highland press must, in the first place, discuss Highland politics. There is no absence of great political problems for it to take up. First of all is the land question in its many aspects. The distribution of land, the tenure of land, its reclamation and improvement, the relations of landlord and peasant to it—these are questions as yet unsolved, and their solution is the proper work of the Highland press. But it must not be forgotten, in endeavouring to solve these questions, that they are ques-

tions not of British but of Highland politics, and that if they are not considered in the Highland spirit, their solution cannot meet the requirements, nor materially promote the elevation, of the Highland peasantry. The Highland press must also ensure, not only that the Highland spirit is nourished at home, but that it finds expression in the councils of the realm, in Parliament. It must show that mere money, ambition, Saxon ideas, and a feudal lairdship, are not enough to constitute a Highland member of Parliament.

Then, again, there are great social questions to be considered. There is the question of Highland education, so very unsettled at present. The press must show what place Gaelic ought to fill in Highland schools. It must show that no system of education which does not take into account the existence of a distinctively Highland spirit, which does not utilise the Highland literature, written or unwritten, which is the incorporation of that spirit, can meet the peculiar demands of the Highlands. The Highland press must also teach our peasantry their relations to each other. We have spoken of the extinction of fraternal love, and of the rule of envy and malice and distrust. Are these moral blemishes to be eradicated by the influence of the press, or is the duty that of the pulpit? The pulpit may struggle against them, and condemn them, as no doubt it has, but it cannot remove them. The reason is that, although they are moral blots, they are the results of political causes. The feudal system has reft from the Gael their ancient possessions. It has driven them from the plains, confined them among barren mountains—nay, even among the mountains, it has denied them every fertile

patch, and crowded them on the most sterile parts. It has forced them to wring the bare means of existence from a soil on which even the wild mountain sheep could not thrive. The results are that the Highland peasantry have learned to place an estimate on land out of all proportion to its real value, that the possession of the smallest additional corner is coveted like an inheritance, that the land managers and land owners, as the distributors of these odd corners, are fawned upon until all independence and self-respect are forgotten, that the most needy or the most worthless, to gain the favour of the land magnates, betray to them the secrets of the community, until even the privacy of the domestic hearth—nay, until even private thought—is destroyed, and that, consequently, duplicity of character, distrust, covetousness, envy, and malice are engendered. And because these faults of character have their roots not so much in so-called innate human depravity as in political causes, their obliteration lies within the province of the Highland press. Let the Highland press do away with their causes, and the pulpit would aid in doing the rest.

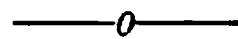
But it is not only politically and socially that the Highland press may elevate our peasantry. We have more than once alluded to various causes which have been paralysing the Highland intellect. It must be the duty of the press to quicken the minds of our peasantry by rousing them from their lethargy, by removing the causes of torpor, by presenting topics fitted to excite thought, and by thus leading them up to a higher platform of intelligence, and to a fuller appreciation of general literature. The reign of folklore being

over, it is the press alone that is fitted for this work.

Our second question is, How may our Highland peasantry best be brought under the influence of the press? We must state at once that we can conceive no specific plan to accomplish this object. The causes of the gulf between the Highland peasantry and the press are such as are not to be removed by artificial means. A want of curiosity, a want of taste for literature, and a want of means, are causes that are not easily removed. These obstacles are, however, by no means unsurmountable. The progress of education will aid in exciting curiosity and in awakening the love of literature, and even now the plea of poverty does not hold good in the case of young Highlanders, very many of whom spend in the fore-cabin of the "Clansman" in one night as much as would pay a twelvemonth's subscription for any Highland periodical. The enterprise of newspaper proprietors themselves may also do very much. It is noteworthy in this connection that a paper published in Dundee, and not distinguished as an expositor of Highland sentiment, is better known in the north than papers published in the Highlands. The Dundee proprietors have made arrangements securing the sale of their paper in the remotest Highland districts at a penny a number, and we are glad to notice that their success has been equal to their enterprise. But we are of opinion that there is a special means by which the Highland press and the Highland peasantry could be brought into closer connection. It is not uncommon in the north to hear the periodical press execrated as "Na paiperean naigheachean Gallda-Uam iad! uam iad!"—The newspapers of the English stranger. Away with them! away with them! Now

this points to the fact that sufficient use is not made of the Highlander's own language. The press that will be accepted by the Highland peasantry must be pervaded with the Highland spirit, and must discuss the questions that affect the peasantry in their own language. Amusing dialogues are very valuable, and we have no word to say against them, but they are not enough. They will not effect the elevation of our peasantry—they will not sufficiently recommend the Highland press to them. We think that a Highland newspaper sold at the doors of Highlanders at a moderate price, redolent with the Highland spirit, discussing Highland questions in the Highland tongue, filled with the grand musical and poetical echoes of the past, and over all conducted by a staff fully determined on working out the emancipation of the Gael—we think that such a newspaper would be a commercial success, as well as a most invaluable influence for the elevation of our peasantry. The advent of many such newspapers may Heaven speed!

MACHAON.

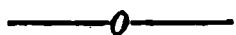


GAELIC ANECDOTES.

YOUR interesting series of articles on our Gaelic proverbs has set me a-thinking of the rich stores of Gaelic *anecdote* which are fast passing away into oblivion. And I write these lines to bespeak the aid of your readers everywhere in the good work of collecting such of these quaint old sayings as can still be recovered, and preserving them in the pages of the *Gael*. If Parson Rory Mackenzie of Knockbain—that prince of story-tellers—or his kinsmen and admirers, the late ministers of Lochcarron or Resolis, had done for Gaelic anecdotes what Dean Ramsay has done for the Lowland Scotch, what a rare budget we would possess! No doubt some of these old Highland sayings may be rather broadly expressed for the severe propriety of modern ears polite, and of others the very simplicity, in faith and manners, of the times and folk that gave

them birth, may make them sound irreverent to the somewhat prudish piety of this generation. But, nevertheless, they are too precious to be lost; and all readers of the *Gael* who can help in their recovery will, I hope, rally without delay to the patriotic work. As a beginning, I send you the following, which your readers on the banks of the Beaulieu will recognise as authentic sayings of a "character" well known and still remembered in that quarter:—"Ach, a mhinistear," said Alastair to the faithful pastor who was instructing him in the things of another world, "am bith uisge beath ann?" The good pastor couldn't say, but ventured deprecatingly to hint that *there* the national beverage might seem rather out of place. To whom Alastair in reply: "Gu dearbh tha mise a iaolsinn gun sealladh mulachagh chaise agus botul uisge beath g'le mhath air a bhord?" Let one other of this Simple Simon's sayings suffice for the present:—"S mor an call a fhuair sinn air a ghamhradhsa leis an *Earchall*:* bhasaich mo mhathair agus bhasaich a mhuc: ach cha robh urad a chall againne d'en mhuc, oir burrain sinn cnaimh a spiolladh dhi."

M. T. D.



NEWS FROM THE HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS.

DEATH OF LORD LOVAT.—This nobleman died at Beaufort Castle, after a protracted illness, on the evening of Monday last, in the 74th year of his age, having been born in 1802. He succeeded to the Lovat estates in 1815, although not served heir till 1823. His Lordship was universally beloved and respected by high and low. The funeral of the deceased lord took place at Eskdale, in Strathglass, on Tuesday last, and was attended by a large concourse of people. The hearse was drawn by four fine chargers, followed by an almost endless string of other vehicles. The greatest order prevailed.

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY AT IONA.—A correspondent writes:—For the repairs which are just being made upon the Iona ruins the quarries of freestone at Carsaig, Ross of Mull, have been re-opened, that being the place from which the beautiful cornices and arches of our world-famed ruins were extracted. While working there some of the quarriers discovered in Habb-nan-Cailleach, or Nun's Cave, drawings of many of the ancient crosses, with their dates,

* *Earchall*: provincial for *Eng.* death.

which once adorned this island. The cave is about 80 feet long, and well adapted for accommodating a large number of artisans in those times of savage clans and roving barbarians. It is supposed that this workshop of nature formed the office, in which all orders were taken, and its walls the drawing room on which they were sketched. It has always been a matter of conjecture from whence these ancient monuments and tombstones came. There is now, of course, no longer any doubt on the point, and it is said that in a very short time material could be had here to adorn Icolmkill as in the days of old, and thus fulfil the prophecy which St. Columba uttered standing on the Abbot's Mound:—"Huic Loco, Quamlibet Augusto. Et mili, non tantum feotorum reges, cum populis, sed etiam barbarium et exterarum gentium requatores, cum plebibus sibi subjectis, grandem et non mediocre conferent honorem: D sanetis quoque etiam aliarum ecclesiarum non mediocris veneratio conferetur."

INVERNESS GAELIC SOCIETY—ANNUAL ASSEMBLY.

THE Inverness Gaelic Society held its annual assembly in the Northern Meeting Rooms on Thursday evening, 8th ult. The meeting was one of the most successful which has taken place in connection with the Society. During the day a number of strangers had arrived to attend the Wool Market; and the night being an open one—no business being done on Thursday evening—these crowded in along with the townspeople, until the spacious ball-room was filled in every corner. Three pipers, stationed in the lobby, played the company into the hall. The chair was taken by Mr. Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P., who was accompanied to the platform by a number of distinguished gentlemen.

The chairman, in opening the proceedings, said it was right that Inverness, as the capital and centre of the Highlands, should take a decided part in a movement intended not only to preserve past literature and traditions, but to vindicate and conserve Highland feeling and Highland interests in the present. Referring to the educational objects of the Society, he pointed out the positive disadvantages of teaching English to children by rote—as a thing to be "learnt by heart;" by such a mode the intellect was never awakened, interest was never excited, and the little knowledge acquired was speedily forgotten. In his further observations he dwelt on the necessity of using the most strenuous efforts, by petitions to Parlia-

ment, and otherwise, to introduce the teaching of the Gaelic language into Highland schools.

Mr. Macandrew, Sheriff-Clerk, drew a lively picture of the illustrious character of the Highland race; and argued that the language had been rendered illustrious by the noble deeds of those who spoke it. If the language was worth preserving, he wished to ask whether the race also was not worth preserving? (Applause.) It was worth their while to give due consideration to the circumstances under which that race grew up and flourished. What enabled them to send out men, not only courageous, stalwart, manly, and independent, but orderly and God-fearing, in every relation of life? The Duke of Sutherland was now doing much which tended to improve the condition of the Highlander; and he (Mr. Macandrew) would put it to the meeting whether, while advocating the preservation of the Gaelic language, they should not also urge upon those whom the Almighty had blessed with large possessions, to make a noble effort to re-introduce that state of things in which the true Highlander alone could flourish. (Cheers.)

Rev. Mr. Macgregor, of the West Church, delivered a characteristic address in Gaelic, which was received with much applause. He complimented the chairman and the meeting on the growing prosperity of the Society, which deserved great praise for its exertions for the teaching of Gaelic in Highland schools, as well as for its zeal in collecting folk lore and other Celtic remains. Having complimented Professor Blackie on his efforts to perpetuate Celtic literature, and establish a Celtic chair, he showed the unreasonableness of rooting out a language still spoken by millions in Scotland, Ireland, America, Australia, and other quarters of the world, as well as being preached in three or four hundred of our Highland parishes; it being contrary to all principles of nature, reason, and justice, that the language should be extirpated.

Professor BLACKIE, in the course of a humorous speech, congratulated them on the revived interest in Celtic literature, and the prospect of establishing the Celtic Chair. I certainly, he said, did not hope or believe that in twelve months,—it is not twelve months,—that in eight months, we should not only have laid the base of the cairn, but should actually have raised the whole cairn,—this cairn for the study of Celtic literature, philology, and song. (Applause.) We have raised it, I say, triumphantly—(Cheers)—by the aid of such as our Chairman—(Applause)—such noblemen

as the Duke of Sutherland, the Duke of Argyll, the Marquis of Bute; such of our scholars as Sir William Stirling-Maxwell, and Lord Neaves; and by the sympathy expressed by Professors in London, Oxford, and Cambridge; by the countenance of her Majesty the Queen—(Cheers)—who only lends her gracious support to things worth supporting—(Cheers)—and the cairn only now requires to be topped. (Applause.) Faith removes mountains. (Laughter and applause.) “Whatever a man dares, he can do.” By the grace of God, I dared to attempt to establish this Chair—I dared it, and you dared it, and we have done it. (Cheers.) It is not generally so much a hostility to what is good that prevents a thing being done, but ignorance and indifference that requires to be stirred up, and walked into with swords, and, if necessary, with red-hot pokers—(Laughter)—and bel-lows to blow up the dying embers. (Laughter and applause.) Go to the people, and you will find them ready to support you,—that is, if you have the right inspiration. (Applause.) There are two classes who wish this Gaelic language of ours dead. There are those who want the people to be sent to America; and those men of science who would have it dead to-morrow, who have expressed a wish to have it dead, that they might have its dead body to cut up and dissect. (Laughter and applause.) But even these men have expressed the feeling that, if it be extinguished to-morrow, there might be an academic exposition of the Gaelic language. (Applause.) We are not called upon to prove that the Gaelic contains a literature like that of Greece and Rome, but I say to all those who are born in the Highlands, to all those who breathe the Highland air, there is a literature of the utmost possible value. (Cheers.) It is a good deal more extensive than that which we call Scottish literature. Our literature consists of popular songs. Now, I say with perfect honesty, in face of a Professor Black there—(Applause)—or a Professor Blackie—(Laughter)—I say that I value these Scottish songs, that I have got from these Scottish songs more than I have got from Homer, Aristotle, or Plato; or from all of them put together. (Cheers.) The Scottish songs are full of wisdom,—the wisdom of life, sagacity, humour, pathos; full of everything that makes a man a man—(Cheers)—full of everything which constitutes poetry, true sublime poetry. It has been said that “poetry makes rich the blood of the world;” and I say that popular poetry makes rich the blood of the people. (Cheers.) If I, and all good Scotchmen, he said, re-

joice in Scotch songs, and if all foreigners are delighted to hear Scotch songs, and if the greatest musical composers have stolen some of their best musical ideas from Scotch music, and if we are all proud of the noble inheritance we have received in them—then I say what the Scotch song is to me the Gaelic song is to you, and a man is not true to you if he takes it from you, and you are not true to yourselves if you allow him to take it. (Loud cheers.) Highlanders hear plenty sermons, and sermons are good—(Laughter)—but they should have songs too; and with a sermon in his right hand, and a song in his left, and a sword where it ought to be, I will back the Highlander against the whole world. (Laughter and cheers.) The value of a literature does not depend upon the bulk of it; if it did, what value would we set upon the Old Testament? It depends upon its intrinsic worth, and here it is the natural product of the Highland braes and the Highland heather. I could sing some of those fine old songs; I read translations of them before some of the most learned men in Oxford, and there was not one that did not feel his bosom thrill—yes, even those dignified old gentlemen. (Laughter and cheers.) And I have seen beautiful ladies thrill with sympathy to the tips of their fingers when I read some of those pathetic Highland lamentations. The professor went on to say that the moment Gaelic died, the Highlander died, for the one could not subsist without the other. Referring to the difficulties of the Gaelic language, he admitted it had its own peculiarities, and he had been speaking to a landed proprietor near Oban the other day, who said he had been studying it for twenty-five years, and had not made it out yet. (Laughter.) But it was not a bridge that could not be passed; like the *pons asinorum*, it could be passed by all but asses. (Laughter.) All languages had their difficulties. The sight of the Greek alphabet was enough almost to make some ladies faint; irregular verbs were an immense difficulty; and the gender of nouns in German was very hard to master. But Gaelic could be learned, and he told them the way to acquire it—by asking the names of common objects, and repeating them till they were firmly fixed in the mind. He could himself read Gaelic quite easily; and he could have learned the whole language in six months, if he had devoted himself to it with

determination. He advised them to read the books issued by old Norman Macleod, brimful of character and humour; and, in conclusion, he again urged them to preserve the Gaelic language and literature. (Loud cheers.)

The entertainment which was enlivened by rounds of vocal and instrumental music, was brought to a close by a vote of thanks to the chairman.

SCOTTISH FETE AT THE ALEXANDRA PALACE.—On Saturday, the 17th ult., at the Alexandria Palace London, the great Scottish fete and Southern gathering took place. In spite of very wet weather, the fete on the whole was a success, the attendance in the afternoon being very large. The first part of the programme took place in the Great Hall of the Palace, and began with a competition between a number of Highlanders as to who was the best player of pibrochs on the great Highland bagpipes. A. Cameron, piper to the Marquis of Huntly, won the first prize; R. Mackenzie, pipe-major, 78th Highlanders, the second; and J. Mackenzie, of the Royal Caledonian Asylum, the third. Strathspey and reel playing proved an interesting contest. R. Mackenzie in this case was awarded the first prize, whilst A. Cameron got the second, the third being taken by J. M'Kinnon, pipe-major, Glasgow. In marches, J. C. Paton, pipe-major, 79th Cameron Highlanders, received the first prize, J. Mackenzie, the second, and A. Cameron the third. Sword dancing, reel dancing, and the Highland fling followed. The following were the prize-winners:—Sword Dance—1, J. M'Neil; 2, D. M'Phee; 3, H. F. Craig. Reel dancing—1, D. M'Phee; 2, J. M'Neil; 3, A. Cameron. Dancing the Highland Fling—1, D. M'Phee; 2, J. M'Neil; 3, H. F. Craig. J. Chalmers was declared subsequently to be the best dressed Highlander. The first prize for throwing the hammer was won by D. Dinnie (93 ft. 6 in.); and the second by J. Fleming (87 ft. 10.) Dinnie and Fleming also won the first and second prizes for putting the stone. The 1500 yards race was won by J. Grainger, A. Hall being second, and Sergeant Barker third. The judges were Mr. Aeneas M'Intosh, Mr. D. Mackay (piper to the Prince of Wales), Mr. J. Cameron (piper to the Marquis of Lorn), and Mr. J. C. MacPhee (president of the Gaelic Society.)

AN GAIDHEAL.

*“ Mar ghath soluis do m’ anam fein
Tha sgeula na h-aimsir a dh’ fhalbh.”—OISEAN.*

IV. LEABH.] DARA MIOS AN FHOGHAIR, 1875. [45 AIR.

SEAN-FHOCAIL.

IX.—CUM AN FHEILL AIR AN LATHA.

Tha chuid is lionmhoire de Shean-fhocail gach Tir a’ cur an ceill firinn, no co-dhiu taobh de fhirinn, air an do chnuasaich daoine glise air thoiseach oirnn, agus ris a’ bheil sinne cleachdta r’ar n-aonta ’chur gu toileach. Anns a’ cheum so tha na Sean-fhocail Ghaidhealach cosmhuil ri Sean-fhocail dhuthchanna eile; agus, gu ruig so, thug sinn ar n-eisempleirean gu h-iomlan o’n bhuidheann so. Ach tha buidheann eile de’r Sean-fhocail a tha toirt f’ar comhair, cha ’n e beachd no firinn a tha sinn ri chreidsinn; ach aithne, comhairle, no earail a tha sinn ri choimhead. ’N ar Sean-fhocail Ghaidhealach gheibhear a’ bhuidheann sona’s lionmhoire, a reiraireimh nan Sean-fhocal thar cheann, na gheibhear iad anns a’ chuid is mo de Shean-fhocail dhuthchanna eile. B’ iad na Druidhean, mar tha fios aig gach neach, prìomh luchd-teagaisg ar Sluaigh; agus dearbhaidh moran de’r Sean-fhocail gus an la diugh gur ann an uair a bha na Druidhean cumhachdach ’s an Tir a chuireadh iadsan ri cheile. Tha fios againn a ris nach fuilingeadh na Druidhean leabhraichean no sgriobhadh ’n am measg, air eagal, na’m b’ fhior iad fein, gu’m biodh cuimhne no meodhair nam foghlumaichean òga air a lagachadh. Bha e feumail mar so gu’m biodh teagasg nan

Druidhean air a thoirt seachad air doigh cho tarbhach ’s a bhiodh comasach, a los gun togadh ’s gun giulaineadh a’ mheodhair moran foghlum ann am beagan bhriathran. Dh’iunnsaich sinn leasan nan Druidhean, no co-dhiu cuid dheth, ro mhaith. Cha robh baigh ar Sluaigh ri leabhraichean no ri sgriobhadh riamh ro mhor. Theirear gun teagamh nach robh cothrom aca; ach nach beag so de ’n fhior aobhar? C’arson nach d’ rinn iad an cothrom; agus c’arson nach eil iad g’a dheanamh mar nach ’eil iad? Ann an tomhas tha sinn ’s a’ Ghaidhealtachd car fortanach seach mar tha na Goill—air an adhlacadh le leabhraichean, agus fiughair gu’n leughar iad. ’N am biodh Solamh beo ’n ar latha-ne, ciod idir a theireadh e mu leabhraichean agus mu leughadh? Is gann a gheibheadh e aite no canain a fhreagradh air ach a’ Ghaidhealtachd agus a’ Ghaidhlig. Ach ged, ma dh’fhaodte, tha cuid de leabhraichean air Galldachd ro phailt agus air an cur gu droch bhuil, cha ’n ’eil teagamh nach ’eil leabhraichean anns a’ Ghaidhealtachd ro ghann, agus nach ’eil roinn de ’n bheagan tha innte gun bhi air an cur gu buil idir, maith no olc. Anns an rathad so mar ann an iomadh rathad eile lean sinn a’ chleachduin, ged thainig caochlaidhean air an t-saoghal mu’n cuairt dhuinn a dh’fhag a’ chleachduin neo-fhreagarrach air ar son. Gheibhear sinn gu

tric a' caoidh nan linntean a dh'aom, agus tha mi smuaineachadh ged rachadh ar n-aiseag, a thiotadh, gu linn nan Druidhean nach cailleamaid a bheag. Gheibhtheadh napa-san moran tuigse agus beagan cainnt; tha cuid a' smuaineachadh gu'n do chuir an Saoghal car tuathal dheth o'n àm sin.

'S e mo bheachd gur e cion leabhraichean—cia b'e air bith an t-aobhar airson na goinne so; cho suarach agus a bha sinn mu'n bheagan leabhraichean bha againn; agus ann an tomhas gne nan leabhraichean sin fein a bu choireach gur ann 'n ar Sean-fhocail, agus nach ann 'n ar Bardachd, 'n ar Sgeulachdan, no 'n ar Sgoilean, a gheibh sinn na riaghailtean a tha freagarrach airson ar beachdan a shocrachadh 's air giulan a stiùireadh, 'n ar cuairt roimh 'n t-Saoghal. Tha iomadh leas-an feumail agus cudthromach air an teagasg 'n ar Bardachd agus 'n ar Sgeulachdan, na n-iunnsaicheamaid iad; ach 'n a dheigh so uile tha mi meas, a mach bho'r Biobull agus bho'r Sean-fhocail, gu bheil ar litreachas ann an Gaidhealtachd na h-Alba easbhuidheach anns an t-solus a tha i tilgeadh air beatha an duine, agus air an diomhaireachd a tha cuairteachadh na beatha sin. Ach 'n ar Sean-fhocail gheibh sinn oidhearpan lionmhor air beachdan a chur an cainnt, a chum ar n-eolas a mheudachadh agus ar creidimh a dhaingeachadh; agus, a thuilleadh air so, moran dhleasdanas dhuinn fein agus d'ar co-chreutairean air an sparradh oirnn le comhairle agus le earail, a chum ar gluasad a leasachadh, agus cho fad 's a tha sin comasach do 'n duine, a dheanamh foirfe. Is e mo rùn aon no dha de na h-earailean so a shoillearachadh anns an aireimh so agus anns an ath aireimh de 'n *Ghaidheal*.

Tha teagasg an t-Sean-fhocail a

ghabh mi mar steigh air a thoirt seachad ann an atharrach cainnt le Solamh, agus aobhar 'n a chois. "Ge b'e ni a gheibh do lamh ri dheanamh, dean e le d' dhìchioll; oir cha 'n 'eil obair, no innleachd, no eolas, no gliocas anns an uaigh, d' am bheil thu a' dol." Cha 'n ann idir a' cur an suaraicheas aobhar an t-Searmonaiche ghlic a tha mi, an uair a tha mi 'g a thoirt thairis do Shearmonaichean comasach ar latha fein. Eadhon as eugmhais aobhar Sholaimh, tha mi meas gu'n aontaich gach neach gu bheil an teagasg cudthromach agus airidh air gach uile umhlachd. A reir mo bheachd tha 'n dleasdanas a tha 'n Sean-fhocal a' sparradh oirnn dà fhille. "Cum an fheill air an latha,"—is e sin ri radh, "Ge b'e ni a gheibh do lamh ri dheanamh, co-dhiu is ann dhuit fein no do neach eile, dean e le d' dhìchioll, agus dean e 'n a àm; na fag obair an là diugh a feitheamh air an là maireach."

Cha 'n fheudar aicheadh nach abrar gu tric gur iomadh Sluagh is fearr a bheir umhlachd do'n aithne so na Gaidheil na h-Alba. Cha chuirear, le firinn, leisg, an corp no 'n inntinn, á leth ar Sluagh. Ann an coimeas ri Cinnich eile, tha 'n Gaidheal, 'n a chorp 's 'n a inntinn, beo, eutrom, easguidh, fuasgailte. Ach cha 'n e leisg uile gu leir a tha 'n Sean-fhocal a' dìteadh, ni mo is e beothalachd a tha e 'g aithne. Their aon de'r Sean-fhocail fein, "Is easguidh androch ghille air cuairt,"—a' ciallachadh gu'm faighear an deagh ghille an comhnuidh deas gu ghnothuch. Is e dìchioll, buanachas, seasmhachd a tha 'n Sean-fhocal a' moladh dhuinn. Feudaiddh sinn a bhi easbhuidheach anns na feartan so, ged nach cuirear le ceartas leisg as ar leth. Fhuair ar Sluagh gun teagamh an t-ainm a bhi muiteach, neo-sheasmhach o chionn iomadh

bliadhna. 'S e so cliu a tha 'n Seanachaidh Romanach a' toirt do shaighdearan *Hannibal*. Agus ged nach faighear saighdearan no seoladairean is calma 's is seasmhaiche na Gaidheil na h-Alba an uair a tha iad air an iunnsachadh, agus ged nach faighear am measg Sluagh eile eisempleirean na's trice 's na's urramaiche na gheibhear 'n ar measg fein air sior-bhuanachadh an aghaidh iomadh bacadh 'us grabadh; gicheadh 's e cliu ar Sluaigh an diugh an cliu a fhuair iad o'n Romanach dà mhìle bliadhna roimhe so—gu bheil iad laidir, lughmhor, ach caochlaideach, deas gu ni a ghabhail os laimh agus fhagail gun chriochnachadh, easguidh ach neo-chinnteach.

Ann an Gaidhealtachd na h-Alba, creididh mi gu'm fàsamaid neo-shuidhichte 'n ar doighean ged nach biodh a' bhuaidh dual dhuinn mar Shluagh. Chuidicheadh gnè na Tìre, agus gu h-àraid ar n-Eachdraidh, inntinn luasganach aghintinn, no co-dhiu a neartachadh, annainn. Rè moran uine bha caithe-beatha an t-Sluaigh agus am beatha fein cho neo-chinnteach 's gn'm biodh e eu-comasach gu'm faigheadh riantan steigheil aite 'n am measg. Cha 'n 'eil teagamh nach 'eil agus nach bi sinne iomadh latha fathas ag itheadh de shearbhas nan linntean buaireasach a chaidh, taing do'n Fhreasdal, thairis. Agus ged tha sinn a nis o chionn iomadh bliadhna a' mealtainn sith, agus nam miltean beannachd a thig an lorg na sochair ro-luachmhoir sin, tha agus bithidh iomadh ni 'n ar crannchur anns a' Ghaidhealtachd a dh'fhagas e fìor dhuilich dhuinn leasan an t-Sean-fhocail iunnsachadh, agus an comhnuidh a chuimhneachadh. "Cum an fheill air an latha";—is farasda radh, agus ann an iomadh aite cha 'n 'eil e ro dhoirbh a dheanamh. Ach ann

an Tìr neo-thorach, le siantan caochlaideach, le monaidhean sgith, le aisig chunnartach, leis gach goireas a dhith ort, is beag nach fanoid an earail. An ann á fearann a tha d' earbsa? Mo chreach! is beag do choir air. Agus ged shaoithrich thu cho goirt 'us ged a bhiodh cinnt agad nach rachadh do mhàl ardachadh no do thigh a chur ma sgaoil aig ceann na bliadhna, nach tric a ni latha fliuch 's an fhoghar obair na bliadhna chur adholuidh. A' bheil beo-shlainte do theaghlach an crochadh ris a' mhuir? Cha 'n 'eil sgoil fo'n ghrein cho eifeachdach, ann an rathad, a dh' iunnsachadh foighidinn, dichill, saothair bhunailteach cho maith ri bàta an iasgair. Faic e le ramh no le seol a' toirt a mach, calaidh no a' cur fodha rudha; a nis a' buidhinn 's a ris a' call; a bheatha an crochadh r'a neart 's r'a sheoltachd; agus gheibh thu leasan air stri bhuan agus dhian nach faigh thu ach ainmig. Ach an uair a tha 'n rudha seachad, 's an caladh fo shroin, theid an leasan a dhi-chuimhneachadh gus an toir fein-fhiosrachadh cruaidh a chrannchuir fa chomhair an iasgair 's an ath ghàbhadh e. 'S e neo-sheasmhachd na gaoith, an t-sruth, 's na fairge, agus neo-chinnteachd a' bheatha fein an co-cheangal riu a ghleidheas aite an inntinn an iasgair, agus a ni "Cum an fheill air an latha" 'n a eubh fhaoin 'n a chluais-san.

Tha e na's feumaile air doigh no dhadhuinne a bhi gleidheadh teagasg an t-Sean-thocail air chuimhne na tha e do mhoran. Chaidh, ma dh' fhaodte, a chur mar coinneamh air aon doigh no doigh eile gle thrath. So a' chumadh air an d' fhuair mi fein e: *Procrastination is the thief of time*. Air a' chumadh so, leugh 'us sgriobh 'us litrich 'us bhruadair mi e na ficheadan uair. Co-dhiu a lughdaich an t-saothair mairneal no

mheudaich i dichìoll ann am chrè, cha'n fhios domh; ach bhiodh e'n a pheacadh an aghaidh gach riaghailt theagaisg an leasan a thoirt domh air dhoigh 's gun tuiginn e. 'N ar Sean-fhocail Ghaidhealach gheibhear an teagasg ceudna gn minic agus ann an caochladh cainnt 'us samh-ladh. Tha so 'n a dhearbhadh soilleir gu'n robh meas cubhaidh aig ar n-Aithrichean air an fhirinn, co-dhiu bha no nach robh iad an comh-nuidh dileas d'i.

Ach bhiodh e mealltach a bhi saòilsinn gu'n robh na seann daoine, eadhon 'n an teagasg, a ghnath iomlan. Bha iad a' cur luach ard agus cubhaidh air sonas, ach cha 'n 'eil mi cho earbsach gu'n d' amais iad daonnan air mathair-aobhair an t-sonais d'an robh an tlachd cho mor. Theireadh iad: "Is fearr a bhi sona na bhi saòithreachail;" "Is fearr a bhi sona na bhi crionna;" —ach saoilidh mi gu'n do dhi-chuimhnich iad nach faighear, 's an t-saoghal so co-dhiu, an sonas is airde a bheir e seachad sgarte' bho shaothair; agus nach mair sonas ard no iosal ro fhada sgarte' bho chrionntachd. Cha 'n 'eil teagamh nach robh meas mor aca air fois 's air socair, agus nach d' thug iad seachad teagasg mearachdach an co-cheangal ris na staidean so a tha 'n an aite fein ionmholta. Cia b'e air bith an rùn leis an do chuireadh ri cheile iad, cha 'n 'eil teagasg nan Sean-fhocal a leanas air aon chor fallain: "Cha d'ith na coin an aimsir"; "Am fear a dh' imich an cruinne, cha b' fhios d'a co-dhiu b' fhearr luathas no moille" (saoilidh mi nach 'eil fios fathasd ciod a thug dha a thigh fhagail); "Is maith an saoghal so ma mhaireas e;" "Tha iasg 's a mhuir cho maith 's a thainig riamh as;" "An neach nach cinn 'n a chodal, cha chinn e 'n a fhaireach;" "Treabhaidh na daoib' cha

dean na saoi ach treabhadh." Cha 'n 'eil teagamh nach ann o'n bhaigh so ri fois a dh'eirich an Sean-fhocal, "Is fearr a bhi tamh na obair an nasguidh;" oir cha robh meas air leisg,—“Am fear a bhitheas 'n a thamh, cuiridh e 'n cat 's an teine;” “Is leisg le leisgein dol a luidhe, is seachd leisge leis eirigh.” 'S e na taillean a thug seachad an Sean-fhocal leibideach so, agus airson teagasg cronail 's gann a dh' amais a leithid orm; “Greim fada, 'us grad bhi ullamh.”

Tha teagasg nan Sean-fhocal so mearachdach; agus cha 'n 'eil teagamh nach robh agus nach 'eil a' chumhachd air fhaireachduin a chum na cuid is measa 'n ar measg. Ach ged tha na Sean-fhocail a tha air an taobh chli na's lionmhoire na bu mhaith leinn; cha 'n 'eil an aireamh ach gann ann an coimeas ris na gheibhear a' moladh aghartais dichill, 'us seasmhachd. Bha ar n-Aithrichean lan dearbhta nach faighear maith gun dragh. Tha focal gu maith deas aig na h-iasgairean a tha teagasg na firinn so: “Cha 'n 'e gogadh nan ceann a ni 'n t-ionram.” So aon bho na sealgairean: “Cha d'rinn *theab* riamh sealg.” Agus cha robh na buachaillean air deireadh: “Cha dean corag mhilis im.” Cha 'n 'eil teagamh nach e ceannaiche a dh' eisd iomadh uair ri leth-sgeul air a deagh labhairt a thoirt; “Cha diol toileach fiach.” De 'n aon teagasg tha 'n radh: “Cha d' rinn *thugam* ceum, 's cha do chailleadh *theab*.” Agus cha b' urrainnear rabhadh a bu chumhachdaiche na so a thoirt seachad an aghaidh leisg, mairneil, 'us cion suim: “Cha 'n fhaighear an diugh air ais an dè.”

Airson ceartais 'us coir a ghleidheadh eadar duine agus duine—fiachan a dhioladh agus geallaidhean a choghealladh, cha ghabhadh a bhi na

b' fhearr na na Sean-fhocail. Theirte gun teagamh: "Cha teid gad air gealladh," agus cha 'n 'eil teagamh nach robh iomadh aon 's a' Ghaidhealtachd cho maith ri aitean eile a dh' fhairich firinn an radh; ach cha 'n e so air aon chor teagasg nan Sean-fhocal. "Cha 'n 'eil fealladh ann is mo na gealladh gun a choghealladh;" "Is fearr a bhi leisg gu ceannach na righinn gu paigheadh;" "Is fiach duine na gheallas e;" agus a ris "foill," cia b'e air bith mar thig i, air a diteadh air dhoigh 's gun saoil thu gur e Daibhidh tha labhairt: "Cha mhair sliochd fir foille." Co-dhiu bha no nach robh ar luchd-duthcha comharraichte air son am firinn—their ar coimhearsnaich gu tric nach robh—cha robh an teagasg 's an rathad so an deighlaimh. Tha 'n dearbhadh soilleir anns na briathran annsa' bheil gloine, onoir, firinn, 'us breugan a ghnathair an ainmeachadh. Firinn an smuain, an cainnt, 's an gnìomh; 's e so gun teagamh teagasg nan Sean-fhocal, 'g a sparradh ort an comhnuidh mar do dhleasdanas agus mar do bhuannachd.

Am measg nan Sean-fhocal a tha moladh aghartais 'us gnìomhachais, chithear gu bheil meas mor air moch-eirigh. Their Lighichean gu bheil a' chleachduin maith airson slainte a' chuirp a chumail suas; agus their Sgoilearan gur e mhaduinn is fear na 'n oidhche airson iunnsachaidh. Cha mhor dhaoine is cuimhne leam a bhuidhinn cliu ard dhoibh fein nach do chleachd eirigh trath; agus chi sinn gu'n robh beachd cothromach aig na seana Ghaidheil air a' chleachduin cheudna. Thuirt aon diubh, gun teagamh, a bha 'creidsinn gu laidir ann am fortan tur sgarte bho dheanadas fein: "Is fearant-àdh namoch-eirigh." Ach cha 'n e so ach teagasg aoin. Theireadh na Druidhean, "Bi gu

subhach, geamnuidh, moch-thrathach, mosgaileach 's an t-samhradh." A ris, theirear: "Is meamnach gach moch-thrathach;" "'S i mhoch-eirigh 'luain a ni 'n t-suain 'mhairt;" agus a ris, mar gu'm b'e Lighiche theireadh e, agus ciod am fios nach e; "Is fearr eirigh moch na suidhe anmoch."

Tha aon ni a tha ro chomharraichte mu na Sean-fhocail Ghaidhealach a tha buntainn ris an earail a tha f'ar comhair an traths; agus 's e sin a' meas tha air a chur air saothair chinnteach, sheasmhach, os cionn neart an uair nach 'eil dichìoll maille ris. Chunnaic sinn roimhe an luach a bha ar n-Aithrichean a' cur air cruinnealas, ged bha iad comharraichte air son am fialaidheachd. Air a cheart doigh 'n an obair. Tha firinn 'us onoir eadar duine 's duine air a mholadh. Tha moch-eirigh air a mholadh. Tha bhi 'n a àm an ceann do ghnòthuich air a mholadh—"Am fear a ni obair 'n a àm, bithidh e 'n a leth-thamh." Tha 'm fear a thoisicheas obair air a neartachadh leis an radh—"Is trian obair toiseachadh." Agus tha saothair chrìochnaichte gun teagamh a faotainn na duais a thoill i; "Am fear a cheanglas, 's e shiubhlas;" "Am fear is fearr a chuireas, 's e is fearr a ghearras;" "An rud a nithear gu maith chithear a bhuil." Ach os cionn moch-eirigh, os cionn toiseachadh, 's os cionn crìochnachadh, tha obair chinnteach, leanailteach air a moladh, mar a dhearbhas na Sean-fhocail a leanas gu soilleir: "Cha 'n e 'muileann nach bleth, ach an t-uisge nach ruith;" "Ge b'e nach beathaich a choin, cha bhi iad aige latha na seilge;" "Is ann o'n bheagan a thig am moran;" "Cha 'n ann leis a' cheud bhuille thuiteas a' chraobh;" "Gabhaidh connadh ùr le bhi 'g a sheideadh;" "Am fear a theid a' ghnath mach le lìn, gheibh

e eoin air uairean ;” “Cha bhi dichìoll air deireadh ;” “Beiridh am beag tric air a mhor ainmig ;” “Is fearr greim caillich na tarruing laoich.”

Is teagasg fallain, ionmholta air gach doigh an teagasg so ; agus cha 'n urrainn dhuinn a bhi ro thaingeil d' ar n-Aithrichean air a shon. B' fhearr leam gu'm faicteadh na trì Sean-fhocail mu dheireadh a dh' ainmich mi, ann an litrichean òir, air balla gach tigh-sgoil anns a' Ghaidhealtachd. Cha 'n 'eil mi gun amhurusnach paigheadh an leasan na 'm biodh e air a dheagh iunnsachadh, eadhon do'n Mhaighstir-sgoil latha cheasnachaidh, chomaithe ri leughadh blasda nach tuig a' chlann ; agus tha mi dearbhtha nach faigh a' chlann leasan a bhitheas cho feumail dhoibh fein, d'an cloinn, 's do chlann an cloinne bho Mhaighstir-sgoil fo'n ghrein. Is eigin aideachadh gu'n d' fhuair mi barrachd toilinntinn o'n teagasg so, a chionn nach robh suil agam ris. 'S e barail mhorain nach d'thug ar Sluagh moran geill do chomhairlean de'n t-seorsa so ; agus feudaidd cuid bhi mar bha mise a' creidsinn nach d' thugadh na comhairlean ro thrìc riamh orra. Cha 'n ann mar dhuine dichìollach, aghartach, a' cur earbsa a obair chinnteach a lamhan fein, daonnan am bun a ghnothuich a bhreithnicheas coigrich air Gaidheal an latha diugh ;—cha 'n ann,—ach ri sgiathalaich air ais agus air aghaidh, an diugh ag oibreachadh na croit, a maireach ag iasgach, 's air an ath sheachduin a' drobhair-eachd—latha no leth latha diomhanach eadar gach atharrachadh obair, 'n a sheasamh le aon no dha de chompanaich, le lamhan gu maith domhain 'n a phocaichean, 's le cutag phìob 'n a phluic, a' cumail a suas le shlinnein oisinn tighe, 's a tighinn air a choimhearsnaich. Co beachd a tha fìor, bhiodh e duilich, ma dh'

fhaodte, cunnartach, a radh. Creididh mi gur e chuis gu bheil iad aràon fìor ann an tomhas ; co-dhiu cha 'n 'eil an Gaidheal fathasd cho dichìollach 's gu'm feud e leasan an t-Sean-fhocail a dhi-chuimhneachadh.

Cluinnidh sinn gu tric feartan 'us cliu ar Sluaigh air an dearbhadh le eisempleirean air bunailteachd 's air soirbheachadh o'n tigh, agus coirgach ni tha air deireadh aig an tigh 'g a chur air an àite,—air ni sam bith ach na daoine. Cha 'n 'eil mi smuaineachadh gu bheil am beachd so uile gu leir fìor, agus 's e mo bharrail gun deachaidh na tha de fhirinn ann a sheirm tric gu leir. Tha sinn ro dheas gus a' choire a chur dhinn fein, ma ghabhas e idir deanamh. Saoilidh mi, thuilleadh air so, gu bheil sinn 's a' Ghaidhealtachd a' cur barrachd de'n choire air droch cothrom na tha freagarrach. Is tric a chuala mi na 'n saothreachadh an Gaidheal aig an tigh cho dichìollach 's cho dian 's a shaoithricheas e o'n bhaile gu'm biodh e na b' fhearr dheth. Ach tha e cosmhuil gu'm feum crìoch na saothair a bhi 'n sealladh ar Sluaigh mu'n oibrich iad le 'n uile dhurachd. Agus cha mhiste iad Gall no Sasunnach a bhi r' an taobh a bhitheas a' bagairt dol rompa. Shoirbhich gu mor le'r luchd-duthcha an America, agus dh'eirich cuid diu gu inbheard ; ach theirear gu bheil an soirbheachadh na 's fearr far a' bheil Goid 'us Gaidheil measgta, na tha e far an Gaidheil iad uile gu leir. Ma tha so fìor, nach 'eil pairt de'n t-seann nadur a' leantainn ar Sluaigh thar a' chuain ; agus nach 'eil dearbhadh laidir againn gur sinn fein na coirich air son moran de'n mhi-shoirbheachadh air a' bheil sinn cho tric 'n ar fianuisean aig baile. Tha e fìor nach faod sinn, 's an rioghachd so no 'n rioghachd eile, gun chunnart, earail an t-Sean-fhocail a dhearmad.

D. M.K.

CUMHA

Air Eobhan Mac Lachluinn, am filidh Abrach, Fear-riaghlaidh sgoil nan Cànan ann am baile seann Abareadhain; a dh'éug ann an tréine a làithean, agus an àirde, a bhiùthais 's a' bhliadhna 1822. Leis an Urramach an t-Olla Mac-an-t-Saoir, nach maireann, Aodhaire Chìll-Math-Niobhaig.

'S mi siubhal fo dhubhar a' Mhìll
Tha 'sgàileadh na Cill * so shuas,
Tha m' aigne trom osnachail tìom,
'S mo shòlas cha till ri luaths.

Tha Mulad, tha mulad, 'g am chràdh,
Bho'n chaireadh tu 'n tàmh nan leac,
A chaoimhich 'bu dealasaich gràdh,
Mhic Lachluinn nan Dàn lan beachd !

Mo chreach ! ged a b' òrdhearc do ghnàs,
Ge b' iomadach d' aireamh bhuadh,
Gu'm b' éadar dhut strìochdadh do 'n bhàs,
'Us laidhe 'n caol-thàmh na h-uaigh.

Mo leòn gu 'n do strìochd thu cho tràth !
Mo bhròn gu 'n do thàmh cho luath !
Dh' fhàg so sinn fo airteal 's fo phràmh
'S fo smalan 's an Airde tuath.

Gu'n d' thug thu lom-sgrìob oirnn, a Bhàis,
A dh' fhag sinn gu cràiteach, bochd,
Ar n-ùr-choill, an àilleachd a fais,
A rùsgadh bho bhàrr gu stoc !

Gu 'n d' fhàg thu Lochabar fo bhròn
Cha leighis ar leòn ri luaths ;
Gur géur so a chneidh a laidh òirnn
Bho'n mheath thu ar Dòchas bhuainn !

Gu 'n spùinn thu bhuainn tuigsear nan téud,
A rianadh an t-séis le dòigh ;
Ard-iùlair na fileachd 's gach séud
Bha 'n ealaidh na Gréig 's na Ròimh.

Fear-eòlais gach cainnte measg sluaigh ;
Sàr thuigsear gach buaidh fo'n ghréin ;
Sàr ghliocair gach rùnachd tha shuas
Feadh chian-imeachd cuairt nan spéur.

An t-Abrach, Mac Lachluinn nan Dàn,
An Gaidheal is àirde cliù :
A bha de gach nàisinneachd làn
'S a dh' fhòghlum gach gnàs a b' fhiù.

Bu mhilis do chòmhradh 's do cheòl,
'S gu 'm b' fhileanta glòir do bhéil ;
Cò nis chuireas ranntachd air seòl,
Mo nuar ! bho'n nach beò thu féin ?

Tha filidh nan aimsir gun lùth,
Air breothadh 's an ùir bho chian ;
Cha dearrs gath na gréin' air a shùil,
'S tha spiorad a chùil gun mhiann.

Thig Earrach, thig Samhradh mu'n cuairt,
'S thig Foghar nan sguab 'n an déigh,
Thig Geamhradh, le 'ghailbhinnean fuar,—
Ach có 'rannas duan g' an seinn ?

Ach, nochdaidh an t-Earrach, 'n a thrà,
Gu'm beil e am bàigh do'n t-seòd,
Oir sgaoilidh e 'ghorm-fhalluinn àidg
Gu driùchdach, trom, tlàth, air 'fhoid.

'S an Samhradh, le dhìtheanan snuagh,
Ni cionthar mu bhruaich do theach ;
'S 'n a dhéigh, thig am Foghar, fo ghruaim
A sgeadachadh d' uaigh' le dreach.

'S ge colgach, neo-bhàigheil, dubh-ghruaim
A Gheamhradh neo-thruacant', ghnùth,
Gu 'n siubhail e 'g osnaich mu d' thuam,
A' sìleadh nam fuar-fhras dlùth.

Tha mulad, tha mulad 'g am chràdh,
Bho'n chaireadh tu 'n tàmh nan leac,
A chaoimhich 'bu dealasaich gràdh,
Mhic Lachluinn nan Dàn lan beachd.

—o—

COMHRADH.

EADAR MURACHADH BAN AGUS
COINNEADH CIOBAIR.

M.—Am bheil thu an sin, Isiobail, c'àit am bheil do mhàthair? Tha dùil agam gu'm bheil sibh gu léir bodhar. Tha neach eigin a' bualadh aig an dorus,—grad-fhosglaibh e, oir cha'n 'eil mo bhrògan ormsa. Thugadh an dealan bhàrr an dorais, agus ann am priobadh na sùla, sheas duine mòr, sgairteal am meadhon an ùrlair, ach cha'n fhacas air ball cò b'e, do bhrìgh nach do lasadh an lòchran. Ach ann am mionaid, chualas guth aithnichte ag ràdh,—

C.—Am bheil sibh uile slàn, fallain, 's an fhàrdaich so ?

M.—Fear a' Ghoirtein-Fhraoich ! Am bheil mo shùilean 'g am mhealladh,—am bheil iad ag innseadh na firinn ? An tu a th' ann d'a rìreadh, a charaid mo ghràidh ? Fair do làmh,—fair do dhà làimh, an creid thu mi an uair a deiream gu'm bheil mi na 's toilichte d' fhaicinn an sin na fichead Frangach ? Ochan ! is ty a tha bog, fiuch, sgith, acrach, ach tha leigheas ann air na nithibh sin. Thig a nuas, a bhean-an-tighe, agus

* Cille Mhaodain.

faic ciod a tha ad chomas a dheanamh ri d' charaid, oir tha féum mòr aige air deagh ghiullachd aig a' cheart uair so; oir is taitneach an sean-fhocal a deir, "ruigidh ro ghiullachd air an ro ghalar," agus is maith gu'n ruig. Ach O! mo dhi-chuimhne! ciamar a dh'fhàg thu mo bhan-ghoistidh rùnach, Seònaid?

C.—Cha'n fhaca mi o cheann dheich là i, ach an uair a dh' fhalbh mi o'n tigh, bha i fein agus an òigridh gu gléusta.

M.—O cheann dheich là! Mo chreach, ciod a dh' éirich dhuit, agus c'àit an robh thu, a Choinnich? Ach is luaithe deoch na sgéul,—a bhean-an-tighe, am bheil thu a' foighneachd am bheil béul air do charaid ionmhuinn Thoir a nuas am botal dubh 's an t-slige chreachainn, agus cuir car ealamh dhìot.

C.—Cha'n 'eil aobhar sam bith air a bhi mar sin a' cur an tighe bun os ceann, bithidh mi tràth na 's leòir, oir cha'n eil aon chuid fuachd no acras orm, gu dearbh cha'n 'eil.

M.—So, so, dlùthaich ris a' ghealbhonn, oir is minic a chunnaic sinn ni's brisge, sgairteil e. Thig an so leis a' bhalg-shéid, Isiobail,—suidh a stigh, a' Choinnich, gus am faigh bean-an-tighe atharrachadh eudaich, agus cas-bheart dhuit, agus gach goireas eile a chumas am fuachd a mach.

C.—Cha ruig bean-an-tighe leas trioblaid a chur oirre fein, oir tha mi obhàrr gu bonn co tioram ri àrcan ach mo chasan a mhàin, agus cha'n eagal doibh car tacain,—ach ciod an ùrachd a gheibhear agad, a Mhurachaidh, agus cia mar tha cùisean a' dol air an aghaidh anns na cearnaibh so?

M.—Ma ta, a Choinnich, (dlùthaich ris an teine) cha'n 'eil naigheachdan idir 's na criochaibh so, ach gu'm bheil Fear Bhaile-Chreagain 'n a sgealbaibh, mar a chual thu, a

réir coltais a cheana, agus bheir e creach agus sgrios air mòran eile. Bhreis e ann an dà mhìle dhéug, agus tha e air aithris gur e leth-chrùn as a' phunnd Shasunnach tha e a' tairgseadh.

C.—Tha mi an dòchas, a Mhurachaidh, nach 'eil gnothuch agad ris, agus nach tig e chum calldach sam bith dhuitsa, no do d' theaghlach.

M.—Tha aobhar taingeileachd agam nach 'eil aon sgillim ruadh agam air, no aigesan orm. Na'n tachradh so aig an àm so an uiridh, bhiodh mo chall mòr, oir tha cuimhn' agad gu'n do reic mi na muilt ris, còrr is trì chéud dhiubh, ach gu fortanach, dh' ioc e gach peighinn d'an luach dhomh, agus 's an àm, cha robh mi 'g a iarraidh, agus cha robh dùil agam ris.

C.—Tha mi anabarrach toilichte dà rìreadh, ach cha b' urrainn gnoth-uichean Fhir-Bhaile-Chreagain idir seasamh a thaobh na doigh air an robh e' dol air aghaidh. Cha robh là nach robh cuideachd agus gleadh-raich maille ris,—eich agus carabaid,—agus coigrich a' dol agus a' tighinn,—an tigh aige an còmhnuidh làn,—an teaghlach aige gach là, gu sgiamh-ach air an éideadh,—agus cosguis do ghnàth an lorg 'n an nithe sin, nach b' urrainn Baile-Chreagain a chumail suas, ged a bhiodh e tri uairean saor aige, gu'n ghuth air màl tròm gach bliadhna.

M.—Tha thu ceart, a Choinnich, agus 's ann an diugh tha taing Bhaile-Chreagain aige 'n a dhòrn, agus faiceadh e ciod a ni a chòisridh a bha 'g a thaoghal air a shon a nis, an uair a tha a cheann fo'n uisge. Ni iad gàire fanoid ris, agus their iad nach robh ann ach amadan bochd air son a shaoithreach, agus an diugh cha'n aithnich iad an duine truagh air an rathad mhòr.

C.—Is cianail r'a smuaineachadh. a Mhurachaidh, mar a ta an saoghal

a' dol bun os ceann. Is tearc duine r'a fhaotuinn an diugh anns am feudar dòchas a chur. Ri linn nan seanar againn, bha dilseachd, onoir, agus treibhdhireas, gu coitchionn am measg an t-sluaigh, agus ged a bha iad aineolach ann an seadh, agus ged bha tuasaidean, cogaidhnean, agus còmhstrith am measg nam fineachan, gidheadh bha ionracas, tairiseachd, agus onoir 'n am measg nach fhaicear an diugh dh' aindeoin gach eòlais a ta 'g a chraobh-sgaoileadh, agus gach strìth a ta 'g a deanamh am measg eaglaisean, mhinistirean, agus luchd-teagaisg dheth gach gnè. Mar is mò a ta eòlas air a chraobh-sgaoileadh tha, gu'n teagamh, neo-dhilseachd a' dol am farsuingeachd. Cha robh feum o shean air onoir is ionracas a bhi air an co-dhaingneachadh air dubh 's air geal, mar a ta 'chùis an diugh, oir bha iad, an uair sin, air an sgriobhadh air a' chridhe, ach a nis cha ghléidh cuibhrichean agus cùmhnantan an luchd-lagha muinntir air an t-slighe cheart, oir a dh' aindeoin nan nithe sin, leumaidh a' bheist a's mò air muin na béist a's lugha, agus tha gach ni ceart agus cogaiseach na's leòir, ma theid aige air a chasan a thoirt as. Ochan! a charaid, "is cliùitiche an onoir na'n t-òr," ach an diugh is measaile gu mòr an t-òr no no gach subhaile, ceartas, treibhdhireas, agus onoir 's an t-saoghal air fad.

M.—Is maith a thubhairt thu, a Choinnich, oir is minic a chuala sinn an sean-fhocal a deir, "Nach fhuiling an onoir clùd," agus is ro cheart e, oir far am bheil fìor onoir, cha'n iarr i bhi air a cluthachadh, agus air a còmhdachadh le sgàilibh suarach o'n taobh a mach, oir seasaidh i gu daingean 'n a h-òirdheirceas fein. Ach an déigh a' chòmhradh so a dhùisgeadh le fàilneachadh tàmailt-each Fhir Bhaile-chreagain, innis

domh, a Choinnich, d' ùrsgeul fein, agus ciod a's aobhar do'n toilinntinn a thug thu dhuinn an nochd le d' làthaireachd an so, oir tha e cìinnteach nach d' ràinig thu sinn air anmoch Disathurna, an déigh a bhi deich làithean o d' dhachaidh fein, gu'n aobhar ro àraidh a bhi air a shon.

C.—Tha sin gle chinnteach, a charaid ionmhuinn, ach tha mo sgéul goirid, oir tha mi air an t-slighe dhachaidh á baile mòr Dhunéidin, agus cha bheag an naigheachd sin.

M.—Baile Dhunéidin! far nach robh thu riamh roimhe, agus dh' ionnsuidh nach deachaidh tu gun aobhar ro chudthromach. Ciod a thug an car sin thu, a Chionnich? An robh thu an lorg Shir Séumas, mar a bha thu an uair a thug e fein agus thu fein Eirinn oirbh a' bhliadhna roimhe, agus an uair a chunnaic thu iomadh neach agus ni a chuir iongantas nach bu bheag ort?

C.—Ma ta, a Mhurachaidh, cha robh Sir Seumas maille rium, ach is esan bu choireach air mise a bhi ann. An cual thu idir gu'm bheil e fein agus an Sasunnach sin a cheannaich oighreachd Choire-na-coille aig lagh mu chrìochaibh nan oighreachd aca? Tha guiseid bheag de fhearainn creagach 'n a laidhe eadar Creag-Ghorrain agus Stachd-na-Iularach nach fhiach sgillinn-Shasunnach mhàil 's a' bhliadhna eadar dithis bhràthair, agus tha Sir Seumas a' deanamh mach gur leis-san e, agus tha uachdaran Choire-na-coille ceart co dian a' deanamh mach gu'm buin e dhàsan. Mar sin, chuir na fir a mach air a chéile, agus o chùirt gu cùirt air beulaobh an t-siorraim, thogadh a' chùis ma dheireadh gu Dunedin. Shumanadh cha'n e mhàin mise; ach mar an ceudna sia duine deug eile dh' ionnsuidh a' bhaile mhòir sin a thogail

fianuis mu'n chùis, agus tha'n gnothuch fathast co sgaoilte 's a bha e riamh. Cha d' thugadh breith no binn a mach gus an ruigeadh luchd-tomhais á Dunédin dh' ionnsuidh an àite chum na crìochan fhaicinn, agus am barail fein a thoirt orra. Cosdaidh an crioman suarach sin na mìltean air gach taobh. Is taitneach an gnothuch e air son an luchd-lagha, agus ma theid acasan air, cha leig iad gu h-ealamh as an liontaibh e. Ach 's e sin a dh' iocas na h-uachdarain àrdanach sin air son an uail agus am morachd-inntinn. Eadar sinn fein, tha eagal orm gu'n creach e Sir Séumas bochd, ach air son an t-Sasunnaich, tha mi comadh co dhiù, do bhrìgh gur e a thòisich air a ghnòthuch.

M.—Chual mi gu'n robh aimhreit eatorra, ach cha robh dùil agam gu'n ruigeadh e an àirde sin. Ach cò a thugadh maille riut do'n bhàile mhòr?"

C.—Cò, ach na daoine a's sine 's an àite,—cuid dhiubh thairis air ceithir fichead, mar a ta seann Domhnall Mac Uilleim Mhic Alasdair, Murachadh Mòr Mac Ghilleaspig Mhic Shéumais, Alasdair Mac Aonghais Mhic Dhòmhnuaill Mhic Mhurachaidh, agus na h-uiread eile. Thugadh air cuirn iad gus an d' ràinig iad Loch-nan-ealadh, agus an sin, fhuair iad air toitich gu Glascho, agus á sin, air an rathad-iaruinn do Dhùnédin; agus Ochan! b'e'n t-each-iaruinn an t-ioghnadh do na bodaich bhochda. Cha bhiodh iad sgìth ag amharc air, agus ag éisdeachd ris a' sitrich agus a' seideadh! Thàinig mise dhachaidh rathad Pheairt, Dhùnchaillin, agus Bhaile-chloichridh, agus á sin air an rathad-iaruinn Ghaidhealach gu Inbherneis, agus á sin gu so. Dh' fhan mi trì làithean ann an Laganràit, agus air an t-Sàbaid a dh' fhalbh chual mi searmoin ro dhrùighteach, bhlasda

o'n Urramach Seumas Frisèil 's an eaglais-sgìreachd, far an deachaidh mi maille ri nighean bràthair m' athar air an robh mi ag amharc, air di a bhi pòsda 's an àite sin.

M.—'S eadh, ceamar a chòrd Dunedin riut, a Choinnich, agus ciod a chunnaic thu ann?

C.—Am baile a's maisiche air an do thilg mi sùil riamh; ach mo leòn, bha mi là an déigh là air mo dhruideadh suas ann an Tigh-na-cùirte, agus cha'n fhac mi idir uiread dhe'n bhaile 's bu mhaith leam.

M.—An deachaidh do cheasnachadh gu cruaidh, a Choinnich, agus ciamar a chaidh agad air a' Bheurla!

C.—A Bheurla! Beurla na dun-aich, dh' fhéuch iad ris gach innleachd chum mo cheasnachadh 's a chanain leibidich sin, ach thug mi an aire orra. Thachair gu'n cual iad mi a' labhairt lide air chor-eigin di, agus ghlaodh bodach mòr, dearg a bha 'n a shuidh gu h-àrd rium, agus thubhairt e "Come on, now, Kenneth, come on, you have very good English," agus ghrad-fhreagair mise, agus thubhairt mi "No, no, not a vord English, my lord."—agus air ball rinn a' churt uile glag mòr gàire rium; ach comadh co dhiubh, cha striochdainn-sa, no mac màthar as an àite gu bhi air ar ceasnachadh 's a Bheurla; uime sin, ghairmeadh a stigh duin'-uasal cosmhuil ri ministear a bha 'g eadar-theangachadh gach freagraidh a bheireamaid seachad, agus rinn e ghnòthuch fein glé fhirinneach gu'n teagamh.

M.—Direach glan, a Choinnich, ach ciamar bha fios agadsa co dhiubh a dh' eadar-theangaich e gu ceart no gu dochaireach, agus gun lide Beurla na'm b' fhior thu fein, 'n ad cheann!

C.—Duin do bheul, a Mhurachaidh, ciod ged a dheanainn mabalaich a labhairt 's a' Bheurla riutsa, an saoil thu gu'm biodh a dhànadas

agam mo ghab fhosgladh an sud ?
Ochan ! cha deanainn idir e.

M.—Ciod, ma ta, a chunnaic thu
a' dol air aghaidh mu'n cuairt duit 's
a' chùirt, oir bha gach ni eu-cosmhuil
ri cùirt an t-siorraim aig a' bhaile ?

C. — Eu-cosmhuil ; Bu mhior
bhuileach an sealladh na breith
eam hna fein ! Bha triùir bhodach
'n an suidhe gu h-àrd an sud, le
cleocaibh dearga, le guailleachain
gheala, agus le gruagan caiseanach,
glasa air an cinn, ceart co greannach
ris na cearcaibh Frangach. Bha iad
sin a' gabhail a' ghothuich gle-
shocaireach. Ach gu h-ìosal air am
beulaobh bha fir ealanta le cleòcaibh
dubha, agus le gruagaibh dhe'n aon
ghnè riu-san a dh' ainmich mi, a'
tagradh gu cruaidh, agus an impis
aon a cheile a bhualadh, ach cha
d' rinn iad e. Mar sin, bha iad a'
deasboireachd, 's a' sabaid le'n
teangannaibh o mhoch gu dubh.
Ach, a Mhurachaidh, thachair ni ro
iongantach orm ann an àit' eile dhe'n
tigh. Goirid o sheomair na cùirte,
bha talla mòr, ard, fad, farsuing, làn
dhorsan agus dhealbha, agus iomhaigh-
ean dhaoine urramach snaighte as a'
chloich chruidh, an sud 's an so.
Bha na ficheadan a' siubhal air an
ais, agus air an aghaidh,—luchd-
lagha le'm piorbhuicibh bachlagach
ann an gairdeanaibh a' chéile, a'
cas-labhairt, agus a gleadhraich 'n an
glusad o cheann gu ceann dhe'n
talla. Cha chluinnteadh ach fuaim
agus srann-chronan mar sgeap-
sheillein ceithir-thimchioll gu leòir
chùm claisneachd neach a mhilleadh.
Ach co a sheas romham fein ach òg-
uasal ceanalta, agus aird a làmh a chur
air mo ghualainn, thubhairt e,—
Cia mar a tha thu, a Choinnich,
agus ciod i do naigheachd as a'
Ghortean-Fhraoich ? Spleuchd mi
's an aghaidh air le h-iongantas an
toiseach, ach air ball thubhairt mi,
A dhuin'-uasail cheanalta, tha

barrachd eolais agad orm, agus
cha'n fhios domh idir cò a tha
'labhairt rium. Cha'n 'eil sin gu
cron sam bith, a Choinnich, is caraid
e, caraid nan Gaidheal gu sònraichte,
agas caraid na Gaelic mar an ceudna.
Is glan a thug thu d' fhianuis an
diugh, a Choinnich, tha deagh
Ghàelic agad, agus cha'n 'eil thu gu
tur a dh' easbhuidh na Beurla, ach
rinn thu gu maith. Tha aobhur aig
Sir Séumas a bhi fad, 'n ad chomain
gun teagamh, Tha mise fad 'n ad
chomaine-sa co dhuibh, a dhuin
uasail urramaich, agus bu ro thaitn-
each leam fios fhaotuinn co a tha
'cur an urraim so orm ?

M.—Ma ta, bha sin uile gle
iongantach gun teagamh, ach ciod
bu choltas da ? A reir coltais bha
e uair eigin ann an caisteal Shir
Seumas aig am na seilge far am fac
e thu.

C.—Cha'n aithne dhomh idir mu
sin, oir cha chuimhne leam fhaicinn
riamh. Is duine ceanalta, foghaint-
each, treun e, agus mo làmh's nach
b'e na h-uile fear a chuireudh a
dhrum ri talamh. B' ealanta, deas
a labhradh e 's a Ghàelic, agus
Gaelic na's fearr cha d' thainig riamh
a ceann duine ! Bha fiamh-ghàire
air a ghnùis,—daimhealas gun
choimeas a' deachdadh a ghiùlain !
Ochan ! b'e 'n duin'-usal e, ge b'e
co e !

M.—An d'rinn thu idir a mach
cò e ?

C.—Rinn mu dheireadh. Thach-
air e orm an ath là 's a' cheart àite,
agus thòisich e gu caoimhneil air
labhairt mu shean-fhoclaibh, agus
air foighneachd dhiom an cual mi
sud na so 's a' Ghoirtein-Fhraoich ?

M.—Ach cia mar a chaidh agad
air fhaotuinn a mach cò e ? An d'
innis e dhuit ?

C.—Cha d' rinn e idir e ; ach bha
dorsair an sin le còta fada gòrm,
agus breid dearg mu mhuineal, aig

na robh Gaelic agus chunnaic e an duin' uasal agus mise a' labhairt ri chéile. Chuir mi a' cheist ris, an robh eòlas aig air? Fhreagair e gu'n robh, agus ochan! an cliu a thug e air! Cha robh deagh bhuaidh fo'n ghrein a b' urrainn a bhi air duine nach robh dlù-cheangailte ris, agus mu dheireadh thubhairt e gu'm bu Sgitheanach e de chloinn Neachdail, agus gu'n robh e 'n a Shiorra aon taobh deas na h-Alba.

M.—Ach cia mar a b' aithne dha thusa, a Choinnich, duine nach fhac e riamh roimhe?

C.—Innsidh mi sin dhuit. Bha e 's a' chùirt,—chual e m' ainm, agus m' àite-còmhnuidh 'n àm dhoibh a a bhi 'g am cheasnachadh, agus mar spòrs dha fein rinn e suas rium mar a chuir mi an ceill. Ach mile beannachd air a cheann, agus ma's beò mise cuiridh mi thuige fathast am fiadh a's fearr ann am frith Shir Seumas, agus sin ma's comas domh gach bliadhna.

M.—Tha e anmoch, a Choinnich, rachamaid a nis mu'n dleasnas fheasgair againn, agus thugamaid ar leapannan oirnn 'n a thrath le beannachd.

ALASDAIR RUADH.

—o—

SGIALACHD ÆNEAIS LE VIRGIL.

Eadar-theangaichte o' n Laidinn gu Gailig le D. B. B.

, (Air a leantuinn.)

Oir ceannsaichidh e 'n airde near
A's glacar leis a' chreach mar dhuais;
A's nithear ùrnuigh ris gun tamh
Mar dhia 's gach àite leis gach sluagh.
'N uair sguireas gach cogadh searbh
Fàsaidh cinnich ghang ro chidinn;
Riaghlaidh ceartas feadh gach tìr,
'S bidh lagh na firinn fo dheagh chliù.
Bidh *Dileas* liath a's *Vesta* 'n aigh
A's Remus mar ri bhràthair fein
Cuirinus ceann-feadhna nam feachd,
A' daingneachadh gach reachd gu réidh.
Dorsan eitidh chogaidh chruaidh,
Duinear suas gu teann fo ghlais,
Bidh croinn de 'n iarrunn air gach laimh,

A's ceanglaichean laidir de phraia.
Bidh dia mòr a' *Chuthaich* bhuirb
'Na shuidhe steach air airm gun truas,
A lamhan ceangailt air a dhruim
Le ciad snaim de 'n umha chruaidh.
Gu h-oillteil ni e raoiceil mhòr,
Bidh cobhar a bheòil dearg mar fhuil
Casaidh fhiacalan ris gach ni,
A's ni e giasganaich gun sgar.

Labhair e; us chuir 'n a dheann
Mac Mhai mhalda nuas bho'n aird,
A chum gum fosgladh Cartaigh ur
A geatachan 's a tuir gun chàird.
'S gun gabhadh iad a steach d' an tìr
Na Tròidhich le aoidheachd fhial;
Air eagal gum biodh Dido ghràidh
Aineolach air *Fàth* nan dia,
'S gu'm fògradh i iad fad air falbh
Bho crìochaibh le farmad gnò.
Dh' fhalbh e le iomradh nan sgiath
Ag itealaich tre 'n iarmailt mhòir;
Sheas e gu grad air an fhonn
Aig Luibia dhonn nan sluagh:
Ghabh e mu 'n ordugh le toirt,
A's leig e ris a thoil gu luath,
Chuir na Puinnich dhiubh gach colg:
A's dh' fhas a' bhàn-righinn soirbh ro
chaoin,

Bha b-air' air na Tròidhich le sìth,
'S ghabh riutha le h-inntinn chaoimh.

Ach chaithris Æneas cùin
Le mile cùram 's an oidhch';
A's rùnaich e 'n sin gun dàil,
'N uair thòisich an là ri soills',
Gu'n rachadh e mach gu tràth
A rannsachadh nan aitean nuadh
'S a dh' fhaicinn ciod bu ghne do 'n tìr
G' an d' thàinig e sgith de 'n chuan,
Am b' fhia-bheistean a bh' ann no daoin' ?
Oir chunnaic e iad faoin a's fàs:
'S 'n uair gheobhadh e mach gach cùis
Gun tugadh fios a dh' ionnsuidh chàich.
An cromadh nan doire tiugh
Fo charraig chòsaich dhuibh ro chruaidh,
Cheil e 'n luingeas air gach taobh
Fo sgàile nan craobh mu 'n cuairt.
E fein 's Achates a mhàin
Dh' imich an àird' air a' bheinn
A' crathadh da shleagh 'n a làimh
'S cruaidh leathunn 'n am bàrr gu teann.
Ann am meadhon coille dlùith'
Nochd a mhathair chidinn i féin
An riochd maighdne maisich òig,
Mar chaoin oigh 'n a dreach 's 'n a gne.
A giulan arm nan gruagach donn
Bho Sparta nan sonn 's nan seòd
Mar Harpaluiche Thràcach threun
A' sgitheachadh nan steud-each mòr,
'N uair ruitheas na 'n ear-ghaoth gheur;
Mar bhan-sealgair a réir nòis
Chroch i bogha mòr air ghleus
Air a guailnibh; 's a falt sgaoilt

A' crathadh leis a' ghaoith mu'n cuairt ;
 A luirgne rùisgt' gu ruig an glùn
 'S a trusgan ur 'n a shnaim gu cruaidh.
 Labhair i mar so air tùs
 Am briathraibh ciùin ris na laoich :
 "Innsibh dhomh, oig-fheara gasd',
 Ma tharladh gum faca sibh aon
 De m' pheathraichibh rùnach gràidh
 Air seachran fasaich leatha fèin,
 Balg-shaighead crioslaicht' oirre suas
 Lan de ghathaibh cruaidh ro gheur ;
 'S i sgeadaicht' le trusgan briagh
 De bhian na *Luincse* ballaich duinn,
 Le iollaich a' leantuinn ruaig
 Tuire chòpaich a' luath ruith 'n a dheann.'

Labhair Venus chaoin mar so,
 A's fhreagair mar so a mac :
 "Aon de d' pheathraichibh glan luath
 Cha chuala mi fein 's cha'n fhac.
 A mhaighdean aillidh na loinn,
 Ciamar labhras mi riut féin
 Do ghuth cha'n 'eil mar chloinn nan
 daoin',

No d' aogus mar neach theid eug.
 Gu cinnteach 's bain-dia thu fein,
 Am piuthar do Phebus nan gath ?
 No te de naomh-oighean an aigh
 A thainig bho aros nam flath ?
 Bi baigheil, a bhain-dia chaomh,
 Grad-fhurtaich air ar saothair chruaidh,
 A's innis ciod an t-ait fo nèamh
 De 'n chruinne che 's am bheil ar cuairt.
 'N ar cogrich no 'n aite 's do 'n t-sluagh
 Tha sinn air fuadan 's a' cheò ;
 Dh' iomain a' ghaoth sinn gu tràigh
 'S na tuinn laidir bheudach mhor.
 Is iomad iobairt reamhar làn
 A loisgear le m' làimh gach uair
 Air d' altair, a bhain-dia mhor,
 Ma dh' amhairceas tu oirnn le truas."

Fhreagair Venus dhonn nan leug
 Cha mheasar leam mi fèin gu fìor
 Airidh air an onoir mhòir
 A gheall thu dhomhsa mar chis.
 Is gnath le òghibh Thiorruis uir
 Bhi giùlan nan dòrlach sliom,
 'S ag ceangal mu 'n calpannaibh ard
 Osan sgarlaid, maiseach, grinn
 Faic rioghachd nam Puinneach treun,
 Tiorraich 's bail' Aghènoir mhòir ;
 Luibia 's e ainm na tìr,
 Dream nach ciosnaichear ri 'm beò.
 Tha 'n rioghachd fo riaghladh mnà,
 Dido, a thainig bho Thiorr,
 'N uair theich i bho fheirg a nàmh,
 A dearbh bhrathair sanntach fiar.
 Is fad iomradh na h-eucoir mòir'
 Is fad an eachdraidh dhòineach chruaidh :
 Ach aithrisidh mi chuid a 's mò
 Dhe 'n sgeula bhrònach ud ri buaidh,
 Sichaeus b' ainm a fir phòsd,
 Bha shaoibhreas ro mhor thar chàich ;

A's ghràdhaich e bhean gun bhréig,
 Le gaol nach tréigeadh gu bràth.
 'N uair bha i 'n a maighdin òig
 A h-athair thug le còir i dha ;
 A's naisg e iad an sin ri cheil
 Fo thargradh gach seunais àigh.
Pygmalion a brathair cli
 Fhuair rioghachd Thiorruis mar shealbh ;
 An aingidheachd thug bàrrr air càch,
 A's lagh an naduir thilg air falbh,
 Dh' eirich falachd iomadh là
 Eadar an da bhràthair fein,
 A's mharbh *Pygmalion* nan car
Sichaeus aig altair dhé.
 An t-umaidh gun dia gun bhàigh,
 A dhalladh le gràdh an òir
 Thàinig air gun fhios gun dùil
 A thaobh a chùil us rinn e leòn.
 Cheil e fad an gnìomh neo-cheart,
 Air gaol a pheathar rinn e tàir,
 Gu h-aingidh dheilbh e sgeul nan gò
 'G a mealladh le dòchas bath,
 Ach ann am brudar feadh na h-oidhch,
 Thàinig taibhse a fir-phòsd',
 A chorp cha d' adhlaiseadh 's an uaigh,
 A's thog e aghaidh suas fo leòn ;
 B' aognaidh glas-neulach a thuar :
 Nochd e 'n altair truailt le fuil,
 Rùisg e gach lot agus reub
 A rinn an claidheamh geur 'n a uchd.
 An t-òc a bha 'n cleith san tigh
 Dh' fhoillsich e dhi sin gu luath,
 A's chomhairlich teicheadh gun dàil,
 Bho thir a gràidh thar a' chuan.
 Seann ionmhas folachte fo 'n fhonn
 Cillein airgid trom us òir,
 Dh' fheuch e far an robh e 'n taisg
 A chuideachadh le cost an ròid.
 'N uair mhosgail Dido as a suain
 'S a thuig i 'm brudar 's a sluagh
 Gu dol air fuadan as an tìr,
 Thionail i gach neach thug fuath
 Do 'n annrigh gun truas, gun iochd,
 A's iadsan ri 'n robh e'm feirg
 A bha le h-eagal searbh air chrith,
 Ghabh iad an luingeas gun dàil
 A thàrladh dhoibh fhaotaimn deas.
 A's chuir iad gach ionmhas air bòrd
 Gach airgid us or fa leth,
 Ionmhas daoidheir nam feall,
Pygmalion sanntach fiar,
 Ghiùlaineadh thar fairge nùnn,
 A's bean mar cheann iùil sa' ghniomh
 Bhuail iad a dh-ionnsuidh an àit
 'S am faic thu 'n tras balla trom,
 A's daingnichean Chartaig nan tùr
 Ag èirigh as ùr bho'n bhonn.
 Cheannaich iad làrach mar sheilbh,
 Byrsa a fhuair ainm bho 'n ghniomh,
 Fhad 's a dh' iathadh seiche tairbh
 A ghearradh gu meanbh 'n a stiall,
 Ach innsibh a nise co sibh,

Cia 'n tir bho'n d' thainig sibh nall?
A' siubhal air sliabh cho mall?

Nuair chuir i ceistean mar so
Fhreagair e le h-osnaich theann
Thog e ghuth bho ghrunn a chleibh,
A's labhair e gu reidh le chainnt;
"A bhain dia nan innsinn sgeul
Mo léiridh bho thùs mo leòin
'S gu'm biodh socair agad fein
A dh' eisdeadh an aithris bhròin;
Dhùineadh Reul an Fheasgair chiall
Dorsan nan nìl air an là
Mu'n aithrisinn trian mo sgeòil
'S gach dòruinn a rinn mo chràdh.
Tha sinne bho 'Thròidhe nan stuadh,
Ma chual thu riabh ainm na Troidh,
A's thainig sinn thar iomadh cuan
Tre chunnartaibh cruaidh ro mhòr;
Dh' iomain a' ghaoth sinn gu tràigh
Air Luibia le gabhadh féin;
Is mise Æneas, an saoidh,
Chaidh m' iomradh os cionn nan speur.
Air luing thug mo dhiathan-làir,
A spion mi bho 'n nàmhaid threun:
Do 'n Eadailte tha mi triall,
'S mi dh' iarmad ard Iobh bho nèamh.
Air fairge Phruigia nan tonn
Chuir mi ficead long fo shèol
A dhol do 'n tir tha dhomh 's an dàn;
Mo dhia-mhàthair nochd an ròl,
Ach 's gann a rainig seachd dhiubh tìr
Di-mhilite le fairge 's gaoith;
Mi fein am choigreach air chall
San fhasach bochd, fann gun mhaoin.
Air m' fhuadach gu Afric nan slògh,
Asia 's an Roinn Eorp' fad bhuam."
Cha d'fhuilig Venus an còrr
D'a ghearan mu dhòruinn shruaidh,
Ach ann am meadhon sgeul a bhròin
Mar so stad i 'n còmhraidh geur.
"Co sam bith thu tha mi 'n dùil
Gur h-ann le deagh rùn nan dé
A ta thu beò, nuair ràineas tìr
Aig baile nan Tiorrach donn;
Gabh air d' aghart na dean dàil,
Ruig lùchairt bànrigh'nn nan sonn.
Oir innsidh mi dhuit gu saor,
Mur d' ionnsuich mi faoin bho thùs
Faistinneachd nan ian gun stà
Bho 'm phàrantaibh gràdhach rùn,
Do dhaoine tha tearuint "slan,
Do luingeas shàbhaladh bh o'n chuan,
A's ràinig iad an caladh cùin
N uair thionndaidh a' ghaoth mu'n cuairt.
Faic da eala dheug 'n an sgaoth
Ri caithream aobhach air an sgéith,
Chuir Iolair Iobh iad gu ruaig
'N uair thuirling i nuas bho'n speur.
Nis chithear iad 'n an sreud gu h-ard
A' téarnadh gu lar an fhuinn,
No 'g amharc a sios air an àit,
'S an seas iad air sàil am buinn,

A' mire le bogadan sgéith
Bho 'n thèarnadh iad as an teinn,
'N an còisridh dol timchioll 's an speur
A's guileag éibhinn ac' 'g a sheinn.
Mar sin tha do luingeas féin,
A's d' oigridh ghleusda gun sgath,
Gu tearuint' anns a' chaladh cùin
No teachd fo 'n làn-shiùil gu traigh.
Imich romhad mar a' s aill,
Gabh misneach, bi làidir, treun,
Stiùir do cheum an taobh tha 'n ròd
'G ad threòrachadh dìreach, réidh.

Labhair i, 's thionndaidh gu fòil,
Dhearrs a muineal ròs-dhearg grinn,
Boltrach neamhaidh shéid gu dlùth
Cuach-fhalt cùbhradh clù a cinn;
A trusgan ràinig sàil a buinn
A h-imeachd dh' fhoillsich a' bhain-dia;
'N uair dh' aithnich e mhàthair ghaoil
Labhair rithe caoin 's i triall.
"Bheil thusa gun iochd mar chàch?
A bheil thu gun bhàigh na's mò?
Ciod uime tha thu cho ro thrìc
A' mealladh do mhic le sgled?

(Ri leantuinn.)

—o—

MU GHaidhil Chanada.

LITIR BHO SHEANN GHaidheal
ANNS NA STAIDEAN.

A GHaidhil Runaich,—Air an
aon latha deug de Dheireadh an t-
Samhraidh dh' fhàg mi na Staidean
Aonaichte gu cuairt a ghabhail am
measg mo chàirdean 's mo luchd-
duthcha a tha tàmh an Canada
Niar. Cha 'n 'eil ach beagan còrr
us bliadhna bho'n a fhuair mi fios
air an àite-thàimh. Dh' fhag mi
Philadelphia moch 's a' mhadainn,
agus bha mi 'n Toronto baile-mòr
Chanada Aird (mu shia ceud mile
dh' astar) air an oidhche sin. Mu
dha-uair-dheug an la' 'n ath-mhàir-
each bha mi 'n Collingwood mu'n
cuairt de cheud mile bho Thorontò.
Thug an t-each-iarainn an so mi.
Ghabh mi 'n carbad-each gu Price-
ville an siorrachd Ghrey. B'e 'n t-
àite sin crìoch mo thuruis: is ann
mu'n cuairt air a' bhaile sin a bha
mo chàirdean 's mo luchd-dùthcha
'gabhail tàimh. Bha e 'n deigh

meadhon oidhche an uair a thainig sinn do Phriceville; 's chuir mise suas am fear de thighean-aoidheachd a' bhaile. Moch 's a' mhaduinn an ath latha chaidh fathunn a sgaoileadh mu m' theachd do 'n bhaile. Bha Mr. Tèarlach Camron, am ministear, am measg nan Gaidheal còire thàinig a chur fàilte orm. Thairg e dhomh aoidheachd maille ris fhein cho fad 's a bhithinn 's an àite. Ach bha bancharaid dhileas faisg air a' bhaile, nach fuilgeadh dhomh i fhein fhàgail. Chuir Mr. Camron mar fhiachaibh orm searmonachadh 'n a eaglais fhein air an t-sàbaid. Air teachd do am an aoraidh fhollaisich bha 'n eaglais làn de m' luchd-dùthcha nach cuala mo ghuth bho chionn corr us dà bhliadhn'-diag thair fhichead. An deigh na searmoin thainig a' mhòr chuideachda chur fàilte orm. Chaidh an gnùis as aithne orm ged a b' eòl domh iad uile 'n an tìr dhùthchasaich. Bha iad uile an sgeadachadh math agus snasmhar. Thug mi 'n aire do choltas duine 'n am measg le chiabhagan liatha, agus an uair a ghlac e mo làmh thuit mi ris, "Chaill mi cuimhne ort." "An cuimhne leibh" thubhairt easan, "G——?" (Cha'n 'eil mi dol a thoirt ainm do 'n ghaidheal, airson an aobhair a leanas an deigh so). Fhreagair mi e gu dearbh is math mo chuimhne air mo sheann choimhearsnach. "Thig sibh," thubhairt e rium, "a chum mo thighe, agus feumaidh sibh tàmh seachdain maille rium." Beagan làithean an deigh so, bha mi air aoidheachd le bancharaid 'n a choimhearsnachd; thàinig e agus thug e leis mo bancharaid agus mi fein chum a thighe agus gu dearbh b'e sin tigh an duine uasail. Bha 'm bord air uidheamachadh airson na dinnearach le nighinn, maighdeann òg, uasal agus mhaiseach ri faicinn. B'e sin a'

chuir; cha b' urainn dhuibh fhaotuinn na b' fhèarr ann an Tigh an Tairbh Dhuibh air Sraid Earraghaidheal agaibh fhein an Glaschu. Dh' fhaodteadh Mac-Cailein fhein a chuireadh gu leithid de chuir. A dh'innse na firinn ge do thigeadh Diuc Earraghaidheal 'n am measg cha bhitheadh tuilleadh urraim air a thoirt da, na bha air a thoirt domhsa am measg mo luchd-dùthcha, —'S i mo mhor bharail gu'n robh 'mhiann oirre mo reamhrachadh roimh dhomh tilleadh do na Staid-ean. An deigh dhuinn eirigh bho'n chuir, dh'innis e dhomh an sgeul a leanas. "Tha còrr agus fichead bliadhna bho'n a dh' fhàg mi Albainn," ars ean "agus an dùthaich ghràdhach sin, airson saorsa dhomh fein agus do m' chloinn o'n fhòirneart agus o'n ainiochd a bha sinn a fulang bho'n luchd-riaghlaidh bheag a bha mar spog-chat fo lamh nan ard-uachdran. Bha m' uachdran a ghnath math agus truacanta ri thuathanaich, ach gu bitheanta bha fear togail a mhail agus na cleirich bheag eile a bha air an cur leis-san os cionn na tuath, ainiochdmhor, fein-spéiseil agus cruaidh-chridheach. Thainig bliadhnachan cràiteach le gainne teachd-an-tìr air cuid mhor do Ghaidhealtachd agus Eileanaibh na h-Alba. Bha min airson bhochd air a toirt do 'n sgìreachd, agus bha dithis chleireach air an orduchadh a chum a roinn air na féumaich, Bha an t-àrd chleireach 'n aspalpaire de dhuine uasal "beag," moralach, agus fein-spéiseil. Bha mo thigh falamh de lòn air Disatharn; dh' fhalbh mi le airgiod claiche-mine do'n stòr, agus labhair mi ris a' chleireach a b' isle mar so: "Tha airgiod claiche-mine agam agus ma bheir thu dhomh clach eile, thig mi leis an airgiod air an ath sheachdain." Thubhairt e rium; dol a dh' ionnsuidh an àrd-

chleirich airson orduigh. Rinn mi mar a dh' iarr e orm; chaidh mi do sheòmar an àrd-chleirich, agus dh' innis mi dha mar a dh' innis mi do'n chleireach bheag. Le mor ughdaras fhreagair e, "ge do thairgeadh tu deich sgilleanan Sasunnach air a chloich-mhine, cha'n fhaigh-eadh tu i. Tha min thubhairt e aig (fear nach ainmich mi air duilleag-aibh a *Ghaidheil*) gheobh thu 'n sin na's aill leat. Thill mi do 'n stòr agus thug an clèireach beag luach m' airgid dhomh. Dh' fhalbh mi dhachaidh leis a chloich-mhine agus air dhomh imeachd mu thimchioll ceathramh a' mhìle, chuala mi ard-ghlaodh, agus sheas mi a dh' fhaicinn co bha glaodhaich; chunnaic mi an clèireach beag a tighinn le mor chabhaig am dheigh; dh' fheoraich mi "ciod a bha dbith air," "Tha chlach mhine a dhith orm" thubhairt e, "cha toir an t-ard-chleireach gràinne mine dhutsa. Thug e geur ordugh dhomh do leantuinn na 'm b' eigin e 'chum do thighe agus a' mhin a thoirt bhuat." Thug mi 'mhin dha agus thug e dhomh an t-airgiod air ais. 'S e anmoch Disathurn a bh'ann; bha mo bhean agns mo chlann gun lòn airson na Sàbaid. Bha mi 'n càs cruaidh, ach dh' fhuasgail Dia orm, or thach-air caraid orm a thug clach mhine dhomh airson mo theaghlaich. Rinn spiorad saorsa greim air m'aighe bho 'n la sin. Thubhairt mi rium fhein nach bithinn am thràill na 's mo agus shuidhich mi mo chridhe air teachd do Chanada bho 'n am sin. B'e sin gu cinnteach an gnìomh a b' fhearr a rinn no b' urrainn no cleirich ud a dheanamh dhomhsa, mor bhuidheachas do Dhia airson a mhaithis do-labhairt dhomh fhein agus do m' chloinn. Tha ceud agus tri-fichead acair agam de dh' fhearann saor; tha ceithir eich agus cuing dhamh, maille ri crodh, caoirich

agus mucan agam agus seachd mairt bhainne agam, 's cha 'n 'eil mi falamh de dh' airgiod, 's tha mi saor bho ainfhiach. Thubhart caraid eile rium, (a bha 'n comhnaidh air a bhachd ghainmhich mu 'n d' fhàg mi Albainn: tha ceithir mic agam an sealbh air fearann saor, le làn stoc, each, a's dheamh, a's cruiddh a's chaorach; agus gheobhainn sia ceud dollar air m' fhacal an diugh ann am Priceville."

Creid mi a *Ghàidhil* shuairce, or 'n 'eil mi a' miannachadh aon neach a mhealladh, gu bheil aoibhneas orm gu 'm faca mi mo luchd-dùthcha an seilbh air fearann saor, air eich, crodh, agus caoirich, saor bho ghuth an fhir-shàruchaidh, gun eagal màil no maoir, no bàirlinn. Mo thruaighe na h-amadain a dh' fhuirich air na bachdan gainmhich, a' tighinn beo air buntàta a's iasg a's maorach an uair a dh' fhaodadh iad a bhì cho sona agus saorsail ri 'n luchd-dùthcha a thainig do 'n tir so. Dh' fhaodainn na h-ainmeann aca agus na h-àiteachan a dh' fhàg iad a thoirt dhuibh, ach cha ruig mi leas. Tha fios agaibh fhein a *Ghàidheil* ionnmh-uinn air na ceudan dhiubh air am bheil sibh a taoghal gach mìos ann an Canada Ard agus Iosal, Ceap Breatunn, Nova Scotia agus iomadh cèarn eile, a dh' fhàg an seann dachaidhean 's a' Ghaidhealtachd no a bha air am fuadach air falbh le ainneart an luchd riaghlaidh, mar a thubhairt H. M'C. coir anns a' *Ghàidheal* :—

Tha mìltean 's an aite so thainig a nall
Gun sgillinn na 'm pòca, bha brònach 's
an àm
Tha nis aca fearainn 's tha tighean ac' shuas
Eich, crodh agus caoraich, 's cha 'n fhaoiness
an luach.

'S mise a *Ghàidheil* urramaich, do charaid dileas

SEANN GHÀIDHEAL.

BAS RIGH RAIBEART.

CHUNNAIC Raibeart Brus a nis crìoch a shaothrach, 's a thrioblaid-ean uile, a rioghachd a chur saor o chumhachd 'us ain-tighearnas coig-rich sam bith. Ach tharruing na h-easbhuidhean 's na cruadalan triomh an deachaidh e 'n toiseach a rioghachaidh, tinneas air nach gabhadh leigheas, 'n uair nach robh e fathast ach am meadhon aois. Chuir e seachad a' chuid mu dheireadh de 'làithean 'an lùchairt Chairdrois air amhainn Chluaidh. 'N uair a bhiodh dad de fheabhas air, bhiodh e luingeireachd air an amhainn ann am birlinn a bha e 'cumail a dh' aon bhàgh air son sin; agus gu maith tric ag amharc thairis air togail luingeas, araon air son malairt 'us cogaidh, ni a bha e ro dhéigheil air fhaicinn 'an Alba. Bu ro thoigh leis mar an ceudna bhi faicinn aitreabhan na rioghachd a' dol am feabhas, ni anns an robh e féin a' toirt eisimpleir d' a chuid ioch-daranaibh.

An uair a dh' aithnich e 'chrioch a' teannadh ris chuir e fios air àrd-mhaithibh na tìr' as am feudadh e earbsadh, agus thug e teann òrdugh dhaibh, air an onair 's air an dìlseachd, a bhi firinneachd d' a mhac, Dabhaidh, agus an crùn a chur air a' cheann co luath 's a thigeadh e gu aois a bhiodh freagarrach. Ghairm e thuig' an sin Morair Seumas Dùghlas, agus labhair e ris 'an éisdeachd chàich uile. "A charaid chaoimh," ars' esan, "cha 'n 'eil neach sam bith aig an fhearr a tha fios na agadsa cia mòr an t-saothair agus na fulangais troimh an deachaidh mis' air sgàth còraichean na rioghachd so. 'N uair bu mhò bha mi air mo theannadh thug mi bòid do Dhia, na 'm bithinn air mo chaomhnadh gu crìoch fhaicinn air mo chogaidhibh,

agus an rioghachd so a riaghladh an sìth, gu 'n rachainn an sin a chogadh an aghaidh naimhdean ar Tighearn' agus ar Slànnighir. Cha do sguir mo chridhe riamh a lùbadh do'n mhiann so, ach cha tug an Tighearn aonta do 'ni so, oir bha ni's leòir agam air mo làmhaibh re m' uile làithean, agus tha mi nis air mo bhualadh leis an tinneas throm so, mar a chi sibh uil', air sheòl 's nach 'eil ni air mo shon ach bàsachadh. Agus o nach urrainn mo chorp dol an sud, rùnaich mi mo chridhe 'chur ann an àite mo chuirp, air son mo bhòid a choimhlionadh. Agus a nis, a charaid ionmhuinn agus dhìleis, a chionn gu bheil fios agam nach 'eil 's an rioghachd air fad uasal is gaisgeile na thusa, tha mi 'g aslachadh gu'n gabh thu os làimh an turuscuain so, agus gu'n diol thu na fiachan so air son m' anma; oir tha 'bharail sin agam air d' fhirinn 's air d' uaisleachd gu bheil mi dearbhta gu'n coimh-gheall thu cìod sam bith a ghabhas tu os làimh. 'S i mo thoil, uime sin, co luath 's a bhàsaicheas mi, gu'n toir sibh an crìdh' as mo chorp, 's gu'n toir sibh mu'n airidh spìosraidh a chur air, 's gu 'n gabh sibh de 'm chuid ionmhais a mheud 's a shaoileas sibh a bhi pailteas araon duibh féin 's do bhur companachaibh; agus gu 'n toir sibh leibh mo chridhe 's gu 'n càirich sibh e 'n uaigh naoimh ar Tighearn, a chionn nach urrainn an corp so dol an sin." Bha gach neach a bha làthair a' sìleadh nan deur ag éisdeachd na h-òraid so, agus an Dùghlasach cùranta mar chàch. 'N uair a fhuair e fo 'anail, fhreagair e gu 'n robh e toirt mìle taing do 'n rìgh air son na h-earbsa bha e cur ann; agus gu 'n robh e ro dheònach air ùmh-lachd a thoirt gu ro dhìleas d'a àithne.

Thug an rìgh an sin taing dha, 's thug e air gealltuinn, air focal

firinneach ridire, gu 'n deanadh e ni a bha a ag iarraidh. 'N uair a gheall an Dùghlasach a réir sin e; thug an rìgh taing do Dhia an sin, 's thuirt e gu 'm bàsaicheadh e 'n sìth a chionn gu 'n robh fios aige gu 'n deanadh an duine bu treubhaiche 'n a rioghachd an ni ud air a shon nach b' urrainn e féin a dheanamh riamh.

An déigh so thruimich a thrioblaid air, 's chaochail e anns a bhliadhna 1329, an 7 là de mhios-meadhonach an t-samhraidh. Bha e da fhichead 's a cuig deug a dh' aois, agus 'n a rìgh 23 bliadhna. Rinneadh caoidh mhòr 'an Alb' air a shon. Agus na 'm b' fhiach do Alba cumha dheanamh air son aon sam bith de 'cuid mae, b' e phearsa rioghail so, gun teagamh, a b' fhearr an airidh air an onair sin. Ach bha aobharan an caoidh ni bu mhò na bha iad a' faicinn an là ud. Rinn iad uaigh riomhach mharmoir air a shon ann an coisir chùil Abaid Dhunfermlin. Ghnàthaich an eaglais gach greadhnachas a bha 'n a comas aig àm a bhi 'g a adhlacadh, na 'n deanadh ceòl-thuireadh, 'us tional easbuigean, 'us luchd-dreuchd de gach inbh' 'us ainm e. Ach anns na stadaibh a bha 'n tràths 'us a ris a' dol air ceòl nan innealan, chluinnteadh fuaim a' ghvil 's an tuiridh a measg a chomh-chruinneachaidh lionmhoir ud.

Tha rìgh Raibeart air a chumail fa chomhair luchd-leughaidh mar is trice, mar fhear-cogaidh—mar neach a dhoirt mòran fola. Cha bu deic leis ná b' éigin da dheanamh dheth sin 'an dion a bheatha féin, 's a' seasamb còraichean a rioghachd. Ach tha caochladh nithe sgriobhta mu 'thimchioll a tha deanamh soilleir gu'm bu duin' iochdmhor, truasail e, comaith is gaisgeil riaghaidh cruadail; ach ris nach b' urrainn sinn eadhon beantuinn anns a ghiorrachadh

so a rinn sinn air a ghnìomharaibh euchdail.

Goirid an déigh bàs an rìgh, dh' fhalbh am Morair Dùghlas, le àir-eamh maith de luchd-leanmhuinn. air los cridh' a' Bhrusaich adhlacadh 's an uaigh Naoimh 'an Ierusalem. Bha e aig' ann an soireig airgid, crochte m' a amhaich, le sreing de òr 's de shìde. Air an turus do'n àirde near chaidh na h-Albannaich air tìr 's an Spainn. Ghabh rìgh na Spainne riu gu subhach. Thach-air gu'n robh cogadh 's an àm eadar Alphonso, rìgh na Spainne, agus Osruin, rìgh nan Sarasach, luchd-leanmhuinn Mhahomeit, a bha 'n déigh sealbh a ghabhail air roinn mhòir de'n Spainn fada roimhe sud. Thug Alphonso air na h-Albannaich aontachadh ri dhol ga chuideachadh an aghaidh nan naimhdean so. Choinnich an dà armailt ann an achadh faisg air Gibraltar. Rinn Alphonso Morair Seumas Dùghlas 'n a Sheanalair air roinn mheadhonach an airm. Chuir a'chuid sin de'n armailt air theicheadh na bha mu'n eoinneamh de'n nàmhaid. Ach lean iad an ruaig ro fhada, 's thug na Spainich an aghaidh air creachadh. Ach phill an eachraidh Sharasach air an ais, 's chuartaich iad an tearc a bha 'g an ruagadh. 'N uair a dh' fhairich an Dùghlasach an nàmhaid a' dòmhlachadh timchioll air, dh' fhuasgail e 'n còrd a bha 'ceangal na soireig o'bhroilleach 's thilg e i fad a ghàirdein do mheadhon an nàmhaid, ag ràdh aig an àm cheudna, "Gabh air thoiseach 's a' chòmhraig mar bu nòs duit, 's leanaidh an Dùghlasach thu, no bàsaichidh e." An sin dh' oibrich e 'chlaidheamh mòr co maith 's gu'n do réitich e àit' anns an robh cothrom dol mu'n cuairt aige. Ach bha na naimhdean co lionmhor 's co guineach timchioll air 's nach robh dol as aige. Fhuaradh a chorp làn

de lotaibh, faisg air an àit 's an robh an t-soireag airgid le cridhe an rìgh 'n a luidhe. Phill na mhair beò 'an déigh a' bhlaireud de nah-Albannaich dhachaidh. Thug iad leò cnàmhan an Dùghlasaich, agus chuir iad air leth am fear a b' urramaiche 'n a measg air son an t-soireag phrìseil a ghiùlan air ais do Alba. Dh' adhlaiseadh cnàmhan an Dùghlasaich 'n a eaglais féin, maille ri 'aithrichibh. Dh' adhlaid iad cridhe Raibeirt Brus 'an Abaid Mhelros.

Anns a' bhliadhna 1818 bha luchd-oibre 'gearadh bunait air son eaglais ùr a thogail air lathrach seann Abaid Dhunfermlin. Anns a' ghlanadh a bha iad a' deanamh an sinthàinig iad air uaigh rìgh Raibeirt. Bha còmhachadh luaidhe air a tharruing 'an cumadh crùn aig a cheann, a' cuairteachadh a chuirp. Bha mìrean de'n lìon-eudach òir 's an deachaidh 'adhlacadh fathast ri 'm faicinn. Fhuaradh gu 'n robh na h-aisnean air taobh clí a' broillich air an sàbhadh as a' chéil' air son an cridhe thoirt a mach. 'Thàinig òrdugh a nuas á Lunuinn na cnàmhan a bhi air an gleidheadh gu cùramach gus am biodh tàmh-thigh ùr air ullachadh air son an càradh ann le mòr urram. Chruinnich mòran de shluagh na dùthcha, iosal 'us uasal, gu sealladh fhaicinn de 'n a bha 'n éis de 'n ghaisgeach chliùiteach. Bha iad a sealltuinn le ioghnadh 'us fiamh air a' chlaigionn 's an robh comhairle co glic a' còmhachadh uair eigin, agus air a' chnaimh chaithte ud, a b' e aon uair an gairdean neartmhor a bhuail gu talamh am Bohun garg.

—o—

A' CHLARSACH, NO 'CHRUIT.

THA Chlarsach no 'Chruit 'n a h-inneal-ciùil a tha anabarrach sean. Cha robh ach sia téudan air a'

chruit a ghnàthaicheadh 's na céud linnibh ann an Alba, 's ann an Eirinn, ach an déigh sin, chaidh barrachd théud a chur am féum. Bha meas air a' chruit na's mò na bha air inneal-ciùil sam bith eile, agus tha fios againn o sheann bhàrdachd, co maith us o sheann eachdraidh, gu'm bheil an t-inneal sin co aosda ris na Gaidheil fein. Is e cruit a bhi aig neach sam bith aon de na trì nithibh a bha gu dheanamh 'n a dhuin'-usal, agus 'n a dhuine saor. Cha'n fheudadh a dhànadas a bhi aig fear sam bith amharc air fein, mar dhuin'-usal mar biodh cruit aige, agus cumhachd cluicheadh oirre. Air an làimh eile, cha robh a chridhe aig tràillean sam bith làmh a chur air clàrsaich, do bhrìgh an sin gu'm biodh iad air am meas uasal, agus uime sin, cha robh e ceaduichte dhoibh fein ceòl ionnsachadh, no ceadaichte do neach eile a theagasg dhoibh. B' iad rìghrean, agus luchd-ciùil nan rìghrean, àrd-mhaithean agus uaislean na tire aig an robh comas clàrsaichean a bhi 'n an ionadaibh-còmhnuidh. Dh' fheudadh ard-usal clàrsair a bhi aige, ach cha'n fheudadh an clàrsair sin cluicheadh ach am feadh 's a bha e fo cheangal aig a' mhaighstir fein. Ged a thuiteadh duin'-usal sam bith ann am fiachaibh, cha'n fheudadh an lagh greim a dheanamh air a chlarsaich air son nam fiach, oir air dha a bhi dh-easbhuidh na clarsaiche, chailleadh e 'urram fein, agus bhiodh e air a mhaslachadh gu inbhe tràille. Tha am mòr-mheas céudna air a' chlarsaich am measg nan Lochlunnach. Bha iad air am meas 'n an uaislibh le lagh na dùthcha a chluicheadh oirre, air an dìon o gach cunnart, agus air an teasairginn o gach peanas. Agus cha'n e sin a mhàin, ach bha iad air an toirt a stigh do'n chuideachd a's urramaich, agus bha gach onoir agus meas air

am buileachadh orra. Ach mar a bha linntean a' ruith seachad bha na cleachdaidhnean so 'g an cur a chuid 's a chuid air chùl. Tha'n earrann mu dheireadh dhe'n bhàrd-achd mhaisich a rinneadh ann an linntibh fad fad air ais, ris an abrar "Miann a Bhaird Aosda," a nochdadh dhuinn ann am briathraibh tlà, am meas a bha aig an t-seann fhear-dàn sin air a' chruit fein, oir thubhairt e:—

Ach O! mu'n tig i, seal ma'n triall mo
ched
Gu teach nam bàrd air Ard-bheinn as
nach tìll,
Fair cruit 's mo shlige dh' ionnsuidh 'n
ròid,
An sin mo chruit, 's mo shlige ghràidh,
slàn leibh!

SGIATHANACH.

SOP AS GACH SEID.

Far nach 'eil an eridhe saibhir, cha'n 'eil ann an saibhreas ach deircean bochd, salach, truagh.

Tha tuigse an duine a tha da rìreadh glice mar ghloine. Leigidh i stigh solus nèimh agus a ris leigidh i air as e.

Gus an deachaidh sinn troimh 'n àmhainn theintich, cha robh fios againn air mèud na truailidheachd a thugadh air falbh uainn.

Cha tric leinn aithreachas a bhi oirne air son gu'n d' fhuirich sinn 'n ar tosd ach is minic a ghabh sinn aithreachas a chionn nach do chùim sinn ar teangadh.

Ma tha duine dichollach, cùramach, agus glic, tha e cinnteach gu'n teid gach cùis leis; agus tha a ghiulan a' cur deagh eiseimpleir roimh gach sean agus òg mu'n cuairt da.

Tha an neach sin a tha an còmhnuidh fo dheagh mhisnich ag cleachdadh leighis, a bhios chum slàinte, an da chuid, do'n chorp agus do'n anam.

Cha bu chòir do dhuine deagh obair a thréigsinn, ged nach soirbhich cùisean leis co h-ealamh 's a bha dùil aige. Cuireadh e a dhòchas ann an subhailc, firinn, agus

maitheas an Fhreasdail agus thig rath an cois a dhichill.

Tha dà fhoghlum aig gach aon againn. Tha sinn a' faotuinn aon dinbh bho mhuinntir eile, agus tha sinn a' toirt dhuinn fein an aon eile.

Tha an ti sin an còmhnuidh saoihear, a tha an còmhnuidh slàinteil.

Chuir òganach còir, àbhachdach, a' cheist roimhe so ri seann mhaighdinn uasail, a bha air an taobh thall de leth-cheud, agus thubhairt e rithe, "Ciod i do bharail-sa a nis, a bhean-uasal, urramach, mu thimchioll pòsaidh?" "Mu thimchioll pòsaidh," ars'ise, "Tha e ceart cosmhail ri euslainte sam bith eile, an uair a tha beatha ann, tha dòchas."

Tha moran air am mealladh a thaobh saoihreais. Tha dùil aig na daoineibh saoghalta, amaideach, farmadach nach 'eil sonas a' faotuinn air uachdar an talmhainn, ach ann an airgiod agus òr. Ach tha mealltaireachd na barail so aithnichte dhoibhsean uile aig am bheil cinn gu smuaineachadh, agus cridheachan gu mothuchadh.

Na dean gaire ri leanabh ged a chuireadh e ceist, 'n ad bheachd-sa, amaideach. Cha'n 'eil sin amaideach do'n leanabh, agus ma nithear gaire ris, bithidh e an cunnart a mhisneach a thoirt air falbh. Ge b'e co iongantach, faoin, agus diomhain 's a dh' fhéudas ceistean na cloinne a bhith, tha iad airidh air freagradh cairdeil agus deas fhaotuinn.

Is lionmhor iad a ta ann an cabhaig gu fas beartach, a chi gur amaideach an giùlan fein, oir feuchaidh beagan ùine gu'm bheil iad ann an cabhaig gu bhi air an creach. Is iad na daoine a shaoithricheas gu foirfe, ciùin, stòlda, na daoine as fearr a shoirbhicheas anns an t-saoghal. Is tric leò-san d'an cleachd a bhi'deanamh nithe gu cabhagach, gu'm féum iad na nithe céudna a dheanamh dà uair.

Tha dearrsa aig soirbheachadh saoghalta a ta ealamh air sùilean dhaoine a dhalladh. An uair a chithear duine ag éiridh suas anns an t-saoghal, tha beachd agus barail ro mhòr air an gabhail dheth. Theirear, "Nach iongantach an duine so a dh' éirich co h-ealamh suas?" Cha'n 'eil smuain idir air a gabhail mu'n fhirinn, gur iad an duslach, a' chonnalach, agus na h-itean, nithe gun chudthrom, agus air bheag luach, na nithe gidheadh a's luaithe agus a's ealamh a dh' éireas suas. Cha'n iad an còmhnuidh

na daoine mora agus maithe a's luaithe a dh' eireas suas gu maise agus moralachd shaoghalta.

COMHAIRLE.

Na bi os ceann do chèaird no do dhréuchd, ciod air bith a' chèaird non dreuchd a' dh' fhéudas a bhi ann. Dean dichìoll gu bhi ag éiridh suas 'n ad ghairm fein. Tha esan a tha 'togail a' shròine ri 'obair fein, gu h-amaideach a' connsachadh ris an aran agus ris an ìm aige fein. Is bochd an gobhainn esan a throdas ris na sradaibh a dh' éireas o'n innein aige fein. Cha'n 'eil nàire no masladh ceangailte ri' gairm onoirich sam bith. Na biodh eagal ort do lamhan a shalchadh oir tha'n t-uisge chum an glanadh gu saor, pailt r'a fhaotuinn. Tha gach ceaird maith do'n luchd-cheairde—ach dean faicill an aghaidh aon ni,—'s e sin an leisg. Tha na's leoir r'a dheanamh 's an t-saoghal so air son gach paidhir lāmha a gheibhear ann; agus feumaidh sinn obair a dheanamh chum gu'm bi an saoghal na's beartaiche air duinn a bhi 'gabhail còmhaidh ann. Is fhad o'n chual sinn nach "leig an leisg da deoin duine air slighe chòir sam bith."

S.

URNUIGH DHURACHDACH.

RINNEADH an urnuigh a leanas, ma 's fhìor, le tuathanach còir Gallda de mhuinntir Siorrachd Dhunbreatunn, 's a' bhliadhna 1804, an uair a bha na Frangaich a' bagradh air tighinn a nall:—

"A Dhia beannaich an tigh so 's gach duine 's beathach a tha stigh, 's mar dhà mhille de dhà thaobh an tighe. O, beannaich am mart, agus a' mhin, agus an gàradh-càil, agus baile mor Dhunbreatunn.

"Beannaich an Trup Glas a tha 'n gearrasdan Hamilton. Is gillea sgairteil fearail iad—cha' b' ionann iad fhein 's na cilleagan Shasannach, a bhuaileas an cas air cloich, agus a their: 'Am fear ud anam na cloiche,' mar gu'm biodh anam 's a' chloich.

"O, tog gàradh-droma làidir eadar sinn 's na Frangaich, ach ear gu mor is treasa eadar sinn 's na béistean Eirionnach.

"A Thighearna, teasraig sinn bho bhuid-sichean, agus bho bhan-bhuidsichean, 's bho gach piastaig a shnàigeas air feadh an fhraoich.

"A Thighearna cuir braighdean dùbailte mu amhach rìgh na Frainge, agus thoir dhomhsa ceann na teadhrach, gus a thoirt air cheann leam an rathad is àill leam. Amhuil bitheadh.

A thaobh ar teachd-an-tir tha moran deth 'ga mhilleadh le ana-caitheadh. Fàgar cuid dheth 'nar soithichibh,—théid cuid dheth 'san teine,—agus tilgear cuid dheth a mach. Tha e cinnteach gu'm bheil comas againn air so a dheanamh, oir is leinn fein e. Cheannaich no choisinn sinn e. Phaigh sinn am fuineadair, agus am feoladair, ach cha do phaigh sinn Esan a rinn an teachd-an-tir, agus cha'n urrainn sinn ath-dhioladh a dheanamh Dha-san le h-airgiod no le h-dr. Uaith-san tha sinn a' faotuinn ni's leòir air san ar feumalachd fein, ach cha'n 'eil sinn a' faotuinn còir. Uaith-san gu ana-caitheadh a dheanamh air a' chuid a's lugha de thoirbheartas a fhreasdail fein d'ar taobh.

Tha cleachdadh na dichill 'na buannachd mhòir air a sgàth fein. Is e so fìor shaorsa an duine sin a ta iriosal. Tha e 'cur dealachaidh ro chomharraichte eadar e agus an neach sin eile a tha ciontach agus truagh. Is e so fìor shuaicheantas an urrainn a ta aige 'san t-saoghal, agus is e so a bheir air gu'n abair e, "Tha mi a' cumail m' àite fein a'm measg mo cho' chreutairean, a chionn gu'n do choisinn mi e." Tha e 'ga fhaicinn fein saor agus neo-eiseimeil-each, agus anns gach comunn feudaidh e a cheann fein a thogail suas

Is searbh an obair a bhi diomhain. Cha'n 'eil ni sam bith ann a dh' fhàgas duine ann staid ni's truaighe na bhi diomhain. Cha'n 'eil aobhar truais ann a ta ni's mò na daoine aig am bheil dìne 'nan laimh fein, agus gun a bhi faicinn car aca r'a dheanamh.

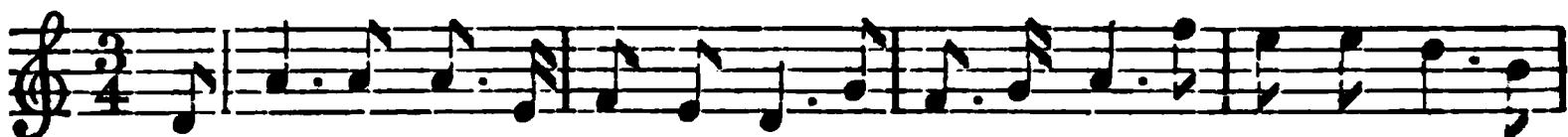
Tha beatha an duine air a roinn 'na trì earrannaibh, agus is iad sin, an earrann a bha, an earrann a ta, agus an earrann a bhitheas. Bu chòir duinn a bhi air ar teagasg leis an àm a chaidh seachad, buannachd fhaotuinn o'n àm a ta làthair, agus gu bhi 'gar giùlan fein ni's fèarr air son an ama ri reachd.

Cha'n e saibhreas mòr, no fuil uasal a ni duine sona. Tha'n da chuid aig mòran de na daoineibh a's truaighe air an talamh. Is sona, sìochail, beannaichte an ti sin aig am bheil cumhachd gu cur suas gu foighdinn-each le deuchannaibh, agus aig am bheil taingeileachd gu comhfhurtachd a shealbhadh. Tha 'n ti sin a' tarruing sonais 'a cùisibh eugsamhla na beatha, agus eirichidh gu maith dha a bhos agus thall. Smuainich air so, agus bi glic. S.

LINN AN AIDH.

LE IAIN MACCUARAIG, AM BOTH-FHIONNTAIN.

GLEUS C.



. R | 1:-.1 : 1 .,m | f . m : r:-.S | f ., s : 1:-.f¹ | m¹.m¹ : r¹:-.T |



m¹:-.r¹ : t .,l | f . m : s:-.T | r¹ ., m¹ : 1:-.d¹ | m.m : r:-.l

“ An uair 'bha 'Ghàilig aig na h-eòin,”
Bha 'm bainne air an lòn mar dhriùchd ;
A' mhàl a' fàs air bàrr an fhraoich—
A h-uile ni cho saor 's am bùrn.

Cha robh daoine a pàidheadh màil,
Cha robh càin orra no cìs—
Iasgach, sealgach, agus coill
Aca gun fhoighneachd, gun phrìs.

Cha robh cogadh, cha robh còmhstri,
Cha robh connsachadh no stréup ann ;
H-uile h-aon a' gabhail còmhnaidh
Anns an t-seòl' bu deòin leis fhéin e.

Cha robh guth air crìch, no tòir ;
Bha gach dùil 'tigh'nn beò an sìth ;
Féum sam bith cha robh air mòd,
'S lagh na còrach air a' chrìdh'.

Dh' òr dh' airgiod cha robh miagh,
Sògh 'us fialachd air gach làimh ;
Bochduinn cha d' fhiosraich neach riamh,
'Us duine cha d' iarr cuid chàich.

Bha caoimhneas, comunn, iochd 'us gràdh
Anns gach àit' am measg an t-sluaigh,
Eadar far an éirich grian
'S far an laidh i 'n iar 's a' chuan.

Bha gach achadh fo thróm bhàrr
Gu torrach, làn, air a' chluain ;
Bliochd 'us bainne aig an àl—
Innis 's gach àit' aig a' bhuar.

Cha robh féum air cléith no crann,
Ch'inn gach ni neo-ghann leis fhéin ;
Meas 'us blàs 's a h-uile h-àm—
A' bliadhna 'n a sàmhradh gu léir.

—An Duanaire.

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ON THE AUTHENTICITY OF THE POEMS OF OSSIAN,

BY DR. AUGUST EBRARD.

The following article is a translation from the German work bearing the title, "Ossian's Finngihl Episches Gedicht aus dem Gälischen Metrisch, und mit Beibehaltung des Reims übersetzt; von Dr. August Ebrard, pebst einem Anhang über Alter und Echtheit von Ossian's Gedichten. Leipzig: Brochhaus, 1868." Unfortunate as the Ossianic question has been in this country, from the partiality of one party, and the prejudice of another, it cannot be but interesting to hear the verdict of an impartial spectator, in the shape of a well-trained German scholar. I have therefore thought it worth while to get the Discourse appended to Dr. Ebrard's Fingal translated by a person well versed in the German language; and I have, at the same time, taken the liberty of giving a few touches myself, in one or two places, where I plainly saw that the meaning of the author had been either imperfectly apprehended or awkwardly expressed. Of course, I am not answerable for the author's opinion, or any errors that he may have made in matters of fact.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

Altnacraig, Oban.

August 1875.

It is but a short time since I came upon a passage in Ehlert's "Days in Rome,"—a book bearing witness to a many-sided erudition—where Ossian's poems are designated "the most magnificent mystification of modern times." We observe that this author swears allegiance to the opinion set forth with great assurance by Shaw (1780) and Laing (1800), that these poems are not even genuinely Gaelic, but fabrications of his own, which the student, James Macpherson, published in

1762, in English prose, under the title of "The Works of Ossian." To continue to uphold this opinion shows, truly, no very remarkable knowledge of the subject. It may still be disputed whether these poems had their origin, as Werner and Johnson maintained, in Ireland, or whether they really had their first existence in the Shetland Islands. It may, even with greater justice, be treated as an open question, whether these poems, in which Ossian, the son of Finngihl, who reigned about 240 A.D., speaks of himself in the first person as a blind old bard, were really produced by this same Ossian, or whether a more modern Gaelic writer had, in the interests of poetry, put his works into the mouth of this Ossian, just as the Welsh bards of the twelfth century have severally put their songs into the mouths of Taliesin and Merdinn (two poets of the sixth century). Such questions as these are worthy of a critical investigation. On the other hand it can only be held as a proof of complete ignorance, if now, after the extraordinary investigations of Hamilton, Drummond, O'Reilly, and Moore (in the "Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy,") after the original Gaelic text has been edited by Macfarlane and Sinclair (1807),—if, after all this, these poems are still to be considered as the fabrications of this man.

Considering the great historical and literary interest which attaches to the poems of Ossian—an interest which is increased by the unsatis-

factory atmosphere of vagueness in which the whole subject floats, especially in Germany; bearing in mind also the terms of commendation in which Goethe spoke of their poetical quality, it cannot be doubted that men of intelligence and culture will be ready to give these poems a hearty appreciation, provided they be presented to them in a translation which preserves the character and grace of the original.

This question divides itself into a negative and a positive side; first, we lead evidence to prove that Macpherson is not the author of these poems; second, we make an investigation as to their actual antiquity and origin.

The history and quality of Macpherson's translation would have sufficed as proof on the first point, even if the existence of older manuscripts had not been added.

After the Jacobite rising against the house of Hanover, those Highlanders who had retained the Gaelic language, manners, and clan-government, were an object of suspicion to the Government, and of contempt to the cultivated English-speaking public. Their speech was considered discordant and rough; no one concerned himself about their doings, beyond the jurisdiction of police control and oppression; no one had any idea of the existence of a Gaelic literature. In such a state of things, it was no slight merit when it occurred to Rector Hieronymus Stone of Dunkeld (1756) to turn his attention to the songs which lived in the mouths of the Gaels, and to publish some samples of them in the form of an English prose translation in the "Scottish Magazine." The high poetical beauty of these samples, the splendid imagery and descriptions of nature, and the

enchancing fragrance which pervaded the whole, awakened the attention of John Home, the poet, and of Hugh Blair, the scholar. Urged on afresh by their eulogiums, James Macpherson, an English theological student, at that time tutor in the house of Colonel Graham, determined to set about making a collection of Gaelic national songs. In 1760, he edited some new samples, and, in 1762, an English prose translation of the collected "Poems of Ossian," of which the two great epics, Finngal and Timora, are the most remarkable. The profound sensation which these poems made, alike in Britain and on the Continent, is known. Goethe has borrowed one of them, "The Song of Selma," in his "Werther" (1773). The abbot Cesarotti of Padua prepared an Italian translation in 1773. Lieutenant-Colonel Baron von Mannheim, in the Rhenish Palatinate, produced a tasteless German translation in 1775, to which, moreover, he permitted himself to add, as Ossianic, some original imitations. Soon Ossian was translated into all languages. In the meantime, also, at Edinburgh the Highland Society had been founded—a society for the investigation of the Gaelic language, customs, and antiquities. In the year 1764, the "Journal des Savants" brought forward, for the first time, the assertion—afterwards repeated by the Englishmen Shaw and Laing—that James Macpherson had offered to the world his own productions, instead of old Gaelic songs. When, in 1766, Macpherson, on his return from Florida, where he had accompanied the Governor Johnstone as secretary, heard of this in conversation with his confidential friends, specially Dr. Carlyle, he expressed himself in the strongest terms against this style of criticism;

but before the public the thing was at first kept intentionally in the shade, because it flattered his vanity to be taken for such a great poet. Certainly those who have read the poems which Macpherson composed himself, and had already published under his own name in 1758—four years, or even more, before his edition of Ossian, must be convinced by a glance at these poems, that the author of such productions could not have been also the author of a *Finnghal* or a *Timora*. But he would have dealt the decisive blow to all doubters by the publication of the original Gaelic text, and such, in fact, was his design. He consigned several Gaelic manuscripts to a friend, John Mackenzie, who was a member of the Highland Society; and on these manuscripts we still find marginal notes in his writing, such as the following: “Delivered the three duans of Cathloda, as complete as the translation;” “Delivered all that could be found of Carthon;” “The original of Calthon and Colmal given to Mr. John Mackenzie;” &c. There were two difficulties, however, in the way of this publication. In the first place, as can easily be understood, no subscribers could be found, for there was hardly any one among the educated public of Scotland and England who understood this difficult language, and still fewer who cared to learn it, in order to read in troublesome Gaelic what they could so conveniently, as they thought, read in Macpherson’s translation. Beyond all this, it was found that Macpherson’s MS.—these songs had been dictated to him by Gaels—was so illegibly written, that he would have been obliged, in the first place, to have prepared a copy for the compositor. Under such circumstances, he had the less courage and inclina-

tion for such a tedious labour, from having of late turned his attention entirely to politics. Nevertheless, the increasing critical attacks on the genuineness of Ossian at length roused him from this apathy; in 1784, he made new efforts to render an edition of the original old text possible. But this was vain in Scotland; till, at last, in the year 1790, there came a delightful letter from the far East Indies; certain Highland gentlemen there, who remembered having heard these poems in the Gaelic language from their youth, had contrived to make a collection, and transmitted a sum of money to defray the expenses of publication. Macpherson set himself to work, and, with the help of Captain Morison, prepared a clean, legible copy, and even published a printed proof in the genuine Greek characters, because, after the time of Julius Cæsar, the Celts made use of the Grecian alphabet. Scarcely, however, had this printed proof appeared, when Macpherson died (February 1796).

And now the work came once more to a stand-still. The Rev. Thomas Ross of Edinburgh, a well-qualified judge of Gaelic, found the orthography faulty, and therefore changed and rewrote the entire MS. John Mackenzie was now to have conducted the printing, but he died, and his son George delivered up the collected MSS. to the Highland Society of London. On the 17th May 1804, this society appointed a commission, with Sinclair at its head. Macfarlane prepared an excellent interlined Latin version, which gave the Gaelic text word for word, and in that way greatly facilitated the reading. With this translation, the work now appeared in two large octavo volumes: “*Dana*

Oisein mhic Finn. The Poems of Ossian" (London: 1807).

The Gaelic text at once bore witness that Macpherson had not been capable of making a grammatically correct translation, much less of composing such poems. As he had had these songs repeated or dictated to him by Gaels, his deficient knowledge of the language had led him into some comical mistakes, which were now brought to light. Out of a hundred such instances, take the following: the king calls out to a hero fallen in battle, "May his soul come to his successors." Such is Macpherson's translation. But what does that mean? In his MS. also it stands *anam*, "soul." Clearly, however, it must mean *ainm*, "name,"—"May his name descend to future generations." The two words sound precisely alike in Gaelic (*äin'm*), and so Macpherson has confused them as he wrote from dictation. In Timora ii. 213, Cathmor, after rejecting a proposal to make a sally by night, says, "Every leader with his troop shall be asleep;" the word *neul* occurs more frequently with this metonymical meaning; the original meaning, however, is "cloud," and therefore Macpherson translates right off: "Every leader shall be under the shade of his army." In the same way, page 262, *et seq.*, the original says, "The warriors were overcome; the sheen of the reflection (scil. of their weapons) was in conflict with the stars." Macpherson translates: "The warriors turned themselves glittering towards the stars."

But to these mistakes in the language there were added blunders as to the substance, and in matters of taste. In the first song of Finnghal, verse 313, *et seq.*, there is in the original the following simile: "As a river, foaming, grey, flows

down from the iron-grey steep of high Cromlac, the thunder rolls along the heights, and black night lies on the face of the rocks, and cold grey spirits look out from the brink of the dashing torrent." It forms a united picture; the thunder is that of the rushing stream, the black night is that of the defile, and the sparkling torrents by which the gazing spirits of the mist stand are no other than the gushings of the cascade itself. Because, however, the word *fras*, "water-stream," is sometimes used to signify stream of rain, Macpherson has allowed himself to be misled by that, and by the word thunder into the idea of a thunderstorm, and has, with that idea in his mind, given this translation: "As rushes a stream of foam from the dark, shady deep (!) of Cromla; when the thunder is travelling above, and dark, brown night sits on half the hill; through the breaches of the tempest look forth the dim faces of ghosts."

In truth, to these misunderstandings—to this destruction of the unity of imagery—to this sad medley of inappropriate ideas, we may ascribe the misty, obscure, weak, and confused impression which the poems of Ossian make upon one. In the original everything is clear, strong, exact; mists are indeed mentioned, but they play no higher and no other part than that which Nature has assigned to them in the Highlands of Scotland. Macpherson's errors are not merely those of omission, but also of commission. Where there is no mystification on a large scale, he has permitted it to himself on a small scale. In order to make his Ossian suitable to the taste of his time—that bombastic period of Klopstock,—he has permitted himself, chiefly in similes and descriptions of nature, to invent

additional verses or lines, of which there is no trace in the original written down by his own hand. Especially in descriptions of nature he has inserted verses of the psalms or phrases in which he has himself imitated such verses; and it is just such passages which are so foreign in their nature to the character of the Scotch Highlanders, and which so evidently show remembrance of the psalter which have called forth, and lent a handle to, criticism. One could not easily comprehend, how poems which had their origin in the dark age of heathendom could be in such accord with the Bible. There are no such objections to be made against the original.

Now the voluntary and involuntary changes which Macpherson has made in the original bear the strongest evidence that he did not compose these poems in English, and then deceitfully translate them into Gaelic; but, on the contrary, first heard them in Gaelic, and then translated them faultily into English. But all doubts must vanish as soon as it is proved that written records of these poems existed in another quarter, in the Gaelic tongue, long before 1760. But this is proved, even though by a rare misfortune none of these records have been preserved to our day.

Peter Macdonald, a chaplain to Lord Macdonell of Glengarry from 1660 to 1680, had, as we know by means of written records of the same, made a collection of Gaelic poems.

What has become of these records we cannot say with certainty. It is, however, very probable that it was the same manuscript which reappeared in the Macdonell family about 1740.

To wit, an old captain, John Macdonald of Clan Ranald on oath gave the explanation to the Highland

Society:—His father, residing in Skye, had in his possession about two hundred Gaelic poems, and had them rehearsed to him by an old man, eighty years of age. The deponent himself, as a lad of twelve or fifteen, had learned these poems from the old man and knew them by heart. (As he was born in 1725 this was 1737-40.) Several of these poems bore the name of Ossian; one contained the story of a maiden who had fled to Finngal's tribe for protection, also a description of the horse which drew Cuchullin's war-chariot.

These two poems are actually to be found in the epic "Finngal." The first story is an episode in the life of Ineabhaca, the Norman king's daughter, who, in order to escape from the courting of Corla, fled to Treun-Mhor, an ancestor of Finngal ("Finngal," vi. 59-167); the second is the passage, Song i. b. 377, *et seq.*

Captain Macdonald depones further, that a clergyman, living at Buckies near Thurso, also by name John Macdonald, had written out these poems, (as repeated by him?) But the deponent also knew Mr. Macpherson, who had sought him out at Sleat in the Isle of Skye, and caused him to dictate many of these poems to him. The poems published by Macpherson, but especially "Finngal," "Cathloduin," "Caomh-mhala," "Caraig-Thura," "The Battle of Finngal with Loda," and others, had been well known to the deponent from his childhood. Such is the statement, made under an oath, by a very old man, even then near the grave.

As he further deponed, he himself no longer possessed his father's old manuscript. It had been stolen from him before the year 1763, and conveyed to Ireland.

Here, however, further traces are discovered. Walker, in his "Historical Memoirs of the Irish Bards" (1786), relates, p. 41, *et seq*: A lady in Ireland saw, in the possession of a peasant, two volumes of Irish MS., from which she often heard him reading to the other peasants. Afterwards, when she became acquainted with Macpherson's Ossian, to her great astonishment she found once more those poems which had been in the peasant's book; especially, she remembered that the latter contained "Carthonn."

Perhaps it was the MS. which had been stolen from Macdonald which had come into the possession of that peasant, perhaps it was another. Considering the identity of the Irish and Gaelic tongues, there is nothing astonishing in the lady designating these poems as "Irish."

The Fraser MS. is a third, the existence of which has been ascertained. A Mrs. Fraser, of Culbokie, had first taught John Farquharson, a Catholic priest, Gaelic. It was she who first called his attention to the beauties of Gaelic poetry (about 1745). She possessed a MS. of such poems, which she called "A Bolg Solair" (The Great Treasure). Simon Fraser, the son of this Mrs. Fraser, went, with his family, in 1773, to America, and took the MS. with him. He died in captivity as an English officer during the war. Two of his sons, William and Augustus, still lived in Canada in 1806. What became of the MS. has not been discovered.

Farquharson had himself taken a copy; it was a folio three fingers thick. Farquharson, from 1760 to 1763, lived as principal of a Scotch college in Dinant; in 1767, Glendynning of Parton sent him Mac-

pherson's English Ossian. He discovered—and, as James M'Gillivray, at that time his pupil, afterwards bore witness—declared the "Finnghal," the "Timora," and several others of Macpherson's poems to be identical with the original text, at that time in his possession, only they were here and there very badly translated. On his return to Scotland in the year 1773, Farquharson visited the town of Douai and the Scottish monastery there, and gave up his MS. to its scholars, being of opinion that they should become acquainted with that poetry. When the student Chisholm (afterwards bishop) left Douai four years later, the MS. was still to be found there, but the students, who did not understand any Gaelic, had already torn out many of the leaves to light cigars. During the French Revolution, the college of Douai was, in 1792, suddenly closed and sealed, before there was any possibility of the professors and students removing anything from it; and, a year after, the monastery, with the books, manuscripts, and documents, which it contained, was burned to the ground.

All the testimony which had so far been given as to the genuinely Gaelic origin of the poems of Ossian, was known in 1807 to the publishers of the original text, Sinclair, Macfarlane, and the Highland Society. In addition, this Society had made an attempt to find something in the way of oral tradition, about the text of Ossian; the attempt was not altogether in vain, for if they discovered nothing new, the old was at least once more confirmed. For the investigators, well versed in Gaelic, found great portions of "Finnghal" still in the mouths of the inhabitants of the Hebrides. In this way they suc-

ceded in collecting 1500 verses which corresponded even in the smallest particulars with the Gaelic text left by Macpherson.

John Mackenzie communicates a further testimony in his "Beauties of Gaelic Poetry" (Glasgow 1865), p. 61, *et seq.* On the 9th August 1800, Lachlan Mac Muirich—then fifty-nine years of age (b. 1741)—deponed, that in the Castle of Torlum, near Inverness, he, eighteenth descendant of the bard Muireach in Clan Ranald, who lived about 1600, had acted as bard in the house of Macdonald, and that his father, Neil Mac Muirich, had written a history of the house of Macdonald. He remembered that his father possessed as an heirloom from his ancestors, a manuscript of Ossian's poems written on parchment; these had been bound, whereas the poems of other bards were written on separate loose leaves of parchment. Moreover his father had in his possession a paper MS. called "the Red Book;" this, written by many of his ancestors in succession, contained, besides a history of the Highland clans, a portion of Ossian's works. But, when his family was despoiled of their feudal position as bards, the desire for such things vanished; the books were sold; it is likely that the parchment was cut up for tailoring purposes. Both the books were written in the old Gaelic writing in use originally in Ireland and Scotland; his father was able to read the writing, but he was not himself able to read it, and therefore sold the books.

He could not even sign his name! He signed the record of his presence as a witness with a cross.

Our hearts might bleed when we think of possessing such a MS, up to the very beginning of our century, and seeing it disappear under our very eyes.

With such testimony it is now proved that Macpherson was not the author of these poems, and much more, that the original Gaelic text existed not merely ten years, but hundreds of years before Macpherson.

According to the opinion of the Highland Society as expressed by them in their "Reports on Ossian," this testimony has proved a great deal more than this—no less than the genuine Ossianic composition of these poems, their origin in the third century after Christ. We, as thorough Germans, must be permitted to inquire into both questions. The first is answered, the second is yet to be discussed.

We begin with the general question, whether the songs which Macpherson collected were modern or ancient.

The Mac Muirich MS. points us to earlier times, not, indeed, because of the old Gaelic writing, for although it has been proved that the Latin alphabet displaced the old characters as early as the fourteenth century, we have seen from Mac Muirich's own confession that his forefathers, in family and position, continued to use the old writing, through affection and fancy, in the "Red Book" in which they wrote successively. It is much more important to observe that the Ossianic M.S. is parchment, and not like the "Red Book," paper. This costly material which went out of use in the twelfth century on the continent, and in the thirteenth century in Scotland, was certainly no longer used after the thirteenth century; it would probably be used chiefly for books which had a high authority like that of the Bible. Thus the bards must have considered Ossian to be a book of quite special dignity in the thirteenth and fourteenth century;

but the wonder rather is in fact, that they should have written it at all! It was at that time a standing custom among the bards to transmit poetical productions only by learning them off by heart. Already Cæsar tells us (Bell. Gall., 6, 14), that the Druids made their pupils learn *magnum numerum versuum* by heart. We have yet more exact information from Welsh sources, from the ninth to the fourteenth century. The students began their studies, as *mebinogg hyspyddaid* or freshmen, by learning songs by heart. Only when they had some thousand verses faultlessly and firmly impressed on their memories, were they advanced to be *dyscyblaid*. In this way the majority of poetical productions were orally transmitted from generation to generation, without essential corruptions of the text, and thus we are able to understand how Macpherson, Mrs. Fraser, Farquharson, and others have been able to obtain by oral tradition, from the bards a good, and in the main, pure text of these poems. But if these poems of Ossian were also transcribed on costly parchment, he received the glory which distinguished the *filidh* or *pryddydd*, the poet of lofty imagination, from the bard or ordinary professional singer, who had a place in every noble house. Only if, by public acclamation, and by the voice of the assembled bards of the country from their Eisteddfod, a man was recognised as *pryddydd*, only if one had a right to wear the red robe of a prince, only in such a case were his poems to be transmitted to future generations in writing. The author of these works, who bears the name of Ossian, must have been such a recognised poet. And we need not seek for him later than the thirteenth century. When we consider that the written productions

of Welsh bards at present extant reach back, as Thomas Stephens has shown in his prize essay on the history of Welsh literature, into the sixth century, such a *terminus ad quem* for Ossian will appear anything but excessive.

And in fact we now find, from the eighteenth century and upwards, traces of testimony, borne by educated men, that the Gaelic people possessed epic poems of remarkable value. Alexander Macdonald, in his writing, "*Ais eiridh na sean chanoin Albannaich*," 1751, speaks of them; he says that there are all kinds of poetry in the Gaelic literature; he also knew epic poems in that language. Buchanan (about 1600) writes of the Gaels, "*Carmina autem non inculta fundunt, quæ rhapsodi proceribus aut vulgo audiendi cupido recit aut, aut ad musicos organorum modus canunt. Accinunt autem carmen non inconcinne factum, quod fere laudes fortium virorum continet; nec aliud fere argumentum eorum Bardi tractant.*" (They have well thought out poems, to the honour of their ancestors, which, either to do honour to their forefathers, or for the amusement of the greedily attentive people, are recited or sung with a musical accompaniment. Then they will strike up a song, not so ill fashioned either, which celebrates the praises of the heroes, for their bards scarcely occupy themselves with any other subject.) Johnson, the latinist, writes at the time of the Reformation, in his "*Præfatio ad historiam Scotorum*:" "*Quamvis intelligunt omnes plus semper virium et industria Scotis fuisse ad res gerendas, quam commentationis ad prædicandas, haberunt tamen antiquitus et coluerunt suos Homeros et Marones, quos Bardos nominabant. Hi fortium virorum facta versibus heroicis et lyrae modulis*

aptata concinebant, quibus et præsentium animos acuebant ad virtutis gloriam, et fortitudinis exempla ad posteros transmittabant. Cujusmodi apud Cambros et Priscos Scotos necdum desiere; et nomen illud patrio sermone adhuc retinent." (Though every one can see that the Scots have expended more diligence and strength in the accomplishment, than words in the praise of heroic actions, yet from old times they have had their Homers and Virgils and have done them honour. They called them "bards." These poets celebrated the deeds of the champions in heroic song accompanied by the harp; in this way they inspired the love of the times for the glory of heroism, and bequeathed examples of courage to future generations. There are still such bards in Wales and Scotland, and they still bear the same names.)

These sentences direct us, in the first place, to a time before the Reformation century for the blossoms of Gaelic bardic lore; in the second place, they show us that even in that century the Latinist Johnson recognised, as old relics, important epics (*antiquitus habita et culta*) which he ventured to compare with the works of Homer and Virgil.

Thus we need not inquire later than the fourteenth century; beyond that the path is open to us. Do these poems themselves not tell us something of their origin and author? Most assuredly. The poet, whom we have to thank for these poems, speaks of Ossian, the son of Finngal, as of himself in the first person. (Compare the end of the third and the beginning of the fourth song; further, Song 4, verse 410 *et seq.*, Song 5, verse 416 *et seq.*, and others.) The same explanation meets us in "Timora" and in other poems of Ossian.

The poet thus interweaves his personality with the adventures which he recounts. He is Ossian, the son of King Finngal; he has fought battles, once he loved Toskar's daughter, and now, as a blind solitary old man, he sings in deep grief of the proud days of his youth.

But it is just this sadness bordering on sentimentality, which one might think suspicious, and which might be a proof rather of forgery than of authenticity. One might say that it would be much more easily conceived that a later poet, wishing to put his songs in Ossian's mouth, should have done this with such calculated emphasis, than that the true Ossian, a rough soldier of the third century, should, in such a peculiarly modern fashion, give himself up to melancholy recollections.

On the other hand, it must be remembered that the Celtic poetry of the bards collectively, the Welsh as well as the Irish Gaelic, did not observe the sharp division between the Lyric and the Epic, to which we have become accustomed through the ancient classical poems. In almost all the war-songs which we have—and there is a goodly number of them from all the different centuries—the bard mingles his subjective reflections, relates his own story, and bemoans or lauds his fate. And that sadness, which in the mournful passages of Ossian seems to us so modern, is quite as noticeable in the songs of many another bard who, like Ossian, had once fought bravely on the side of his king. And in Ossian's poems, not a few of the heroes speak of their sad recollections of the dead love of their youth, in just the same manner as the bard himself. And, moreover, one must admit that these

mournful passages are extraordinarily simple, true and touching, and have the appearance of anything rather than of a modern manufacture.

But if this element of subjective sentiment does not tell against a genuine Ossianic authorship, the rest of the material of the poems, speaks decidedly in favour of it. What Ossian communicates as historical material, has been proved to be historical fact. The Invasion of Ireland by a Norman host, under King Suaran, when Cuchullin was acting as guardian and regent in the place of the young king, Cormak, forms the subject-matter of "Finnghal." Cuchullin, who in a spirit of haughty confidence ventured on a battle without awaiting the arrival of his allies under the Caledonian king, Finnghal, is defeated. Finnghal now lands with his heroes, and his nobility and heroism shine forth with redoubled splendour as he conquers the conquerors, rescues the vanquished Cuchullin, and secures to the conquered Suaran a safe return to Norway. Now Suhm, the Danish historical investigator, proves in his "Danish History," i., 94 *et seq.*, that there really lived a King Swaran of West Gothland, who, after many piratical voyages, fell into a war with Gram, King of Norway, in the year 240. The voyage to Ireland is thus, according to Suhm's opinion, to be placed some years earlier or somewhere about 238.

And as on the positive side of the question, our epic agrees with the Scandinavian story, so the negative side of the question is important, that in Ossian's poems, we do not find any allusion to, or narration of, the later Norman invasions, neither of that of Hojni in 353, nor of Friedli in 415, nor of

King Ring in 436, nor of Rolf, &c. Further, the different poems agree chronologically with each other. Thus Finnghal, in the epic of the same name, at the invasion of Suaran in 238, is a veteran hero with children and grandchildren; in Carul's campaign (218) in "Caomhala" he is a young prince, and in "Timora" (about 255?) an old man.

And along with the substance of the narrative, the description of the state of civilisation points to a primitive time. There is not the slightest reference in these poems to Christianity, or to Christian culture. A poet of the middle-ages would never thus have ignored Christianity. The middle-ages were much too ingenuous to have given a historical description of a former state of civilisation with conformable correctness. A poet of the middle-ages would have Christianised Finnghal just as the poets of the Nibelungenlied have turned the heathen legendary hero Sigurd into a Christian man, Sigfrid, who goes to hear mass. A poet of the middle-ages would have depicted the state of civilisation in his own time, and would have mingled it with the materials for his story, he would not even have known about the state of civilisation in the third century. Ossian gives all this exactly. In his poems the language is purely that of hunters and cattle-breeders, there never occurs the slightest trace of agriculture; the breeding of cattle is held in such estimation that princes and heroes, such as Cuchullin and Carbar, Caibre and Ferd, engage in mortal combat because of a dispute concerning the possession of a fine white cow. From the beginning there is not a word about marriage, in the Christian sense of the word.

(To be continued.)

AN GAIDHEAL.

*“ Mar ghath soluis do m’ anam fein
Tha sgeula na h-aimsir a dh’ fhalbh. ”—OISEAN.*

IV. LEABH.] TREAS MIOS AN FHOGHAIR, 1875. [46 AIR.

SEAN-FHOCAIL

X.—LEUM AN GÀRADH FAR AN ISL’ E.

Ma tha mi tuigsinn an t-Sean-fhocail gu ceart, 's e so brìgh a theagaisg. Anns gach ceum do d'dhleasdanas air thalamh,—anns gach nì a thig fa d'chomhair a bhith-eas mar fhiachaibh ort a radh no dheanamh, tha do roghainn de dhà dhoigh agad airson do dhleasdanas a choilionadh. Tha aon de na doighean so na's 'usa, na's seimhe, 's na's modhaile na 'n aon eile; agus tha 'n Sean-fhocal ag iarraidh an doigh is 'usa 's is modhaile 'roghnachadh. Is aithne dhuinn gu leir co bhuaithe tha samhladh an t-Sean-fhocail ag eirigh. Air cròitean beaga na Gaidhealtachd tha 'm fearann aithich 's an t-ionaltradh sgarte' o cheile le gàradh. Deireadh an earr-aich, an uair a theid am pòr 's a' ghrunnd, cuirear an crodh, na h-eich, 's na caoirich cùl a' ghàraidh-dhroma. Cha 'n 'eil, mar is trice, an greim ach lom cùl a' ghàraidh; agus chith-ear, gu minic, an spreidh a' sealltainn, le suil mhiannach, acrach, air an fhochann ghorm 's air an fheur dhlù a tha cinntinn taobh stigh a' ghàraidh. 'S ann, mar gu'm b'eadh, ri mart òg, gun ghò, a tha earail an t-Sean-fhocail, gu litireil, air a labhairt. Air bò, no air each, no air caora mhi-mhodhail cha ruigear a leas comhairle de 'n t-seorsa so a thoirt. Tha 'n comhairle 'n an ceann

fein. Cha 'n 'eil neach a chunnaic mart a' cur a cinn thar gàraidh, 's a beachdachadh gu geur air a' chuirm a tha fa comhair,—a toirt suil luath a sìos agus a suas air eagal gu bheil cù no duine 's an t-sealladh,—a tomhas airde a' ghàraidh r'a neart 's r'a h-acras fein,—a' toirt ceum air a h-ais 's air a h-aghaidh dh'fheuch am faie i bearn no isleach no eadhon àite socrach d'a casan airson a leum, nach aidich ge b'e cho feumail 's a tha 'n earail “Leum an gàradh far an isl' e” a thoirt air daoine, gu'm b'e bhi 'cur ime do thigh àiridh a toirt air crodh.

“Leum an gàradh far an isl' e,”—ach, nach i 'cheud cheist, an coir an gàradh a leum idir? Cha 'n i so, a charaid, a cheud cheist, no 'n dara ceist. Ann am fìor bhrìgh an t-Sean-fhocail, cha cheist idir i. Tha sinn, gun teagamh, a' cleachdadh an t-samhlaidh—leum a' ghàraidh—gu tric, airson a bhi deanamh an nì nach bu choir. Tha 'n samhladh freagarrach; oir, anns an t-seadh so, 's e 'n gàradh a chrìoch a tha eadar am fearann ceadichte 's am fearann toirmisgte. Cha 'n 'eil teagamh nach nì mi-laghail a tha 'bhò a' deanamh; agus feudaidh e bhi gu'm b'i cheud cheist a bu choir dh'ise fheoraich, co-dhiu bha no nach robh e ceart an gàradh a leum, an aite iosal no ard. Ach fhreagair am mart a' cheist, ma 's e 's gu'n do chuir i i, mar a fhreagras a' chuid mhor de'n chinne dhaonna i, air a doigh fein. Ma dh' fhaodte gu bheil e cho fìor mu

chrodh 's a tha e mu dhaoine gu'm faigh iad,

“Tuilleadh beannachd ann an dùil,
Na an crùn le bhi 'n a sheilbh;”

ach cha chum so crodh na 's mò na daoine toilichte le bhi 'n comhnuidh a' beathachadh air duil.

Is ceist mhor agus chudthromach a' cheist so mu leum a' ghàraidh—cha teid na's cudthromaiche mu d' choinneamh air thalamh. An còir an gàradh a leum idir; agus ma tha so ceadaichte air uairean, c'uin' is còir agus c'uin' nach còir, is ceistean iad so a tha tur eadar-dhealaichte, agus na miltean uair na's cudthromaiche na 'cheist a tha 'n Sean-fhocal a' dusgadh. Is ceist so a tha buntainn ri ciod tha laghail, agus ciod tha mi-laghail;—ciod tha ceart agus ciod tha cearr. Tha 'n Sean-fhocal a' buntainn a mhain ri ceist gu mor is isle na so—eadhon ciod tha iomchuidh no freagarrach agus ciod nach 'eil. Tha 'n Sean-fhocal a' gabhail os laimh, mar gu'm b'ann, gu'n do chnuasaich thu 'cheud cheist; agus gu'n do shocraich thu ann a d' inntinn fein gu bheil e laghail dhuitse, air an àm, an gàradh a leum; agus an sin tha e toirt comhairle ort airson an doigh anns a leum thu e. Mur biodh a' chuis mar so—na 'm biodh e an teagamh co-dhiu bu choir an gàradh a leum no nach bu choir, bu theagasg cunnartach teagasg an t-Sean-fhocail, oir an sin bu sheoladh e airson euceart a chur an gnìomh air an doigh a bu taitniche 's a bu tearuinte.

Cha 'n 'eil earail an t-Sean-fhocail, ma ta, a' buntainn, ann am fìor-bhrìgh cainnt chothromaich, ri d' dhleasdanas idir, ach a mhain ri d' bhuannachd 's ri d' thoilinntinn fein 's do choimhearsnaich ann a bhi 'cur do dhleasdanas an gnìomh. Cha 'n 'eil, mar so, teagasg an t-Sean-fhocail a' buntainn ris a' choguis idir, ach

ris an tuigse. Cha 'n 'eil umblachd a thoirt d'a theagasg ceart, agus eas-umhlachd cearr, gu bhi labhairt gu neo-chearbach; ach a mhain buannachdail no cailteach. Bhiodh ar n-Aithrichean gu tric a' cur dealachaidh eadar Lagh 'us Ceartas, agus tha sin comasach, ach dhuinne tha e moran na's feumaile bhi cur dealachaidh eadar na nithean tha ceart agus na nithean a tha mhain iomchuidh no freagarrach. Is ni cunnartach each a chur air teaghair ghoirid ri aodann gairt. Ach ma bheir thu do'n each teaghair cho fada 's gun ruig e air a leoir feoir, cumaidh teaghair gle shuarach á cron e; mur toir, brisidh an t-acras an teaghair, agus cha 'n ann air feur a chromas an t-each an uair a gheibh e ma sgaoil. Is tric a bha mi smuaineachadh gu'n do ghiorraich sinne an teaghair air uairean gus an deach a briseadh; agus gu'n cuala mi uair 'us uair teagasg anns an robh feur air a thoirmeasg cho maith ri fochann;—an e gu'n robh suil a' bhuachaille cho claon no cho dall 'us nach bu leir dha co-dhiu b'e feur no fochann air an robh an treud an tòir?

'S e do bhuannachd an comhnuidh geill a thoirt do earail an t-Sean-fhocail; agus tha mi meas gus e do dhleasdanas e mar is trice. Nach e do dhleasdanas do ghnòthuch a dheanamh air an doigh is lugha dragh dhuit fein 's is mo toilinntinn do d' choimhearsnaich? Nach e do dhleasdanas a' chainnt is modhaile 's is taitniche a chleachdadh a chum do smuaintean a chur an ceill? 'S e gun teagamh; ach is aon dleasdanas an gnìomh a dheanamh no 'chainnt a labhairt, agus is dleasdanas tur dhealaichte an doigh air an deantar an gnìomh no air an labhrar a' chainnt. Tha slighe an dleasdanas, air a feabhas, docrach, garbh; is e do dhleasdanas cho maith ri

d'bhuannachd an ceum is socraiche thaghadh. Feudaiddh amannan teachd anns am fairich thu gur e do dhleasdanas, a chum fianuis fhollais-each a thoirt an aghaidh eucoir no air taobh firinn shonruichte, an ceum is docraiche 's is cunnartaiche 'thaghadh. Gheibh thu air uairean cuid de nithean ri dheanamh 's ri radh, anns a' bheil an doigh air an oibrich thu 's air an labhair thu cho feumail a shonruchadh ris an obair 's ris an labhairt fein.

Ach cha tachair so ach ainmig. An uair a shocraicheas thu ann ad' inntinn fein ciod e do dhleasdanas, tha thu, mar is trice, sabhailte ann a bhi gabhail seoladh an t-Sean-fhocail a chum do dhleasdanas a choilionadh. 'S e Modh ann an cainnt agus Seoltachd ann an gnìomh teagasg an t-Sean-fhocail. A' bheil na feartan so dligheach d'ar Sluagh? Theirinn gu bheil ann an tomhas na's mo na shaoilear; agus co-dhiu 's e mo bheachd gur fiach fheoraich c'aite 'bheil sinn lag, agus c'aite 'bheil sinn laidir anns na cuisean so. Gheibhear an Sean-fhocal aig na Goill—"Loup the dyke where it's laigest." Tha e cosmhuil gu'n tug an dara Sluagh an Sean-fhocal o'n t-Sluagh eile. Co aige aca 'chinn e, cha'n fhios duinn, oir bha 'chleachduin o'n d'eirich an samhlahd cumanta do'n dà Shluagh. Ach co-dhiu a fhuair sinn an Sean-fhocal na thug sinn seachad e, chaidh a theagasg a sheirm 'n ar cluasan air doigh no dhà rè ar n-Eachdraidh; agus air aon doigh co-dhiu thug sinn geill do'n teagasg nach d' thug moran shluagh eile.

'N ar co-luadar ri coigrich, agus, feudaiddh mi 'radh, ri cach a cheile, nochdaiddh sinn, ann an Gaidhealtachd na h-Alba, 'n ar canain, 'n ar guth, 's 'n ar giulan barrachd meas agus urraim na nochdas na Goill. Anns an ni sin ris an abair sinn

modh, tha 'n Gaidheal, anns an rioghachd so co-dhiu, fada air thoiseach air a' Ghall. Cha bhiodh e duilich aobhar no dha fhaotainn 'n ar n-Eachdraidh airson cho teom 's a tha sinn air urram 'us meas a thoirt seachad; ach tha mi de 'n bheachd nach ann an Albainn a mhain a gheibhear an Gaidheal air thoiseach anns a' bhuaiddh so. Dearbhar gu soilleir, tha mi meas, gu'm buin a' bhuaiddh so ann an doigh chomharrachaidhe d'ar Sluagh. Bheir Gaidheil na h-Eorpa barrachd air na Cinnich eile ann an snas an cainnt agus ann am maise an conaltraidh 's an giulain ann an cuideachd. Tha fios againn nach 'eil sluagh 's an Roinn-Eorpa a thig a nios ris na Frangaich ann an snas 's an grinn-eas, 'n a n-eideadh, 'n a n-cainnt, 'n a n-giulan, 's 'n a n-obair. Airson modh a' chainnt tha 'm Frangach comharraichte. Agus cha 'n 'eil teagamh agam nach e 'm boinne Gaidhealach a tha ann am fuil an Fhrangaich a thug a leithid de atharrachadh as an Laidinn, neart-mhor, riaghailteach, greadhnach mar iadsan a labhair i, 'us gu'n do thiunnadaidh i 'n a Fraingis,—canain shnasmhor, loinnearach, mhilis, gheur. Ann am Breatunn, cha 'n 'eil teagamh nach labhair na Gaidheil na's fearr agus na's modhaile, a reir am foghlaim, na labhras na Goill. Tha cunntas creideasach againn air urram na Uelseach agus na Manannach ann an labhairt. Co nach cuala mar a shleamhnuich an t-Eireannach a' theanga ri Clach-an-t-sodail; agus co aige nach 'eil fios gu'n do gheuraich e i gu maith 's gu ro mhaith ri Leac-na-fanoid?

Theirear gu tric agus theirear le firinn nach faighear Sluagh an diugh air aghaidh an t-Saoghail, air cho beag foghlaim, a labhras cho cothromach, agus a bheir uiread dearbhaidh air bhi faighinn fìor

thoilinntinn ann am maise cainnt 'us samhlaidh, ann am Bardachd 's an Seanachas, ri Gaidheil na h-Alba. Bheireadh an dachaidh leth-oireach agus caithe-beatha chairdeil nan Ceann-cinnidh 's nan Uaislean teangadh mhodhail 'us giulan cuirteil do'n t-Sluagh; agus thug a bhi ghnath 'g eisdeachd Bardachd 'us Sgeulachdan dèigh dhoibh air smuaintean àrd 's air cainnt ghloin nach do dhealaich riu, ged theirig, ann an tomhas mor, na deagh chleachduinean sin. Cha robh eolas Eachainn Thiristich ro fharsuing, ach chuireadh a sheanachas, ann an urram 's an deisead cainnt, beul-sios air moran de Sgoilearan Albainn.

"CUAIRTEAR.—An e so Eachann?

"EACHANN.—'S e so fhein, le 'r cead, na tha lathair dheth; a' bheil sibh fhein 'n 'ur slainte?

"C.—Cha 'n fhaod mi bhi gearan. Co e 'n t-oganach a tha leat an so, Eachainn?

"E.—Sgonn balaich a's mac dhomh, aig a' bheil toil seanachas a bhi aige ribh. Thainig sinn a mach a Tirithe le làn bàta, le cead duibhse, de mhucan granda; agus ma tha leth-uair an uaireadair a dh'ùin' agaibh ri sheachnadh, tha sinn fìor thoileach 'ur comhairle fhaotainn."

'S e 'n *Cuairtear*, gun teagamh, a sgriobh an comhradh; ach cha 'n 'eil neach a chuala Tiristeach ri seanachas a dh'aidicheas gu bheil maise no blas cainnt Eachainn air a meudachadh.

'S e mo bheachd gu'n dearbh ar canain air doigh no dha gur Sluagh sinn aig a' bheil baigh ris na feartan a tha deanamh suas *modh*. Tha 'Ghaidhlig, gun amhurus, 'n a "Cainnt laidir, ruidhteach, is neoliotach fuaim;" ach 's e teisteanas Dhonnachaidh Bhain is firinniche mu fhìor ghne na canain:—

"A' sugradh 's a' bruidhinn le cheile,
A' togail eibhnis, mir', 'us manran;

Siobhalta, farasda, beusach,
Am beul gach neach a ta narach."

Bheirear air aghaidh mar dhearbhadh air modh nan Greugach cho buailteach 's a bha iad do bhi toirt seachad am beachd airdhoighsheimh, theagmhach, mar gu b'e 'm 'mmiann eadhon an naimhdean athoileachadh. Tha am feart so na's comharraichte 's a' Ghaidhlig na eadhon anns a' Ghreugais. Cha 'n 'eil neach a dh'amhairceas roimh 'n Ghràmar Ghaidhlig nach faic gu bheil sinn easbhuidheach anns na doighean labhairt a dhearbhas 's a dh'aich'eas. Cha 'n 'eil *no no yes* idir againn. 'S iad a' chuid is deise de'n Bheurla; ach cha 'n fhaighear 's a' Ghaidhlig iad. Cha 'n abair sinn *tha no bha* ach ainmig; 's e *bithidh* 'us *bhitheadh* a roghnaicheas sinn. Tha sinn teom air fiosrachadh a thoirt seachad mar gu'm b' ann a' feoraich a bhitheamaid. Tha sinn cleachdta bhi labhairt oirnn fein 'us air an aon ris a' bheil sinn a' bruidhinn mar gu'm bu neach eile bhiodh ann: "An e so Eachann? 'S e so fhein na tha lathair dheth," &c. Tha mi meas gu bheil a' chleachduin so ag eirigh o'n rùn a bhi cur toil neach eile an aite ar toil fein,—“ann an urram a' toirt toisich gach aon d' a cheile.” 'S e an aon bhuaidh inntinn a thug dhuinn na h-uiread de fhocail airson ar graidh do chach a' cheile chur an ceill; agus gu h-àraid an doigh labhairt ris an abair iad 's a' Bheurla *Euphemism*, agus 's an aite d' am buin mi *beul-boidheach*. Mar so their sinn an aite *blasaich e no dh'ew e, shiubhail e, chaochail e*; agus mu neach a tha marbh, *Am fear nach 'eil a lathair, Am fear nach maireann*. Anns a Sgìreachd 's an do thogadh mi, 's e *A ghin mhaith* a theirear ris an aon mu dheireadh de chluain uirceinean a tha, mar is trice, moran na's lugha 's na's laige na'n corr; agus 's e *Am bogha samhach* a theirear

ris a' chreig air an àirde bheucas an tonn.

Ach foghnadh so an traths'. Dh'fhaodte deagh leabhar a sgrìobhadh air an rian so 'n ar canain 's 'n ar litreachas. Dearbhaidh ar canain 's ar n-Eachdraidh gu'm bu daoine modhail, cuirteil ar n-Aithrichean, 'n an cainnt 's 'n an giulan. Anns an rathad so, codhiu, thug sinn làn umhlachd do theagasg an t-Sean-fhocail. Ach air an laimh eile, an robh sinn cho seolta 'n ar gnìomh 's a bha sinn cho modhail 'n ar cainnt? Their aon de'r Sean-fhocail, "Theid seoltachd thar spionnaidh;" agus aidichidh sinn gu bheil an radh fìor. Ach a' bheil sinn an comhnuidh 'n ar n-obair a gleidheadh na fìrinn air chuimhne? Theirear gu tric nach 'eil. 'S e 'm beachd cumanta mu'r Sluagh, gu bheil iad ro dhàna, ro dheas a dhol an dail cunnairt. An aite a bhi "leum a ghàraidh far an isl' e," nach abrar gu tric gur ann a thaghas an Gaidheal, le comhairle shuidhichte, an t-aite 's airde chi e, agus nach foghainn so leis, ach gu'n cuir e tein, le dhà laimh, ploc eile, gu minic, air a' ghàradh, a chum 's gu'n dearbh e do'n t-saoghal nach 'eil neach ann a leumas cho ard ris-san? Feudaidh e bhi gu'm faicear air uairean cuid d'er Sluagh g' an gluasad fein air doigh leth chosmhuil ri so; ach cha saoil mi gu'n dearbh ar n-Eachdraidh, agus idir cha dearbh ar Sean-fhocail, gu'm b'e so ar cliu. Bha agus tha ar Sluagh misneachail, neo-sgathach ri uchd cruadail, agus gu ma fada bhios an cliu sin fìor; ach is aon ni cunnart a choinneachadh gu calma, agus is ni eile dol g'a shireadh. Cha 'n ionann misneach 'us an-danachd. Tha 'm fìor ghaigeach glic:

"Na h-iarrsa carraid nan sgiath,
'S na diult i air sliabh nan cruach,"

arsa Fionnghal ri Oscar; agus co

theireadh gu'n tugadh esan comhairle shuarach air "mac a mhic" as an robh uail cho mor.

Feudar a radh gur e modh 'us faicill 'n ar cainnt teagasg nan Sean-fhocail a tha buntainn ris an ni sin a tha, a reir an Abstoil, eu-comasach—ceannsachadh na teangaidh. Ach gheibh sinn teagasg eug-samhuil eadhon anns a' chuis so. Theirear "Bagair 's na buail," ach a ris, "Bruidheann bheag 'us fuaim dhorn." Theirear gu fìor "'S e glòr mhilis a mheallas an t-amadan;" ach bheirear seachad mar fhreagairt "Is searbh a' ghlor nach feudar eisdeachd." Anns na Sean-fhocail, cha 'n fhaighear modh 'n ar cainnt air a mholadh cho tric ri faicill. Theirear "Brisidh an teangadh bhog cneath;" "'S e cordadh a reubas reachd;" ach airson faicill le 'r teangaidh tha na Sean-fhocail lionmhor agus teann. Is eigin gu'n robh an luath-bheul na bu draghaile d'ar n-Aithrichean na 'n droch-bheul: "Na h-abair ach beag, 's abair gu maith e;" "Am fear a ghleidheas a theangaidh, gleidhidh e 'charaid;" "Bithidh breith luath lochdach;" "Is olc an teangaidh is luaithe na 'n teine;" "Ma their thu na 's lèir dhuit, their thu na 's nàr leat;" "Cuiridh an teangadh snaim nach fuasgail an fhiacail."

'S e foighidinn, faicill, 'us seoltachd an àm dol an ceann gnothuich teagasg nan Sean-fhocail. Gheibhear aon no dha de chaochladh dreach,—"An ramh is faisge, imir;" "An cuirm is luaithe bhitheas ullamh, suidheamaid uile g' a ghabhail,"—ach 's ann gun teagamh air taobh faicill 'us seoltachd a tha chuid gu mor is lionmhoire. B'iongantach na'm biodh an t-atarrach fìor. Cha mhor dhaoine aig an robh barrachd aobhair na bha aig Gaidheil na h-Alba airson earalais 'us faicill. Bha iad ré moran de'n Eachdraidh buailt-

each do ionnsuidhean sgriosail, gun rabhadh, o'n naimhdean. Tha fathasd moran diubh aig a' bheil gnothuch ris a' mhuir; agus cha 'n aithne dhomh ceird a dh'iarras barrachd faicill 'us curaim a cheapadh cothrom air sruth 's air soirbheas, na 's trice dh'iarras barrachd seoltachd o'n luchd-obair, na ceird an iasgair Ghaidhealaich. Gheibh sinn cuid de na Sean-fhocail a' teagasg geilleadh an uair tha cuisean a'd' aghaidh: "Clachan dubha an aghaidh shruth-ean." Bha ar n-Aithrichean teom air a bhi comharrachadh cunnart 'us amaideachd turn a ghabhail os laimh nach b'e gu ro cheart do ghnòthuch, agus as nach biodh e ro fharasda faotainn ma sgaoil: "Na cuir do lamh eadar a' chlach 's a' sgrath;" "Eadar long 'us lamhrig;" "Eadar an dorus 's an ursaun;" "Eadar am bogha 's an t-sreang." Bha 'n cothrom maith a ghabhail air a theagasg leis an deagh Shean-fhocal, "Deasail air gach ni;" ach 's e curam 'us faicill 'us earalas bun 'us barr sgeoil nan Sean-fhocal a tha far comhair an traths': "Fanaidh duine sona ri sith, ach bheir duine dona dui-leum;" "Cha toir thu 'n aire gus an teid bior ad' shuil;" "Caora luideagach a theid 's an dris, fagaidh i h-olainn 's an dos;" "Mar is luaithe 's faisge mhoille;" "Cha 'n e 'n ro dheifir is fearr;" "Na gearr do sgornan le d'theangaidh fein;" "Am fear nach seall roimh, seallaidh e 'n a dheigh;" "Amhairc romhad mu'n toir thu do leum."

Tha na h-earailean so cothromach, agus tha earailean de'n t-seorsa lionmhor 'n ar Sean-fhocail. Is co-ionann teagasg do mhoran de'r Sgeulachdan. Chuala sinn uile mar a thachair Diarmad ri 'bhàs. Thomhais e 'n torc, le troighibh ruisgte, o 'shoc gu 'shail, 's cha d'fhuiling beud; 's ann an uair a dh'fheuch e ri thomhas an aghaidh a' chuilg a reub-

adh a shail le mile lot. Ma bha ar Sluagh bras, dian rè 'n Eachdraidh, mar theirear gu minic a bha iad, cha b'e so teagasg a thuair iad, ann an tomhas 'mor co-dhiu. Agus cha 'n 'eil mi cho cinnteach gu'n robh ar n-Aithrichean cho bras no cho dian 's a chuirear cho tric as a leth. Fàgar orra gu bheil iad mairnealach. leisg an dara uair; agus cluicnidh sinn uair eile nach buin foighidinn no faicill d'ar daoine. Feudaidh beagan de'n fhirinn a bhi 's an dà bheachd; ach cha 'n e 'n dara aon na n-aon eile an toll a mhill an t-seiche Ghaidhealach, ma 's e 's gur ann millte tha i. Tha earailean nan Sean-fhocal a dh'ainmich mi feumail, cha deanar moran rath as an eugmhais; ach tha iad easbhuidheach. Tha cainnt mhodhail 'us giulan eireachdail 'n a nithean mais-each 'us cliùiteach; ach eadhon an so gheibhear an gath an taice na meala. Feumar an comhnuidh barrachd luach a chur air Firinn na air Modh; agus mur gleidh thu meas ort fein, caillidh tu urram dhaoine eile. Tha Sodal ann an dlù dhaimh ri Modh; is ro thrice a dh'fhas an Cuirtear 'n a Sgimileir. Tha faicill 'us earalas mu'n toir thu lamh air gnothuch feumail; ach cha dean faicill 'us earalas, air a meud, leo fein cliu Sluagh a chuir am farsuingeachd. Feumaidh buaidhean is airde bhi air an cleachdadh;—tuigse gheur a thaghas a chuis is glìce, rùn seasmhach a chum a' chuis a thoirt gu buil a dh'aindeoin gach grabadh a thig 's an rathad, seoltachd a ni am feum is fearr do gach meadhon 'us cothrom air an ruig do lamh, agus dichìoll nach failnich ann a bhi 'g oibreachadh a mach do rùn. Ma gheibhearna feartan so air an cleachdadh ann an tomhas riaghailteach, 's ann dona da rìreadh a tha 'n t-aite anns nach bi an Sluagh sona agus sealbhach.

D. M'K.

ORAN MU CHALLART.

AIR Fonn—"Oran nighean fir Gheambail."

Mo chruit chìtil le mòrchuis dùisg,
Is seinn gu siubhlach rann domh;
'S le moran muirn gun innsinn cliu
Air bruthaichan lurach Challart.
B'e miann gach sul 'a bhi dhut dluth,
A's tu 'n ad' chulaidh ghreadhnach,
An tùs an Og-mhios ad' ùr chòta
Lan neonain agus shobhrach.

Gur boidheach grian rè fad an lò,
Gu h-òrbhuidh air do chluaintean,
Mar adhaire pàiltis 'taom gun airc ort
Gach maise, a chualas.
Gheobhadh am fear anmhann càil
'S an àileadh ghlan, gun truailleadh,
Tha measg do thulmain uaine, fheoir,
'S na rosan tha mu d' bhruachan.

O! 's beag a chailleas tu de d' sgiamh,
Ged dh'fhalbhas fiamh an t-shamhraidh,
'S gach craobh dhiot snuagmhor leis an
uaine

Tha suaicheanta le seorsa;
Bagailtean ruiteach air caoran,
'S fraoch na chulaidh bhainnse;
'S ged thig le gruaim a ghaillionn fhuar
Cha luidh ort tuar a gheamhraidh.

'S ann air do phaircean molach feoir,
Is lodail a bhios cruachan,
Is air de dhailtean bhios an t-arbhar,
Diasach, tarbhach, smuaiseach;
Mnaithean gu luinneagach, gniomhach,
Leagadh sìos na 'n sguab dheth,
'S an fhuil chraobhach le teas iomairt
A mire na 'n gruaidhean.

S gur bliochdar, laoghmhor, torrach,
Do mhonaidhean sgiamhach,
Feurach, fuanach gach coire,
'S am faighte am fiadhach;
Tarmanaich na 'n creachan fuara,
An coileach ruadh, 's an liath chearc,
'S air do shealgair dol ri d' gharbhlach
Cha bhiodh fhalbhan diomhain.

B'e ceol mo ghaoil a bhi mu d' raoin,
Ag eisdeachd laoidh na 'n alltan,
Cruitearachd mhilis an loin-duibh,
'S oraidean na smeoraich,
Uiseag dortadh o' na neoil oirnn
Orain nach 'eil cainnt orr',
'S i mar gun cual i ponc na dhà
O chlarsaichean na 'n ainglean.

S' ann air do lar tha 'n aitreabh aillt'
S am faighte gradh 'us faoilteachd,
Bhiodh ceol na piob, is cuirm gun dìth
'S an aros ghrinn ri fhaotainn,
Aig sliochd nan armunn b'iad 's an
arfhaich

Meangain ard nan laochraidh,
Ursannan catha na gaisge
'S brataichean ga 'n sgaoileadh.

Cha b'ann mar rainich no luachair,
Rinn air n-uaisle cinntinn,
Daragan aosmhor na h-Alba,
B' ainmeil anns gach linn sibh;
Ceannardan buadh-mhor 'n am feachdaibh
Mu 'm bheil eachdraidh sgriobhte,
A leanadh tre dheuchainn an ceartas,
'S g'am bu reachd an fhirinn.

S ged dh' fhalbh na daragan rioghail,
'Sheasadh sinn 'n ar cruadal,
Dh' fhag iad na plurain,
Is fiughala buadhan;
Rosan air broilleach a cheutain,
'Chinn o gheugaibh uaibhreach,
S o 'n dean fhathasd fiurain eiridh,
Le treine an dualchais.

'S c'uime dh'fhagainn thu gun rann,
A bhaintighearna tha statail;
'S gar culaidh dhusgadh Bard gu buaidh,
Do bhuadhan-sa g'a n-aireamh,
A bhean is rioghala de d'fhine,
Ri d'chinneadh 's ri d' chairdean,
Iochd-mhor ri aosmhor 'us ainnis,
'U's tairis ri annrach.

Dhomh cha b' fhuar bhi nochd ad' choir
Am shuidh' aig bord na fialachd;
Is tu mar chleachd le faoilteachd mhor
Is grinneas corr g'a riaghladh,
Gu furanach, aoidheal, cairdeal,
Uasal, gradhach, fiachail,
S gur tric fhuair aimbearteach a lòn
O 'n laimh le 'n deoin a bhiatachd.

'S o na dh' fhag mi tir mo ghaoil
Gur ioma taobh bha m' fhalbhan
An t-Suain, 'us Lochluinn, 's an Ollaindt,
An Fhraing mhor, 's a Ghearmailt;
Cha shasuich am breaghad mo shuil,
Ged 's pluranach neo gharbh iad,
'S mi cuimbeachadh t-fhalluin 's a cheutain,
Le seudan a' dealradh.

MAIRI NICEALLAIR,

Air bord na "Gleann-comhan."

Mios a Mhairt, 1872.

COMHRADH

EADAR MURACHADH BAN AGUS
COINNEACH CIOBAIR.

MUR.—“Ciod a chuir co moch air do chois thu, a' Choinnich; An dh' fhuair thu deagh fhois an ràoir, an deigh gach allabain agus sgiòs a dh' fhuiling thu?”

COIN.—“Tha aobhar agam a bli tàingeil, oir cha do dhuig mi rè na h-òidhche, agus cha do charaich mi gus an cùala mi am buachaill a' cur a' chruidh a mach, air chor is gu'n d' thug mi deagh cheartas do'n chadal.”

M.—“Feùmaidh an duine tàmh na h-òidhche f'haotuinn, a' Choinnich, oir mar faigh, cha chomas da gach dleas' nas a dheanamh air mhodh iomlan, aon chuid air son an t-saoghail a ta' làthair, no an t-saoghail a ta chum teachd. Is mòr am beannachd an oidhche, mar an t-àm a's freagarraich' air son tàimh agus foise.”

C.—“Ro cheart, a' Mhurachaidh, agus is mòr an t-aobhar tàingeileachd a ta againn le chéile gu'm bheil slàinte agus gach sochair eile againn, chum gu'm feud sinn an fhois sin a shealbhachadh air son ar leas fein. Tha mòran ann, gidheadh, d'an do dhiùltadh am beannachd mòr so,—mòran a ta fo thrioblaid agus thinn-eas, air an lùasgadh a null agus a nàll ré na h-òidhche, a' miannachadh gu'n tigeadh solus an latha, air doibh a bhi gu searbh air an claidh.”

M.—Cha'n 'eil teagamh air sin idir, a' Choinnich, agus Ochan! is lionmhor eiseimpleir a ta againn air sin. Tha ban-choimhearsnach againn ann so, nighean do Fhear-na-Cùile, agus cha do chuir i car ceart dhi o cheann da fhichead bliadhna air ais. Tha i gach là ag éiridh agus a' gluasad air feadh an tighe, ach rè na h-ùine sin, cha du chuir i car slàn

dhi; agus an déigh sin, tha i suilbhear, sona, a' cur a dòchais anns an t-Slanuighear bheannaichte, agus ann am firinnibh an t-Soisgeil.”

C.—“Is miorbhuileach cumhachd nan Sgriobtuir, a' Mhurachaidh! Is e am Biobull an Leabhar a's iongantaich' a chunncas riamh air ùachdar na talmhainn! Chan' 'eil coimeas idir aige!”

M.—Gun teagamh, a' Choinnich, cha'n 'eil Leabhar ann cosmhuil ris, ni mò tha Bith eile ann cosmhuil ri Ughdar mòr an Leabhair Naoimh sin, eadhon an Ti Uile-ghlice agus thròcaireach a dheachd e le' Spiorad Naomh fein. Tha'm Biobull 'na Leabhar gu'n choimeas, mar a thubhairt thu fein agus thugamaid buidheachas d'ar n-Athair Neamhaidh fein, a thug dhuinn e mar lochran d'ar cois, agus mar sholus d'ar céum. Feùmaidh sinn seasamh dlùth agus daingean ri Focal Dé. Is e ar dleas' nas agus ar buannachd a rànsachadh gutric, gu dùrachdach, agus le h'ùrnuigh. Tha toil Dé air a foillseachadh ann, agus tha e toirt fiànais air Criosd an t-aon Slanuighear. Ge b'e ciod an staid anns am bheil sinn air ar siudheachadh,—ge b'e ciod na déuchainnean a thig 'nar car,—ge b'e ciod na dleas' nais a tha againn ri chur an gnìomh, na cailleamaid sealladh dhe'n Bhiobull, Biodh e againn 'na chompanach gu'n dealachadh, agus 'na chomhairliche d'an toir sinn geill. Ged a chuireamaid cùl ris gach ni eile, dluthleanamaid ris-san. Biodh e leis gach aon againn air a chreidsian, air a rànsachadh, agus air a ghràdhachadh, agus bithidh sinn sona. Is solus e d'ar n-anam-aibh,—is stéigh e d'ar n-aobhneas,—is bunait e d'ar dòchas,—agus is tobar e as am feud sinn gu leir uisgeachan na beatha agus na slàinte a tharruing gach là.”

C.—“Is taitneach do bhriathran,

a' Mhurachaidh, agus is iad sin na nithe air am bu chòir duinn a bhi 'beachd-smùaineachadh mar so air an t-Sàbaid, agus cha'n ann air nithibh faoin agus sgàileach an t-saoghail aingidh so."

M.—"Tha àm ann air son 'nan uile nithe, a' Choinnich, mar a ta an duine glice ag ràdh 'Aig gach ni tha tràth, agus àm aig gach rùn fuidh néamh. Am gu bhi air ar breith, agus àm gu bàs fhaotuinn; àm gu marbhadh, agus àm gu leigheas; àm gu briseadh, agus àm gu togail suas; àm gu gul, agus àm gu gàire; àm gu caoidh, agus àm gu dannsadh; àm gu cosnadh, agus àm gu càll.' Seadh, tha tràth aig gach ni fo'n ghréin, ach chan' 'eil àm agus uairean naomha na Sabaid freagarrach gu bhi 'labhairt mar bu mhiann leatsa, a' Choinnich, mu na sithichean agus gach gleòrmas eile air an d' thug sinn 'nar dithis iomradh gu trice. Chan' 'eil idir. Biodh a dhlea'snas fein aig là an Tighearna araon a'm follais 'san uaigneas, agus air an Là sin deanamaid seirbheas dhligheach Dhà-san a ta 'gar cumail suas."

C.—"Tha do theagasg, a' Mhurachaidh, ceart co fìor agus fallain 's ged a thigeadh e à béul seann mhinisteir na sgìreachd, dh' ionnsuidh an d' theid sinn chum éisd-eachd d'an eaglais an diugh. Ach nach àluinn am Biobull mòr a th' agad ann so, a' charaid, co làn dhealbh, co h-òirdheire air a cheangal, agus co soilleir 'sa chlodh-bhualadh! Ach ciod an leabhar so a ta 'na mheadhon ris an abrar an *Apocripa*? Cha'n fhac mi an earrann sin dhe'n Bhiobull riamh."

M.—"Cha bhuin an *Apocripa* do'n Bhiobull idir, a' Choinnich, ged is minic tha e air a cheangal suas maille ris. Tha diadhairean agus daoine foghluinte a' deanamh mach, nach 'eil e air a dheachdadh agus air a bheannachadh leis an Spiorad

Naomh mar leabhraichean eile nan Sgriobtuir, ged tha deagh léughadh ann am mòran deth."

C.—"Feudaiddh sin a bhith, ach cha chual mi riamh iomradh air gu so, a' Mhurachaidh, agus cha'n 'eil là a dh' éireas duine nach fhaic e ni air chor-eigin nùadh. Bu mhaith leam, gidheadh, beagan dhe'n *Apocripa* a chluinntinn."

M.—"Ma ta, a' Choinnich, dean suidh gu stolda, agus leughaidh mise dhuit eachdraidh ro ghrinn as an leabhar sin, ris an abrar 'eachdraidh Shusanna;' agus bheir mi dhuit ann an Gaeilg i, cainnt do mhathar fein."

C.—"Ro mhaith, a' Mhurachaidh choir, ro mhaith, cluinneamaid i."

M.—"Eisd, ma ta, gu curamach, a' Choinnich, agus mo làmh-sa gu'n taitinn an eachdraidh riut, a ta 'dol air a h-aghaidh mar a leanas."

EACHDRAIDH SHUSANNA.

1. Bha duine a' chòmlnuidh ann am Babilon, d'am b' ainm Ioacim.

2. Agus ghabh e bean, d'am b'ainm Susanna, nighean Chelciais, boirionnach ro mhaiseach, agus neach air an robh eagal an Tighearna.

3. Bha paranta mar an ceudna ionraic, agus theagaisg iad an nighean fein a reir lagha Mhaois.

4. A nis, bha Ioacim 'na dhuine mòr, saibhir, agus bha gàradh taitneach aig a'm fochair a thighe; agus a'rsan bha na h-Iudhaich a' taoghal do bhrìgh gu'n robh e nis' urramaiche na càch air fad.

5. Air a' bhliadhna chéudna chaidh dithis do sheanairibh an t-sluaigh a shònrachadh gu bhi 'nam breitheamhnaibh, a leithid 's mu'n do labhair an Tighearna, gu'n d' thàinig aingidheachd o Bhabilon o na seann bhrèitheamhnaibh, a ghabh orra fein an sluagh a riaghladh.

6. Thaoghail iad sin gu mòr air tigh Ioacim : agus thàinig iadsan uile aig an robh cùisean lagha d'an ionnsuidh.

7. A nis, an uair a dh' fhalbh an sluagh aig meadhon an latha, chaidh Snsanna dh' ionnsuidh gàraidh a firposda a ghabhail sràide.

8. Agus chunnaic an dithis sheanair i a' dol a steach gach là, agus a' sràid-imeachd ; air chor is gu'n robh an ana-miann air a lasadh d'a taobh.

9. Agus thruaill iad an inntinn fein, agus thionndaidh iad air falbh an sùilean fein, chum nach sealladh iad gu néamh, agus nach ciumhnich-eadh iad ceart-bhreitheanas.

10. Agus feùch, bha iad nan dithis air an lotadh le a gaol, gidheadh cha robh a' chridhe aig an aon a dhòlas a nochdadh do'n aon eile.

11. Oir bha nàir orra an ana-miann fein a chur an céill gu'n robh iad a'n geall gnothuch a bhi aca rithe.

12. Gidheadh rinn iad faire gu dichollach o là gu là ann a bhi 'ga faicinn.

13. Agus thubhairt an t-aon ris an aon eile, Rachamaid a nis dachaidh, oir tha e tràth-dinneir.

14. Mar sin, an uair a chaidh iad a mach, dhealaich iad o chéile, agus a' pilltinn doibh a ris, thàinig iad do'n cheart àite, agus an déigh dhoibh an t-aobhar fhoighneachd de aon a' chéile, dh' aidich iad an ana-miann fein ; an sin shèamaich iad le chéile àm, an uair a gheibheadh iad i leatha fein.

15. Agus thachair e, an uair a bha iad a' feitheamh air son àm' freagarrach, chaidh ise a steach mar a b' abhaist, le dithis bhan-òglach a mhàin, agus bha i togarrach air i fein ionnlad anns a' ghàradh ; oir bha e blàth.

16. Agus cha robh neach sam bith an sin ach an dithis sheanair, a

dh' fholuich iad fein agus a rinn faire oirre.

17. An sin, thubhairt i ri bhan-òglachaibh, Thugaibh d'am ionnsuidh oladh agus peileirean-ionnlaid, agus druidibh dorsan a' ghàraidh, a chum gu'n ionnlad mi mi fein.

18. Agus rinn iad mar a dh' iarr i orra, agus dhruid iad dorsan a' ghàraidh, agus chaidh iad fein a mach air dorsaibh uaigneach, a dh' fhaotuinn 'nan nithe a dh' àithn' i dhoibh : ach cha'n fhac iad na seanairean, do bhrìgh gu'n robh iad folluichte.

19. A nis, an uair a chaidh na bhan-òglaich a mach, dh' éirich an dithis sheanair suas, agus ruith iad d'a h-ionnsuidh, ag ràdh.

20. Féuch, tha dorsan a' ghàraidh air an druideadh, air chor is nach faic neach sam bith sinn, agus tha gaol againn ort ; uime sin, aontaich leinn, agus luidh maille ruinn.

21. Oir mar dean thu sin, togaidh sinn fianuis 'a'd' aghaidh, gu'n robh oganach maille riut ; agus gu'n do chuir thu, uime sin, do bhàn-òglaich air falbh uait.

22. An sin rinn Susanna osnadh, agus thubhairt i. Tha mi air mo theannachadh air gach taobh ; oir ma ni mi so, is bàs domh e ; agus mar dean mi e, cha chomas domh a dhol as o bhur làmhaibh-sa.

23. Is fearr domh tuiteam 'n'ur làmhaibh-sa, agus gu'n sin a dheanamh, na peacachadh ann an sealladh an Tighearna.

24. Le sin ghlaodh Susanna le guth mòr ; agus ghlaodh an dithis sheanair 'na h-aghaidh.

25. An sin ruith an t-aon, agus dh' fhosgail e dorus a' ghàraidh.

26. Uime sin, an uair a chual seirbhisich an tighe an glaoth anns a' ghàradh, léum iad a stigh air dorus uaigneach a dh' fhaicinn ciod a rinneadh oirre.

27. Ach an uair a chuir na sean-

airean an cùis fein an céill, bha na seirbhisich gu mòr fo nàire: oir cha d' rinneadh a leithid sin do sgéul riamh mu Shusanna.

28. Agus thàinig e gu crìch air an ath là, an uair a chruinnich an sluagh dh' ionnsuidh Ioacim a fir-pòsda, thàinig mar an ceudna an dithis sheanair làn do droch inn-leachd an aghaidh Shusanna chum a cur gu bàs;

29. Agas thubhairt iad an làthair an t-sluaigh, Cuiribh fios air Susanna, nighean Chelciais, mnaoi Ioacim. Agus mar sin chuir iad fios oirre.

30. Uime sin thàinig i maille r'a h-athair agus a màthair fein, a clòinn, agus a cinneach uile.

31. A nis bha Susanna 'na boirionnach ro mhallta, agus maiseach ri h-amharc.

32. Agus dh' òrduich na daoine aingidh sin a h-aghaidh a leigeadh ris, (oir bha i air a còmhdachadh) chum gu'm biodh iad air an lionadh le a maise.

33. Uime sin ghuil a càirdean, agus iadsan uile a chunnaic i.

34. An sin sheas an da sheanair suas ann am meadhon an t-sluaigh, agus chuir iad an làmhan air a ceann.

35. Agus sheall ise, a' gul, suas gu neamh; oir chuir a cridhe dòchas anns an Tighearna.

36. Agus thubhairt na seanairean, An uair a bha sinne a' sràid-ineachd leinn fein anns a' gharadh, thàinig am boirionnach so a steach le dithis bhanòglach, agus dhùin iad dorsan a' ghàraidh, agus chuir i a ban-òglacha air falbh.

37. An sin thàinig òganach, a bha an sin folluichte, da' h-ionnsuidh, agus luidh e maille rithe.

38. An sin, air duinn a bhi 'nar seasamh ann an oisinn a' ghàraidh, a' faicinn na h-àingidheachd so, ruith sinn d'an ionnsuidh.

39. Agus an uair a chunnaic sinn

cuideachd iad, cha b' urrainn sinn am fear a chumail; oir bha e ni bu treasa na sinne, agus dh' fhosgail e an dorus, agus léum e a mach.

40. Ach air glacadh a' bhoirionnach so dhuinn, dh' fhòighneachd sinn cò an t-òganach a bh' ann, ach cha'n innseadh i dhuinn: air na nithibh sin tha sinne a' togail fianuis.

41. An sin chreid a' mhòr-chuideachd iad, mar iadsan a bha 'nan seanairibh agus 'nam breitheamhnaibh do'n t-sluaigh: uime sin, dhìt iad gu bàs i.

42. An sin, ghlaodh Susanna a mach le guth mòr, agus thubhairt i, O Dhé shiorruidh, da'n aithne na diomhaireachdan, agus aig am bheil fios air na h-uile nithe mu'm bi iad ann;

43. Tha fios agadsa gu'n do thog iad fianuis bhréige 'na m' aghaidh; agus féuch, féumaidh mi am bàs fhaotuinn; ged nach d'rinn mi riamh a' leithid do nithibh 'sa dhealbh na daoine sin gu h-aingidh 'nam aghaidh.

44. Agus chùal an Tighearn a guth.

45. Air an aobhar sin, an uair a thugadh a mach i gu bhi air a cur gu bàs, thog an Tighearna suas spiorad naomh duine a bha ro òga, d'am b' ainm Daniel;

46. A ghlaodh le guth mòr, Tha mise saor de'n fhuil aig a' bhoirionnach so.

47. An sinn thoinndaidh an sluagh uile iad fein d'a ionnsuidh, agus thubhairt iad, Ciod a's ciall do na briathraibh sin a labhair thu?

48. Uime sin, a deir esan, a' seasamh 'nam meadhon, Am bheil sibhse, a mhic Israeil, a leithid de dh' amadanaibh, 's gu'n do dhìt sibh nighean do dh' Israel, gu'n cheasnachadh, agus gu'n eòlas air an fhirinn?

49. Pillibh a ris gu àite a' bhreith-

eanais : oir thog iad fianuis bhréige na h-aghaidh.

50. Uime sin, phill an slagh gu léir a ris le cabhaig, agus thubhairt na seanairean ris, Thig, agus dean suidh maille ruinn, agus nochd dhuinn e, do bhrìgh gu'n d' thug Dia urram seanair duit.

51. An sin thubhairt Daniel riutha, Cuiribh an dithis sin air leth, an t-aon fad o'n aon eile, agus ceas-naichidh mise iad.

52. Mar sin an uair a dhealaicheadh iad, an t-aon o'n aon eile, ghairm e air aon diubh, agus thubhairt e ris, O thusa a ta air fàs aosda ann an aingidheachd, a nis a ta do pheacanna a rinn thu roimh so, air teachd chum an t-Soluis :

53. Oir thug thu a mach breitheanas eucorach, agus dhìt thu an neo-chiontach, agus leig thu leis a' chiontach dol gu saor ; gidheadh a deir an Tighearna, An neo-chiontach agus an t-ionraic na màrbh.

54. A nis uime sin, ma chunnaic thu i, innis domh, Ciod a' chraobh fo'm faca tu iad ann an comunn a' chéile ? Fhreagair e, Fo chraobh-mhastic.

55. Agus thubhairt Daniel, Gu ro mhaith ; rinn thu bréug an aghaidh do chinn fein : oir eadhon a nis fhuair aingeal De órdugh Dhé chum do ghearradh 'nad' dhà leth.

56. Mar sin chuir e gu taobh e, agus thug e àithne an duine eile a thoirt air aghaidh, agus thubhairt e ris, O thusa a shìol Chanaain, agus ni h-eadh Iuda, mheall maise thu, agus thruaill ana-miann do chridhe.

57. Mar so bhuin sibh ri nigheanaibh Israel, agus a thaobh eagail chum iad comunn ruibh ; ach cha'n fhuilingeadh nighean Iuda bhrìgh n-aingidheachd.

58. A nis uime sin, innis domh, Ciod a' chraobh fo'n do ghlac thusa iad ann an comunn r'a chéile ? Fhreagair e, Fo chraobh-tuilme.

59. An sin thubhairt Daniel ris, Ro mhaith ; rinn thusa mar an ceudna bréug an aghaidh do chiun fein : oir tha aingeal an Tighearna a' fantuinn leis a' chlàidheamh chum do ghearradh 'nad' dhà leth, chum gu'n sgrios e thu.

60. Le sin ghlaodh an coimh-thional uile a mach le guth mòr, agus mhol iad Dia, a thearnas iadsan a dh' earbas as.

61. Agus dh' éirich iad an aghaidh an dithis sheanair, oir dhìt Daniel iad air son fianuis bréige le'm béul fein :

62. Agus a rèir lagha Mhaois rinn iad d'an taobh-san air a' cheart seòl is a rùnaich iad fein gu h-aingidh a dheanamh a thaobh an coimhears-naich fein : agus chuir iad gu bàs iad. Mar so chaidh an fhuil neo-chiontach a theasairginn an là sin fein.

63. Uime sin mhol Celcias agus a bhean fein Dia air son na nighinn aca Susanna, maille ri Ioachim a fear-posda, agus an cinneach gu léir, do bhrìgh nach d' fhuaradh eas-onoir sam bith innte.

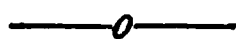
64. O'n là sin a mach bha Daniel fo chliù mòr ann an sealladh an t-sluaigh.

COIN.—“Gu cinnteach, a' Mhur-achaidh, tha'n eachdraidh sin, mar a thubhairt thu, d'a rìreadh taitneach ; ach, O ! nach b' iad na h-eucoraich na seanairean, ach dh' fhoghainn Daniel dhoibh, agus thoill iad e. Ach cò a chuir an eachdraidh sìos mar sin ann an Gaelic ?”

M.—“Cò ach do sheann charaid an Sgiathanach, mu'n robh barail agad gu'n robh seillean 'na cheann, a thaobh gach cunntais a thug e air na réultaibh 'nan cuairtibh, agus air lionmhorachd nithe dhe 'n ghué sin, do nach b' urrainn thusa creideas sam bith a thoirt. Ach, le beannachd, rachamaid dh'ionnsuidh na h-eaglais, oir tha 'n uair a' tarruing

am fagus. Faigh do bhata, a'
Choinnich, agus falbhaidh."

ALASDAIR RUADH.



SGIALACHD ÆNEAIS LE VIRGIL.

Eadar-theangaichte o' n Laidinn gu Gailig
le D. B. B.

(Air a leantuinn.)

(Carson a dhiùlt thu dhòmhsa 'n tras
Gu'n glacainn do làmh am dheis?
Gu'n cluinninn do bhriathran fìor
'S gu'm freagairinn a rìs air m' ais?"
So ghearain e 's thionndaidh a chùrs'
Gu baile nam mùr 's nan slògh.
Ach dh'fhalaich Venus iad le chéil
'G an éideadh le earradh ceò,
Sgaoil i ùmpa ceathach dluth
Gu'n ceiltinn bho shùil gach neach,
Mu'm bacadh 's mu'm beanadh dhaibh làmh
A' foighneachd cion fàth an teachd.
Dh' fhalbh i fein air sgéith gu h-àrd
Gu Paphos a h-ionad-rùin,
A's ràinig i teampull a gràidh
An t-Aros san robh a h-ùigh,
Ceud altair tha 'n sin fo smùid
Le tùis bho Sheba an àigh,
A's crun orra de lusan ùr
Cur faile chùbhraidh feadh gach àit.

Dh' imich iad an sin le cheil
An taobh a nochd an ceum an ròd,
A's dhirich iad mullach an tuim
A bha os ceann a' bhaile mhòir,
A bha 'g amharc sìos bho'n àird
Air gach bàbhuinn a bha thall,
Na caisteil ghreadhnach a bha 'n àit
Nam bruchlagan gràd a bh' ann.
Na geatachan 's na sràidean réidh
B' iognadh le Æneas còir,
Othail a's farum nan daoin',
A's saothair gach aosd a's òg,
Na Tiorraich bha 'g obair le sùrd
A' togail nan tùr bho'n bhonn,
A' sineadh a' bhalla mu'n cuairt
'S a' tionndadh chlachan cruadha trom.
'N uair thaghas fear làrach d' a thigh
Grad-iadhar i stigh le clais;
Tigh-seanait agus tighean-mòid
Chuireadh an òrdugh gu cas.
Tha cuid ag oibreachadh le fonn
Cur caladh nan long air seòl;
Tha cuid a' togail thighean-cluich
Gu fearas-chuideachd agus ceòl;
Chithear cuid air feadh nan creag
A' gearradh nan clach le neart,
'N an carraighean mora grinn
Chur mais air an linn ri teachd.
Mar shaothair nam beach ri gróin
Feadh rosan air reidhleinn glinn,

Aig toiseach an t-samhraidh nuaidh
'N uair chuirear fo ghluais an linn;
Faosgaidh an t-al òg 'n an deann
Le srannraich a mach bho'n sgeap,
A's taisgidh iad stor meala suas
An ciribh cuaicheanach mu seach;
'N uair thig iad le soireachan làn
Gabbaidh càch an eallach dhiubh,
A's fògraidh iad a mach gun iochd
Na seilleanan leisg nach fù;
Gach seillean ri h-obair le sùrd,
A's boltrach cubhraidh de 'n mhil.
"O! is sona da rìreadh an sluagh
Tha 'g obair cho cruaidh 's cho dil!"
So labhair Æneas, an sonn,
'N uair sheall e nunn air na tùir;
Bha inntinn le h iognadh làn
A' faicinn nan àros ùr.
'Na earradh miorbhuileach de neul,
Chaidh e féin am measg nan daoin';
Chunnaic e 's choinnich gach neach,
'S cha'n fhacas esan le h-aon.
Am meadhon a' bhaile steach,
Tha doire a' s taitniche sgàil,
Fhuaras ann ceann eich fo 'n ùir
Ag cladhach air tùs 's an àit;
'N uair bha na Puinnich air an claidh
Le gaoith a's le tuinn a' chuain,
Thug Iuno dhoibh comharradh cinnt
Mar mhanadh na sìth 's na buaidh:
Gu'm biodh am fine ro threun
Gu cogadh an streup nan lann;
A's iomraiteach bho linn gu linn
A's buadhach gu crìch gach am.
Chuir Dido do Iuno suas
Teampull mòr buan 's an àit;
Bha dealbh na bain-dé daonnan ann,
A's tabhartais nach gann gach lá;
Bha staidhir na stairsnaich de phrais,
Na sailthean le prais bha snaimt';
A's chluinnteadh dorsan prais ri fuaim
Air lùdagain chruaidhe toinnt';
'S an doire so chunncas rud ùr
A chitìnich eagal nan sonn;
Ghlac Æneas misneach mhòr
Dh' ath-bheothaich dòchas 'n a chom.
Dh' fhas earbsa nise na bu mhò
Ri furtachd bho gach dòruinn chruaidh;
Oir 'n uair a dh' fheith e aig an àit
Gus an tig a' bhàn-rìgh'nn suas;
Sheall e air gach nì bha steach
'S an teampull mhor fharsuinn réidh,
Sonas a' bhaile 's an luchd-ceàird,
A's obair an làmh gu léir;
Chunnaic e cathan na Tròidh,
An cogadh mòr an òrdugh sìos,
Chaidh iomradh air tre 'n chruinne-ché
Tre 'n domhan gu léir gu chrìch;
Sheall e mic Atreuis chruaidh
A's Priam rìgh na gruaige lèith,
A's Aichioll mòr borb nam fraoch
Bha ascaoin ris na laoiach le chéil.

Sheas e le h-ioghnadh 's an àit,
 Ri Achates thuirte le deoir :
 "Cia 'n t-ionad no'n t-àite fo'n ghréin
 Nach d' ràinig an sgeula bròin !
 Faic Priam aosda ! Bheirear duais
 Do dh-éuchdaibh buadhach an so fòs ;
 Silear dedir an so gu pailt
 Le cridheachaibh bhios tais ri leòn ;
 Cuir d' eagal air falbh gu grad
 Glac misneach bho'n t-sealladh nuadh,
 Thig furtachd thugainn agus fòir
 Bho eachdraidh dhòinich ar truaigh."

Labhair e mar so gu sèimh
 A's bheachdaich geur air gach dealbh,
 Le osna thruim bho ghrùnnd a chléibh,
 Fhliuch e ghnùis le deuraibh searbh.
 Chunnaic e gaisgich na Gréig
 A' teicheadh 'n an leum mu Thròidh ;
 Oigridh Thròidh 'g an ruith gu dian
 Tarsuinn air fiaradh an lòin.
 Laochraidh Phruigia a ris
 A' dian-ruith gu léir 'n an deann ;
 Aichioll le ceann-bheairt nan seòc
 'N a charbad air an toir gu teann.
 Dh' aithnich e 's e sileadh dheur
 Buthan Rhesuis faisg air laimh,
 Cainb gheal mar shneachd nam beann
 An crochadh os an ceann gu h-àrd.
 A cheud oidhche chaidh am brath,
 Mac Thuide chreach e iad gun truas ;
 Lion e iad le mort us àr
 'S chuir mòran gu bàs de'n t-sluagh.
 Na h-eacha meamnach thug e nùnn
 Gu camp Greugach nan lann cruaidh,
 Mu'n d' fhuair iad blas air feur na Tròidh,
 'S mu'n d' ol iad uisge *Xanthuis* luath.
 'S an teampull an àit air leth
 Troilus bha ruith 'n a dheann,
 Chaill e 'airm, an t-òg gun rath
 Chaidh chath ri Aichioll nan greann.
 An carbad tharruinn na h-eich
 'S e crochte ris air a dhruim,
 Iall nan srian gu teann 'n a làimh
 Fhalt a' sguabadh làr an fhuinn,
 A mhuineal shlaodadh air an làr,
 A' ghainneamh sgriob bàrr na sleagh ;
 Thorchradh a chneas leis an lainn,
 A's thainig i tre dhruim a muigh.
 Chaidh maithrichean Thròidh 'n an sgann
 Gu teampull Phallais gun bhàigh,
 Am falt sgaoilte sìos mu'n cluais
 'S an *Phalluinn Bhuidheil* ac' 'n an laimh :
 Ag achanaich gu brònach truagh
 'S a' bualadh an uchd gu trom ;
 A' bhain-dia fheargach fo ghruaim
 Ag amharc gu duairce crom.
 Tri uairean shlaod Aichioll cruaidh
 Corp Hector nam buadh 's nan stri,
 Mu'n cuairt air ballachaibh Thròidh,
 A's reic e air son òir e ris.
 Rinn Æneas osnaich ghoirt
 'N uair chunnaic e'n corp 's am faobh,

'S an carbad bu le charaid gràidh
 An làmhan Aichill nam fraoch.
 A's Priam a' togail a làmh
 Gun airm mar b' abhaist 'n a dhòrn ;
 'N uair sheall e dh' aithnich e e fein
 Measg ceannard nan Greugach còrr ;
 Armailtean na h-Airde near
 Dh' aithnich e iad sin gu léir ;
 Airm Mhemnoin dhuibh, sonn an àigh
 A thainig bho éirigh grein ;
 Penthesil, an goil a fraoich,
 Armailt nam Ban-laochraigh stitir,
 Le 'n targaidibh leth-chruinn mar ré
 'N uair chithear i 's an speur as ùr ;
 A' Bhan-ghaisgeach threun nach fann,
 Chiteadh bhos us thall gu luath,
 Le mire-chath bho reang gu reang,
 A' ruith 'n a deann am measg an t-sluaigh ;
 Cheanga l i do réir a nòis
 Crios de 'n òr fo broilleach lom :
 Bu dana misneachail an òigh,
 Oir chum i còmhrag ris gach sonn.
 'N uair bha e beachdachadh gu dèidh
 Air gach ioghnadh bha 's an àit,
 A' gabhail iongantais nach gann,
 Gun ghluasad air ball no làimh,
 Thainig Dido suas gun dàil
 A' bhàn-rìgh'nn a b' àillidh snuadh,
 Bannal lionmhor aig a taobh
 De dh' òigridh aobhach gun ghruaim.
 Cosmhuil ri Diana mhoir
 Aig abhainn Eurotais nam bruach,
 No firichean Cynthus Chuintis àird
 A's còisridh a graidh mu'n cuairt ;
 Miltean Oigh-dhé nam beann
 Ri taobh a' dannsadh 's a' leum ;
 Balg-shaighead air a guailnibh àigh,
 'S i toirt bàrr air càch gu léir.
 Is mòrdhach a triall air feur,
 'S a cridhe ri fri-leum gu luath
 Le h-aoibhneas diomhair 'n a com,
 Latona nam fonn 's nan ruag ;
 B'amhluidh Dido 's b'amhluidh ceum,
 Aoibhinn am measg cheudan òigh,
 A' greasad na h-oibre gu crìch
 Am baile na rioghachd moir'.
 Aig dorus an ionaid naomh,
 Am meadhon an teampull mhòir,
 Shuidh Dido air cathair àird,
 A saighdearan mar gheard d'a còir ;
 Thug i'n sin air cùisibh breth
 A's dhaingnich i 'n reachd gu teann ;
 An obair roinn i do gach neach.
 'G a tarruinn a mach le crann.
 'N sin chunnaic Æneas gu grad
 Fir na Tròidh a' teachd 'n an sgaoth,
 Serghestes agus Antheus còrr
 'S Cloanthus mòrdhalach an laoch ;
 Sgapadh iad le doruinn chruaidh
 'G am fuadach a null 's a nall ;
 B' ioghnadh le Æneas caomh
 Gu'm fac e luchd a ghaoil 's an àm :

Lionadh Achates an sàr
 Le geilt a's gàirdeachas le chéil ;
 A's mhiannaich an sin gun dàil
 An càirdean fhàilteachadh gu léir.
 Bha 'n inntinn fo bhruidhean mòr
 A chionn nach b' eòl doibh cia mar bha ;
 Ach dh' fhuirich iad fo'n earradh cèd
 A dh' fholaidh iad mar chleòc le sgàil.
 Bheachdaich iad gu geur an sin
 A dh' fhiosrachadh mu chor nan sonn,
 Carson a thàinig iad an tràs,
 No càit an d' fhàg iad an cuid long ;
 Oir thaghadh buidheann as gach luing
 A dh' aslach caoimhneis agus truais ;
 A's ràinig iad teampull an àigh
 Le co-ghair a b'airde fuaim.

(Ri leantuinn.)

AN TUAIRISGEAL.*

BHA rìgh Eirionn ann roimhe so, agus cha robh aige ach aon mhac. Chuir e roimhe làn ionnsachadh, mar a thigeadh do mhac rìgh, a thoirt dha air gach oilein a bha dol ri a linn. H-uige so chuir e seachd bliadhna shlàn do'n sgoil e, 's bha e bliadhna aig an tigh. Chuir e seachd bliadhna eile ann e, agus thug e amhuil sin bliadhna shlàn aig an tigh. Chuir e rithist seachd bliadhna eile ann e, agus bha e an sin ullamh ionnsachaidh.

Thog an rìgh, an gleann monaidh, caisteal briagha anns an robh sia faraidhnean air àirde, agus an uair a thàinig an gille dhachaidh, thug e dh' fhaicinn a chaisteil e. Bha iad a' sealltainn air an tigh, agus an tionndadh na boise, ghèarr an gille cruinn-leum agus bha e shuas air an fharadh a b' àirde. An uair a thàinig e nuas thill 'athair's e fhein dhachaidh. Thaitinn an caisteal gu h-anbarrach math ris a' ghille, ach cha do leig e sin air ri 'athair, agus an lairna-mhàireach, is e a bh' ann gu'n d' thug e an gleann air. Choinnich òlach ceannruadh anns a' ghleann e aig a' chaisteal agus thuirt e ris :

"An cuir thu cluith air an tàileasg an diugh, a mhic rìgh Eirionn?"

"Cuiridh, cuiridh, carson nach cuireadh ann an rìgheachd m' athar's mo sheanar," osa mac an rìgh.

Thòisich iad air an tàileasg, agus bha iad ag iomairt air bho éirigh gu laidhe na gréine, agus chaidh an cluith air an Olach Cheannruadh.

"Tog dhiam buaidh do chluith," os an t-Olach Cheannruadh.

"Togaidh, togaidh," osa mac rìgh Eirionn, "Is e sin taobh a' ghlinne bhi làn de chrodh dubh agus cluas ruadh air gach té dhiubh."

Thill e dhachaidh an oidhche sin agus dh' innis e dh'a athair mar a thachair.

"Is math ma mhaireas," os an rìgh.

Moch 's a' mhaduinn thugar an gleann air a choimhead a' chaisteil, agus na feudalach a fhuair e 'n dé, agus aig a' chaisteal tachrar an t-Olach Cheannruadh air.

"An cluith thu cluith air an tàileasg an diugh, a mhic rìgh Eirionn," os an t-Olach Cheannruadh.

"Cluithidh, cluithidh, carson nach cluithinn an diugh mar a chluith mi an dé an rìgheachd m' athar's mo sheanar," osa mac rìgh Eirionn.

Thòisich iad, agus bha iad 'g a iomairt bho éirigh gu dol fotha na gréine, agus chaidh an cluith air an Olach Cheannruadh.

"Tog dhiam buaidh do chluith," os an t-Olach Cheannruadh.

"Togaidh, togaidh," osa mac rìgh Eirionn, "Is e sin taobh eile a' ghlinne a bhi làn de chrodh ruadh agus cluas dhubh orra."

Thill e an oidhche sin dhachaidh, agus dh' innis e dh'a athair mar a thachair.

"Is math ma mhaireas," os an rìgh.

Chaidh e a laidhe, agus, am marbh na h oidhche, ciod a thàinig a stigh do 'n t-seòmar ach an t-aon

* Angus Mackay, Galmasdale, Eigg, reciter. — ABBACH.

bhoirionnach a bu bhriagha a chunn-
aic e riabh, agus tuitear e an trom
ghaol oirre. “Cha bhi bean dhìol-
ain no phòsda agamsa gu bràch ach
thusa,” ars esan. “Cha phòs mise
am feasd thu,” ars ise. “Tha thu
dol am màireach do 'n ghleann,
agus thainig mise g' ad chur air
d' fhaicill; caillidh tu an cluith—
oidhche mhath dhut.”

Dh' éirich e moch 's a' mhaduinn
agus thu; e 'n gleann air, agus
choinnich an t-Olach Ceanntuadh far
am b' àbhaist.

“An cluith thu cluith air an tàl-
easg an diugh, a mhic rìgh Eirionn,”
ars an t-Olach Ceanntuadh.

Cluithidh, cluithidh, carson nach
cluitheadh an diugh mar a chluith
mi 'n dé, an rìgheachd m' athar 's
mo sheanar,” arsa mac rìgh Eirionn;
agus am bial na h-oidhche chaidh an
cluith air mac an rìgh.

“Tog dhiam buaidh do chluith”
osa mac rìgh Eirionn.

“Togaidh, togaidh,” os an t-Olach
Ceanntuadh, tha 'n t-àm agam. Tha
mi ag cur mar chroisean 's mar
gheasan ort, thu bhi d' lobhar maol
carrach gus am faigh thu mach
dhomh mar a chaidh an Tuairisgeal
Mór gu bàs.”

“Tog dhiam buaidh do chluith,”
osa mac rìgh Eirionn, “cha chuala
mise iomradh air an duine sin
riabh.”

“Cha tog 's cha leag ach mar sid,”
osa an t-Olach Ceanntuadh.

“Ma is ann mar sin a thà,” osa
mac rìgh Eirionn, “biodh d' aghaidh-
sa ris an àirde niar agus do chùlaobh
ris an àirde near, agus gun mhìr
bidh a bhi agad ach na chuireas a'
ghaoth tuath bhàrr na glaise eòrna
ud shìos, agus gun bhoinne dibhe
bhi agad ach na chuireas a' ghaoth
near bhàrr an loch-uisge ud shuas
gus an till mi.”

“Tog dhiam buaidh do chluith,

agus togaidh mi dhiat,” ars an t-
Olach Ceanntuadh.

“Ma 's ann mar sin a thà ma ta,”
arsa mac rìgh Eirionn, “thig, agus
innis do naidheachd, air a' chnoc so,
ged a bhiod cnàimh an Eirinn, 's
cnàimh an Albainn, agus cnàimh an
Sasunn dhiamsa.”

Cha robh comas air, ach thill e
dhachaidh, agus dh' innis e dh'a
athair mar a thachair; agus, rud
nach b' ioghuadh, bha an rìgh gu
dubhach, deurach. Cha b' fhois
agus cha bu chadal do 'n ghille an
oidhche sin, agus mu 'n do bhlaiss an
t-ian an t-uisge, dh' éirich e 's
chuir e—

I léineag phleatach shròil,
De 'n t-sloda bhuidhe,
Air a gheal-chorp.
Chuir e a chòta eangbaidh sròil,
Air uachdar na h-òr-léineige.
Chuir e lùireach mhòr, mhuilchinneach,
Shìth, thorghonta, thorghleusta,
Gharbh, ghabhalta,
Air am bu shaoithreach
An dà cheardaich,
A dhìon a chuirp
'S a gheal-bhràghad,
('S gu 'm bu sho-ghràdhach dhà
Gaol bhan agus mhaighdean)
Nach bàthadh muir,
'S nach loisgeadh teine.
Thug e 'chlaideamh caol cruadhach,
As a' chistidh chaoil ghiubhais,
A's dh' fhalbh e 's na ceumannan
Sùrdagach, luchdor, làidir,
Am baath chur an eòlais,
'S am bo chur an aineoil.
'S bu mhò e na maol-chnoc sléibhe
Am beum a chuir e an deaghaidh a dhà
shàlach
'S bha e shuas air gualainn a' ghlinnein,
Dol a dh-iarraidh sgiala-bàis
An Tuairisgeil!

Ràinig e an oidhche sin tigh a'
Ghrugaich mhòir, mac rìgh na
Sorcha. “Fàilt ort fhein a mhic
rìgh Eirionn,” os an Gruagach, “is
fhada bho 'n a bha e 's an targanaich
gu 'n tugadh tu oidhche am thigh.
Am misde mi 'fhoighneachd dhiat
ceann do theidhidh 's do shiubh-
ail?”

“Cha mhisd’ thu,” osa mac rìgh Eirionn, “is tu nach misde. Tha mi dol dh’ fhiach am faigh mi mach mar a chaidh an Tuairisgeal Mór gu bàs.”

“Ma tà,” os an Gruagach, “is ioma rìgheachd rìgh ’us ridire a shiubhail mise, ach guth air an Tuairisgeal Mhór cha chuala mi riabh; ach teann a stigh, agus gabhaidh tu tàmh a nochd còmhlarium. Tha bràthair agam is fhalbh-anaiche, ma dh’ fhaodte, na mi fhein. Theagamh gu ’m faigh thu sgial aigesan air, agus theagamh nach fhaigh, ach co-dhiùbh, teann a stigh.”

Theann mac rìgh Eirionn a stigh, agus fhuair e gabhail ris gu math ’s gu ro mhath; ach coma, an lairn-amhàireach, dh’ éirich e moch ’s a’ mhaduinn ’s togar air gu falbh. Bha ’n Gruagach air a chois, agus mar a bha e ag gabhail soiridh leis a’ ghille, thuirt e ris gu ’n robh coiseachd là ’us bliadhna eadar e agus tigh a bhràthar mheadhonaich. “Ach” os esan, “tha socair-bhonn agam fhein ’s bheir iad ann fo oidhche thu. An uair a ruigeas tu cuiridh tu an aghaidh air an tigh so, agus thig iad fhein air an ais dhachaidh.”

Chuir e an t-socair-bhonn air, ’s ràinig e tigh a’ bhràthar mheadhonaich romh thuiteam oidhche. Thill e dhachaidh an t-socair-bhonn mar a dh’ iarr an Gruagach air. Chuir am bràthair meadhonach fàilt air, agus thuirt e ris, “Is fhada bho ’n a bha e ’s an targanaich gu’n tugadh tu oidhche am thigh. Am misde mi fhoighneachd dhiat ceann do theidhidh ’s do shiubhail?”

“Cha mhisd’ thu,” arsa mac rìgh Eirionn, “is tu nach misde. Tha mi dol dh’ fhiach am faigh mi mach mar a chaidh an Tuairisgeal Mór gu bàs.”

“Ma tà” ars esan, “is ioma rìgh-

eachd rìgh ’us ridire a shiubhail mise, ach guth air an Tuairisgeal Mhór cha chuala mi riabh, ach teann a stigh.” Dh’ innis e an sin da gu’n robh bràthair òg aige a b’fhalbh-anaiche na e fhein; “Tha e,” os esan, “ag cur cuairte air an t-saoghal dà uair ’s a’ bhliadhna, ’s mur fhaigh thu forfhais aigesan air, faodaidh tu tilleadh dhachaidh. Tha coiseachd là ’us bliadhna eadar thu ’s e, ach tha socair-bhonn agam fhein ’s bheir iad ann fo oidhche thu. An uair a ruigeas tu cuiridh tu an aghaidh air an tigh so agus thig iad fhein air an ais.”

Moch ’s a’ mhaduinn an lairn-amhàireach, rinn e e fhein deas, agus chuir e air an t-socair-bhonn. An uair a ràinig e ’s cha b’ fhada h-uige, thill e dhachaidh an t-socair-bhonn mar a chaidh iarraidh air. Chuir am bràthair òg fàilt air agus thuirt e ris, “Is fhada bho’n a bha e ’s an targanaich, a mhic rìgh Eirionn, gu’n tugadh tu oidhche am thigh. Am misde mi fhoighneachd dhiat ceann do theidhidh ’s do shiubhail?”

“Cha mhisd’ thu,” arsa mac rìgh Eirionn, “is tu nach misde. Tha mi dol dh’ fhiach am faigh mi mach mar a chaidh an Tuairisgeal Mór gu bàs.”

“Ma tà,” ars esan, “is ioma rìgheachd rìgh ’us ridire a shiubhail mise, ach guth air an Tuairisgeal Mhór cha chuala mi riabh, ach teann a stigh.”

Fhuair e gabhail ris gu math ’s gu ro mhath mar a thigeadh do mhac rìgh, agus moch ’s a’ mhaduinn an uair a bha e deas gu falbh, thuirt an Gruagach òg ris, “Cha’n ’eil comas air, a mhic rìgh Eirionn, ach theirig suas do ’n ghleann ud shuas. Chi thu ann mòran de eich ’s de loithean a’ leumraich ’s a’ ruideis. Am bial na h-oidhche thig loth pheallagach odhar a dh-òl deoch as an tobar. Cuiridh i an t-sine dheas

air a gualainn thoisgeil, agus an t-sine thoisgeil air a gualainn dheis, agus leig thusa mar fhianuis air talamh 's air athar gur dalta-ciche dhi thu."

Is e so a rinn e.

"Is ioma dalta dona a bh' agam riabh," os an loth pheallagach, "ach ciod e tha bhuat?" "Tha bhuam," os esan, "sgial air bàs an Tuairisgeil Mhoir." "Theirig air mo mhuin," os ise, cha'n àm stad e."

Chaidh e air muin na loth peallagaiche, agus, a mhic chridhe, cha b'astar 's cha bu ruith e gus an oidhche sin—iad a' fàgail na gaoithe-Màirt a bha rompa, 's cha bheireadh a' ghaoth-Mhàirt a bha 'n an deaghaidh orra. Mu dheireadh rainig iad loch. "Tha 'n loch so," os an loth, "seachd mìlegach rathad agus seachd mìle air doimhneachd. Cha'n àm so gu dol timchioll, ach gearraidh mi leum thairis air. Ma chinneas do ghnothach leat, marcaichidh tu gu math." Ghabh i roid 's ghèarr i 'n leum. A' dol air tir thall bha esan a' slaodadh ri h-earball. "Rinn thu greim math," os ise, "biodh misneach agad, ach am beil fhios agad càite am beil thu nise—tha thu air fonn rìgh na h-Inneidh! Tha réis an diugh aige 'g a cur, e fhein 's moran uaislean, 's mòran each 'us loithean aige. Tha barraille òir 'us barraille airgid aig gach taoghal. An uair a ruigeas sinne, thig an rìgh a nuas far am bi thusa, agus farraididh e dhiat ciod e tha thu a' dol a chur ri sid. Their thusa nach nach 'eil òr no airgiod agad air do shiubhal, ach gu'n cuir thu do cheann an geall ris; agus ciod sa bith a thairgear dhut ormsa na gabh ni no dad ach seann rìgh na h-Inneidh, agus cuimhnich sin."

Is ann mar so a bha.

"Ciod e an geall-réise a chuireas tu" os an rìgh.

"Le 'r cead, a rìgh," os esan,

"cha 'n 'eil òr no airgiod agam—cha 'n 'eil mi ag cleachdadh a thoirt leam air cheann-turuis ach air éiginn na dh' fhoghnas domh, ach cuindh mi mo cheann an geall." "Foghnaidh sin" osa rìgh òg na h-Inneidh.

An sin thòisich an t-strìth. Leig iad air falbh na h-eich; ach mu 'n robh càch an leth an rathaid dhòirt an loth odhar am barraille òir agus amhuil sin am barraille airgid. An sin thàinig rìgh òg na h-Inneidh a nall far an robh mac rìgh Eirionn, 's thuirt e ris, "Is e a th'agadsa steud rìgh 'us ridire 's cha steud duine bhoichd; bheir mise dhut a cudthrom de òr oirre." "Cha ghabh mi ni no dad air an loth idhir, ach seann rìgh na h-Inneidh," os esan. "Cha b' ann air son na lothaige peallaiche a chreiceamaid seann rìgh na h-Inneidh idir, 's cha bu choltach gu 'm b' ann," os an rìgh òg. "Mur h-ann gleidhidh mise mo loth agam fhein," arsa mac rìgh Eirionn.

Chuir maithean na h-Inneidh an cinn ri chèile, agus 's e comhairle a chinn aca gus an rìgh òg a thoileachadh an seann rìgh a reic bho 'n a bha e air dol bho mhath co dhiubh. Bu chruaidh leis a' ghille, 's gu'm b' eadh, dealachadh ris an loth idhir, ach cha robh atharrachadh aige air. Dh' earb i ris an t-srian a thoirt leis, agus crathadh a thoirt oirre a' chiad eiginn a thigeadh air.

An sin thugadh an mac seann rìgh na h-Inneidh air a shuanadh an rùsg ollainn ann an cliabh. Thog an gille an cliabh air a mhuin, agus dhealaich e fhein 's an loth odhar. Bha e 'cumail air cian fhada 's cian fhada, 's fada nan cian leis an rìgh air mhuin 's a' chliabh. Mu dheireadh thachair coille mhor air. "A' dol romh 'n choille so, b'abhaist domh dol bhàrr m' eich a bhuain slaite a ghreasadh e, leig air làr mi, dh' fhàiginn mo bheannachd aice," osa seann rìgh na h-Inneidh. "Is

fhad a sheachainn thu i," osa mac rìgh Eirionn.

Bha iad ag cumail air an aghart mar sin, 's thuirt an rìgh a rithist, "Tha abhuinn mhòr an so, 's cha deachaidh mi riabh seachad nach d'òl mi deoch, leig air làr mi." "Is fhada a sheachainn thu i," osa mac rìgh Eirionn. Na 'n leigeadh e air làr e bhiodh spionnadh chiad fear ann, ach crathar an t-srian. Cha b' fhada gus am fac e an loth odhar a' tighinn 's leumar air a muin. Bha iad ag cumail air an aghart agus ciod a thachair orra ach teine, agus rinn iad stad. "O," os ise, "nach greidh thu buinn na béiste ris an teine 's gu'n innseadh e naidheachd dhuinn." Rinn e sid, 's tòisichear an seann rìgh:—

"Bha triuir mhac aig m' athair, mise agus dithis eile. Dh' eug ar màthair òg, agus phòs ar n-athair a rithist. Cha robh ar muime math dhuinn idir, agus la de na làithean, thigear togail foipe agus buailear an slachdan-draoidheachd oirnn, agus cuirear am mach ris a' bheinn ud urad sinn 'n ar trì madaidhean-alluidh. Bha sinn an sin a' tighinn beò air spréidh ar n-athar; ach cha b' fhada gus an d' fhuair na buachaillan am mach sinn; agus is e 'bh' ann gu'n do chuir iad faghaid fothainn 's gu'n do chuir iad lecreig mhóir sinn. Cha 'n 'eil fhios agam ciod é fhad 's a thug sinn 'n ar paisein; ach an uair a dhùisg mise fhuair mi mo bhràithrean air am bàthadh, agus mo chluasan fhein air an ithe. An sin ghabh mi an snàmh gu taobh thall an loch. Thuit gu'n robh mòran sluaigh cruinn an uair a bha mi ruighinn gu tìr: feadhain ag glaodhaich cur as domh, agus feadhain ag iarraidh mo chead a thoirt domh, gu'n dianainn peata. Bha duine uasal 'n am measg ag gabhail seallaidh dha fhein, 's gabhar son diam, agus

dianar peata dhiam. Thug e leis dhachaidh mi 's chuir e air lomhainn mi 's an t-seomar-chadail aige fhein. Co b' e an duine uasal a bha 'n so ach rìgh. Bha h-uile duine fuathasach math dhomh, 's cha robh dìth no deireas orm.

An ceann ùine bha bhànrigh gus an dalla taobh a dhol di, ach thuit gu 'n robh an rìgh 's a' bheinn-sheilg. Rugadh leanabh-mic dhi, agus ciod a thàinig ach a' Chruit-chiuil mu 'n cuairt de 'n tigh, 's tuitear na mnathan-glùine 'n an cadal, 's thigear cròg a stigh air an fhàrleus agus sguabar leatha an leanabh. An uair a dhùisg na mnathan cha robh fhios aca ciod a dhianadh iad, ach tha fhios agad nach robh na mnathan riabh gun luim, agus is é rinn iad cuilein coinamharbhadh agus 'fhuil a shuathadh ri m' bhial-sa, 's chuir iad am fiachaibh do 'n rìgh gu'n do mharbh mi an leanabh. 'Tha 'n gnothuch gu h-olc,' os an rìgh, 'ach dianadh e dà choire eile orm agus marbhaidh mi e.' Chaidh a rithist an dara taobh de 'n bhanrigh, agus thàinig a' Chruit-chiuil 's a' chròg 's dh' éirich do 'n chuis mar a dh' éirich roimhe, agus cha robh an rìgh idir toilichte. Cha robh comas air, ach chuir mi romham gu'n gearrainn an t-slabhruidh le m' fhiacian, mu'n rachadh a rithist an dalla taobh de'n bhànrigh. Ach coma thainig a' Chruit-chiuil mu'n cuairt de'n tigh agus tuitear na mnathan-glùine 'n an surram-suain, 's thigear a' chròg mar a b' àbhaist agus togar leatha an leanabh. Cha deachaidh sid air mhithapadh dhòmhsa, leum mi 'n deaghaidh na croige 's cha bi am munar, agus thug mi leam bho 'n ghualainn i, agus an leanabh, agus chuir mi làmh rium 's a' chrò iad. An uair a dhùisg na mnathan shuath iad fuil piseige ri m' bhial, gu blàth fala bhi orm, agus an uair a thill an

righ as a' bheinn-sheilg thuirt iad ris gu'n do mharbh am mada maol an leanabh. Ghabh an righ diomb mór, agus cha b' iognadh dha, agus thuirt e riumsa, "Ma 's ann mar so a tha cha bhi thusa na's fhaide beo," agus dh'fhosgail e doras a' chrotha gu m' leigeil am mach. U'huir mi fhein a' chròg 's an leanabh am mach romham, agus dh'innis mi a h-uile car mar a thachair. Thuig an righ mar a bhà, agus thuirt e riumsa, 'A mhada mhaol, na 'm biodh tusa fuasgailte bho chionn thrì bliadhna cha bhiodh mo challsa cho an-trom 's a thà e an diugh, ach fhad's is beò thu bidh tu air do chead fhein, agus fiach co aig a tha chridhe a chorràg a thomhadh riut, no a ràdh gur h-olc.' An uair a fhuair mimorehead thug mi am mach orm, agus leis an toileachas cha robh fhios agam co dhiùbh bha fotham mo cheann no mo chasan. A' dol seachad air gàradh a bha 'n sin, ciod e a chuala mi ach ròmhàn mór, agus tillear air m' ais agus faighear an ùruisg mhór dhuine iad 'n a shìneadh air cùl a' ghàraidh. "Co sid?" osa mise. "Tha 'n so mise," os esan, "an Tuairisgeal Mór. Bho 'n is tusa a thug dhiam a' chròg bho 'n t-slinnein, cuir a nise ùir 'us talamh orm." "Cha 'n urrainn domh uaigh a chladhach dhut," osa mise. "Seall-tu mo chlaidheamh mór urad ud, agus cladhaichidh tu leis i—do sheachd fad fhein air fad, agus do thrì fad air liad." An uair a bha i deas agam dh' iarr e orm a nise mi g' a tomhas. An uair a bha mi stigh innte thàinig an Tuairisgeal air a tharsuinn innte dh' fhiach am mùchadh e mi, achadh-aon dhochunn no dh' èiginn gan d' fhuair mi dh' èirich mi, 's chuir mi ùir 'us talamh air an Tuairisgeal. Dh' innis e dhomh gu 'n robh dà mhac an righ ann an creig os ar cionn, 's na 'm buailinn mo chas oirre gu 'm fosg-

ladh i 's gu'm faighinn beò slàn iad. Fhuair mi iad mar a thuirt e, agus thug mi leam iad thun an righ. 's rinn an righ toileachas mór.

"Tilg a' bheist 's an teine," os an loth pheallagach odhar, "tha 'n tòira' tighinn—còig ciad làn ghaisgeach: sia famhairean diag, agus fichead ridire, a' tighinn gus mo ghlacadh: bi gabhail air mo mhuin, sin iad am mach." Leum mac righ Eirionn air muin na loth 's thug i na buinn. "Tha mi 'g am lagadh 's 'g am leonadh," os ise, "seall am faigh thu clachag gheal am bun mo ladhair. 's tilg as do dheaghaidh i." Fhuair e sid 's thilg e i, 's dh'fhàs i 'n a stalla mòr creige 's an robh seachd mìle air fad agus seachd mìle air àirde, agus chaidh a h-uile fear de'n chòig chiad làn ghaisgeach leis a' chreig. 's chaidh an eanchainn asda uile. Ghearr na famhairean 's na h-eich leum 's thuit iad fhein 's na ridirean aig bun na creige, ach cha do stad an loth fada ag coimhead orra. Bha iad ag cumail air n'an steudaibh 's mu dheireadh thuirt an loth, "O, tha mi 'g am lagadh 's 'gam leonadh, 's an tòir a' tighinn. Fiach am faigh thu boinne falluis am bun mo chluaise agus tilg ad dheaghaidh e." Thilg e sid 's dh' fhas e 'n a loch 's an robh seachd mìle air fad, seachd mìle air liad, agus seachd mìle air doimhneachd. Ghèarr an tòir leum 's bhàthadh na famhairean, 's na h-eich 's na ridirean uile ach aon each dubh 'us marcaiche. "Tha 'n t-each dubh mor mo bhràthair a' tighinn," os an loth, "agus feumaidh tu bhi tapaidh fiach an cuir thu, 's an dol seachad, an ceann de 'n fhear a tha 'g a mharcachd." Rinn an gille deas agus mar a bha 'n t-each mòr dubh a' dol seachad, thug an loth leum-taobh aisde, agus chuir e an ceann de righ òg na h-Inneidh—is e a bh' air muin an eich. "Teann," os an t-each, "bhàrr na loth, 's thig air mo

mhuin fhein." "Theirig air muin mo bhràthar," os ise, "tha urad ghaoil aig ort 's a th' agam fhein a nise." Chaidh e air muin an eich dhuibh 's cha do stad air an ceum gus an d' ràinig iad Èirinn an t-àite as an d' fhalbh ad.

Thachair an sin loch orra. "Trobadh," os an loth, "agus cuir a nise an ceann dhiam fhein 's de m' bhràthair an so, agus tilg am mach air an loch sin." "An e mise," os esan, "is mi am fear nach cuir—is ann a chuirinn an ceann de dhuine sa bith a theannadh ris." "Mur cuir thusa dhinne an ceann, cuiridh sinne dhiatsa e, agus greas ort." Is e bh' ann gu'n do chuir e dhuibh an ceann, 's gu'n do thilg e am mach air an loch iad. Thòisich e 'n sin air gal 's air caoine gus mo dheireadh an d' thug an cadal thairis e. An uair a dhùisg e co chunnaic e tighinn 'n a chòmhail ach fleasgach 'us maighdean àluinn. Dh' fhoighnich iad ciod a bh' air. Dh' innis e dhaibh mar a bhà; mar a chuir e as do 'n loth uidhir 's do 'n each dhubh 's nach racha dh' rath air gu bràch 'n an deaghaidh. "Nach gabh thu mi fhein an àite na loth agus mo bhràthair an àite an eich" os a' mhaighdean. Thug e taing dhi, ach thuirt e nach gabhadh e ni no dad 'n an àite. "Ma tà," os ise, "is mise an loth pheallagach odhar, agus 's e mo bhràthair an t-each dubh. Is clann rìgh na Spàinte sinn, agus bha sinn mar sid fo gheasan." "Ma 's ann mar sin a thà," os esan, "cha bhi bean diolain no phosda agamsa gu bràch ach thu." "Tha mise toileach ma tà," os ise, "ach cha phòs mi thu gu ceann bliadhna, tha agam ri dol dachaidh a shealltainn m' athar 's mo mhàthar agus mo chuid-eachda. Ach so dhut fainne òir 's ni sinn da leth air. An uair a chi thu mise rithist theid am fainne 's a' chéile mar a bha e roimhe."

"Agus," os ise, "theid thu dhachaidh 's na toir pòg do dh-athair no do mhàthair no do ni eile, neo ma bheir cha bhi cuimhne agad air mnaoi no air leannan. Theid thu do 'n ghleann far an d' fhàg thu an t-Olach Ceanruadh, agus innsidh tu dhaaira' chnoc mubhàsan Tuairisgeil Mhòir. Tha e 'n a thòrr ruadh chnàmh air a' chnoc, agus an àm dha bhi 'g éirigh tàirnidh e 'fhuil, 'us fhéithean mar a bha e riabh, agus mar a bhios e air 'uilinn tilg dh'e an ceann leis a' chlaidheamh, air neo; an uair a chì e claidheamh a bhràthar cha 'n fhàg e duine beo 's an dùthaich." Dh' fhàg e an sin beannachd aice, agus dh' fhalbh iadsan dachaidh.

Ràinig esan an cnoc 's dh' innis e a naidheachd. Bha an t-Olach Ceanruadh a' tarrainn ris 'fhala, 's 'fheòla, 's fhéithean, gus an d' éirich e air 'uilinn, ach theg esan togail do'n chlaidheamh 's cuirear an ceann d'e; 's dh' fhalbh e an sin dhachaidh a choimhead air 'athair.

Bha 'athair air an leabaidh, dall, bodhar, gun treòir, bho'n là a dh' fhalbh esan gus an là ud, ag caoidh a mhic. "Tha dà thrian de m' fhradharc, agus dà thrian de m' chlaisteachd air tighinn orm, seall-aibh am mach, tha mo mhac a' tighinn no sgial bhuaithe." An tiota beag ghlaodh e. "Tha mi cho làidir 's a bha mi riabh 's theid mi fhein am mach." Is e bh' ann gu'n do lenn e fhein am mach, agus choinnich a mhac a' tighinn e. Chaidh e mu chnàimh-an-huch a mhic, ach cha tugadh a mhac pòg no pòg dha, no do dhuine eile. An uair a shuidh e stigh 's a ghabh iad a sgial, ciod a thàinig a stigh ach gala-mhiolchoin a bh' aige roimhe agus aithnichear e, agus buailear builledh'e teanga airmu'n bhial, agus tuille cha robh guth aige air mnaoi no air leannan. Bha e tuille a'

fuireach comhla ris an rìgh; ach an ceann bliadhna smaoinich e gu 'm posadh e. Agus co bha e dol a phòsadh ach an te a thàinig g' a shealltainn an oidhche mu'n d'fhalbh e. Bha a' bhainis 'g a cur suas, mar gu'm b' eadh an nochd. Fhuair moran cuireadh gu bainis mhic an rìgh. An uair a bha a' bhainis a' dol 'n a suidhe, co bhuail a stigh ach lasgaire de ghille òg agus maighdean àluinn còmhla ris. Chuireadh ise 'n a maighdinn, agus esan 'n a fhleasgach bho'n a bu choigrich iad. An uair a thug fear-na bainse am mach airgid a' phòsaidh ciod a thàinig a' phòca ach bloigh an fhàinne a thug nighean rìgh na Spàinte dha, agus an uair a thug ise an aire dha, thug i am mach a bloigh fhein 's leum am fàinne 's a chèile mar a bha e air nòma. Thàinig e an sin gu dhuimhne fhein, agus aithnichear i; agus 's e bh' ann gu'n do phòs e fhein 's i fhein; agus phòs a bràthair agus an te a bha esan a' dol a phòsadh, 's rinneadh dhaibh bainis mhór, ghreadhnach, aighireach a mhair là 'us bliadhna, 's cha d' thàinig guth mòr no droch fhacal eadar a h-aon de 'n chàraid fhad's bu bheò iad.

FAILTE SHIR EOBHAN.

BHEIL thu stigh, bhean a' chinn duibh,
Thàinig Eòbhan.
Bheil thu stigh, bhean a' chinn duibh,
Thàinig Eòbhan.
Bheil thu stigh, bhean a' chinn duibh,
Thàinig Eòbhan.
Bheil thu stigh, bhean a' chinn duibh,
Thàinig Eòbhan.
Faoilt air Eòbhan,
Fàilt air Eòbhan,
Thàinig Eòbhan.
Thàinig, thàinig, thàinig, thàinig,
Thàinig, thàinig, thàinig, thàinig,
Thàinig Eòbhan.
Thàinig, thàinig, thàinig, thàinig,
Thàinig, thàinig, thàinig, thàinig,
Thàinig Eòbhan,
Thàinig Eòbhan,

Faoilt air Eòbhan,
Fàilt air Eòbhan,
Bheil thu stigh, bhean a' chinn duibh,
Thàinig Eòbhan.
Bheil thu stigh, thig a muigh,
Bheil thu stigh, thig a muigh,
Bheil thu stigh, thig a muigh,
Bheil thu stigh, thig a muigh,
Bheil thu stigh, bhean a' chinn duibh.
Thàinig Eòbhan,
Thàinig Eòbhan,
Faoilt air Eòbhan,
Fàilt air Eòbhan.
Bheil thu stigh héro,
Bheil thu stigh hàro,
Bheil thu stigh héro,
Bheil thu stigh hàro,
Bheil thu stigh, bheil thu stigh,
Bheil thu stigh héro,
Bheil thu stigh, thig a muigh.
Bheil thu stigh hàro,
Bheil thu stigh héro,
Thàinig Eòbhan,
Faoilt air Eòbhan,
Fàilt air Eòbhan,
Bheil thu stigh, bhean a' chinn duibh,
Thàinig Eòbhan,
Faoilt air Eòbhan,
Fàilt air Eòbhan,
Thàinig Eòbhan,
Thàinig, thàinig, thàinig, thàinig,
Thàinig Eòbhan.

SOP AS GACH SEID.

Is fhèarr do dhuine bhi 'snaim nan sop na bhi 'n a thàmh.

Faodaidh seann each sitir a dhianamh.

Am fear a theid am mach air na h-uaislean is duine traagh a measg chàich e.

An duine a's miosa càramh, an duine gun chinneadh thaobh athar no màthar.

Cha 'n 'eill coill gun chrìonaich,
'S cha 'n 'eil baile gun bhiast ann.

Cha 'n 'eil linne gun ubh-gluig.

Am fear a bhios air deireadh bidh na cein comaith ris.

Is e an geamhradh luath, an geamhradh buan.

Mar is luaithe a' ghaillionn, is ann a's cruaidhe a' ghaillionn.

Cha 'n ion do dhuine a ghàire, ars am fear a bha 's an àrfaich 's fitheach air e fhein a ribeadh 'n a chaolain, 's e ri fàite-gàire ri lon an fhithich.

Ruchd, ruchd! thuirt am fitheach, 's e mo mhac an tighearna.

MARBHRANN D' A CHEILE;

LE IAIN MOIRISON, A BHA ANNS NA HEARADH.

GLEUS E.

„D | m .s : s .,s | m .s : s .,S | l .,s : d'.m | s : s .,S |
 l .d¹ : l .,s | l .d¹ : l .,M | s .m¹ : r¹ .l | d¹ : s .,S |
 m .s : s .,m¹ | r¹ .d¹ : d¹ .,M | s .l : s .m | s : l .,D¹ |
 l .s : l .,d¹ | r¹ .m¹ : r¹ .,T | l .s : d¹ .,m | r : d ||

Mo leòn! 's mo léireadh! 's goirt mo dhéuch-
ainn,

Fodh ghoinn ghéur ga m' chiùrradh,
A caoidh mo chéile 'bu ghlan béusan,
'S 'bu tearc té 'bu chliùteich';
'S tù 'dh' fhàg ro éisleineach 'n a d' dhéigh
mi,

'S tric na déir bho m' shùilean
Bho 'n latha 'thréig thu mi le éug,
'S a chaidh do chré fodh 'n àir uam.

'S ro chianail 'thà mi 'n ceann do phàistean
'Tha maoth, bàth, gun chùram;
Us lot 'n a m' àirnean, bhi 'g an clàistinn
'Caoidh do ghràidh 'bha dlùth dhaibh;
Ni 'dh' fhàg gach làth' mo chridhe sgàinte,
'S mi 'n cruaidh chàs fodh thùrsa;
'S nach soillsich tràth 's an cluinn mi 'n
ràn,

Nach bi 'n a chràdh às ùr dhomh.

B'e "fèil de m' fheòil thu, 's cnaimh de m'
chnàmhan,"

Bha do ghràdh ro mhór dhomh:

An aisne-chàraid 'thug an t-Ard-rìgh
Dhomh 'n a ghràs gu m' chòmhachadh.
An Tì a chàirich thu ri t-àite,
Cuimh' ri càch, 's co-chòrdte,
Cha d' rinn e màin no meall ort fhàg-
ail,
'Bheireadh cràdh no leòn dhomh.

Le briathran béil cha chuir mi 'n céill
Mar 'tha mi 'n teinn ga d' ionndrainn:
Mo chreachadh léir, le làmh an éig,
Tha dhomh 'n a phéin do-ghitlant':
Bhi 'fulang réubadh m' aisne chléibh
uam,

'S goirt mo chréuchd 's is drùidhteach,
Us dàitht' a' m' chré mar lot ro ghéur,
Us m' fheòil a' d' dhéigh gun dùnadh—

'S mar lot 'tha iomsgaoilte, gun urchasg,
Fodh nimh buirb' do-shloinntean;
Gach madadh 's uilbheist, nach dean 'im-
lich,

Bheir le mioncas graim às :

Na naimhdean furchar mu mo thiomchioll,
Deamhnan 'tilgeadh shaighdean ;
'Sangath ni 's durgh' do m' fheadil ri iomchar,
Na geur chuilg de 'n droidhneich.

Bu mhaiseach céutach, thu 'n a d' éugaisg,
'S bu ghlan sgèimh do dhealbh-chruth ;
'S mar 'thug thu spéis dhomh mar chaomh
chéile,

'Chaidh cha 'n fhéud mi 'dhearmad ;
Us mheal mi éibhneas, fad do ré,
'Bha mar riut féin ga m' leanmhainn ;
Us iomadh néarachd, mar an ceudna,
'Rinn mo thréigs' bho dh' fhalbh thu.

Ged 's ni do-iomchar leam 'bhi 'g iomradh
D' fhaoilteachd, 's d' fhurbhailt caoimhneis ;
Bha d' ghnèis, 'bha suilbhear, leam ro
ionmhainn,
'S air réir d' inbh 'bha loinnmhor,
Le nàdur tulchuisseach, gun bhuirbe,
'S cridh nach fuilaingeadh aimhreit—
Ach dh'fhàg thu 'n cuimrig mi, 's an
urchaid,
'S anu am buillsgean aimbeairt.

Fodh riaghailt òrduigh, 's rùn a' phòsaidh,
Bha thu d' chòmhachd dearbht' dhomh ;
Bha d' bheatha stòld' a' m' uchd 's cha d'
leòn

Thu mi gu bròn no angnath ;
Bha d' ghràdh cho fòireil orm 's gach dòigh
'S gu 'n robh mi 'm' mhór chuis-fharmaid ;
'S bu bheannachd òrdhearc, thar mo sgeòil,
Thu dhomh 'thaobh feòla 's anama.

Na abradh nàmh a nis gu bràth
Gur feòil a mhàin fàth m' ionndrainn ;
Ach caoimhneas blàth, mar thoradh gràis,
A las, a'm pàirt, 'n a d' ghnèis ghil.
Bha agad càrlas air do shlàinte,
'Thog bho 'n bhàs do chùram—
'S mo bhròn gu'n d'fhàg thu mi 'n cruaidh
chàs !
Oir bha do ghràdh dhomh dùbhfhillt'.

Ach 's peanas alltachd dhòmhs' a bh' ann,
'S gu 'n d'fhuair mi 'challtachd mhór so ;

Mar iodhal bhann mi riut cho teann
'S gu 'n robh mi 'm' dhal do n' trècair ;
Cha 'n ioghnadh ànsith 'thig'nn mu m'
cheann,
'S mo chor 'bhi fann, dubh-bhrònach,
'S ged shrùl 'n an deann mo dhèir bho m'
fhabhran,
Fodh lot lann *Iehòbhah*.

Is còrd ro làidir mar am bàs,
'Tha 'm buaidh a' ghràidh 'bheir dùlan
Do ni le 'm b' àill a chumail làth'
Bho chuspair àrd 'bhiodh dlùth dha :
Theid mairbh a thàrrsainn beò gu slàint'
leis,
Tre 'n t-saor ghràs a 's tùs dha :
'S an gaol 'tha nàdurr', 's tròm a shràchl,
A bheir a bhàin do 'n ùir neach.

Ged rinn E 'a uair s' do sgaradh uam,
'S e féin a b' uaisle còir ort ;
Us thug E 'n uachdar thar gach truaigh'
thu—
'S e sin stuaidh mo dhòchais ;
'S tu 'n seilbh air suaimhneas 'tha do-
luaisgte.

Ann an cuan de shòlas ;
Air réir do luaidh air d' chòir 'n a bhuaidh,
Mu 'n d' thiomnadh suas an deò leat.

Chaidh tu air imrich do 'n tìr ionmhainn,
Dh' ionnsaidh inbh' ro òrdhearc ;
Us fhuair thu iomlaid mhór ri iomradh,
Làn de dh' ionmhas glòirmhor,
A rinn an Tiomnidhfhear dhut ullachadh,
Mar do bhunchar dòchais,
'S tha 'n Tl 'tha iomlan, nach gabh tnlgadh,
Dhut mar chuir ro shòghmhor.

Ged tha mi 'n uair so dheth fodh ghruaim,
Gu tùrsach, truagh, a' m' dhèiridh,
A caoidh do shuairceis, ni 'tha cruaidh leam,
'S mi fodh uallach t-dìgridh ;
'S e fhuair mi, 'luaidh, dhiot iasachd luach-
mhor,
Bha 'n a bhuannachd mhór dhomh ;
'S e 'n Tl bho 'n d'fhuair mi thu 'thug uam
thu,
Clù bithbhuan us glòir dha.

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ON THE AUTHENTICITY OF THE POEMS OF OSSIAN,

BY DR. AUGUST EBRARD.

(Continued.)

LOVE, passionate love, plays a great part in Ossian, and most beautiful instances of fidelity in love are given, yet there is not a word about the duty of fidelity in marriage. When love ends, marriage is dissolved. Cairbre and Deudgheal are divorced, nothing being required but mutual consent, merely because the latter prefers Ferd. Of magnificence, marble, silk stuffs, costly beds, there is no mention; the king holds his court in the open hall, at feasts he lies on the open moors and heaths; a hut or a cave serves as the residence of princesses. Moreover there is no trace of the specially Celtic development of civilisation of the following century. In the middle-ages the summons to battle was given by carrying round a red cross; in Ossian by striking on a shield. In Ireland and Scotland, all through the middle-ages, the bagpipe was the beloved National instrument, and to its music the armies march to battle; in Ossian there is no more reference to the bagpipe than there is to the trumpet. A great shield is used as the regimental kettle-drum, a horn—a bull's horn (Olifant, in Gaelic *stoc*)—is the only war music.

Nor are the names of the clan divisions of the middle-ages to be

found. If these poems had had their origin in the middle-ages, the poet would have honoured some one or other of the clans by imputing to it Finngahal's descent.

At the end of the eleventh century, the time when a change was brought about in all countries and in all races which marked the transition from the ancient to the modern period of the middle-ages, when the Crusades began, and the Romanic architecture began to yield to the Gothic; then the poetry of the bards also experienced a mighty internal revolution; it changed from a natural to an artificial poetry. In the first place in the form, for until then the metre, as in the Nibelungen-strophes, had depended, not on the number of long or short syllables, but only on the alternate rising and falling, so now—in Wales by Rhuyd ap Ieuan (1077); in Scotland by the author of *Miann a Bhaird aosda* (who seems to have lived a little later) — iambic, trochaic and dactylic metres, were artificially introduced. At the same time the old heathen myths were rescued from their obscurity and the names of the gods were used allegorically, just as those of the Olympic deities are now used in the German and French poetry of this century. Above all, the bards did not neglect to call forth the Celtic muse Kerydwen, goddess of melody. In Ossian there is nothing of all this, and his metre is thoroughly in the old style; for what Ahlwardt has thought to discover of syllabic metre

is pure delusion. Let us just hear a genuinely metric poem, as, for example, the following of Miann :—

“O cáraibh mí ri taobh nan állt
A shiúbhlas máll le ceúmaibh ciúin,” &c.

And then hear the next best Ossianic verse :—

“Shúidh Cuchúllín aig bálla Thúra,
Fo dhúbhra craóibh dhúille na fuáim
Dh’ aóm a shleágh ri cárraig nan cóis &c.

We find this same ancient rough form of verse in Douthal’s poems, he sings of the battle betwixt his king, Dubh of Scotland (962-967) and the Danish prince Sweyn. But Douthal betrays in every line that he is a feeble copyist of Ossian, whose poems he has had already before him.

We now add to all this the extreme unity of internal construction in these poems, most of which are only 200-300 verse lines in length, and show a simple and distinct treatment of the subject throughout. Even the two great epics are not spun out into long complicated stories, but only treat of war-like events occupying three or four days ; finally, we notice that in Ossian we meet with no abstract ideas save only those of courage, fear, passion and grief, nor do we meet with personifications either of abstract ideas or of concrete but inanimate objects ; so each and every reference seems fitted to convince us that we must really seek for the author of these poems in a far distant time near to the occurrences which he relates.

How sharply he distinguishes between the manners of Lochlin, *i.e.*, of the Scandinavians, and those of the Caledonians! Cæsar (Bell. Gall., 6, 19) relates, as a Celtic custom, “*Viri, quantas pecunias ab uxoribus dotis nomine acceperunt, tantas ex suis bonis cum dotibus communicant ; hujus omnis pecuniæ conjunctim ratio*

habetur.” The man from his own possessions places alongside of the dowry which he receives with his wife an equivalent sum ; this united marriage-portion is managed as common property.” We find precisely this legal position between Cairbre and his wife Deudgheal (Finnghal ii., 397 *et seq.*) Whilst among the Celtic Caledonians, the women and girls are in the same hall with the men, Lochlin has the princesses in a separate chamber where no man dares to enter (Finnghal iii. 83.) And in truth the old Scandinavians had the *Jomfru-Bur* which no man should enter. In Ossian’s Carraig-Thura along with the Norman host there appear war-like women, and we hear historically of such, as, for instance, Wyrte, wife of King Waldar of Shenen, as late as 570. (Other instances are to be found in Suhm vi. 6 ; vii. 790.) Further it is proved by Suhm to have been a genuine old Norwegian custom for the suitor to go to war about the maiden who was refused him in marriage, and if victorious, to bear her home with him just as the Norman, Thor-Thormod, does with Oina-Morul in Ossian ; further, that he who kidnaps a girl is put to death, as was Starno in Ossian’s Cathloduinn. It is quite correct when in Ossian (“Carraig-Thura”) the spirit Loda, who appears as the chief god of the Normans, calls the Norman Frothal his son, for Frode did really carry his genealogy back to Odin. In like fashion in Ossian (Cathloduinn) the spirits of the fallen Normans go to the spirit Sodun, that is to say, to Odin, while the spirits of the fallen Caledonians hover mist-like over their graves, resting near the friends whom they have left behind.

It also seems to appertain to and to speak for a great antiquity that

throughout the Normans are called the men "of the brown (copper) shields," and the Caledonians, in contradistinction, "the men of the blue (steel) shields." This points to a time when the use of steel (which the Scots had acquired in their contact with the Gauls and Romans) was as yet unknown or rare among the Normans.

This distinction between the Scandivavian-Teutonic and the Caledonian-Celtic customs and mythology is so clear in Ossian, so pervading and so certain, that upon this ground alone the historian Suhm has declared that Ossian should at once be employed as a subsidiary historical authority.

After all that has been said so far, the case of the Ossianic poems is quite different from that of the Nibelungenlied. In the case of the German epic of the middle-ages, the original material of the subject-matter existed in the old German myths which had been humanised in the course of centuries, and was combined with historical reminiscences (for instance, of Dietrich von Bern, Etzel) and finally united into a whole with the stamp of the middle-ages upon it. In the case of Ossian, we discover no trace of acquaintance with the culture of the middle-ages; as little is there discernible a traditionary substance or an artificial intermingling of originally discordant elements. Each of these epics has for its subject a single war or campaign, exhausted in a few battles, which only lasts a few days, and which is depicted with a naive circumstantiality. Everything bears the stamp of history; the situation of the fields of battle is easily recognisable; the blunders in tactics or strategies on the Caledonian side are recounted with a naive

frankness (for instance, Song 4, verse 285.) The supernatural powers nowhere interfere with the course of events; for if in a dream, or in his waking hours in the darkness of night, a hero thinks he sees in the shining border of a cloud the spirit of a dead ancestor, or of a fallen brother in arms, or the form of a future beloved, and fancies he hears their voice in the whispering of the wind, this again is just the actual historically existing belief, or superstition of that people which, as is known, they have continued to hold in Scotland even in modern times. When we compare the war-songs of later bards, the period of which is historically confirmed, and which describe battles witnessed by themselves, we shall find in them just the same appearances. In short, in Ossian's poems there is presented to us a subject-matter of observations and thoughts, just such as would have occurred to the remembrance of one who had taken part in these battles. And whoever may have cast this material into its present form, it is certain that he has left the substance thus unaltered.

And why should this not actually have proceeded from this Ossian—prince, warrior, and poet? We know that in old times it was the common custom of the Celtic tribes that the bards should accompany the army to battle, and that every warlike and heroic deed should straightway be celebrated in more or less detailed song. Undoubtedly this would happen with the numerous warlike deeds of King Finngal. How intelligible it must then appear that after the death of Finngal and the ruin of his kingdom, the king's son, Ossian, who had fled to the Hebrides, and who was now a blind old man, should have collected, into

such complex epics as "Carthonn," "Finnghal," and "Timora," the songs which had been sung, partly by himself and partly by friendly bards (as Carul and Ullin). How intelligible that these poems, noble in themselves, as well as being reminiscences of former magnificence, should have been preserved with a fond tenacity and transmitted from generation to generation in the usual manner, by learning by heart, in the centuries (300-900) when the Caledonian nation was so heavily oppressed by the Nordmen, Picts, Britons, and Anglo-Saxons.

And thus all the linguistic phenomena are forthwith explained. If a poem is for centuries orally transmitted from generation to generation, its text will, by gradual and unremarkable progress, experience those changes which the language itself has gradually and by imperceptible and slow degrees undergone. In place of forms which have become obsolete, new ones are introduced step by step. Thus we shall not be surprised when we find in Ossian, not the old-Gaelic or old-Irish of the third century, but a language which bears much the same relation to old-Irish that the middle high-German of the Nibelungenlied or the Parzival does to the old high-German of the Wessobrunner prayer. Such a gradual change could have occurred without any fundamental alteration of the text; for we find that the middle-Gaelic language of Ossian differs on the one hand from the old Irish (as we learn from the literary remains of the seventh to the ninth centuries) by reason of its having thrown off the old terminations and some slight differences in orthography, whilst, on the other hand, the metre is only dependent on the number of accents, and the rhyme on the assonance of

of the accented root syllables, so that the metre and rhyme have remained intact in spite of the discontinuance of the terminations.

The verse :—

" Shuidh Cuchúllín aig bálla Thúra
Fo dhúbhra craoibh dhúille na fuaim.
Dh' aóm a shléagh ri cárraig nan có
A sgíath mhór r'a thaóbh air an fheúr."

in old-Irish or old-Gaelic would sound as follows :—

" Suidigthe Cuchúllín oc bálla Thúre
Fo dúbre croéb dúille nan fuaim,
Dh' aomadh a shléagh ri cárraig nan có
A scláth mhór or a thóbi air ind fhuir."

Much more considerable is the difference which may be perceived between the Gaelic of Ossian and that of the present day, a difference which is striking in respect of the simplicity of construction in Ossian, and of the relatively frequent use of the genuinely actual conjugation (in place of the *conjugatio periphrastica* now in use with the verb *bi*—to be), but above all in respect of the richness of the language. In Ossian we find masses of expressions (and even root words) which are either no longer met with in the Gaelic of the present day, or occur with completely altered meaning. It is remarkable that in Ossian there are seven different words to express the idea "rock," three for "wood," and ten for "hero," also different root-words which mark in the most exact manner the different descriptions of valleys and ravines, as also the individual kinds of weapons. The text which in regard to the forms of language is as it were fusible, must have settled itself at some point of time, so that from that time forward all gradual changes ceased, and there was no more confusion of archaic and obsolete with modern forms. Without doubt this consolidation took

place when records began to be kept in writing. We may look for this epoch about the ninth or tenth century. For, after Scotland had, from the sixth century till about the year 843, been in a continual state of disturbance, partly of Norman invasions, and partly by civil wars betwixt the Caledonians or Scots and the Albions or Picts; in 843 there began, in the reign of Kenneth, who united under his sway the Pictish and Caledonian kingdoms, a period of peace and prosperity which lasted for several centuries, and in which Gaelic literature, science, and art were fostered. This period ended when Alexander (1107-1124) declared the Norman language to be alone noble, and began to degrade the Gaelic language to the use of the common people only. Certainly among the bards of the middle-ages, Douthal in the tenth century has the greatest resemblance, as to language, to the text of Ossian as known to us.

In conclusion we have still to consider the strange phenomenon, that in Ossian there are no traces, or only very faint traces of Pagan belief.* Cæsar relates of the Gauls, that they honoured immortal gods, which for his part he characterised by the names of the Roman gods, Mercury, Apollo, Mars, Jupiter, and Minerva; the gods of divination, of the sun, of war, of thunder

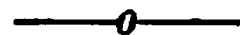
* Perhaps it is such a trace when (in Timora ii. 348) we read: "Behind the sword of Conar-black death was half visible with great strides;" or when (in the same poem, v. 311) "The dark struggle descended on the swords of the combatants"? Was the original imagination here of a god of death, or a god of war? or is it only a poetical personification? Are the *fuathas* those "forms of dread" which appeared in the clouds, and which are always distinguished from the *tannas* and *tuibse* or spirits of dead men, perhaps deities?

and the goddess of wisdom. As for the Celts of the upper Rhine, we know from inscriptions that they worshipped the deities Visucius-(fiosach?), Vosegus, Tettus, Sirona (goddess of health), Jautissa, and Abnoba. In the same way we know that all Celtic peoples had their highly cultivated priesthood of Druids, from which class the chief official of the clan, the Vergobreth (*i.e.* *fear gu breith*, "man for judgment") was chosen by annual vote. On the other hand, in Ossian we never hear a Vergobreth or a Druid mentioned; there is no sacrifice offered to any God before the army marches to battle, nor is the help of any such implored. At least a greeting to the rising sun as "The Son of heaven" (Timora 2,506) is the sole instance of the worship of Gods which we could remember. All religion seems to find its limit in intercourse with the spirits of heroes who had fallen in battle. The soul of him who is fallen, dwells in the "narrow dark house" of the grave under the "three stones" which are raised over it, and inhabits the vapour of the mists, until its fame is celebrated in the songs of the bards. By means of these songs it gains strength to rise into the clouds, where in misty form it appears to its kin as a shining light and gives to them its prophecy as to the future; it is also its wont to raise fearful storms at sea. In its honour sacrifices of animals are brought to its grave (*e.g.* Finngal vi. 355); if a hero falls in a foreign land, his soul is called to its native country with well ordered ceremonies.

This is apparently the same religion which Palgrave found in Central Arabia (in Schomer) in the form of Sabaism, tenaciously retained in spite of Mohammedism;

in Arabia as in Stonehenge, appeals to the rising sun, worship of, and sacrifices to the dead, and the "three stones"! Had the Gaels of Ossian's time no other religion than this ancient one belonging to times before the Celts (or perhaps common to different races of men?) and traces of which are continued from Scotland over Africa to the East Indies? Or has the order of bards, when it, along with the Scottish nation, turned to Christianity, intentionally cast off those passages which contained a direct reference to the heathen theology, by not permitting them to be learned by heart. This view of the question has always appeared to me to be more plausible than that which the anonymous author of the "Dissertations concerning the Era of Ossian," (which was annexed to Macpherson's edition, Leipzig 1805) narrates as an "old tradition" but which more probably had no foundation whatever; namely that during the Roman wars the authority of the Druids had fallen into contempt among the Caledonians; the army had chosen the *fear gu breith* from among themselves, and the honour had fallen on Trathal the grandfather of Finngal. His Druidical rival for the office of Vergobreth protested, and the result was a civil war between the Druidical party and Trathal's party: this war ended in the extermination of the Druids. The rest withdrew themselves into solitary places where they spoke in oracles from "the circle of the stones." When ("Finngal" i. 70) Cairbre obeys in the battle cry "the voice from the altar," some such Druid oracle must be intended. But it is without precedent that a people should willingly cast off its belief because of a political struggle. Either the Gaels of the third cen-

tury had no other religion than this ancient Sabeian form of Paganism, or, the references to the worship of the gods, between the third and the eighteenth century, have been blotted out of these Ossianic songs by the influx of Christianity. In either case this aspect of affairs only serves as a renewed confirmation of the high antiquity and the pure preservation of our text, into which not the faintest trace of Christian belief, manners, or civilization has found an entrance.



TRANSACTIONS OF THE GAELIC SOCIETY OF IN- VERNESS.*

THE Gaelic Society of Inverness holds a foremost place among the numerous class of societies with a kindred object which sprung up of late years in this country and in America. It is the only "Gaelic" Society, so far as we are aware, which publishes an account of its proceedings in a permanent form. It is a wise thing to attempt to concentrate the various rays of thought and sympathy which illumine the Celtic sky of our day. The Society of Inverness, from its locality, and its influential membership, is well adapted for giving direction and purpose and definiteness to the various movements which have for their object the elucidation of the past and the amelioration of the future of our people in this country and elsewhere.

The contents of the volumes before us are, like those of the first and second volumes, of a very miscellaneous description. They contain an account of the proceedings of the Society from July 1873 till

* Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness. Vol. III. and IV. Inverness, John Noble, 1875.

July 1875, with an introduction narrating the history of the Celtic Chair movement. Fifteen papers, read before the Society, are printed in whole or in part; while the reports of two annual suppers and an annual assembly cover thirty-five pages, or nearly one-sixth of the whole. [The question of teaching Gaelic in the schools naturally occupied the attention of the Society during the past year; and the very laudable efforts it made to secure this great boon to Gaelic-speaking children, deservedly obtains a place in the printed transactions.

Among the papers read before the society during the last two years, there are several which may be called interesting, but few of permanent scientific value. Of the latter class the most ambitious is on the "Origin of the Indo-European languages, and their affinity to the Shemitic class," by the Rev. John MacPherson, Lairg; the most valuable is "Notices of Brittany," by Dr. Thomas MacLauchlan, Edinburgh. An able and appreciative paper is that on "The poetry of Dugald Buchanan," by the Rev. A. C. Sutherland, Strathbran; and of more than ephemeral interest are the papers on "The Scotch in America," by Dr. Charles Mackay; and "the Gael in the far west," by Dr. Masson, Edinburgh. In point of interest, the subject of the paper on the "Prophecies of Coinneach Odhar," need yield to none. The "Brahan Seer" was by all accounts a gifted man, whether prophet or not. But why should the writer sneer at those who are inclined to doubt the reality of the gift of prophecy even in the face of seemingly incomprehensible facts? It was predicted that the crash of

the fall of "Clachtholl" would cause Ledmore's cattle, twenty miles away, to break their tethers; whereas it appears that the cattle, longing for the fulfilment of the prophecy, had broken their tethers and come "to within a few hundred yards (a safe distance) of the arch," to witness the catastrophe. The general belief among the youth of Assynt of the present day, is that "Clach-tholl" fell for a nobler purpose than to frighten cows, or even to verify a prediction, viz.,—to commemorate the great disruption of 1843. The paper may be of value as a register of the "unfulfilled predictions;" but let us not for example accept the removal of Clachan-Tiompan to Dingwall pier as a fulfilment of the prophecy relating to it, for a confirmed believer can any day accomplish this. At the risk of being included among Mr. Mackenzie's "scientific dabblers," we must assert our belief that upon his showing the reputation of a prophet can be easily earned.

One word as to the Gaelic portion of the "Transactions." There is a thoughtful paper on "The necessity for a uniform system of writing Gaelic," by John MacDonald, Lanark; but, as a rule, the Gaelic matter is inferior to the English. Why is this? and why did the Society ever print pp. 23-25?

These are, however, but slight blemishes in comparison with the interesting and valuable material which composes the bulk of the double volume before us. We cordially wish long life and continued success to the "Gaelic Society," and hope that they will in the future, as in the past, give to the public as well as to their members an annual volume of "Transactions."

AN GAIDHEAL.

“*Mar ghath soluis do m' anam fein
Tha sgeula na h-aimsir a dh' fhalbh.*”—OISEAN.

IV. LEABH.] CEUD MHIOS A' GHEAMHRAIDH, 1875. [47 AIR.

SEAN-FHOCAIL.

XI.—BITHIDH DUIL RI FEAR FEACHD,
ACH CHA BHI DUIL RI FEAR LIC.

Bha Beatha a' Ghaidheil an Albainn, rè a' mhor chuid de eachdraidh, air a cuairteachadh le cunnairt air gach taobh, agus bha i neo-chinnteach thar tomhais; ach eadhon am measg nam pobull is sìothchaile 's is teuruinte crannchur, tha 'n fhirinn làn dearbhta nach 'eil dol as o'n Bhàs. Is mòch ann an eachdraidh an t-saoghail a thainig a' bhinn a mach,—“Is duslach thu, agus gu duslach pillidh tu”; agus an cualas riamh iomradh air Lagh a fhuair umhlachd cho iomlan? Bhiodh e faoin a radh, agus cha bhiodh e fìor, gu'n robh no gu bheil ar Sluagh ann an doigh shonruichte a' creidsinn ann an neo-chinnteachd Beatha agus ann an cinnteachd Bàis. Is fìrinn se a tha aig gach Sluagh, co-dhiu tha iad eolach no aineolach, ciùin no borb, saor no daor. Ach am measg nan Gaidheal, saoilidh mi gu'm faighear, ann an co-cheangal ris a' ghreim a rinn an fhirinn so air an inntinnean, doigh-chainnt, buaidhean, 'us cleachduinean a tha airidh air an rannsachadh.

Tha na samhlaidhean anns a' bheil cinnteachd a' Bhàis air a chur f'ar comhair anns na Sean-fhocail Ghaidhealach ann an dlù cho-chordadh ri caithe-beatha an t-Sluaigh. Tha 'n Sgriobtur ag iomradh air “an tigh a dh' orduicheadh do na h-uile bheò,”

—air “an-ìochdmhorachd na h-uaighe.” Tha 'm Bard Romanach a' samhlachadh a' Bhàis ri Maor anhuidh a bhuaileas gun letheachas aig talla an rìgh, 's aig bothan an diol-deirce; agus gheibhear an smuain cheudna aig Rob Donn, ged nach cual' e riamh iomradh air *Horace*:

“'S i mo bharail gur fìor sud,
Gur àrd 's gur ìosal do shealladh;
Thug thu *Pelham* à mòrachd,
'S fhuair thu Eoghan 's a' Pholladh.”

Tha prìomh Bhard Shasuinn a seinn mu'n “Tìr bho nach till fear-turuis a chaoidh.” Ach gheibhear samhlaidhean dealaichte uapa so anns na Sean-fhocail Ghaidhealach. Bha ar n-Aithrichean a' creidsinn gu'n robh crannchur gach neach air a shonruchadh ro-laimh le comhaile ghlic—àin 'us àite a' Bhàis cho maith ris gach ceum d'a Bheatha: “Is eigin dol far am bi 'n fhòid”; “Bheir fòid a Bhreith 's a Bhàis duine á àit' 's á eigin.” Chunnaic sinn roimhe so an dearbhadh laidir a tha againn anns na Sean-fhocail air cho duilich 's a bha lòn fhaotainn 'n ar tìr. Ach gheibhteadh buaidh air an Acras ged nach faighteadh air a Bhàs: “Cinnidh mac a' mhi-altruim, ach cha chinn e o'n aog.” Bha ar cladaichean o shean cho doirbh 's a tha iad an diugh, ach cha robh ar bàtan cho comasach no ar Maraichean cho seòlta. Ged nach robh, “Bithidh dùil ri fear fairge, ach cha bhi dùil ri fear

reilige." B'e 'n coimhearsnaich naimhdean a bu chunnartaiche d'ar n-Aithrichean na eadhon an t-Acras no Mhuir. Gidheadh, "Is cruaidh an cath as nach tig aon fhear;" "Bithidh dùil ri fear feachd, ach cha bhi dùil ri fear lìc."

Dh'earbamaid á daoine a bha air an iunnsachadh o'n òige ri cogadh 's ri cruadal; a bha anns gach ceum d'am beatha buailteach do chunnairt mara 's monaidh, gu'm biodh iad caoin-shuarach mu'm beatha, 's gu'm faighteadh iad, 'n an cainnt cho maith 's 'n an gnìomh, a' cur an ceill lughad an eagail roimh 'n "namhaid dheireannach." Cha'n ann mar so a bha. Dhearbh iad, gun teagamh, gu minic agus air iomadh doigh, gu'n sealladh iad air "Rìgh nan uamhas" 's an aodann gun tiomachadh. Theagaisg iad, le radh, le rann, le sgeul, 's le eisimpleir, gu'm bu chòir do neach, ann an aobhar freagarrach,—a chum còir a sheasamh, onoir a dhion, 's dilseachd a dhearbhadh,—eadhon a bheatha chur ann an neo-shuim. Ach cha'n fhaighear iad, mar a gheibhear iomadh sluagh eile, a' labhairt air a' Bhàs ann an cainnt eutroim no shuaraich. Dhoibh-san, os cionn mhorain, bha 'm Bàs 'n a "ri uamhasach," cia air bith mar thigeadh e. Saoilidh mi gu'n dearbh ar n-Eachdraidh 's ar litreachas anns gach linn gur rian so airson an robh ar n-Aithrichean comharraichte am measg nam pobull. Feudaidh e bhi gu'm b'e creidimh mearachdach ar sinnsearan roinn de'n aobhar. Cha'n 'eil teagamh nach 'eil saobh-chreideamh ar latha fein, a lean ruinn o chéin, a' beathachadh na buaidh so. Aidichear air gach laimh gu bheil gnè na tìre cumhachdach gu bhi gintinn spiorad urramach 'us nadur sòluimte anns an t-sluagh. Ach minich e mar thoilicheas tu, cha 'n 'eil teagamh nach 'eil an t-urram 's an t-

uamhas leis an labhair ar sluagh mu'n Bhàs agus mu na Mairbh cho comharraichte 's gu bheil e cur dreach air ar litreachas.

Thug mi fanear cheana na focail anns an labhair sinn gu cumanta mu namairbh; "Am fearnach maireann," &c. Ach cha 'n e na focail a mhain, ach an guth 's an t-suil a tha dearbhadh doimhneachd na faireachd-uin leis an labhair an Gaidheal mu 'charaid "a dh' fhalbh." Gheibhear an rian ceudna 'n ar Sean-fhocail. "Tha e nis air fòid na firinn;" "Tha e nis air slighe na firinn." Theirteadh, "An oidhche roimh 'u bhàs, bu chòir do dhuine athais a thilgeadh"; agus cha'n fhuilingear olc a labhairt mu na mairbh. "Moladh mairbh"; "Na abair ach maith mu na mairbh"; "Uir, ùir air beul Orain mu'n labhair e tuillidh comhraidh." Gus an là diugh, cha toirear iomradh air failinn ann an neach nach 'eil a lathair gun a radh, "Cha'n ann ri chur 'n a dhèigh e."

Ach cha 'n e so a mhain. Saoilidh mi gum feudar a radh le firinn gu bheil inntinn Gaidheil Bhreatuinn thar cheann, a' gabhail tlachd ann an smaintean dubhach, cianail. Ma dh' fhaodte nach dearbh Eachdraidh gur feart so a tha dual do na Gaidheil mar Shluagh; ach tha mi meas gur feart e a tha ro chomharraichte ann an litreachas nan Gaidheal anns na rioghachdan so. O chionn iomadh ceud bliadhna bha iad air an taobh lag, agus feudaidh e bhi gur e so is aobhar do'n chuis. O chionn beagan bhliadhnachan chualas duine cho geur-chuiseach 's a tha 'n diugh 'n ar measg—*Disraeli*—ann an seorsa de fheal-a-dhà, a' toirt seachad mar aobhar airson neo-thoileachas nan Eirionnach, gu bheil an dachaidh a chois a' Chuain. Cia air bith an t-aobhar, cha 'n 'eil teagamh nach ann air taobh dorcha na sgeithe is miann leis a' Ghaidh-

eal sealltainn. Tha e neo-thoilichte le cùisean mar tha iad; agus feudaidh sinn a radh, ann an 'tomhas co-dhiu, gu bheil aobhar aige; co-dhiu dh'aidicheas sinn no nach aidich gu bheil e 'gnathachadh meadhonan freagarrach 'us dichìoll cothromach airson a chrannchuir a dheanainn na's fearr. Gheibh sinn ar Baird an comhnuidh a' caoidh na tìm a dh' fhalbh; gu minic ag iarraidh o uachdarain 's o chumhachdan nithean nach toir uachdarain no cumhachdan fo'n ghrein dhoibh ach iad fein. Chomharraich *Matthew Arnold* am feart so gu soilleir ann am Bardachd Ghaidhealach Bhreatuinn, agus lorgaich e mach a' bhuaidh a th'aig na Baird Uelseach gu sonruichte thairis air Bardachd Shasuinn anns a' cheum so.

'N ar litreachas fein, tha bhuaidh ro chomharraichte. Gheibhear 's na Sean-fhocail am feart so gu cumanta. "Cha'n fhacas riamh muirn mhor nach robh 'n a deigh dubh-bhròn;" "Is beag tha eadar do ghal 's do ghaire;" "Thig maith á mulad." Bha tlachd ar Slua gh ann an comunn a cheile do-innseadh; ach bha gu'm b' eigin dealachadh an comhnuidh fa chomhair an inntinn: "Is maith ma mhaireas;" "Is iomadh muthadh a thig air an oidhche fhada gheamhraidh;" "Ge cruaidh sgarachdainn, cha robh dithis gun dealachadh;" "Is deireadh gach comuinn sgaoileadh." Thugadh seachad uair 'us uair mar dhearbhadh gur e MacMhuirich a sgrìobh "Oisean" an rann ainmeil—

"Caithear oidhche ann am min dhàn
Faighear gairdeachas 's a bhròn."

Co-dhiu 's e MacMhuirich no Mac-Fhinn, no cia b'e sgrìobh an rann, bu Bhard e bha fìor eolach air inntinn a' Ghaidheil. Tha sgeul a' bhròin taitneach d'ar cluasan; agus is ann le fìor thoilinntinn a dh'

iomras seann daoine an diugh air "Oisean an déigh na Féinne." 'S ann mar is mo gheibh sinn de'n fheart cheudna ann an searmoin is mo a dhrùigheas i oirnn. 'S e puirt thiamhaidh is taitniche leinn. Tha sgàl na pioba cianail, 's i an t-inneal-ciùil is roghnaiche leinn. 'S ann tuirseach, trom, a tha mhor chuid d'ar fuinn. 'S ann muladach a tha, mar is trice, cainnt ar n-orain, co-dhiu 's "eagal, eudach no gaol" an steigh. Tha mhor chuid de'r Seana Bhardachd, agus gu h-àraid a chuid is cumhachdaiche dh'i, a' caoidh nan tréun a dh' fhalbh. Ma bheir thu na "Cumhachan" á "Sàr-obair nam Bard Gaidhealach," bheir thu roinn mhor leat; agus is ann a' caoidh a tha chuid mhor de na dh' fhagas tu. Agus nach ann a' "cumhadh" ni-eigin a tha gach Sgonn-bhard a ghleusas a ribheid 'n ar latha fein? Ma their sinn gur e *cumha* 'us *cumhachd* an aon fhocal, nach feud sinn a radh gu'n tug ar daoine barrachd geill do chomhairle Sholaimh na thug riamh e fein: "Is fearr dol do thigh a' bhròin na do thigh na cuirme."

Bhiodh e duilich a chreidsinn, an aghaidh a leithid so de fhianuis, gu'm bu daoine cruaidh-chridheach, fuilteach, no naimhdeil ar n-Aithrichean. 'S e spiorad blàth, caomh, truacanta a nochdas ar litreachas. Ach ma tha bhuaidh calg-dhireach an aghaidh dioghaltachd 'us mi-ruin, tha i air an laimh eile ann an dlù dhaimh ris na feartan is airde 's is cliutiche a bhuineas do'n duine. Tha mòrachd dlu-cheangailte ri irisleachd. Their an Sean-fhocal, "'S i 'n dias is àirde is ìsle chromas a ceann;" agus cha 'n ann mu mhuinntir àrd ann an inbhe a mhain a tha 'n Sean-fhocal fìor. Co-dhiu lorgaicheas sinn beatha nan daoine a b'airde buaidhean air a' bheil iomradh againn, na co-dhiu rann-

suicheas sinn gu cridhe na cuise fein, gheibh sinn an comhnuidh mòrachd, irisleachd, 'us stòldachd a' siubhal lamh air laimh. Cìà mar bhiodh an t-atharrach fìor? Air do chuairt-eachadh le diomhaireachd air gach taobh;—an talamh fo d'chasan; na speuran os do chionn; d'inntinn do-rannsuichte fein; do bheatha—a tus 's a crìoch; t-aite anns a' chruthachadh anns a' bheil do chrannchur;—is ceistean iad so a dh'fheoraicheas gach neach air an do bhuillicheadh a bheag de thuigse gu tric dheth fein. Feudaidh e bhi creidsinn gu bheil na ceistean do-fhuasgailte, ach cha chum so e gun an cur. Gheibh e mach gu bheil coslas foilleil; nach 'eil nithean mar a chithear iad; gu bheil fianuis na sùil mealltach; gu'm feumar amharc an cridhe nithean cho maith ri cridhe an duine mu'n ruigear air fìrinn. Gheibh thu a leithid so de neach a' feoraich, ann an spiorad tur-dhealachichte o'n spiorad anns an d'fheoraich Pilat o shean, "Cìod e fìrinn," no, "A' bheil e comasach do dhuine ruigheachd air fìrinn."

Is cnuic iad so a tha gun teagamh fada uainn; ach is cnuic iad a mheall, le'n guirmead, na h-inntinnean a bu mhisneachaile 's a bu tréine de'n chinne-dhaonna anns gach linn. Tha 'n cunntas a tha againn air fein-fhiosrachadh nan gaisgeach so ro luachmhor dhuinn,—co-dhiu thuit iad anns an dìreadh, mar thachair do'n mhoran; no co-dhiu rainig iad aon de na mullaichean far am faicear seallaidhean 's an cluinnear guthan nach tuig an Saoghal, 's a sheall iad, le suil na h-iolaire, air fìrinn aghaidh ri aghaidh,—ni a b'e cnibhrionn glòrmhor aon no dhà. Cha 'n 'eil neach a dh' imich air an t-slighe so, co-dhiu a dh' fhailnich e air an turas, no rainig e, le mor shaothair, a cheann-uighe, nach robh na b'irisle 's na bu stòlda, co-dhiu bha no nach

robh e na bu ghlice. Ma ruigeas tu inbheachd "Gaisgeach" Dhughaill Buchannain, 's gu'n seall thu air an t-Saoghal 's air a luchd-aiteachaidh mar sheall esan, saoilidh mi nach e aighir no sùgradh is trice bhitheas air d'aire:

"Mar tholman tìre faic an Saoghal
'Us daoine' mar sheangain air mu'n cuairt;

"A null 's a nall gun fhois gun tàmh,
A' cruinneachadh às gach àit' do'n cist',
Gu lionmhor marcachd thar a' chéil',
'S a' trod gu géur mu bhioran brist'."

Nach 'eil e fìor, ann an tomhas mór, mu na daoine a b'airde buaidhean, a b' fharsuinge eolas, 's a bu doimhne fiosrachadh, gu'n robh am beatha foluichte o'n t-Saoghal? Chunnacas, ma dh'fhaodte, uair no dhà, ann an Eachdraidh an t-Saoghail, leithid prìomh Bhard Shasuinn, aon a dh'fhaodteadh a ghabhail mar mhac-samluail air inntinn an duine, anns gach linn, anns gach cearn, 's anns gach gléus; ach gu bhi gabhail fìor rìghrean a' chinne-dhaonna thar cheann, 's ann aonaranach a bha 'm beatha, agus is ann cianail a bha 'n smuain. Gun toibheum nach faodteadh a radh mu'n timchioll ged bha iad anns an t-Saoghal, nach b'airidh an Saoghal orra, agus nach b'ann de'n t-Saoghal iad. Tha ar Bardachd fein ag innseadh dhuinn gu'n do chaith Oscar òg an oidhche mu'n do chuir e 'cheud bhlàr, a reir cleachduin a' Shluaigh, ann an co-luadar diomhair ri spioraid Aithrichean. A' charaid, bha creidimh ar Sìnnsearan diomhain, meallta; ach, anns a' cheum so, bha 'n cleachduin ionmholta. Cha robh gairdean Oseair na bu laige an la'r-na-mhair-each; agus bha mhisneach na b'airde 's inntinn na bu shoilleire, na ged chuireadh e seachad an oidhche ann an cuideachd fhaoin no 'n a chodal. Feudaidh thu bhi cinnteach, air

meud do neirt no air airde do bhuidhean, nach dean thusa gnìomh a choisneas urram dhuit rè do bheatha no cliu bhuan an deigh do bhàis, gun iomadh oidhche 'chur seachad ann an co-luadar dìomhair ri d' Spiorad fein. O chionn beagan bhliadhnachan thug Iompaire na Frainge leis aon mhac—balachan òg, maoth—air ceann an airm, dh'fheuch an cuidicheadh e spiorad gaisgeil a chuid shaighdearan a neartachadh, 's an tuil mhillteach bha bagradh an duthaich a sgrios a thionndadh a thaobh; agus, air an fhaiche, an deigh a' bhlàir, sgrìobh e g'a mhnaoi, anns a chainnt spagluinnich a tha 'n Sluagh sin ro thrì a' cleachdadh, gu'n d'fhuair a mac a nis "a bhaisteadh le teine." Bheir an sgeul bheag a'd' chuimhne Oisean 's a mhac òg Oscar a' dol a sheasamh còir Chathlin Chluaidh; agus saoilidh mi gu'n aidichear, ann an cuid de nithean, nach ann na's fearr a tha 'n Saoghal a' dol mar tha na linntean a' ruith.

Tha e fìor, ma ta, gu bheil na inntinnean is airde buailteach do bhi rannsachadh nan ceistean cud-thromach, dorch a tha cuairteachadh beatha an duine; agus tha e cho fìor gu'n toir an t-saothair car dubhach, smalanach do'n inntinn. Ach ged gheibhear an spiorad dubhach so gu cumanta 'n ar measg-ne; agus ged tha e, air aon taobh co-dhiu, ann an dlù dhaimh ri buaidhean àrd 's ri inntinn fharsuing, cha'n 'eil mi cho earbsach gu'm feum e bhi 'n comhnuidh fìor, far am faighear an dara aon gu'm faighear an t-aon eile. Buinidh smalan dubhachas, 'us bròn do'n fhaireachduin, na's mo na do'n tuigse; agus is ann do bhrìgh so a tha a gu'm faighear gu tric an aon sluagh comharraichte airson a bhi nochdadh faireachduinean calg-dhireach an aghaidh a' cheile. Am fear is goirte ghuileas

an diugh, is dòcha gur e 's airde ghàireas am maireach. Tha sunnd 'us mulad, aighear 'us bròn dealaichte gun teagamh; ach is faireachduinean iad uile, agus tha 'n àite fein aca ann an nàdur ioma-chruthach an duine. Tha litreachas ar Sluaigh na's baigheile ri caoidh na tha i ri gaire, ach dearbhaidh ar caithe-beatha gu bheil an dà chèird air ar laimh gu h-ealanta; agus dearbhaidh ar caithe-beatha 's ar litreachas gu bheil sinn 'n ar n-ìochd-arain thoileach do riaghladh na faireachduin. An uair a gheibh thu faireachduin gheur co-cheangailte ri buaidhean inntinn àrd, tha agad an eisimpleir is urramaiche air nàdur an duine; agus, marthuir mi cheana, tha smuaintean a leithid so de neach an uair is airde iad, dubhach, trom. Ach tha faireachduin sgarte' bho chiall neo-chinnteach, buaireasach; mar tha tuigse sgarte' bho fhaireachduin fuar, gruamach.

Tha mi meas gu bheil cumhachd nach bu chòir aig faireachduin thairis oirne an Gaidhealtachd na h-Alba; agus gu sonruichte tha mi meas gu'n d' thug sinn 'n ar Bardachd sinn fein suas tuillidh 's a chòir do bhròn 's do mhulad. "Is fearr dol do thigh a' bhròn na do thigh na cuirme,"—fìor, ro fhìor gun teagamh; ach nach dubhairt a' cheart Searmonaiche, "Aig gach ni tha tràth, agus àm aig gach rùn fuidh nèamh . . . àm gu gul, agus àm gu gaire." Ann an Ur-sgeul a tha gu maith sìubhlach air feadh Bhreat-uinn o chionn bliadhna no dhà (*The Princess of Thule*), tha seann Rìgh Bhorbha a' labhairt mar so mu 'luchd-duthcha 's mu 'm Bardachd: "Tha 'n Sluagh an comhnuidh ag amharc ri saoghal cianail a tha rompa, no sealltainn air an ais air saoghal cianail a chaidh seachad. An ainm an Aigh! nach 'eil againn ri sealltainn oirnn fein? Tha 'n là

diugh na's fearr na là a thig no thainig; do bhrìgh gur e 'n diugh e, 's gur leinne e. Agus na cluinn-eam an corr de orain a bhitheas ri caoidh, 's ri mulad, 's ri bròn." Cha bu mhaith leam gu'm biodh uiread meas aig an leughadair air beachdan Rìgh Bhorbha 's a tha aig an Rìgh fein. Saoilidh mi nach mor nach ionann do'n teagasg so agus do theagasg air an robh Saoghal eòlach o chionn iomadh linn, "Itheamaid agus òlamaid, oir am màireach gheibh sinn bàs,"—teagasg, ma dh'fhaodte, aig a' bheil tuillidh 's a' choir de chumhachd thairis air ar clachduin, cia air bith cho danarra 's a sheasas an inntinn a mach 'n a aghaidh. Ach co-dhiu dh'aontaicheas sinn le cunntas MhicCoinnich mu'n ghalar, no co-dhiu dh'aidicheas sinn gur leigheas cumhaidh an leigheas a dh'orduich esan, cha 'n 'eil teagamh nach 'eil failinn 'n ar litreachas, agus nach e dleasdanas gach aon againn ar dìchioll a dheanamh air son an fhailinn a shlanachadh.

'S e cron ar Bardachd, tha mi meas, gu bheil na h-uiread dh'i beathachadh ar faireachduinean a mhain, agus cho beag dh'i a' sàsachadh an reusain. 'S e na faireachduinean is measaile a bhuineas duinn a tha ar n-òrain a' riarachadh, agus uime sin cha leigheas cungaidh Rìgh Bhorbha—òrain shunndach an àite òrain thiamhaidh. Ach cha 'n ann 'n ar n-òrain a mhain a tha 'n galar air sgaoileadh. A chur an ceill ar faireachduinean tha ar focail, ar samhluidean, ar doigh-chainnt, ar Sgeulachdan, 's ar Bardachd fìor chumhachdach. Ach a mach o'r Sean-fhocail, agus o Bhàrdachd Oisean, cha 'n fhaighear a bheag 'n ar litreachas Ghaidhealaich a thoilicheas an reusan, an inntinn, an tuigse. C'arson a bhitheadh a' chuis mar so? C'arson a chluinneas tu gach oraidiche a labhairt le aon rùn

an Gaidhlig 's le rùn eile 's a' Bheurla? Rach do Choinneamh Ghaidhealaich, agus nach fairich thu gur e crìoch araid an fhir-labhairt, 's a' Bheurla, fiosrachadh a thoirt dhuit;—'s a' Ghaidhlig, do chur a chaoineadh no ghaireachdaich. "An uair a bha mi a'm' leanaban," ars' an t-Abstol Pòl, "labhair mi mar leanaban, thuig mi mar leanaban, reusonaich mi mar leanaban; ach air fàs dèmh a'm' dhuine, chuir mi na nithe leanabaidh air cùl." 'N ar latha-ne, is duilich gur fìor, tha moran de leanabas ri fhaotainn 'n ar measg. Tha sinn na's cleachdta ri bhi air ar breugadh—focal aig a' bheil a naigheachd fein—mar leanabain, na air ar teagasg mar dhaoine. Ciod an leigheas air a'ghalar so? Their aon de 'r Sean-fhocail, "'S e geinn dheth fein a sgoilteas an darach"; agus chuala sinn gu leir iomradh air seol leigheis a bha o chionn beagan bhliadhnachan miaghail aig Lighichean—*homopathy*—a bhi togail anns a' chorp, le cungaidhean freagarrach, faireachduinean de'n aon ghnè ris a' ghalar. Cia b'e cho buadh'or 's a bhiodh na seoltan so air sgoltadh fiodha 's air slanuchadh a' chuirp, cha 'n 'eil mi cho earbsach asda airson ar litreachas a leasachadh. Na 'm biodh *Punch* againn 's a' Ghaidhlig, sgiursamaid no smadamaid an eucail a mach as ar measg. Ma ghabhas tu os laimh do choimhearsnachas theagasg, na dearmad faireachduin a riarachadh; ach gu'm b'e do rùn a thuigse a shasachadh. Mur 'eil tuigse 's seoltachd air a' stiùir, theid an long, air a feabhas, a mhaslachadh le gaoith 's le fairge: ach ma tha, 's aluinn an sealladh a' faicinn "a' marcachd 's an t-sìne" gu uaibhreach. "Is olc do'n luing an uair a dh'eigheas an stiùireadair"; is seachd mìosa dh'i ma tha e aineolach air a shlighe no 'n a chodal.

D. M'K.

NA SRUTHAIN.

“ *Eighidh na broin bheaga, tha na mor
bhroin balbh.* ”

A shruthain, a shruthain an aonaich,
Ag greasad fo aomadh nam fras ;
A' froiseadh feadh phronnlach an aodainn
'S a' taomadh na d' chaol-shruthain ghlas ;
Mar 's taine bho d' iochdar gu d' uachdar,
Mar sin 's ann is fuaimear do ghuth ;
'S 'n uair nach tog am mòr shruthan luath-
ghair,

Cuiridh 'n fhaoin-fhras ard ghleadhraich na
d' shruth.

Nach minig a chl sinn mu'n cuairt duinn,
Cuid tha gluasad mar chàch anns gach ni,
Gus 'n tachair do thrioblaid am bualadh ;
'S an sin chithear buaidhean an cridh',
O, togaidh iad àrd an guth fuaimneach,
Bithidh caoidhrean na truaigh' ac' nach
faoin,

An duil gu'n gabh daoine mòr-thruas
diubh—

('ha d' ionnsuich iad falamhachd dhaoin. '

Ach 'alltain, O, 'alltain nan lèintean,
Cha chualas riamh mòr fhuaim bho' d'
ghuth ;

'S ge domhain, 's ge dorch thu 's a' chòm-
nard

Seasaidh caol-luibhean uaine na d' shruth :

'S ged sguabas mu 'n cuairt ort na frasan ;

'S beag dh' aithnichear ortsa de 'm buaidh,

Ach thu gluasad beagan na 's braise,

'S a' plogail na's truime ri d' bhruaich.

Nis, thusa tha duineil 'n uair chuireas

Mor thrioblaid no deuchainn ort gruaim,

Cha chluinnear le mòran do thuireadh ;

Ach mùchar an searbhadas cruaidh ;

Oir mulad beag falamh a' ghearain,

Is gearr gus an gabh e air falbh :

'S e fìor bhròn, bròn 's trice 'tha maireann

'S mar shruthan an lèin tha e balbh.

MAC-OLDHCHE.

—o—

IONRAIC MAC-AILEIN.

CAIB I.

1. Ainm agus cinneach Ionraic.
4. Na trioblaidean a thàinig air.
7. An ceard-umha agus a mhi-chreideamh.
12. Urnuigh an duine bhochd.
16. An ceard-umha a' tachairt ri Ionraic.

1. Agus bha duine ann d'am b' ainm Ionraic Mac-Ailein, do thréubh nan Gaidheal, á baile a' Chamloch,

ann an crìochaibh na Gaidhealtachd, agus ann an siar-shraithibh na dùthcha.

2. Agus tharladh gu'n robh Ionraic 'na dhuine glic agus fòghluimte, ach trid freasdail an Tighearna thàinig àmhghar agus bròn 'na char, ghearradh as a theaghlach gu léir, thainig am bàs gu h-obunn air a mhnaoi, agus air a chuid mhac agus nighean, agus bhuaileadh e fein le laigsinn agus tinneas.

3. Bha Ionraic gu trom air a chlaoidh, gidheadh, cha do thréig e Dia aithriche. Bha fios aige gu'm robh an Tì a's Airde a' deanamh nithe mòra nach comas rànnasachadh a mach, agus nithe miorbhuileach nach gabh àireamh a thaobh an lion-mhorachd.

4. Ach mu dheireadh dh' fhàs trioblaidean an duine bhochd so tuille's searbh ; bha e sàruichte air uachdar an talmhainn, agus bha 'anam sgìth da bheatha.

5. Gidheadh, cha do dhi-chùimh-
nich e Tì Naomh Israeil, oir thubh-
airt e gu'm bheil neart agus gliocas
aig an Tighearna, agus gu'm bheil
tròcair agus gràdh air am foillseach-
adh 'na uile ghnìomharaibh.

6. Air do'n duine àmhgharach so a bhi air a chromadh le h-aois, agus air a leònadh le bochduinn b' éigin da mu dheireadh an Camloch fhàgail chum dol a dh' iarraidh na deirce.

7. Air là de na laithibh sheas e aig dorus tighe duine a bha ro shaibhir, ceard-umha àraidh a charn suas mòran beartais, agus aig an robh mòr-aitreibh, féudail, agus séilbh de gach gnè.

8. Chuir Ionraic fàilt air a' cheard-umha, agus bheannaich se e.

9. Ach thionndaidh an ceard ris an duine aosda, agus thubhairt e gu fiadhuich, feargach ris, Ciod e do ghnòthuch-sa an so, a bhodaich thruaillidh, shalaich, thoir do chasan

as, oir mur siubhail thu air ball, cuiridh mi na coin so 'nad dhéigh.

10. Dean foighidinn, a dhuin'-nasail, a deir Ionraic, dean foighidinn agus éisd rium. Chuir àmbghar agus sean aois á obair mi; tha mi, uime sin, a nis 'gam thilgeadh fein air Freasdal Dé, agus air càirdeas dhaoine truacanta, agus cha'n eagal domh.

11. Freasdal De! an e a thubhairt thu? Cha'n 'eil mi 'creidsinn ann an Dia, no ann am Freasdal no ann an Slànuighear, oir is nithe sin leis am bheil sluagh glic air am mealladh, agus sluagh ionraic air an dalladh, agus air an truailleadh. Uime sin, bi falbh agus na cuir dragh orm.

12. Dh' fhalbh an duine boehd gu tròm air a leònadh 'na spiorad, agus thubhairt e ris a' cheard-amha, Beannachd leat, agus gu'n deanadh Dia trocair air t-anam. Chróm e sios air a ghlùinibh aig bun craoibhe dlùth air an dorus, agus chuir e suas an ùrnuigh so, ag ràdh, O! Dhé ghlòirmhoir, tha mi 'toirt buidheachais duit air son lionmhorachd do chaoimhneas an gràdhach, agus tha mi' guidhe ort cuimhne a bhi agad air an duine thruagh so, ged a rinn e tarcuais air do bhith agus do fhreasdal.

13. A Dhé, thoir maitheanas da, oir cha'n 'eil fios aige ciod a ta e ag ràdh no 'deanamh.

14. Mar so chaidh na cùisean rè tamuill seachad, ach bha na focail "A Dhé, thoir maitheanas da, oir cha'n 'eil fios aige ciod a ta e ag ràdh no 'deanamh," a' fuaim gu'n sgur a là agus a dh' òidhche ann an clusaibh an duine shaibhir, agus cha robh airgiod no òr a' toirt sàimhneis da; oir bha e do ghnàth ann am mòr thrioblaid inn-tinn.

15. Deich laithean an déigh sin dh' ullaich e a charbad chum gnoth-

uichean a dheanamh 'sa bhaile mhòr, agus ghabh e an t-slighe.

16. Mar mhìle do'n bhaile rug e air an t-seann duine air an rathad mhòr, agus air da 'fhaicinn, chaidh e gu searbh air chrith.

17. Léum e sios o'n charbad, agus rug e air làimh air an duine bhoehd, gidheadh cha d' aithnich 'se e, ach thubhairt e ris. A dhuine bhoehd, tha mo chridhe brònach o'n nair a dhealaich thu rium agus rè na h-uine o sin tha mi air mo chlaoidh le ciont agus eagal.

18. An sin dh' fheòraich an duine boehd dheth, a'm fac mise riamh roimh thu, agus ma chunnaic, ciod a rinu mi ort, no 'nad aghaidh, chum gu'm buailteadh thu le ciont agus eagal?

19. Rinn thu nithe cudthromach d' am' thaobh-sa, air son am bi aoibhneas orm uile laithean mo bheatha.

20. Air do dh' Ionraic sin a chluinntinn, a deir e, O cheann beagan laithean air ais, bha mi ocrach, agus ghairm mi aig dorus duine saibhir. Air da m' fhaicinn bha corrach air, agus chuir e air falbh mi, ag innseadh dhomh nach robh e a' creidsinn aon chuid ann an Dia, no 'na fhreasdal, agus chuir mi ùrnuigh suas ris an Ti Bheannaichte as a leth.

21. Stad, stad, a charaid ion-mhuinn, is mise an duine! Is mise an creutair truagh sin a thubhairt riut nach robh mi a' creidsinn ann an Dia; 's eadh, is mise am peacach graineil ud nach d' thug aoidheachd dhuit, ach a ghreas air falbh thu!

22. Is mise a chual t-ùrnuigh-sa ris an Tighearna, ag ràdh, "A Dhé, thoir maitheanas da, oir cha'n 'eil fios aige ciod a ta e ag ràdh no 'deanamh."

23. Chaidh na briathra sin mar shaigheadh ghéur a steach do m' chridhe, agus lot iad le cumhachd an Spioraid an cridhe cruaidh, cealgach sin.

24. Thig-sa a steach maille rium do'n charbad, agus pillidh sinn dh' ionnsuidh mo thighe-sa.

25. Thug an ceard-umha Ionraic Mac-Ailein leis dhachaidh, agus cha do dhealaich e ris tuilleadh. Bha iad beò cuideachd rè aireimh bhliadhnuichean, agus mu dheireadh chuireadh sìnte taobh ri taobh iad 'san tigh chumhann sin a dh'òrduicheadh do gach uile bheò.

CAIB II.

1. Agus thàrladh air aon de na làithibh sin, gu'n deachaidh Tearlach Mac Alasdair a mach, agus gu'n robh e a' sràid-imeachd air a' chòmh-nard aig cois na beinne.

2. Agus bha Tearlach 'na dhuine truacanta agus ionraic, air an robh eagal an Ti a's Airde, agus bha e a' beachd-smuaineachadh air diomh-anasaidh an t-saoghail, agus air gach mealladh-dochais agus trioblaid d'am bheil mac an duine buailteach.

3. An nair a bha e a' beachd-smuaineachadh mar so gu dùrachd-ach 'na chridhe fein ann an ciùneas an fheasgair, chuireadh fàilt air le Alasdair Mac Thearlaich a choimhearsnach fein.

4. Agus thubhairt e ris, Cha robh dùil sam bith agam, a Thearlaich, do chomhlachadh mar so ann an cromadh an anmoich, agus gu h-araidh 'san ionad aonaranach so, ach is sòlas leam d'fhaicinn ann an slàinte.

5. A nis bha seilbh-fhearainn aig gach aon fa leth dhe'n dithis dhaoine so, oir bha Tearlach Mac Alasdair 'sa Bhaile-mhór, agus Alasdair Mac Thearlaich 'sa Bhaile-bheag. Bha gidheadh gabhail mhór fhearainn-catorra, d'am b'ainm am Baile-mheadhonach, a bha air mhàl aig Tomas Mac an Fhleisteir, àrd-righ-lair na h-ighreachd, agus aon de luchd-ceartais na dùthcha.

6. Agus bha Tomas 'na dhuine mòr. Bha e mòr 'na bheachd fein a

thaobh uail agus faoineachd a chridhe, agus bha e mòr ann am beachd muinntir eile, a thaobh a dhréuchd agus a chumhachd thairis air an oighreachd.

7. Ach cha robh mòrachd Fir Bhaile-mheadhonaich chum a leas fein. Bha e teachd beò ann am mòr-ghreadhnachas, agus cha robh a ghiùlan idir ionraic, no taitneach ann an suilibh nan daoine glìce.

8. Dh' ullaich e dha fein carbaid ghreadhnach, agus eich mheanmnach, agus bha e urramach ann an siùilbh an t-sluaigh sin thairis air an robh smachd aige 'na dhréuchd.

9. Agus aig toiseach na bliadhna chuir e gairm a mach do na h-uile aig an robh airgiod 'nan làimh, gu'n robh esan deas gu ghabhail, agus deonach air riadh ni's àirde a thabh-airt air a shon na gheibhteadh ann an àite sam bith eile.

10. Chualas an gairm, agus bhrùchd na ficheadan dh' ionnsuidh Thomais, agus chàruich iad 'na làimh an cuid dhe n' t-saoghal.

11. Agus thàrladh air là àraidh gu'n d' thainig Tomas ann an carbad chaigeann each do'n bhaile mhór, agus chuir e fàilt air Tearlach Mac-Alasdair.

12. Agus air dha teachd a nuas as a' charbad, labhair e ag radh, Gu deimhin, deimhin a deiream riut, a Thearlaich, is sona do dhuine comas agus toil a bhi aige furtachd a dheanamh air a choimhearsnach ann an uair na h-eiginn, agus gnìomh trocaireach a nchadadh dha.

13. Is e dleas' nas nan uile, a deir Tearlach, a bhi truacanta, tèò-chridheach, agus iochdmhor a réir an cumhachd.

14. Agus fhreagair Thomas, agus thubhairt e, Tha dòchas agam gu'n dean thu gnìomh caraid d'am thaobhsa an duigh, agus gu'n nochd thu gu'm bheil meas agad orm. Ma ni thu sin, cha sgaoilear ach leis a'

bhàs an dàimh-chairdeas a cho'-sheasas eadar thusa agus mise rè uile làithean ar beatha.

15. Dh'fhan Tearlach ré tamuill 'na thosd, ach a ris, thog e suas a shùilean, agus thubhairt e, a' Charaid, ciod is gnothuch dhuit, agus ma tha e 'nam chomas nithear e?

16. Thionndaidh Tomas ris le h-aghaidh chiùin, agus le sùilibh tlà, agus a deir e, Tha airgiod gu cabhagach a dhith orm, uime sin rach an urras orm ann an cuig cèud.

17. Gu h-amaideach air a shonfein, dheònaich Tearlach, rinneadh an gnìomh, agus dh'fhalbh Fear a' Bhaile-Mheadhonaich le mìle taing air a bhilibh.

18. Leum e 'na charbad, agus ann an ùine gheàrr stad e aig dorus Alasdair Mhic Thearlaich 'sa Bhaile Bheag, agus air ball thàinig Alasdair a mach a chur fàilt air.

19. Agus fhreagair Tomas, agus thubhairt e, Tha dòchas agam gu'n dean thu gnìomh caraid d'am thaobhsa an diugh, agus gu'n nochd thu gu'm bheil meas agad orm. Ma ni thu sin, cha sgaoilear ach leis a' bhàs an dàimh-chairdeas a cho'-sheasas eadar thusa agus mise, re uile làithean ar beatha.

20. Dh' fhan Alasdair rè tamuill 'na thosd, ach a ris thog e suas a shùilean, agus thubhairt e, A Charaid, ciod is gnothuch dhuit, agus ma tha e 'nam chomas nithear e?

21. Thionndaidh Tomas ris le h-aghaidh chiùin, agus le sùilibh tlà, agus a deir e, Tha airgiod gu cabhagach a dhith orm, rach an urras orm ann an cuig cèud.

22. Cha'n 'eil a mhiann orm mo chuid agus mo charaid a chall còmh-ladh, a Thomais, cha dean mi idir e.

23. Dh' fhalbh Tomas le feirg a' lasadh 'na ghnùis, agus gu'n teagamh le bhi 'guidheadh mhallachd 'na chridheanaghaidh a' choimhearsnaich

a dhiùlt co h-obunn e an aghaidh a dhòchais.

24. Ann am beagan sheachdain an déigh sin, thugadh thairis an stiùbhard eucorach so do'n bhreith-eamh, agus thug am breitheamh e do'n mhaor, agus thilg am maor am priosan e. Reiceadh na bh'aige; chaill e a' stiùbhartachd, bha e air a mhaslachadh 'san tìr; cha b' urrainn da ruamhar a dheanamh; bu nàr leis deirc iarraidh, agus bha mallachadh 'nam bochd 'na lorg.

25. Agus tharladh, gu'n do chaill Fear a' Bhaile-Mhòir a choig cèud, ach le dichill agus foighidinn fhuair e a chuid a's fhearr air: Rinneadh leis an uachdaran e 'na stiùbhard ann an àite Thomais Mhic an Fhleisteir, agus choimhlion e a dhreuchd le treibhdhireas agus deagh-chliù. Choisinn e deagh-ghean gach àrd agus iosal air an oighreachd.

26. Thugadh an eachdraidh so earail do na h-uile, gu sònraichte dhoibhsan a ta toiseachadh air gnothuichibh an t-saoghail. Cuimhnichheadh iad gu'n dubhairt an diuine glic, gu'm bi esan a dh' fhuathaicheas luchd-urrais tearuinte.

SGIATHANACH.

—o—

SGIALACHD ÆNEAIS LE VIRGIL

Eadar-theangaichte o' n Laidinn gu Gailig le D. B. B.

(Air a leantuin.)

Do'n teampull thugadh iad a steach
A's thugadh cead gu labhairt doibh:
'N sin thòisich Ilioneus mòr
Le inntinn stòlda ri cainnt;
"O Bhan-rìgh d'an do dheònaich Iòbh
Am baile mòr so thogail ùr
A's cinnich uaibhreach thoirt gu géill
Do laghamnaibh a réir do rùin.
Is Tròidhich bhochd sinn air ar claidh
A dh' iomaineadh le gaoith nan cuan
Ag iarraidh fàbhair; cum air falbh
An lasair dhearg o'r longaibh luath:
Coigil an sluagh cràbhach caoin,
Amhairc gu caomh air ar teinn,
Cha d' thainig sinn a chreach na dùthch',

A chruinneachadh na spùill gu tràigh ;
 Cha tig dhuinn ainneart agus uail,
 Oir thugadh buaidh oirnn leis an nàmh.
 Tha àite cian 's a' chuan ud thall,
 Hesperia an cainnt nan Greug,
 Seann tir, cumhachdach an airm,
 'S i torrach tarbhach mar an ceudn'.
 Na h-Oinoitrich ghabh tàmh an sin ;
 Tha 'n t-iomradh a nis as ùr
 Gu'n d'fhuair e 'n Eadailte mar ainm
 Bho'n ainm a bh' air rìgh na dùch'.
 Do'n ionad sin bha inne triall
 Nuair dh' éirich Orìon doirbh
 Le doininn obuinn, shéid e sinn
 Air tanalachaibh séitreach cruaidh
 Sgap e sinn air cuan nan tonn
 Feadh chreagan cunnartach ro thiugh
 'S an saile 'g ar fliuchadh trom.
 Is buidheann thearc sinn aig an àm,
 Thainig sinn air snàmh gu tràigh.
 Ach ciod a ghne dhaoin' tha 'n so
 An dùthaich chrosda so gun bhàigh ?
 A cheadaich an cleachdadh gnù
 A dhiult dhuinn an cladach lom ?
 Ghairm iad cogadh ruim mar tha
 Thoirmeasg cas air tràigh no fonn.
 Ma ni sibh tair air clann nan daoine
 'S air airm gach aon neach a ta bed,
 Earbaibh gu'n cuimhnich na dé
 Ciod è eucoir agus còir.
 Bha againn Æneas mar rìgh
 Cha robh aon cho fìor ris féin
 A thoirt a dhlighe do gach neach
 'S a choilìonadh reachd nan dé
 Cha robh neach a thigeadh suas
 Ris-san an cruadal nan arm
 Cha robh neach 's an domhan mhòr
 Cho colach air cogadh searbh.
 Ma ghleidheadh e fathast bed
 A' beathachadh air deò nan speur,
 Mur deach' e cheana sìos a thàmh
 Le sgaileachaibh dùbh an Eig :
 Cha'n eagal gur h-aithreach leat
 Thu nochdadh dhuinn iochd as truas,
 Ged robh 'n toiseach agad fein
 An gnìomharan mèinneil suairc.
 Thall an *Sichili* nan loach
 Tha bailtean agus raointean glas,
 Fo riaghladh Achesteis mhoir ;
 'S ann de shliochd na Tròidh am fath,
 Ceadaich gu'n toir sinn gu tir
 Ar longan a mhill an cuan,
 Gun tagh sinn sailthean as do choill
 'S gu'n cairich sinn na ràimh gu luath.
 Ma dheònaichear dhuinn fadheadh
 Do'n Eadailt gun seòl sinn a ris,
 Gu h-aoibhinn ruigidh sinn an t-ait
 'N uair gheobh sinn ar càirdean 's ar Rìgh.
 Ach ma chaill sinn ar ceann rùil,
 Ma dh' adhlacaidh an grùnd a' chuain,
 Thusa, dheagh athair na Tròidh,
 A's oirdhearc ann am measg an t-sluaigh,

Ma chaidh gach dòchas air chùl
 Gu'm faicear leinn Iulus caomh,
 Pillidh sinn air ar n-ais cia dhiù
 Gu Eilein nan lùb 's nan caol.
 An t-ait a dh' ullaicheadh dhuinn thall
 Bho'n d' thainig sinn a nall an tràs ;
 Ruigidh sinn Achestes odir
 A's ni sinn còmhnuidh leis gu bràth."

So labhair *Ilianus* treun,
 Chomh-aontaich càch gu leir le chainnt.
 Threagair Dido 'm briathraibh gearr
 'S i 'g anharc ris an làr gu mald',
 "Na gabhaibh geilt, a chlann na Tròidh,
 A's cùram na biodh oirbh 's an uair ;
 'S e fàth nan nithean ud 's an am
 Mo rioghachd fhann us m' fhortan cruaidh.
 Shuidhich mi luchd-faire cuain
 Fad bhuam us faisg air làimh.
 Co nach cuala sgeul na Tròidh,
 Sluagh Æneais mhòir, an sàr ?
 A gaisgich, us feartan a h-airm ?
 Losgadh garbh a' chogaidh mhòir,
 Cridhe nam Puinneach cha'n 'eil cruaidh
 Gun mhothachadh, gun truas gu leòir.
 Cha'n 'eil sinn cho fad o'n ghréin
 'S nach d' thainig sgeul a chum ar cluas.
 Hesperia ma's roghainn leat,
 Duthaich Shathurna nam buadh ;
 No ma's àill leat dol air d' ais
 Gu Achestes rìgh na féil',
 Cuidichidh mi-leat gu pailt
 Le m' ionmhasaibh beartach féin,
 Ach ma's fearr leat tàmh an so
 'S gu'n toilich thu fuireach leam,
 Am bail' a thog mi, 's leibhse fòs
 Gu còmhnuidh a tha 'n tràs air chuan
 Tàirngnibh gu luath gu tir,
 Cha chuir mi dealachadh nas mò
 Eadar muinntir Thròidh us Thiorr.
 O nach robh Æneas féin
 Air éigneachadh le gaoith á deas,
 'S gu'm buaileadh leath' e chum na tir.
 Ach cuiridh mise daoine air leth
 A rannsaicheas air feadh gach àit,
 A's bheir mi àithne dhoibh gu teann
 Gu'n sir iad gach baile 's gach coill
 'S am faod e dol air chall 's an am."

Ghabh misneach bho na briathraibh tla
 Æneas as Achates treun :
 Mhiannaich iad an sin gu mòr
 An earradh ced chur as a chéul.
 Labhair Achates air tìs
 Ri Æneas ciùin mar so,
 "A mhic na bain-de ciod an smuain
 A dh' éirich suas ad chridhe goirt ?
 Faic do chàirdean uile slàn,
 Do chabhlach teàruinte 's gach ni,
 Tha aon air chall a chaidh 's a' mhuir
 A chunnaic sinn 'g a slugadh sìos.
 Ach thachair gach ni do chàch
 Mar dh' innis do mhàthair chaomh."
 'N uair labhair e sgoilt an neul

A's chaidh e gu léir fa sgaoil.

'N sin sheas Æneas le loinn
Gu dealrach an soills' an là,
Bha iomhaigh nan dé 'n a shuil,
'N a ghnuis, us 'n a ghualnibh àigh,
Chuir Venus falt aluinn grinn
Air mullach a chinn g' a chùl,
Ruiteag na h-dìge 'n a ghruaidh
A's dealradh suairce 'n a shuil.
Mar ibhori 'n làimh fir-ceaird
Liobhta, pèarsach mar bu chòir :
No airgiod, no marmor cruaidh,
'N uair chuairtichear e le h-òr.
Labhair e mar so gun dàil
Ris a' bhànrigh'nn gu ro chitinn,
Bhuail iongantas gach neach a bh' ann
Cho luath 's a sheall iad air le'n sùil.
"Mise air am bheil thu 'n geall,
Tha mi 'n so 's an àm air lom,
Æneas bho Throidh gun fheall
A shaoradh bho ainneart nan tonn.
Is tusa 'n t-aon neach a ghabh truas
Ri trioblaidibh cruaidh na Tròidh.
Ghabh thu sinn ad bhaile steach
Do d' thighibh ro mhaiseach mòr;
Is fuigheall sinn chaidh as bho'n Ghréig
A dh' fhuiling amhghar geur us bròn.
Air muir 's air tir air ar claidh,
A dh' uireasbhuidh gach ni, gun stòr.
Cha'n 'eil e ann am chomas fein,
No neach fo'n ghréin de chinneach
Thròidh,

Na phaigheas tu, no bheir dhuit taing
Air son do chaoimhneis mar is coir,
Gu'n dednaicheadh na dé dhuit duais,
(Ma tha diathan shuas air nèamh
A ghabhas spéis de dhaoin coir.
A nochdas trocair ri am feum,
Ma tha ceartas idir ann
A bhos no thall an àit fo'n ghréin,
A's inntinn 'g am bheil cogais ghlan.
Co-fhiosrach gur ceart i fein.)
Ciod i linn òirdhearc an àigh
'S an d' thainig thu mach air tos?
Co iad na pàrantan gràidh
A dh' àraich thu 'n uair bha thu òg?
Cho fad 's a ruitheas aibhne luath
A sìos do'n chuan air srath nan gleann,
Cho fad 's a theid dubhar mu'n cuairt
Air mullaichibh nan cruach 's nam beann.
Cho fad 's a bhios rionnag 's an spéir :
Bidh cuimhn' agam féin air d' ainn,
Do chliu, us d' onoir feadh gach linn,
Ge b'e tir gu'n teid mo ghairm."
Labhair e us ghlac gun dàil
Ilioneus 'n a laimh dheis
Ghlac Serghestes 'n a laimh chli
'Gam fàilteachadh le sìth us meas,
Dh' fhailtich e càch an sin gu léir
Gach fear a réir a chliu 's a mhaoin ;
Gyas us claonthus calm
Bu ghaigich ainmeil iad araon.

Ghabh Dido iongantas air tìs
'N uair chunnaic i gnùis an tréin,
Ghabh iongantas a ris ri chùis,
A's labhair i gu ciuin ris féin :
"Cruaidh-fhortan nam mìle teinn
A mhic na bain-dé lean riut riabh :
Cia 'n cumhachd gun iochd gun bhàigh
A dh' iomain thu gu tràigh cho fiat?
An tusa Æneas treun mòr,
Rug Venus a b'òrbhuidh' ciabh
Dh' Anchises ainmeil na Tròidh
Aig Abhainn Shimdeis chial,
Air chinnt' is cuimhne leam fein
Nuair thainig Teucher treun nan glonn
Gu Sidon, 'n uair theich air falbh,
Ag iarraidh dha féin sealbh air fonn
Le còmhnaidh Bheluis mo ghràidh,
M' athair a chuir fàs 's an àm
Eilean Chipruis, tir an àigh
'S a cheannsaich e fo làimh gu teann.
Bho'n am sin is eòlach mi féin
Air léirsgrios Baile na Tròidh :
Air d' ainm-sa fòs, a ghaigich thréin
A's righribh nan Greugach còrr,
Dh' àrdaich Teucher féin gu mòr
Na Tròidhich le h-iomadh clit,
A's rinn e uaill gun robh e féin
De shliochd nan treun-laogh ud bho thà.
Thigibh uime sin gun dàil
A steach do m' àros farsuinn réidh ;
Chaidh mise féin tre iomadh càs
A's dh' fhuiling mi ànradh, geur.
Thachair cruadal rium-sa fòs
A thug orm còmhnuidh an so ;
Cha'n 'eil mi aineolach air truaigh,
Is eòl domh fuasgladh air a' bhochd.
'N uair labhair i thug i steach
Æneas do theach na féil',
A's dh' orduich i iobairt gu grad
'S an teampull réir reachd nan dé
Chuir i 'n sin cuibhrionn gu luath
A ghios an t-sluaigh a bh' aig an tràigh,
Fichead tarbh, cóig fichead muc
Le 'm muidhibh tiugh friodhanach, ard.
Ceud caora lan-de shaill
Le 'n uain reamhra shultmhor, mhèith ;
Tiodhlacan feumail 's an am,
A's fion cuis aoibhneis nan dé
Ach chuireadh an sin air dòigh
An lùchairt spleadhach a stigh,
Le greadhnachas rioghail us sògh ;
A's rinneadh cuirmean mòra deas.
Na trusgain bha maiseach grinn
De 'n phurpur bu bhoillsigich dath ;
Na bùird bha air an lionadh suas
Le cuachaibh de 'n airgiod ghlan.
Ghrabhaladh air soithichibh òir
Eachdraidh mhòr an am bho shean,
Euchdan a sinnsear gu léir
Gach treubhantas a rinn gach fear,
Æneas chuir Achates luath
'Na chabhaig gu cuan nan long,

(cha’n fhaigheadh e fois no tàmh
Leis a’ ghradh a bha ’na chom,)
Chuir e fios gu Ascan òg
E theachd do’n bhaile mhòr gu grad
Oir nìle chùran athar chaoimh
Stad air Ascan gaoil, a mhac,
Na seudan a thearnadh bho Thròidh
Thug e òrdugh dha ’n toirt leis,
An fhalluinn làn de dhealbhan òir,
’S a’ ghnùis-bhrat a b’ òrbhuidh’, dreach.
Grinn eideadh Helen na Gréig
A thug i bho Mhuichéine nuas
Nuair chaidh i air turus a’ bhròin
Gu Tròidh chum pòsadh na truaigh :
Thug Leda a màthair shuaire
An t-earras luachmhor sìth dhi féin.
Dh’ aithn e fos gun tugadh suas
Slat-shuaicheantais nam mìle leug,
Breas-cholbh Ilíone ghrinn
Nighean rioghail Phriam mhòir ;
Crios-muineil de neònaidean buan
A’s crun de chlachaibh buaidh ’s de dh-òr.
Nuair thug e an t-òrdugh so dhà
Dh’ imich Achates an sonn
Le cabhaig a chum na tràigh
Gu chàirdibh aig caladh nan long.

Ach smuainich Venus innleachd ùr,
A’s dheilbh i ’n rùn so ’na com,
Gu’n rachadh Cupid ann an àit
An òigeir ghradhaich, Ascan donn.
Gu’m mùthadh e aogus ’s a dhreach,
’S gu’n lasadh e gaol ro dhian
’S a’ bhan-rìgh leis na seudan àigh,
Mar theine làidir ’na cliabh.
Cha’n earb i ’n dream tha leat us leam,
’Tiorraich da-theangach na foill :
Lot Iuno a h-anam g’ a chùl
A’s phill a cùram leis an oidhch’,
Ri dia sgiathanach nan gaol
Labhair i gu caoin mar so,
“ O thus’, a mhic mo rùin, ’s mo neart.
Mo chumhachd sam bheil feart gu lot,
Is tusa mhàin, a mhic mo ghràidh,
Le ’n suarrach saighdean làidir Iòbh,
A d’ ionnsuidh teichidh mis an tras,
Dean còmhnaidh le d’ laimh, us fòir.
Faic do bhràthair ionmhuinn féin
Æneas ceann-feadhna dhaoin’
’Ga luasgadh bho thonn gu tonn,
Le corruich throm Iuno claoín,
Is minic a bha thu fo bhròn
Nuair rinn thu co-bhròn rium féin ;
Thug Dido aoidheachd san uair
Do d’ bhrathair gu suairce sèimh.
Chuir i nis ’na thurus dàil
Le briathraibh tla a’s briodal cùil
’S cùis-eagail leam Iuno chruidh
’S a fialaidheachd fhuar nach fù.
Cha bhi is’ idir ’na tàmh
Aig aimsir gabhaidh mar th’ ann ;
Ach glacadh mi bhan-rìgh le cluain
’Ga cuairteachadh le lasair theann ;

A chum nach caochail i a rùn
Air iompaidh nan Dùileach àrd,
Ach gun gradhaich i leam féin
Æneas an treun gu bràth.
Mar bheirear leatsa so gu crìch
Eisd a’s innsidh mi gu réidh ;
Tha ’n t-òganach rioghail, mo rùn,
M’ aighear ’s mo chùram gu léir, .
A’ deanamh deas gu dol a suas
Gu baile mòr an t-sluaigh bho Thiorr,
Air iarrtus athar a ghaoil
D’ am bheil e ro chaomh gu fìor ;
’S a’ giùlan leis earras an àigh
A thearnadh bho’n mhuir ’s bho Throidh :
Cuiridh mis’ e ’n cadal sèimh
O ceann Chuitéiré nan sgòrr.
No ceilidh mi e ’n doire dlùth
Air cùl Idalium nan craobh,
Mun tuigear leis innleachd ar ceilg
’S mun mill e oirnn sealg a’ ghaoil.
Gabh thus’ a riochd-san le foill
Re fad aon oidhche a mhàin,
Bho’n tha thu féin ad fhleasgach òg
Gabh aogas an òigeir ghràidh,
Ni Dido aoibhneas mor a’s uaill
Nuair shuidheas tu suas air a glùn
An am na cuirm aig fleadh an fhion
’S i miaghail umad le mùirn.
Nuair ghlacas i thu ’na da làimh
’Sa bheir i pogan graidh dhuit fein,
Las teine falaichte ’na com
A’s taom do leann a stigh ’na creubh.”
Thug Cupid ùmhlachd gun dàil
Do bhriathran a mhathar gaoil
Chuir dheth a sgiathan, ’s dh’ fhalbh le
sùnd,
A’ coiseachd an riochd Iulus chaoimh.
Ach thaom Venus cadal sèimh
Air Ascan ceutach na mais’,
A’s thog i e suas ’na h-uchd
Gu doireachaibh tiugh nam preas.
Idalia nan dlù-choill àrd,
Le seamragaibh àluinn fionn,
’Ga chuairteach le fùranaibh àigh :
Bu taitneach an sgàil os a chionn.
Mar dh’ òrduich a mhàthair dhà
Chaidh Cupid gun dàil air triall,
Na tiodhlacan rioghail ’na làimh.
Gu luchairt na ban-rìgh’nn fial,
B’ aoibhinn leis Achates cùin
Bhi aige ’na cheann-itil an ròid :
Nuair thàinig e shuidh Dido sìos
Air sorchan rioghail de ’n òr
Fo cheann-bhrat uasal ro àrd
De ’n phurpur a b’ àillidh sgèimh :
Shuidh i ’n teis-meadhoin an t-sluaigh,
’S na h-aoidhean mu’n cuairt gu leir.
Æneas, athair mòr nan slogh,
A’s òigridh na Tròidh chaidh cruinn
’Nan suidhe air caithrichibh àrd
’S air uirgibh sgàrlaid grinn.
Na seirbheisich fhuair gu grad

Uisge gu glanadh nan làmh,
 Searadairean meinel, min,
 A's aran 'na mhill 's na cléibh.
 Bha caogad gruagach dhonn a stigh
 A' Seasamh 'nan sreth gu rèidh,
 D' am b' obair an lòn dheanamh deas
 'S a' feitheamh air altair nan dé.
 Bha ceud cailin eile fòs,
 A's ceud òigear de 'n aon aois,
 A' cur nam miasan air na bùird,
 A's shuidhich iad na cùirn ri 'n taobh.
 Chruinnich na Tiorraich 'nan grùnn
 Aig dorsaibh na lùchairt ait,
 Nuair dh' àithneadh dhoibh suidhe 'nan àit
 Air uirighibh sgàrlaid daitht'.
 B' iongantach leotha gach seud
 A thug Æneas doibh gu fial,
 Ghabh iognadh iad ri h-Iulus caomh ;
 Oir bhoillsgich aogas mar dhia
 B' iognadh eo na briathran gràidh,
 A cheil e fo sgàil cho math,
 An fhalluing lan de dhealbhan òir
 'S a' ghnuis-bhrat a b' òrbhuidh dath,
 Gu h' àraid a' bhan-rìgh gun rath
 Thug thairis i féin do ghaol
 Las teine do-chasgadh 'na crìdh'
 'S i 'g amharc air le mlog-shuil chaoin.
 Bheachdaich i gu dur gun stad
 'S a gràdh mar lasair loisgich theith,
 Thaitinn rithe 'n t-òigear grinn,
 'S na seudan riombach thug e leis.
 Ghlac esan Æneas air uchd
 A's chroch e ri mhuineal caomh,
 Mar gum b' e athair a bh' ann
 A's lion e e san am le gaol
 Chaidh e 'n sin gu Dido 'n àigh
 A's dhirich e 'n àird air a glùn,
 Shuidhich is' a crìdh' air gu léir
 A's bheachdaich air gu geur le sùil.
 Air uairibh ghabh i e g' a cneas,
 Gun fhios aic' air neart an de,
 A dheilbh an innleachd so gu seòlt,
 G' a glacadh gun eol di fein.
 Ach chuimhnich esan mar b' àill
 Air teagasg a mhàthar caoin,
 A chuid 's a chuid dhubh e mach
 Sichæus bho bheachd a gaoil,
 Las e innte gràdh as ùr
 Gu h-aigheadh marbh a dhùsgadh suas,
 'S a crìdhe neo-chleachdta ri fonn
 A bha 'na chadal trom 's 'na shuain
 Nuair chrìochnaicheadh tìs na cuirm
 'S a thairngneadh air falbh na bùird
 Chrùnadh leo am fion gun dàil
 An cuachan mòr àluinn ùr
 San àros rioghail chluinnteadh stàirn
 Us comh-ghàir san talla mhór,
 Lèchrain laiste chroch gu h-àrd
 Bho bhraighe 'n tighe bha de 'n òr,
 Nuair bhuadhaich lasair nan leus
 Air oidhche nan neul 's nan sgleò
 Dh' iarr a' bhan-rìgh 'n sin a' chuach

Bha trom le clachaibh buaidh us òr ;
 A bhuineadh do Bhelus bho chéin
 'S d'a sinnsear bho linn Bheluis chruaidh,
 Lion i chuach le fion gun chlos
 Us ghairm i tosd air feadh an t-sluaigh.
 Thuirt i, "Iobh (oir 's tus an dia
 Chuir lagh na fialaidheachd air dòigh),
 Deònaich so mar lath' an àigh
 Do luchd mo ghràidh bho Thiorr 's bh.
 Thròidh.

A Bhacchuis, thoir, aoibhneas g'ar sàth,
 A Iuno, noch d-sa hàigh do ghnùis ;
 A mhuinntir Thiorr, mo chàirdean féin,
 Coimhdibh an fheiad le deadh rùn."

Labhair i, 's thaom i gu foil
 Deoch-iobairt air bòrd na féisd,
 Nuair rinn i sin thog i suas
 An cupan gu luath ri beul.
 Do Bhitias thug i e'n sin
 A' labhairt ris am briathraibh min,
 Dh' òl esan an cupan lom-làn,
 A's shruthail e bhràil he le fion ;
 Am fion dearg bu daithte cròic
 'S a' chupan òir a bha dearr-làn,
 Dh' òl uaislean eil' as a dhéigh
 'S an déigh chéile mar a b' àill,
 Ghlac Iopas na gruaige duinn
 Clàrsach ghrinnichte le h-òr,
 A's sheinn e oirre sin gu grad
 Na theagaisgeadh le h-Atlas mòr,
 Cùrsa seachranach na Ré,
 Ur-dhubhadh na Gréine shuas,
 Cia as a thàinig clann nan daoine',
 'S an spréidh air gach raon us cruaidh.
 Cia bhuaithé thig na frasan uisg',
 'S gach dreug a thuiteas as an speur,
 Arcturus 's an griglean tiugh,
 'S an aimsir fhliuich a thig 'nan déigh.
 Da sheisreach na h-àirde tuath,
 Le 'n seachd reultaibh luath nach stad ;
 Carson tha grian a' gheamhraidh fhuair
 Dol fodha sa' chuan cho grad,
 Carson a tha 'n oidhche cho mall
 San t-samhradh a' teachd le dàil ;
 Na Tiorraich mhol da uair an ceòl
 'S dh' aontaich na Tròidhich le càch,
 Bha bhàn-rìgh cur seachad na h-oidhch',
 Le sgial us cainnt de gach seors',
 Bha chridhe 'ga lionadh le gaol
 'S na saighdean bàrr-chaol 'ga leòn.
 Mu Phriam dh' fheadraich iomadh ceist,
 A's mòran mu Hector nam buadh,
 Na h-airm le 'n d' thainig Memnon còrr
 Mac Auròra 's deirge snuadh,
 Dh' hiosraich i mu eich mic Thuid,
 Diomed a b' oillteil greann,
 'S mu mheudachd Aichill nam fraoch,
 Sar cheannard nan laoch 's nan lann.
 "Ach aoidh," ars' ise gu citin,
 "Innis domh bho 'n tìs gu léir,
 Mu dheuchainnibh do chàirdean gràidh,
 A's innleachdan bàis nan Greug.

Innis mu d' sheachranaibh cian
Oir shiubhail seachd bliadhna mu'n cuairt
Bho'n thòisich do thurus an sgith
'Gad luasgadh air tìr 's air cuan."

AN SIONNACH.

BHA ann roimhe so coileach a chaidh e fhein 's a chuid chearc a chur air àiridh an àm an fhoghair. Thuit do shionnach, là bha 'n sin, a bhi 'gabhail an rathaid air tòir cobhartaich. Thugar an coileach an aire dha, 's leumar am bàrr craoibhe. Cha robh sid gun fhios do 'n t-sionnach, agus 's e bh' ann gu 'n d' rinn e suidhe aig bun na craoibhe. "Thig a nuas, a choilich," ars' esan, "tha naidheachd agam dhut." "Cha tig," ars' an coileach. "Ud, thig a nuas, nach 'eil fhios agad gu'm beil sinn càirdeach? Is mise an sionnach mac an t-sionnaich dhonn-bhuidhe; agus is tusa mac a' choilich mhic an uibhe—iar-ogha na peathar 's a' bhràthar, buaidh-làrach dianamaid suidhe." "Cha dian," ars' an coileach, "bidh tu rium." "Cha bhà," ars' an sionnach, "nach 'eil fhios agad gu'm beil a nise sith air a h-éigheach eadar a h-uile beothach, agus nach 'eil a chridhe aig beothach gnothach a ghabhail ri beothach eile? Is mise an teachd-aire-gairm. Nach fhaic thu 'n litir an ceangeal ri bàrr m' earrbaill? Thig a nua: 'us leugh i. Leumar an coileach a nuas, 's mu 'n gann a bhean a chasan do 'n làr, bha e tarsainn am bial an t-sionnaich 's gun fhuireach ri 'mharbhadh thugar na buinn. Thàinig air dol seachad air achadh-buana 's thugar na buanaichean an aire dha. "O, mo choileach, mo choileach!" arsa te de na mnathan. "Cha 'n e th' ann ach mo choileach-sa." Bha chùis ag cur seirbhe air an t-sionnach, 's thugar togail air a cheann 's ghlaodh e, "Cha 'n e 'th'ann ach mo choileach-

sa, 's tuitear an coileach as a bhial. "Cha 'n e th' ann ach mo choileach-sa," arsa bean chòir eile 's i togail a choilich 'n a h-ultaich.

"Is mairg a bheireadh feairt air mnaoi," ars an sionnach ris fhein 's e siapadh air falbh. Chum e air 's tachrar feannag air 's i 'toirt nan sùl á mart a bha 'n deigh dol le creig. Chuir iad fàilt air a chéile, agus 's e bh'ann gu 'n deach iad an companas mu'n fheòlaich. Thòisich an sionnach air roinn na cairbhe, agus dh' fharraid e de 'n fheannaig co-dhiubh a bhiodh aice broilein mór nan cóig ciad ribeag, na ceithir spadagan odhra a' mhairt. "Bidh agam fhein broilein mór nan cóig ciad ribeag," ars' an fheannag. Thilg an sionnach sid dh' a h-ionn-suidh, 's thugar an t-saobhaidh air leis na spadagan.

An uair a theirig am broilein, 's cha b' fhada h-uige, chaidh an fheannag 'n a gurrach air cloich 's i tìrsa nan spadag. Bha i greis mar sin, 's co thainig an rathad, ach a banchuimhearsuach a' chorra-ghribh-ach. Chaidh ia l an cnacas a chéile, agus casaidear an fheannag rithe mar a rinn gille-nan-car oirre. "Bheir mise cuireadh dha," ars' a' chorra-ghribheach, "ach na gabh thusa dad ort gus am faic sinn." Oidhche Nolluig thug i cuireadh gu cuilm do'n t-sionnnach. Thàinig e; ach mar a bha 'n tubaist ann, caite an do chuir i an t-eanbhruich ach ann am botuil. Thòisich e air imlich nam botul, ach cha dianadh e dad de na bh' anna. Is e bh' ann gu'n d' òl a' chorra-ghribheach a cuid fhein agus cuid an t-sionnaich, ag gabhail mar leisgeul nach robh soithichean freagrach aice.

GLASRACH.

GEARAN MHAOIL-CHIARAIN.

O, NACH mise bh' anns an àite
'S an deachaidh m' àrach am leanabh;
Bho 'n chiad latha rinn mi fhàgail,
Cha robh mo chàirdean ach ainneamh.

Cha 'n 'eil aon aig am beil spéis dhìom,
Och, mo chreach, mo léir, 's mo chruadal;
'S ann a thà mi 'n diugh am ònar,
'S càirdean m' òige anns na h-uaignean.

O, nach robh mi aon uair eile,
Far an robh mi beag am phàiste,
Far an robh mi gaolach mùirneach
'G am altrum air glùn mo mhàthar.

Aig mo chàirdean bha mi rùnach,
Thug iad gaol domh bho thùs m' òige;
'S ged a tha mi 'n diugh air liathadh,
Cha bhiodh crìoch air na 'm bu bhead iad.

Fhuair mi anshocair 'us dosguinn,
'S gu 'n robh bhochduinn ga mo shàrach';
Gura tric a fhuair mi leagadh,
Ach sheas mi greis bho 'n bha mi làidir.

Tha mo chridhe briste sgàinte,
Tha mi gun slàinte, gun mheartuinn;
Tha mi gun airgiod, gun stòras,
Gun duine beò aig a bheil tlachd dhìom.

"Co ris a theid mi g' am ghearan,
'S gun Mac-Mhic-Ailein am Mùideart?"
'S e thuirt fear bha mar tha mise,
'S e gun ghin aig air a chùlthaobh.

Co dhà leughas mi mo dhòruinn,
'S gun duine beò leis an duilich;
Mi gun chuid 's mi gun slàinte,
'S mi gun chàirdean, sgeul mo dhunach.

'S goirid 's am fuasgail am bàs orm,
'S tinneas gach aon là 'g am chiùrradh;
Cha 'n fhàg mi h-aon a bhios cràiteach,
'N uair a chàirear anns an ùir mi.

H-uile h-aobhar bròin a bh' agam,
Cha 'n 'eil math a bhi 'g an innse;
Gu'n dian mi 'n giùlan fo 'n talamh,
'S theid iad gu h-ealamh air dì-chuimhn'.

—o—

AONACHD A' CHINNE-DHAONNA.

(Air leantainn.)

THA beachd eile fathast a dh' fhaod,
amaid a thogail fad beagan uine-
agus a tha, a reir mo bharail-sa, a,
taisbeanadh gu soilleir gu bheil uile

threubhan a' chinne-dhaonna 'n an
aon, agus is e sin, uile-fharsaingeachd
truailidheachd an duine. Tha mi
an dochas gu 'n deachaidh agam air
a leigeil ris gu 'n d' thainig an cinne-
daonna gu leir o Adhamh, agus tha
an dà chuid Sgriobtur agus ar fair-
eachdainnean agus ar n-eolas fein a'
dearbhadh nam briathar sin a
chleachd sinn 'n ar n-òige,—“An
cinnedaonna gu leir a thainig
uaith”—is e sin, o Adhamh—“le
ginealach gnathaichte, pheacaich iad
ann, agus thuit iad leis anns a' chiad
chionta.” Tha an t-aon neul dorcha
so a' laidhe thairis air uile chlann
nan daoine, gu bheil iad gu leir
truailidh agus peacach. “Tha iad
truailidh; rinn iad oibre graineil;
cha 'n 'eil neach ann a ni maith.
Dh' amhaire an Tighearna a nuas o
neamh air cloinn nan daoine a dh'
fheuchainn an robh neach ann a bha
glic, a bha ag iarraidh Dhe. Chlaon
iad uile; tha iad gu leir air fas
salach; cha 'n 'eil neach ann a ni
maith, cha 'n 'eil eadhon aon.” Tha
an cinne-daonna aonaichte mar so fo
'n mhallachd; ach tha taobh deal-
rach air an neul dhubh so; “Dh'
fhag an Sgriobtur na h-uile dhaoine
duinte 's a' pheacadh chum gu 'm
biodh an gealladh tre chreidimh Iosa
Criosd air a thoirt dhoibhsan a ta
'creidsinn.” Tha aonachd aca 'n an
galar, agus aonachd anns an leigheas
—aonachd anns an lot, agus aon-
achd anns an iocshlaint. Biodh an
craiceann dubh no geal, tha an t-aon
snuadh dubh gu nadurra air an
anam; tha an t-aon ghlanadh feum-
ail dhaibh gu leir. Troimh chreid-
eamh tha gach aon, dubh agus geal,
air an aonadh r' a cheile agus air an
deauamh 'n an oighreachan air na
h-aon bheannachdan. “Cha 'n 'eil
ann Greugach no Iudhach,
duine borb, Sitianach, daor no saor:”
tha iad uile 'n an aon.

Nach faodamaid stad ann a' so!

ach thar leam gu 'n tig facal a stigh gu freagarrach aig a' cheum so mu 'n obair anns a bheil iadsan 'g an caitheamh fein a tha a' cur air aghaidh a' *mhisson* so chum leas spioradail ar luchd-duthcha a chur am feobhas; agus saoilidh mi nach be e air a mheas as an rathad gu 'n seallamaid am measg na bha sinn a' toirt fainear—na comharraidhnean a fhuair sinn air a' chinne-dhaonna, gur aon iad—gu 'n seallamaid a bheil dad ann a tha 'tilgeadh soluis air ar dleasnas fein an comh-cheangal ris a' chuis so. Ma tha an dearbhadh a fhuair sinn air aonachd a' chinne-dhaonna a' cur 'n ar cuimhne gu bheil e mar fhiachaibh oirnn ar deagh-ghean agus ar co-fhulangas a chur a mach g' an ionnsaidh-san, ge b' e air bith dath no cruth no cor a tha orra, a tha fathast ann an rioghachd an dorchadais—a chionn gu 'm buin iad uile do aon teaghlach mor an duine—nach ro mhor is mò a tha e mar fhiachaibh oirnn ar cuideachadh a dheonachadh dhaibhsan a bhuineas, cha 'n e mhain do aon teaghlach mor a' chinne-dhaonna, ach a tha air an aonadh ruinn le ceanglaichean cairdeis agus cinneadais—muinntir nan aon bhailtean agus sgìreachdan ruinn fein, agus a thuit, moran diubh cha 'n ann le 'n coire fein, gu inbhean iosal, agus air falbh bho na meadhonan grasmhor sin a tha cho feumail chum an cur an seilbh air staid is fearr na chaill iad? Their-eamaid, an dream a chuireadh an teagamh teagasgan a' Bhiobuill agus teastanas ar beachd agus ar n-eolais fein mu aonachd a' chinne-dhaonna, gur *ana-creidich* iad; ach tha an Sgriobtur ag radh, “Mur dean duine solar air son a chuideachd fein, agus gu h-àraidh air son muinntir a theaghlach, dh' aicheidh e an creidimh agus is miosa e na ana-creideach.” Is airidh iadsan a tha

bho latha gu latha a' saothrachadh air son leas ar luchd-duthcha air gach uile mhisneach agus chuideachadh, agus tha mi an dochas nach bi sinn 'g a aicheadh dhaibh.

Thar leam gu 'm bu chiatach an rùn agus an fharsaingeachd beachd a ghluais seann duine Gaidhealach uair gu cuideachadh le cuid d' a luchd-duthcha. Bha sgioba aon latha teth, grianach a' sineadh air bata 'ionradh an aghaidh rannt de shruth tràghaidh, ann an aon de na caoil eadar na h-eileanan, a tha 'laidhe mach bho 'n Chaolas-Luingeach. Cha mhor nach robh an guothach a' fairtleachadh orra, agus iad gu goirt air an claidh, an uair a chual iad glaodh o thir. Sheall iad m' an cuairt agus chunnaic iad duine 'n a sheasamh air an traigh, agus e a' crathadh riutha. An ann ag iarraidh an aisig a bha e? Bha muinntir a' bhata am beachd gu 'n robh gu leoir mhor aca iad fein a shlaodadh an aghaidh an t-sruth; ach coma co dhiubh, ghabh iad a stigh thun a' chladaich. An uair a rainig iad tir ciod a bu mhò b' iogh-uadh leo na 'fhaicinn m' an coinn-eimh, air cuocan feurach os cionn oir an làin, an leoir de dh-aran, de chaise, agus de bhainne. “Thigibh air ur n-aghaidh, a dhaoine còire, agus gabhaibh cuid d' an aran 's d' an bhainne—cha 'n 'eil na 's fhearr agam dhuibh.” Cha robh fios aig muinntir a' bhata ciod a theireadh iad. Mu dheireadh dh' fheoraich aon diubh d' an duine chneasda, “An d' aithnich sibh sinn a mach anns a' bhata?” “Dh' aithnich mi gu 'm b' ann de shliochd Adhaimh sibh 's gu 'n robh sibh 'g ur saruchadh.” Is i mo bharail nach b' urrainn duinne na b' fhearr na am beachd seadhail a bha aig an duine chòir sin air aonachd a' chinne-dhaonna a ghabhail mar ar n-aobhar-glusaid a chum ar

brosuachadh gu bhia cur cuideachadh ar laimhe agus deagh-run ar cridhe an cois gach oidheirp a bheirear, aon ehuid aig an tigh no am measg chinn-each dorchaidh an domhain, air a bhi ag ardachadh an suidheachaidh agus a' leasachadh an cor—*Dh' aithuich sinn gu 'm b' ann de shliochd Adhaimh sibh 's gu 'n robh sibh 'g ur saruchadh.* Bhiodh so feumail gu ar cumail bho bhi deas gu uail a dheanamh as ar n-iubh aird fein ann an coimeas ri treubhan fiadhaich na talmhainn. Tha an uail so ealamh gu thoirt oirnn a chreidsinn nach 'eil feum againne idir air an atharrachadh inntinn a tha dhìth air na daoine truagha sin, agus mar sin a bhi deanamh dimeas air an t-slaime sin a chaidh 'ullachadh do gach dubh agus geal; agus is mor is àillidhe ann an suil a' Chrithfhir an duine sin, ged bhiodh a chraicinn cho dubh ri dorchadas, a ghabhas ri gairm chiuin an t-Soisgeil, agus, air dha mheas gur "fhearr gliocas na inneal-an-cogaidh," a thilgeas sios 'airm-mhillidh agus a ghabhas a mach fo bhratach Prionnsa na Sìth—is àillidhe e na an duine geal, le 'àrdan agus le 'uabhar, a tha d' an bharail nach 'eil feum aige air aithreachas. Biodhmaid ri faoinchainnt mar is àill leinn mu threubhan arda agus iosal—mu mhaighstirean agus mu thraillean; anns an uaigh tha iad gu leir air an aon ruith—

"Is ionann Alasdair Mòr
A's traill a dhìth lòn,
A dh' eug air an òtrach bhreun."

"Tha lag a's laidir, beag a's mor
Co-shìnt' 's an uaigh le cheil;
Tha naimhdean samhach taobh ri taobh,
A's luchd na comh-strith reidh."

Air taobh thall na h-uaighe, tha iadsan uile, de gach treubh agus fine, de gach cruth agus dath, a ghabh ris an t-slaime a chaidh 'ulla-chadh air an son, air an aonadh r'a

cheile ann an ceangal siorruidh, agus iad gu leir a' sealbhachadh an aon shorais ghlòrmhoir. Ge b' e air bith cho dìblidh, bochd 's a bha iad, tha iad air an deanamh 'n an righribh agus 'n an sagairtibh do Dhia. Cha 'n 'eil aintighearnas no cruadel tuille a' cur dragh orra: "Sguir na h-aingidh de bhuaireas, agus fhuair iadsan a bha sgìth le saothair fois." Tha gach eadar-dhealachadh dealbh agus dath air dhi-chuimhn, oir "nigh iad uile an trusgain agus rinn iad geal iad ann am fuil an Uain." Tha aonachdachinne-dhaonnaidh, oir, feuch, "sluagh mor nach robh neach sam bith comasach air aireamh, de na h-uile chinnich, agus threubhaibh, agus shluaghaibh, agus theangaidhibh." Cha 'n 'eil dorchadas no faoin-chrabhadh tuille a' cur uamhainn orra,— "Gabhaidh an Tì a tha 'n a shuidhe air an righ-chathair comhnuidh 'n am measg." "Cha bhi ocras orra tuille, no tart n' is mò; cha mò bhuaileas a' ghrian orra, no teas air bith; oir beathaichidh an t-uan a tha am meadhon na righ-chaitheach iad; agus treoraichidh e iad gu beothobraichean uisge; agus tiormaichidh Dia gach deur o 'n suilibh."

IAIN MACILLEBHAIN.

—o—

DONULL NAN ORD.

Is ann bho Mhac-Iain-Stiùbhairt na h-Apunn a thàrmaich teaghlach Ionar-na-h-Aighle. B'e Alastair, mae do Ailein an treas Mac-Iain Stiùbhairt, an ciad fhear dhiubh. Phòs e Mairghread nighean do Dhònull nan Lochan am Mùideart. Cha robh aca ach aon urra chloinne—Dònull, agus thainig esan astigh an àite 'athar. A reir coltais is ann an Eilein-Stalcaire bha Alastair a' tuineachadh. Moch madainn shamhruidh dh'éirich e 's chaidh do Eilein-nan-Gall, eilein beag a tha làmh ri

Eilein-Stalcaire. Thuge leis an tuagh-Abrach 'n a làimh, ball-airm a bu tric a bh' aig na Gàidhil 's an àm ud. Rinn e sineadh air lianaig ghuirm, 's leig e thuagh air làr. Bha e fhein agus Fear Dhun-Staibhinnis amach air a chéile agus 's dualach gu'm facas e 's an eilein: thàinig Cailein Uaine, bràthair Fhir Dhun-Staibhinnis, le daoine 's bàta a ghabhail fàth air. Thàinig iad air gun fhios dha. An uair a thainig e am fradharc Alastair, ghabh e air gur h-ann a thagairt càirdeis air a thàinig e; ach, an uair a thuig e nach robh e air fhaicill, thug e sùil air an tuaigh a bha làmh ris an fhear eile air an làr, agus mu'n d' fhuair e dol air a thapadh rug e oirre 'n a làimh—bha fhios gu math aige mur biodh e ealamh, gu'm biodh daor an ceann-ach aige air a thurus, agus thuirt e, “Is math an tuagh so, 'Alastair, na 'm biodh a leòir samhuich innte?” Thuig e gu ro mhath ciod a bh' air aire Chailein Uaine, agus gun tuilleadh éisdeachd, rug e air an tuaigh; ach thàinig na daoine aig Cailein agus chuir iad as da. Cha robh Dònull a mhac ach 'n a mhaotharan air a' chich: bha e air bhanaltrumas aig Mòraig, bean Rob a' Pheitidh, gobhain Mhùideart. Cha d' fhoghaibh le Cailein Uaine bàs Alastair a bhi air a lamhan: chuir e roimhe cur as do 'n phàiste—bha fhios aige nach biodh a' chùis gun aichmheil. Ach cha deachaidh an gnothuch air mhithapadh do mhuime Dhònuill; thrus i leatha e, agus thug i Mùideart oirre leis, gun umhail de dhuine no de bheothach. Dh'innis i do 'n ghobhain mar a dh' éirich, agus 's e bh' ann gu'n d' aontaich iad an leanabh a thogail 'us àrach agus urra chloinne dhaibh fhein a dhianamh dh'e, gun innse do choimhearsnach no do dhuine eile, gus an tigeadh e gu inbheachd.

Is ann mar so a bha: chaidh

Dònull a thogail us àrach an teaghlach Rob a' Pheitidh. An uair a thainig e gu gnè spionnaidh, bu tric leis làmh-chuideachaidh a thoirt do 'n ghobhain 's a' chèardaich. Bha e làidir, gramail; agus ciod sa bith ris an cuirteadh e cha chuireadh e cualag air, cha chuireadh 's gun fhios aige nach b' ann leis a' ghobhain a bhà e. Latha de na làithean, an uair a bha e mu ochd bliadhn' diag a dh-aois, thuit da a bhi 's a' chèardaich. Dh' iarr an gobhain air an t-òrd-mòr a thogail a bhualadh a mach tinne mhoir de iarann. B' òrd dà-làimhe e do dhuine sa bith, 's cha b' ion do ghlasghiullan dol 'n a dhàil air atharrachadh, ach rug Dònull air 'n a leth-làimh agus dh' oibrich e leis 's cha bu luaithid anail e; agus cha 'n e sin a mhàin ach rug e air fear eile 's an làimh eile 's dh' oibrich e leo le buille mu 'seach, gus an do chuir e fhein 's a ghoistidh a mach an tinne. A ghoistidh còir, Rob a' Pheitidh, cha do ghabh e dad air; ach an uair a chaidh e stigh 's a fhuair e cothron air Mòraig dh' innis e dh' i mu Dhònull. Is e bh'ann, a mhic chridhe, gu 'n do chuir a' chàraid chòir, cheanalta, rompa gu 'n innseadh iad do Dhònull mar a bha 'chùis, co b' è, agus co leis am bu leis e. A leth taobh chuireadh fios air Dhònull, agus dh' innis iad an dìol déisneach a rinneadh air 'athair agus an caol-thiarnadh a bh' aige fhein. Bhuin an sgial so gu guineach, goirt ris; rug a ghoistidh eadar a ghlacaibh air: “A dhalta chridhe,” os esan, “b' eudair do d' oilein 's do d' ionnsachadh a bhi gus a nis an ceilt; ach tha dòchus agam nach dian thu dìmeas air d' fhuil, agus gu'm bi cuimhne agad air cruadal nan daoine bho 'n d' thàinig thu.” An sin thug an gobhain da claidheamh, a rinn e a roghainn òrduigh, de smior an iar-uinn agus na cruadhach air a shàr

fhadhairt, ag guidhe gu 'm biodh e 'n a ìmpidh air a thoirt sàbhailt as gach cruadal, agus a theasraiginn bho gach gabhadh us cunnart. Ghlac Dònall an claidheamh le faoilte gu fearghleus; 's cha do leig e le bharr-dheis laidhe fo mheirg 's an truail. Chuir e roimhe an aicheamhail a thoirt a mach; ach mu'n gabhadh e dad os làimh leig e chùis am mèinn a mhuime. Chomhairlich ise dha dol gu bràthair a mhàthar Dònall òg nan Lochan. Ghabh bràthair a mhàthar ris le mùirn 's le fàilte, agus thairg e cuid-eachadh us còmhnuadh dha na 'n dianadh daoine, moidhein, us airgiod e, gus a chuid fearainn a ghleidheadh air ais dha—chaill e e an uair a thuigeadh nach bu bheò esan—an t-oighre.

An uair a thill Dònall do'n Apuinn, agus a dh'innseadh mar a dh'èirich dha, thugadh a dh-aon fhacal 'Dònall-nan-òrd' air. Cha robh Nàdur lombais mu a gihltean da; bha e gearfhaclach fileanta, làidir, iasgaidh, clis. Rinn na feartan inntinn us cuirp so e 'n a roghadh 's taghadh a' chinn-fheadhna. Bu chulaidh-eagail do luchd-dèbheairt e; agus cha b' fhada gus an d' fhuair naimhdean a chinnidh 's a chàirdean fios-faireachdainn air sin. B'e 'n ciad ghnìomh a rinn e cur as do Chailein Uaine. (Is fear do dhaoine Dhònuill-nan-òrd a chuir as do Chailein Uaine 's e a' snàmh thair Liobhunn. "Is glan an fhuil a thug thu do bhrìc Liobhunn," osa fear de dhaoine Chailein 's e 'faicinn na saighde air chrathadh 'n a uchd. "Bu ghloine na sin, osa fear de dhaoine Dhònuill, "an fhuil a thug thusa do phartain Eilein-nan-Gall.") Cha d' fhoghain leis sin; cha do sguir e gus an do chuir e gu buil naoinear de thigh Dhunstaibhinnis.

Cha b' fhada gus an d' thàinig gnìomhran Dhònuill gu cluasan

Mhic-Cailein, agus dh' fhiach e ri 'chur fo chis, ach dh' fhairtlich air: fhuair Dònall a mach gu 'n robh e ag caitheamh foille air, agus 's e bh' ann gu 'n d' thug e taobh Loch-Odha air 's gu 'n do thog e creach bho 'n tuath sin. Tha ceithreamh òrain fhathast air chuimhne mu 'n turus so:—

"Dònall-nan-òrd, dalt' a' ghobhain,
Ailleagan nan làireach leobhar,
Thog e creach bho thaobh Loch-Odha,
Nach dian Mac-Cailein a toghadh,
No 'mbac, no 'iar-ogh', no ogha."

Chuir dianadas Dhònuill corrach nach bu bheag air Mac-Cailein, agus chuir e roimhe a chuid daoine a thogail agus graim a dhianamh air leis an laimh làidir. Ach chaidh e rithist gu 'smaointean mu'n chuis agus chunnaic e aige fhein nach biodh e sàmhach dha—bha cinneadh a mhàthar na Mùideartaich agus na Camronaich ro lionar làidir, agus 's e rinn e moidhein a chur air Mac-Iain-Stiùbhairt-dh' fhiach an d' thugadh e air Dònall sìth a dhianamh agus a' chreach a chur air a h-ais. Chuir esan agus cinn-fheadhna eile an cinn ri chèile, agus mhaoidh iad air mur dianadh e dìoladh-fiach agus sìth, nach tàirneadh iad claidheamh 'n a aobhar ach gu'n leigeadh iad eadar e fhein 's Mac-Cailein. Cha robh deaghaidh aig Dònall air cur a mach air a chàirdean, agus smaoinich e gu 'n d' rinn e gu leòir a dhiol bàs 'athar, agus 's e rinn e gun fhiamh gun eagal, gun duine ach e fhein 's a ghille, dol gu Mac-Cailein a shocrachadh na cùise. Thachair Mac-Cailein orra goirid bho 'n chaisteal, agus ma 's fhior is i sò an fhàilte chuir Dònall air—

"A Mhic-Cailein ghrìomaich, ghlais,
Is beag an tlachd a th' agad dhom;
'S 'n uair a thilleas mi air m' ais,
Ma is mò a th' agam dhìot."

Chaidh iad air sùrd còrdaidh; agus eadar fal-a-dhà 's a rìreamh is

coltach nach robh a' ghlas-ghuib air Dònull; bu mhó us mór le Mac-Cailein a lachanaich—fàgail a lean cian ri 'iarmad, agus dh' iarr e air sealltainn air creig àraid a tha 'm braigh Aird'-Chonghlais—creig a tha gu math coltach ri ceann duine 's a bhial fosgailte. Dh' fharraid e an sin d'e an robh fhios aige c' ainm a bh' oirre. Thuirt Dònull nach robh. "Is sid agad ma ta," osa Mac-Cailein, "an Gàire Gnàda." Thuig Dònull co air a bha e 'tigh-inn, agus an tionndadh na boise, thuirt e—

"Gàire Gnàda 's ainm do 'n chreig,
U's fanaidh i mar sin a ghnàth;
Gheobh thu leithid agad fhein,
Ma sheallas tu 'n eudann do mhnà."

Is iad na cùmhnantan a chuir MacCailein mu choinneamh, creach a thogail á Mùideart agus té eile á Atholl: bha e 'n dùil mar so gu 'n cuirteadh as da gun làmh a bhi aige fhein 'n a bheatha. Dh' aontaich Dònull ri so, agus thug e Mùideart air. Dh' innis e do bhràthair a mhàthar an t-slighe air an robh e agus chuir e a chomhairle ris. Thuirt bràthair a mhàthar ris gu'n robh daoine 's a choimhearsnachd a bu bheag air, agus na 'n togradh e gu'm faodadh e an creach a thogail; agus an uair a thigeadh a' chùis gu chluas-an-sa gu'n cuireadh e an tòir air, air sgàth sgoinne, ach nach biodh an ro-chabhag air. Is ann mar so a bha. Chaidh e an sin do Atholl 's rinn e an cleas ciadna. Thill e rithist gu MacCailein 's rinn iad an réit.

Bha Donull turus a'tilleadh dhachaidh á Siorrachd Shriobhla far an robh e air cheann cobhartaich air choirigin, agus thaghail e an tigh 's an robh bainis gu bhi an oidhche sin. Cha d' rinneadh biadhtachd a b' fhiach riutha; agus 's e bh' ann gu 'n deachaidh iad an dàil biadh

na bainse agus a' chuid nach d' ich iad mhill iad, agus thug iad ris a' bhruthach. Shin iad air Dònull 's cha b' fhada gus an robh iad suas ris. Ghlaodh fear de na daoine riutha a' fanaid orra air son na dh' òl iad de 'n canbhruich.

"Stiubhartaich bhuidhe nan tapan,
A bheireadh glag air a' chàl."

Thug fear de dhaoine Dhonuill tionndadh air fhein, 's tàirnear e an t-saighead 's e freagairt—

"Ma tha 'n tapan againn mar dhùthchas,
Is dù dhuinn gu 'n tarrainn sinn taifeid."

Chuir e an t-saighead romh a chridhe, agus 's e bh' ann gu'n deachaidh iad uile an dàil a chéile, 's thuit mòran diubh air gach taobh.

Bha Dònull pòsta dà uair. Ris a' chiad mhnai, nighean do Iain Stiubhart am Bun-Raineach bha ceathrar mhae aige—Alastair a dh' eug gun phòsadh, Dunnehadh a thàinig a stigh 'n a àite fhein, Ailein bho 'n d' thàinig Tigh Bhaile-'Chaolais, agus Iain ris an abairteadh Iain Dubh MacDhonuill, aig an fhear so bha Leitir-Shiùna..

DONULL.

SOP AS GACH SEID.

Fag, fag! thuirt an fheannag, 's i me-nighean a gharrag dhonn.

Sàth mòr ainmig do na leanba-firionn.

Sàth beag minig do na leanba-boirionn.

Foghar an àigh ial 'us fras.

Trod chàirdean 'us sìth naimhdean, dà rud nach còir feairt a thoirt orra.

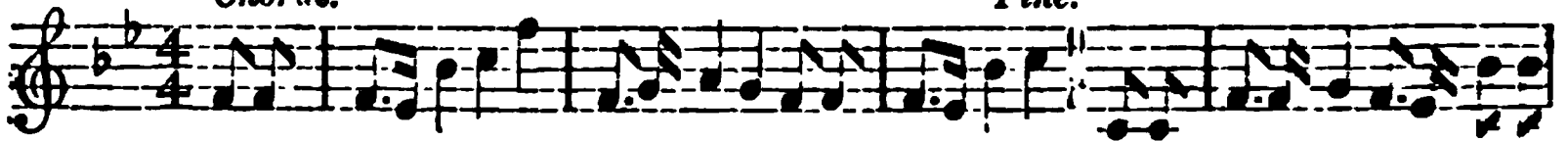
Cha robh air deireadh nach robh air thoiseach ach fear na droch-mhnatha, 'us bidh am fear sin fhein ann a' dol do 'n mhuilionn, ged a bhios e air deireadh a' tigh-inn as.

Cha 'n fheoil grùdhan, 's cha sùghan làgan.

Millidh smugaid cuideachda.

Is paidhir dhuinn sin mar a thuirt an fheannag ri 'casan.

ORAN GAOIL.

'GLEUS B \flat .*Chorus.**Fine.*

: S₁.s₁ | s₁.,f₁:d | r:S | s₁.,l₁:t₁ | l₁:S₁.s₁ | s₁.,f₁:d | r | :R₁.r₁ | s₁.,s₁:l₁ | s₁.,f₁:D.d



| t₁.,l₁:d | m,r.-:R.d | t₁.,s₁:l₁ | s₁.,f₁:S₁.s₁ | l₁.,f:r | t₁.,l₁- |

Horionn ò, hì rì,
Hùg éile, hó ró,
Horionn ò, hì rì.

'Tha mo cìen air an ogbhean
'Thainig oirne thar linnean —
Reult aillidh nan oighean,
Ann am boidh'head 's an grinneas!
Horionn ò, &c.

Reult aillidh nan oighean,
Ann am boidh'head 's an grinneas!
Slios mar shneachd air an t-sleibhe,
Ri là greine air 'ghilead.
Horionn ò, &c.

Slios mar shneachd, &c.
Beul is deirge na 'n ròs aic',
'Gruaidh is boidh'che na 'n t-siris.
Horionn ò, &c.

Beul is deirge, &c.
Deud geal is glan, dluth—
Tha d' anail chubhraidh ro mbilis.
Horionn ò, &c.

Deud geal, &c.
'S cha mhise chiad oigear
'Rinn thu 'leon anns a' chridhe.
Horionn ò, &c.

Cha mhise, &c.
Le d' iomhaigh 's le d' bheusan,
'S iomadh ceud tha fo thiomadh.
Horionn ò, &c.

Le d' iomhaigh, &c.
'S fearr an ceol leam do chomhradh
Na 'n smeorach air bhinneas.
Horionn ò, &c.

'S fearr an ceol, &c.
Troidh chruinn am broig chomhnaird,
Nach dean feirnein a mhilleadh.
Horionn ò, &c.

Troidh chruinn, &c.
Gur luthor i 's t-seomar,
'N am ceol 'thoirt o 'n fhidhill.
Horionn ò, &c.

Gur luthor, &c.
Tha mais' ann ad aodann
Nach faodar a thilleadh.
Horionn ò, &c.

Tha mais', &c.
'Co 'sheallas fo 'n ghrein air,
Nach caill a leirsinn car mionaid!
Horionn ò, &c.

'Co 'sheallas, &c.
Tha mise gun stòras
Le goraich mo chinnidh.
Horionn ò, &c.

Tha mise, &c.
Dh' fhag sud mi ri m' bheo
Fo throm leon a's fo thiomadh—
Horionn ò, &c.

Dh' fhag sud, &c.
Nach faod mi bhi lamh riut,
Le d' mhanran 's le d' mhireadh.
Horionn ò, &c.

Nach faod mi, &c.
Cha 'n 'eil buaidh anns an dàn domh,
An drast ann ad shireadh;
Horionn ò, &c.

Cha 'n 'eil, &c.
Ach na 'm faighinn coir agriobhte
Air an rìoghachd gu 'h-iomall,
Horionn ò, &c.

Ach na 'm faighinn, &c.
GU'M BU BHAN-RIGH CATRIONA,
AN RIBHINN IS GRINNE!
Horionn ò, hì rì,
Hùg éile, hó ró,
Horionn ò, hì rì.

THE G A E L,

ENGLISH DEPARTMENT.

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No. 47.

LEVERS TO RAISE OUR PEASANTRY.

VI.—HIGHLANDERS FROM HOME.

“A DISEASE known is half cured,” but a half cure is a very unsatisfactory one. The adage merely gives hyperbolical expression to the well-known maxim that “knowledge is power.” The underlying sentiment we all feel to be true. Knowledge is power. But what is power without the steady direction of intelligence? “What is strength without a double share of wisdom?” Knowledge is a lever, and with it we may adjust the poise of political relations, but if the lever is not guided by a directing intelligence, more harm than good will result. Knowledge is a sling, and with it we may overcome the weaver’s beam of Philistia, but it requires the cunning dexterity, the wisdom of a David to do this. Knowledge is an instrument. It is a means, not an end. The end is action. A lever is of no use unless we employ it. A sling is worthless without a hand to direct it.

Most Highlanders from home have felt that the state of the Highland peasantry is not satisfactory. Many have tried to understand the disease. The symptoms were so marked and distinctive, so peculiar to the Highlands, and so universally prevalent there, that not a few have been able to point to the social and political institutions which produced them. Those who have so understood the disease have the levers of knowledge at their command. But

knowledge, to be useful, must produce action. Thus the knowledge that a physician possesses of his patient’s disease can never benefit the patient unless on this knowledge is based the necessary action. Neither can the knowledge to which Highlanders from home have attained concerning the condition of the peasantry benefit the peasantry unless from this knowledge the justified action springs. Now Highlanders from home might, in this matter, cause action to proceed from them in either of two directions. They might apply their own guiding intelligence to the levers of knowledge, or they might hand over those levers to the peasantry themselves. In other words, they might aim at modifying the social and political institutions that now affect the north, or they might furnish the peasantry with knowledge and sympathy fitted to aid them in accomplishing that end. In which direction ought they to throw out their power? We think there is ample room, and much need, for strong and wisely directed action to proceed in both directions. Those who are unacquainted with the state of the north may think that to supply the Highland peasantry with correct information relative to their own condition is a work of supererogation. We who know the Highlands and the peasantry think differently. To send light to our peasantry is not to send coals to Newcastle. There are coals in Newcastle, and they furnish light. There are the materials of light in the Highlands, but they

dare not burn. The sword of Damocles hangs above, and well the peasant knows that if he permits that which is within to burn, the flame will soon consume the tender cord. He must be supplied with levers, and he must be aided with intelligent co-operation till he is raised above the level of the threatening sword, and then he may burn and shine, and the thread may sever, and the sword fall, but he is safe. But oppression begets servility and that irrational contentment which springs from despair. And the peasant has so long crouched under that terrible sword, that now he is taking a set and is losing the desire to rise. This is very sad, and if there is anything sadder and more hopeless, it is that this surrender of the freedom of thought and of action—of the law of man's being—of those very privileges that suffuse man's life with reasonable happiness, is called by many who pretend to have the good of the peasantry at heart, *contentment*, while every one who scorns to outrage his own judgment and his humanity, by declaring that the sad wail of despair sounding in his ears is the harmonious chime of contentment, runs the risk of being forthwith branded as a sower of sedition. To destroy contentment and fill its place with dissension were indeed an undesirable shift. But when we talk of contentment we must be sure we know what we mean. There are specific kinds of contentment. There is a kind of contentment which depends on the due adjustment of the relations between a man and his neighbours, and this we may call political contentment. It is with this kind that we have now to do. But there is another kind—far more important—which has to do with the relations of a man to him-

self, with conduct. Each of these exerts a powerful influence upon the other, but either is distinct and independent. We must take care we do not mix up the one with the other. Yet this is just what we are so apt to do. We are apt to look to general results and not discriminate. And it is for this reason, because many of us do not distinguish between political contentment and the contentment which depends on conduct, that the most of the talk about the contentment of the Highland peasantry cannot withstand a moment's criticism. Before we talk so grandiosely of Highland contentment we ought, one and all of us, to ask ourselves these questions,—How much of life has to do with conduct? How much with politics? How much of the sum of Highland contentment is due to conduct? How much is determined by political institutions? Are the relations between our peasantry and the political institutions that affect them such as to render contentment rational or desirable? The likelihood is that after maturely considering these questions we should cease to talk of the contentment of the Highland peasantry, and cease to cry down those who speak of numbed apathy filling its place, and join, every one of us, in a universal cry, not for "peace, peace," but for some "great physician" to—

"Take our suffering race,
To read each wound, each weakness clear,
And strike his finger on the place,
And say,—*Thou ailest here and here.*"

But the important consideration for the Highlander from home to remember is this,—that what we ought to do, and what we will do, are not always the same, and that, however, we ought to consider these questions, the probability, the certainty in fact, is that many of us will not

consider them. Therefore the Highlander from home must not wait till we all cry for a great physician nor till such a physician appear unannounced. His present duty is clear and distinct. He must act, and act in this direction,—in the direction of disseminating warm light among our peasantry, until they are cheered and feel that they are ailing here and here, and that they can be cured, and that he is ready to co-operate with them in applying the proper remedy. This is his first duty. The Highland peasantry must be thoroughly armed with the weapons of correct knowledge before much can be accomplished.

But while Highlanders from home are thus furnishing knowledge, they must ever be on the watch for epochs in the elevation of the peasantry,—nay, they must do all in their power to hasten the development of these epochs. Opportunities will present themselves. Even now thousands of minds are grasping at new ideas concerning various relations. From these ideas will presently spring political actions, and these actions will modify existing institutions. Political events, little heeded by us, may develop an epoch in the social history of our peasantry. Such an event would the passing of the County Franchise Bill be. The Highlander from home must watch these events, and endeavour to influence them. This is the second direction in which his action ought to proceed. Well, then, we conclude that from the correct knowledge to which Highlanders from home have attained concerning the state of the north, action should proceed, and that this action should go out in two directions, in the direction of disseminating knowledge among the peasantry,

and in the direction of assisting them to create, develop, and direct events fitted to effect the elevation of the North.

This is the broad action. We must now consider a question or two of detail. And first, How are Highlanders from home to disseminate correct knowledge among the peasantry? This may be done in many ways. If circumstances are favourable this knowledge may be transmitted in the same way that any other knowledge—knowledge of the state of one's health for instance—is sent. But circumstances seldom are favourable. Highlanders from home, however, are not always from home. The dust and din of the city are occasionally left behind, and the sweet familiar glens and the smiling ocean are sought. Then is the golden chance for the diffusion of warm light. Then should correct knowledge be carefully sown. The time must not all be spent in utter objectiveness on the sunny knolls or by the murmuring shore. The periodical and general press also furnish other means of transmission. The circumstances of a Highlander from home may be unfavourable to direct correspondence in these matters, and he may, like M'Crimman's piper, "Return, O never" to the scenes of youthful memories, but even then, if he has studied the state of the North, he can do a great deal. He can, through the Highland press, help to solve Highland questions. He can again and again point out where our peasantry are ailing. He can also, and every one can do this, and ought to do it, furnish with effective literature some of those whom he knows at home.

Again, How are Highlanders from home to assist in stimulating and controlling political action? We

have seen that they must watch the growth of new ideas and the political shape which they assume. In doing this, however, they are merely watching thought and actions that will affect the Highlands, only as the Highlands are a part of the State. But as action is the outcome of thought, so thought is a development of knowledge. The new ideas that are to produce political action may be based on a broad foundation of knowledge, but this knowledge may not have included knowledge of the state of the North. The Highlander from home must have this knowledge in readiness, and he must demonstrate how a consideration of its bearings ought to affect the pending political action. Thus he will act in relation to state measures. At the same time his knowledge of the condition of the north will enable him to see the peculiar needs of our peasantry. He will perceive that the condition of the peasantry is a special condition and demands special treatment. He will ask, Who are best fitted to give this special treatment? Surely those who best understand the case. And who should understand the case better than himself? He knows the state of the country, and he is removed from the intellectual bondage that might sway his judgment in the one direction, and the prejudice that might bend it in the other. On his own very shoulders the duty lies, and he ought not to recoil from it. Well, how is he specially to proceed? The press affords as fit a means of creating, stimulating, and controlling special, as of modifying general, action. There are also Highland societies in every town. Well fitted are these societies to originate and mature special action. Every county association might form a special

committee to examine the state of the districts represented. Accurate knowledge concerning the state of a whole county could in this way be obtained by every member of the association. Then this knowledge, warmed by the sympathy of numbers, could not but produce a resolve to act. One can easily imagine an association of Highlanders from home, after a night's discussion had furnished them with correct knowledge concerning the administration of the land, springing to the conclusion that a *more certain tenure* of land was necessary. One can also understand how the simultaneous embrace by so many of the same idea would generate a heat which would suffuse the idea with emotion, and thus transform a mere abstract conclusion into an irresistible efficacy, forcing every one to earnest action. It is in this subtle reflexive influence that the main advantage of a society lies, and though it is certain that "dry light is best" when the immediate end is dry knowledge, yet when correct knowledge is obtained, when the idea has been reached, when the immediate end is action, the potency of this principle should not be overlooked. Highland associations then are well fitted to supply to Highlanders from home correct knowledge regarding the state of the whole of their own counties, to produce new ideas concerning the needed reforms, and to generate earnest action.

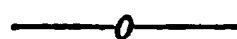
But these associations are not enough. The knowledge which they supply is too limited, the objects at which they will aim are apt to be too narrow, they cannot to the best advantage utilize their own strength, and they are too separate at once from each other, from the peasantry, and from Highlanders in remote places. They have a function to

perform, and it is a high function, but it is not the highest. Their duty is to furnish knowledge and to generate social and political action. But created action must be directed and controlled, and this is what from their nature they are not fitted to do. They have neither the ability to do this, nor the authority that would warrant their doing it. They have not the ability because their knowledge is so limited, and because their individual strength as societies is so small; and they have not the authority because, after all, these societies are composed of men who, for the time being, are citizens of towns and not a part of the Highland peasantry. What the present condition of the North demands, in addition to the County Associations, and to all existing associations is this,—A Highland Society, or for the sake of definiteness, A Highland Emancipation Society,—a society possessed of the combined strength and intelligence of all the Highland associations, of the peasantry, and of Highlanders in remote places. Such a society would be endowed with authority, because within its ranks the peasantry themselves were represented. It would also be possessed of the greatest available strength, ready to be directed and controlled by the clearest available wisdom. It would be light and manageable, clear-headed, and ready for action, and, in action, decided, formidable, and irresistible. The fitness indeed of such a society to accomplish the end sought is unquestionable. Nor is there much room to doubt the feasibility of forming it. The materials are there, the affinities are there; nothing is wanted but the heat of agitation to consummate a union.

A question may be raised concerning the necessity for, the exist-

ence of a universal Highland League. If the Highland peasantry are already contented why create a powerful organization to elevate them? Instead of answering this question I shall make two assertions which if true, and every Highlander from home must measure their truth for himself, will amply justify all that has been said in favour of a Highland Emancipation Society:—*The character of the Highland peasantry is degenerating, and this degeneracy is due to existing political institutions.*

MACHAON.



THE NEW TESTAMENT

TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN
VULGATE INTO GAELIC.*

WE consider this work in many respects the most important Gaelic publication that has appeared in Scotland since 1826, when the authorised version of the Gaelic Scriptures was published with the sanction of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. It is a translation of the New Testament issued with the approbation of the Roman Catholic Bishops of Scotland, for the use of those of our countrymen who are members of that communion. We cordially congratulate the Highland Catholics upon this tardy measure of justice which has been done to them; and we earnestly hope that the day is not far distant when they will be able to read as well as to hear “in their own tongues the wonderful works of God,” from the Old Testament as well as from the New. The present translation, we are informed, was executed some

* Tiomnadh Nuadh ar Tighearn agus ar Slanair Iosa Criosta, air a thionndadh as an Laidinn gu Gailig. Le aonta Eas-buigean na h-Alba. A. King & Co., Aberdeen. 1875.

forty years ago, by the Rev. Ewen M'Eachen, Braemar, who was unfortunately unable to publish the work. Mr. M'Eachen's manuscript has been carefully revised and compared by the Rev. C. C. Grant, Strathglass, assisted by other clergymen. The editor had also the valuable assistance of Mr. M'Pherson, Edinburgh, in correcting the press.

Although the translation of the entire Scriptures into Scottish Gaelic was not completed until the year 1801, few men now living can remember the time when a copy of the Gaelic Scriptures could not be had. We have been so accustomed to this inestimable treasure from our infancy that it is difficult for us to imagine the intellectual as well as the spiritual condition of our ancestors, who not only could not read the Blessed Book themselves, (a melancholy heritage which has been but too faithfully bequeathed to many of their descendants), but who were not even privileged to hear it read by others. To place the Scriptures in the hands of the ignorant or imperfectly taught may in rare instances lead to erroneous opinions; but to withhold them from an entire people, and to attempt to impart a whole system of doctrine at second hand, is to perpetuate spiritual darkness and intellectual childhood, for which rigid uniformity in dogma is but a poor recompense. The Gaelic Scriptures alone, we make bold to say, have within the last fifty years contributed even to the intellectual enlightenment of the Protestant portion of our population more than all other Gaelic books that have been printed; and we venture to predict that fifty years hence, if energetic measures are taken for the circulation of the Scriptures, meanwhile, among them, the same

may be affirmed of our Roman Catholic brethren.

In their efforts to place the Scriptures within reach of the body of their people, the Celtic race do not compare favourably with other nations. In every thing that concerns native literature, they were and are, as we have had too many occasions to acknowledge, behind the rest of the civilised world; in the department of Biblical literature, they have been inexcusably so. In the early Christian Church, Celts figure prominently. We have had among our people, courtly ecclesiastics, learned theologians, zealous missionaries, devoted martyrs, heretics of distinction; but among them all we find none making use of his influence, learning, zeal or devotion for the production of a Celtic version of the Scriptures. The Bible was translated into the Gothic tongue, by Ulphilas, a Cappadocian, in the middle of the fourth century; and into Slavonic, by two brothers, natives of Thessalonica, in the latter part of the ninth. Before the year 900, that is to say, the Bible was translated into the principal languages of Europe except our own; and yet we had in the Church such men of our people as St. Patrick, St. Columba, and Pelagius.

The translation and extensive circulation of the Scriptures among the people have always been claimed as the proud privilege of the Protestant Church; but among the Celts of Britain, if we except the Welsh, the translations came late, and the circulation was, before the beginning of the present century, limited in the extreme. The New Testament was translated into Welsh in 1567, the Old Testament in 1588. The New Testament was translated into Irish in 1602; and the translation of the Old Testament was completed under the

pious Bedell before his death in 1642, although it was not printed till 1685. In the Highlands of Scotland, about two hundred copies of Bedell's Bible were circulated in 1687, through the energy of the Hon. Robert Boyle. The Rev. Robert Kirke, minister of Balquhiddy, published, in Roman letter, Bedell's Bible, and O'Donell's Testament in 1690. Through the influence and at the expense of the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge, the New Testament was translated into Scottish Gaelic by the Rev. James Stewart of Killin and published in 1767; and the Old Testament, translated by Dr. Stuart of Luss and Dr. Smith of Campbelton, appeared in four parts in 1783, 1786, 1787, and 1801 respectively. A portion of the New Testament Scriptures was printed in the Manx language in the first half of the eighteenth century; and the whole Scriptures was published in that tongue in 1772.

And if we turn from the translation to the *circulation* of the Scriptures, we find, especially with regard to the Highlanders and the Irish, this painful record more painful still. Before the year 1800, there were circulated in the Highlands of Scotland, according to Anderson,* two hundred copies of Bedell's Bible in the Irish character, one thousand copies in the Roman character, three thousand five hundred copies of O'Donell's Testament, and thirty-one thousand five hundred copies of Stewart's Testament;—in all, thirty-six thousand two hundred copies of the Old and New Testaments among a population of about four hundred thousand souls. Before the year

1811 there were printed in Ireland twelve hundred and fifty copies of O'Donell's Testament, and five hundred copies of Bedell's Bible. Even this number was not all circulated among the Irish people, for we find that two hundred copies of the Bible were sent to the Highlands of Scotland. The Gaelic-speaking population of Ireland is estimated at about three millions, and for nearly three hundred years after the Reformation only twelve hundred and fifty Testaments and three hundred Bibles had been circulated among them.

So much for the exertions made by the Protestant Church in translating and circulating the Scriptures among the Celtic portion of the population of Scotland and Ireland. What has been the attitude of the Catholic Church with reference to the translation of the Scriptures into the native tongue for the benefit of her people? Ireland, as we all know, was converted to Christianity early in the fifth century. At the present day, seven-eighths of the population are Catholics, and about 3,000,000 speak the Irish tongue, all of whom may be said to belong to the Catholic Church. And yet the only portion of the Scriptures ever printed for their use is the Pentateuch, translated and published in parts by the talented Archbishop M'Hale, between the years 1859 and 1868. Here, then, we have a whole nation, maintaining an unbroken history for 1400 years as a branch of the Church of Christ, who have never seen a New Testament in a language they could understand! St. Columba came to Iona 1300 years ago. The Highland Catholics of our day are numbered by thousands; and they claim to be the lineal descendants of the early Scottish Church. Here, then, is

* The native Irish and their descendants. By Christopher Anderson. Third Edition. Edinburgh, W. O. Kennedy, 1846, pp. 190-3.

another living branch of the Christian Church with a continuous, though eventful, history extending over 1300 years; and the New Testament is rendered into the language of the people, for the first time, in the end of the year 1875.

Let us not cast stones. Our house, too, if not of glass, is of very brittle material. Who is to blame? How comes it that before the Reformation we had no translation of the Scriptures into the Celtic tongue? How comes it that, till the beginning of the present century, so little energy had been shown in circulating the Gaelic Scriptures among the people? The poverty of the population is usually pleaded as an excuse by Protestants and Catholics for this lamentable state of matters. Protestants urge in addition that in this country and in Ireland the British Government were jealous of the Gaelic tongue, and discouraged the publication and circulation of the Gaelic Scriptures. The Catholics plead that for a long period the penal laws effectually prevented the translation and circulation of the Scriptures among the members of their communion. The penal laws are now happily things of the past; but unfortunately the poverty of the population and the mistaken policy of discouraging the cultivation of the native tongues still remain. But neither poverty, nor official discouragement of the language, nor positive penal statutes, nor all combined can account for the late translation and slow circulation of the Irish and Gaelic Scriptures. We Celts, let it be at once confessed, are too ready to blame Governments when we should blame ourselves; and too apt to rely upon foreign aid in matters that can be effectively accomplished by ourselves alone.

The cultivation of our native literature is emphatically one of those things that no foreign patronage can effectively secure; and no official discouragement can permanently suppress. We are poor; but in this country we expend annually upon Highland gatherings, and Highland Societies, not to speak of Highland whisky, what would translate and purchase a Bible for every living Highlander twice told. The history of the world has often shown that literature can flourish vigorously side by side with poverty; but it has also shown that literature never existed side by side with neglect. Our want of the Gaelic Scriptures, and our indifference to them when we got them, were only in keeping with our indifference to books of all kinds.

We can plead legal enactments still less than we can plead poverty for this neglect of our literature. The early Protestant versions of the English Scriptures were published in defiance of penal statutes of the severest kind. The English Catholic translation—the Douay Bible—was published and circulated under the penal laws. The Highlanders and Irish have not been considered as the most submissive people in the world to obnoxious statutes. There were penal laws against our national garb; but the kilts flaunted their bright colours in the face of the law. Fenian Societies and Home-Rule Associations make a virtue of defying the statute law of the land. The fact is that we have been more indebted to the government, and especially to strangers, for the translation of the Scriptures into Irish and Scottish Gaelic, than we were to our own countrymen. The Irish Testament was translated by a native; but the Bible was translated by an Englishman, Be-

dell, who consecrated his life to the work, and who would not be deterred from his purpose by the indifference of Irishmen, or the frowns of Englishmen. The Gaelic Scriptures were necessarily translated by Highlanders; but the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge, most of whose members were and are Lowland Scotchmen, urged on the work, and bore the expense of translating and circulating the early editions; while we are told that the Treasury paid £1000 to Dr. Stuart of Luss, for his services in translating the Gaelic Bible.

Of the merits of the present translation we would speak with due deference. It is a translation from the Vulgate; and cannot, consequently, be compared with the Protestant version. It is also a first attempt; and the highest type of excellence is not therefore to be looked for. But Mr. M'Eachen, the original translator, was a fluent and idiomatic Gaelic writer, as his translation of a Latin treatise, *De Imitatione Christi*, among others, fully proves. Every page bears testimony to the care and ability with which the manuscript must have been revised by the Editor; and to the readers of the *Gael*, Mr. M'Pherson is known as one of the most accurate of living Gaelic writers. Gaelic orthography is in a very unsettled condition; so that, perhaps, the utmost we can look for in this respect is that a Gaelic writer should conform, if not to his neighbour's method, at least to his own. We cannot but consider it fortunate that the Protestant version was finished before our day, else our people would probably have to wait it for a whole generation, while our Gaelic authorities were wrangling over questions of accents, and apostrophes, and genders. Let us hope for the time when we may have a *Pontifex*

literarum, who will decide, *ex cathedra Celtica*, upon all questions of apostrophes and spelling, if not also upon the higher questions of diction, idiom, and syntax.

The diction and phraseology of our version of the Scriptures have been so interwoven with our very being, that a departure from it seems at first sight strange and unnatural. We know that the language of our Bible is in a great measure a *lingua sacra*, and that it often wants the force and point of the language of common life; and yet, when we find, as we often do in this translation, a closer approach to the diction and idiom of our secular literature, we have a difficulty in admitting that the change is an improvement. Thus we find *dubhfhacal* for *cosamhlachd*, *flathanas* for *nèamh*, *srachd* for *reub*, *comhla* for *maille*, *gorach* for *amaideach* and hundreds of similar instances.

The translator may not require to be so highly gifted as the original author; but we have had fewer good translators than authors. To express with strict accuracy the same ideas in two languages is difficult, perhaps impossible. The translator's aim is to be faithful to his author and intelligible to his reader; he must be literal and idiomatic. The Biblical translator feels the difficulty more than any other—he must be literal at all hazards; and yet there is no book in which a nervous diction and pure idiom are so indispensable. Probably no translation equals the authorised English version in the happy combination of these opposing elements. Our Gaelic version is frequently marred by foreign constructions; and the translation before us is by no means free of them. The Greeks and Romans, owing to the variety of inflections in their languages,

constructed their sentences by means of qualifying clauses, participial and adjectival, in a manner that cannot be imitated by us. In our Gaelic Scriptures, an attempt was made to render literally many constructions of the Greek participle which we cannot but consider a mistake. The same attempt to translate the Latin participle is met with in the Catholic version. To introduce foreign constructions and foreign words into the literature of a language is to enrich it, and to bring the language and the people who speak it more into sympathy with the rest of the world, as the history of the English language and literature and of the English nation so conclusively shows. To violently shut the door against foreign influences, from mistaken motives of purity, is, in language as in life, to consign a people to ignorance and isolation—the sure precursors of decline and death. But it is a fair question to consider whether the Scriptures ought to be the door through which foreign constructions should be indiscriminately admitted into our language. The diction of our Protestant version has influenced the diction of the few Gaelic writers that exist; but its foreign idioms, although we are now familiar with them for 100 years, have not been admitted into the language of common life. Highlanders were and are, to an unwarrantable degree, jealous of the introduction into their language of any influence from without; and we think that this cause, among others, has helped to give them the meagre literature they have got. But we cannot blame them for not adopting into their tongue the many Graecisms and Hibernicisms which are presented to them in the Gaelic Scriptures.

The editor has acted wisely, we think, in making a sparing use of accents and apostrophes. In this field, as might be expected in a first edition, it would be easy to point to numerous slips. But these are trivial points, and in a second edition the number will be reduced. Apart from fidelity of translation, of which we do not at present judge, we consider that this version, when it reaches a third or fourth edition, may compare favourably, in diction, idiom, syntax, and general accuracy, with our own version. The edition is beautifully printed on toned paper; and the typographical correctness of it is, for a first edition, truly surprising, when one considers the difficulty of getting Gaelic correctly printed. Unfortunately, the price at which it can be sold places it beyond the easy reach of many a poor Highland Catholic. A Gaelic book done in this style cannot be sold at the price at which we are accustomed to buy our Testaments, except by the same means by which our editions are provided, viz., by Bible Societies, and wealthy organisations. And why should not similar means be employed for the circulation of a cheap edition, at a nominal price, among the Highland Catholics? Why should not wealthy Catholics do for their own people in the matter of this New Testament what the Marquis of Bute, himself a Catholic, but the other day did for all Highlanders in the matter of Ossian? Nay more, why should not an effort be at once made, by the assistance of noble and wealthy Catholics connected with the Highlands, to translate the Old Testament Scriptures into the Gaelic language?

AN GAIDHEAL.

“*Mar ghath soluis do m' anam fein
Tha sgeula na h-aimsir a dh' fhalbh.*”—OISEAN.

IV. LEABH.] DARA MIOS A' GHEAMHRAIDH, 1875. [48 AIR.

SEAN-FHOCAIL.

XII.—BITHIDH GACH NI MAR IS AILL LE DIA.

MA tha e fìor, mar dh'fheuch mi ri dhearbhadh 's an aireimh mu dheireadh de'n *Ghaidheal*, gu bheil ar Daoine, 's an rioghachd so co-dhiu, a' gabhail tlachd ann a bhi 'g altrum smuaintean dubhach, cianail, agus gu h-araid ann a bhi 'beachdachadh gu tric air a' Bhàs agus an comh-nuidh le ni-eigin de gheilt 's de uamhas;—ma tha so fìor, cha bhiodh e mi-fhreagarrach, saoilidh mi, a bhi feoraich, air a' mhios mud heireadh de'n bhliadhna agus anns a phaipeir mu dheireadh mu thimchioll ar Sean-fhocail, ciod e am fiosrachadh a gheibhear annta mu bheachdan ar n-Aithrichean mu'n t-Saoghal taobh thall na h-uaigne, agus mu'n cheangal a tha eadar Beatha dhiombuan, chaochlaidheach an t-Saoghail so agus Beatha mhaireannach, neo-chaochlaidheach na Siorruidheachd. Cha 'n e mo rùn air aon chor a bhi toirt seachad min-chunntas air aid-mheil ar Sluaigh 's an linn so no an linn eile d'ar n-Eachdraidh, no idir a bhi toirt breith air fallaineachd am beachdan 's air an dilseachd 's air an eud a nochd ar Sluagh gu minic air taobh an Creidimh. Is airidh an Eaglais Ghaidhealach air a sgeul innseadh, agus chuireadh esan a dh'innseadh gu cothromach i ar luchd-duthcha fo chomain mhoir. Ach cha mhise an duine, agus cha

'n e so an leabhar, a bu choir a leithid so de shaothair a ghabhail os laimh. 'S e mo rùn air an àm an fhianuis a bheir ar Sean-fhocail seachad mu chreidimh ar n-Aithrichean anns gach linn d'an Eachdraidh a chur fa chomhair an Leughadair mar is fearr a dh'fhaodas mi.

'S i mo bharail gu bheil cuid de na Sean-fhocail a tha gleidheadh air chuimhne beachdan ar Sluaigh dà mhìle bliadhna dh'aois. An uair a bha prìomh Bhard ar Duthcha a' gabhail seallaidh, le inntinn fhar-suing fein, air cuairt na h-aimsir 's air Eachdraidh a Shluaigh, sheinn e mar so :

“ Cia as tha sruthan na bha ann ?
C' uin' a thaomas an t-àm tha falbh ?
C' àit' an ceil aimsir a dà cheann
An ceathach tha mall 's nach gann,
A taobh ballach le gnìomh nan seòd ?
Tha mo shealladh air linnte dh'aom ;
Cha 'n fhaicear ach caol na bh'ann,
Mar dhearra na gealaich tha faoin,
Air linne tha claon 's a' ghleann.
An so dh'eireas dealan a' chòmhràig ;
An sin thuineas, gun solas, neo-thréin ;
Cha chuir iad an gnìomhan air chòmhlà
Air aimsir tha mòthar 'n an déigh.”

Feudaidh sinn, tha mi meas, cainnt agus samhladh Oisein a chleachdadh mu bheachdan cho maith ri mu euchdan ar Sluaigh. O chionn dà mhìle bliadhna, bha aimsirean comh-arrichte ann an Eachdraidh aid-mheil ar Sluaigh—aimsirean nach teid gu brath air di-chuimhne. Thugadh cumhachd nan Druidhean gu talamh ; thainig solus gloirmhor an t-Soisgeil d'ar Tìr ; dh'ath-leasaich-

eadh an Eaglais; 'n ar linn fein chunnaic a' mhor ehuid d'ar Sluagh gu'm b'e an dleasdanas Eaglais an Aithrichean fhàgail, agus dh'fhàg iad i; agus nach iomadh aon a tha an diugh ag eigheach gu durachdach airson tuilleadh soluis a chum a threorachadh air an t-slighe thuislich, dh'orcha a tha, a reir coslais, air thoiseach air. Gidheadh, ann an cainnt Oisein, "cha 'n fhaicear ach caol na bh'ann." Buinidh na beachdan a ghleidh ar Sean-fhocail air chuimhne do'n Druidh 's do'n Chriosduidh maraon. Bha iad cho fìor 's cho feumail o chionn dà mhìle bliadhna 's a tha iad an diugh, 's a bhitheas iad gu crìch an t-Saoghail. 'S iad so a rinn "ballach" taobh sgéith ar n-aidmheil.

Ann an aon nì tha mi saòilsinn gu bheil coimeas a' Bhaird mi-fhreagarrach dhuinne an traths'. Tha Eachdraidh, ann am beachd Oisean, air a deanamh suas de "ghnìomh nan seod" a tha deanamh taobh na h-aimsir "ballach;" agus tha na "neo-thréin," a' tuineadh, gun sòlas, 'n am buidheann leo fein,—an gnìomhan faoin gun chuimhne, an uair a tha aimsir a' siubhal gu mòthar seachad. Cha 'n eil teagamh nach 'eil smuain a' Bhaird oirdheire agus airidh air inntinn ghreadhnaich fein. Ach cha 'n fhaod sinn a bhi foghlum o'n teagasg so gur nì faoin no suarach dleasdanas ar latha-ne, no ar n-inbhe-ne, ged, ma dh' fhaodte, nach teid a bhreacadh air slìos na h-aimsir, a chum ar cuimhne ghleidheadh beo rè nan linntean. Cha bhiodh e ceart air aon chor a bhi deanamh gaisgeach dheth-san a mhain a rinn gnìomhan euchdach an suilean an t-Saoghail:

"Is gaisgeach esan a bheir buaidh,
Air eagal beatha, 's uamhunn bàis,
'S a chomhlaicheas le misnich crì',
Na h-uile nì a tha dha 'n dàn."

'S e so gaisge air an ruig an neach is dìblidh 'n ar measg. Agus tha làn dearbhadh againn ma bhuannaicheas e nach leigear a threuntas air dì-chuimhne, ach gu faigh e gu einnteach a dhuais. Ach air an laimh eile tha teagasg Oisean agus nan Sean-fhocal ro fhìor, agus bhitheadh e ro bhuannachdail dhuinn an comhnuidh a ghleidheadh air chuimhne. Tha gnothuichean ar latha fein, cho fad 's a tha iad cothromach, mar dhleasdanas chudthromach oirnn a chur an gnìomh le 'r n-uile neart; agus tha beachdan ar latha fein, cho fad 's a tha iad fìor, 'n an tiodhlacan luachmhor nach faod sinn, gun chunnart, a dhearmad. Ach tha cuid de na dleasdanas so, agus cuid de na beachdan so, a bhuineas ann an doigh ro shonraichte d'ar latha fein; agus tha cuid eile dhiu a tha 'g an ceangal fein 's 'g ar ceangal-ne ris an t-sluagh gun aireamh a chaidh thairis agus ris an t-sluagh gun aireamh a thig 'n ar deigh—dleasdanas agus beachdan a tha 'n comhnuidh cudthromach agus an comhnuidh fìor. A nis bu mhaith leam a chreidsinn gur e na dleasdanas so a tha, ann an cainnt Oisean, a' deanamh ballach taobh na h-aimsir. Cha 'n eil teagamh nach e na beachdan so a mhain a ghìulain na Sean-fhocail a nuas o chéin. Tha sinn a ghnath teom air a bhi cur barrachd meas air na nithean sin a tha luachmhor a mhain 'n ar latha fein. Tha mi meas na 'n seallamaid air cuairt na h-aimsir mar a rinn Oisean, no air beachdan ar n-Aithrichean mar a ghleidh na Sean-fhocail air chuimhne iad, gu'm faiceamaid iomadh cleachduin, dleasdanas, 'us beachd a tha 'n diugh a' cumail suas roinnean 'us coimheachais 'n ar measg, a bhitheas gu tur air dì-chuimhne, an uair a sheallas Bard eigin air ais, ceud bliadhna 'n a dheigh so, 's nach faic e "ach caol na bh' ann."

Tha triuir bheachd, gu sonruichte, a gheibhear air an cur f'ar comhair gu tric anns na Sean-fhocail, agus 's e sin: (1.) Gu bheil cionta toillteanach air peanas; (2.) Gu bheil laghannan Naduir no cuairt Freasdail do-atharraichte, neo-chaochlaidheach; (3.) Gu bheil Dia fior, ceart, maith.

Gheibhear suim aidmheil Creidimh ar n-Aithrichean, a réir nan Sean-fhocal, anns na tri frinnean so. Agus cho fad 's is leir dhomh, bha ar n-Aithrichean a' creidsinn annta o'n a tha Eachdraidh againn orra. Cha 'n 'eil ar n-eolas air teagasg nan Druidhean ach gann, ach saoilidh mi gu'n dearbh am beagan fiosrachaidh a tha againn mu thimchioll nan linntean céin anns an robh iad cumhachdach n' ar Tìr gu'n robh iad a' creidsinn agus a' teagasg nam frinnean a dh'ainmich mi. Tha grian an t-Soisgeil 'us solus an eòlais a' dealradh 'n a làn neart agus 'n a làn mhaise oirne. Fhuair sinn moran agus iarrar moran uainn. Ma thuislicheas sinne, cha 'n ann le cion solui. Ach tha mi meas nach aobhar so airson a bhi deanamh dimeas orrasan a bha 'g imeachd 's an dorchadas. A réir gach cunntais a tha againn mu'n timchioll, bu daoine na Druidhean a bha airidh air meas agus air urram an dà chuid airson an eòlais agus an gluasaid. 'N ar suilean-ne bha, gun teagamh, an Creidimh mearachdach, easbhuidheach. Ach tomhais iad le meidh an linn fein, agus chi thu gu'm bu daoine fiosrach, glic iad, a ghleidh an cliù 's am meas am measg dhaoine treuna, 's a sheas gu daingean air taobh an Duthcha 's an Sluaigh ann an àm cunnairt 'us teinn. Anns na Sean-fhocail tha iad air an ainmeachadh le moran barrachd urraim na tha na Sagairtean a thainig 'n an àite.

“Cho teoma ri Coibhi Druidh.” “Ge fogus clach do'n làr is foisge na sin cobhair Choibhi.” Tha so a nochdadh gliocais, comais, caoimheis. Ach is ann airson feartan dealaichte uapa so—feartan is suar-aiche air gach doigh—a tha Sagairtean 'us Cléirich air an cumail air chuimhne. “Cha 'n fhiach Sagart gun Chléirich.” “Cha d'òl an Sagart ach na bh'aige.” “Cha 'n iad na ro Chléirich is fearr.” “Is miann leis a' Chléireach mias mhaith a bhi aig an t-Sagart.” “'S e leanabh fein is luaithe bhaisteadh an Sagart.” Tha an so companas eadar Cléirich 'us Sagairtean airson a bhi sasuchadh a' chuirp le nithean ceaduichte 's le nithean toirmisgte air an deanadh Coibhi Druidh tàir.

Seallamaid gu h-aithghearr air na beachdan a dh'ainmich mi.

1. *Tha cionta toillteanach air peanas.* Cha 'n 'eil teagamh nach 'eil, 'n ar measg-ne, iomadh ni air a mheas mar chionta nach cunntadh peacach ann an cuid de'n aimsir a chaidh seachad; agus feudaidh e bhi gu'n robh ar n-Aithrichean a' meas 'n a pheacadh iomadh ni a chunntas sinne airidh air cliu. Ach tha nithean eile ann a tha air am meas n' an cionta anns gach àm 's anns gach àite, 's a dh'fheumas a bhi air am meas 'n an cionta cho fad 's a bhitheas daoine a' gleidheadh comunn a chèile. Is ann orra so a mhain a tha na Sean-fhocail a' tighinn thairis. *Breugan, foill, 'us foirneart*,—cia air bith d'aidmheil is peacannan iad so. Chunnaic ar n-Aithrichean a' bhreug, foill 'us foirneart, mar a chi gach neach, an uachdar, co-dhiu rè tamuill, agus chuir iad am fein-fhiosrachadh an cainnt: “Cha seas a' bhreug ach air a leth-chois;” “Cha mhair a' bhreug ach rè seal;” “Imridh breug gobhal.” A ris: “Ge b'e 's measa, ma 's e 's treise, bithidh e 'n uachdar;” “Is

coma leis an t-Saoghal c'àite an tuit e." Tha aon Sean-fhocal a tha toirt teagaisg air gach cor mi-fhallain, dioghaltach, brùideil, calg-dhìreach an aghaidh teagaisg coitchionn nan Sean-fhocal Ghaidhealach: "Maith air seann duine, maith air feail duine, maith air leanabh beag, tri maithean caillte."

Ach is ann air taobh firinn 's an aghaidh foille 's foirneirt a tha na Sean-fhocail: "Is mairg air nach bi eagal na breige;" "Fear na foille an iochdar;" "Cha d'thug leis an truail nach d'fhuir leis a' chlaidheamh;" "Cha bhi seasamh aig droch bheairt;" "Cha 'n fhaod an ciontach a bhi reachdach;" "Cha 'n eil air an olc ach gun a dheanadh." Machi thu an ciontach a' soirbheachadh, theirear riut: "Ge dàil do near an uile cha dearmad." Tha an t-Abstol Pòl ag radh; "Ge b'e ni shuireas duine, an ni ceudna buainidh e." Is ionann teagasg nan Sean-fhocail: "Tha smùdan fein os cionn gach fòid;" "Mar chàras duine a leaba, 's ann a luidheas e;" "Mar thuiteas a' chraobh, 's ann a luidheas i;" "Tha thu ruith air t-aimhleas;" "Thig an donas ri iomradh." Agus cha 'n e mhain so, ach tha e dlù air bhi eu-comasach pilleadh o bhi 'g imeachd air slighe an uile: "Thig iomadh olc á aon olc;" "Cha leighis aithreachas breamas;" "'S ionann aithreachas criche 's a bhi 'cur sìl mu Fheill-martain."

Tha an Sean-fhocal mu dheireadh a dh' ainmich mi a' comharrachadh gu soilleir ri Saoghal eile anns am faigh peacadh a' dhiol. Ach 's e teagasg an iomlain diubh gu bheil cionta a' giulan a pheanais fein 'n a uchd, agus, luath no mall, anns a' bheatha so fein, gu'n nochdar so do gach neach. Tha mi meas gur dearbhadh so air aois nan Sean-fhocail. Cha 'n eil duais no peanas na Siorruidheachd air a chur fa d'

chomhair airson do dheanadais. Theirear: "Is buidheach Dia de'n fhirinn;" ach cha 'n 'eil truaighe shiorruidh mar dhuais do'n aingidh air ainmeachadh anns na Sean-fhocail. Gheibh sinn gun teagamh an radh: "Dean do sheunadh o'n Diabhul 's o chlann an Tighearna (an Uachdarain);" agus tha cliu Chonain chrì, mhaoil air a toirt seachad 's an dà Shean-fhocal: "Cairdeas Chonain ris na deamhaibh;" "Beatha Chonain am measg nan deamhan, ma's olc dhomh cha 'n fhearr dhoibh." Cha 'n 'eil mi meas gu'n abair neach gur teagasg ro fhallain so, aon chuid 's an t-Saoghal so no 's an ath Shaoghal, air a cho-cheangal a tha eadar cionta 'us peanas.

2. *Neo-chaochladheachd Freasdail.* Tha gach Sluagh air a' bheil iomradh againn a' creidsinn gu bheil a' Chruitheachd a' geilleadh do laghannan a tha neo-chaochladheach, do-atharraichte. Cha 'n 'eil eolas àrd no fiosrachadh farsuing feumail a chum an creidimh so a dhaingeachadh. Tha 'n dearbhadh f'ar comhair air gach taobh air an tiunndaidh sinn. Eirigh 'us luidhe gréine; fas 'us crionadh na gealaich: cuairt ghreadhnach, riaghailteach nan reultan; earrach 'us samhradh, foghar 'us geamhradh; breith 'us fàs, crionadh 'us bàs gach creutair, gach craoibh 's gach luis—an talamh; mu 'n cuairt duinn 's na speuran os ar cionn le aon ghuth a' cur an ceill gu bheil oibre a' chruthachaidh gu leir a' toirt umhlachd iomlain do Lagh. Agus mar is doimhne rannsuicheas sinn 's ann is neartmhoire an dearbhadh gu bheil gach ni beag agus mor, àrd agus iosal, ann an co-cheangal diomhair ri cheile, agus gach ball de'n chorp uile-lathaireach so, 'n a àite fein, a' coimhlionadh a' dhàin fein, fo riaghladh nan laghannan d'am bheil an corp uile umhail. Ga

ruig so, tha mi meas gu'm feudar a radh gu'n robh daoine foghlumte anns gach linn 's anns gach cearn de aon bheachd. Ach cha robh na b' fhaide na so. Bha cuid a' faighinn dearbhaidh ann am maise, an ordugh, 's an riaghailteachd oibre Naduir, air Bith uile-chumhachdach agus uile-ghlic a chruthaich gach ni, 's a tha 'g oibreachadh a mach a thoil neo-chaochlaidheach 's a rùn siorruidh fein anns na laghannan d' a' bheil Nadur a' geilleadh; bha cuid eile anns gach linn a bha 'creidsinn gu'm b'e Nadur 's a laghannan na h-uile. A ris bha cuid an comhnuidh a' tagradh gu'n robh co-dhiu aon ni 's a' Chruthachadh nach robh fo riaghladh Lagha ach a Lagh fein —'s e sin toil an duine; bha cuid eile gu durachdach a' stri ri dhearbhadh gu'n robh toil an duine cho maith ri fàs an fheòir fo riaghladh lagha gu teann, cruaidh, air dhoigh 'us nach robh ann an "saorsa na toile" as an deanteadh uail cho tric ach fail-eus faoin leis am bitheadh daoine fein-speiseil 'g am mealladh fein.

Bha e gu tric a' tachairt gu'n robh iadsan a bha 'g aicheadh lathaireachd Dhe ag aicheadh saorsa toile an duine; ach, air an laimh eile, gheibhear moran de na daoine bu tréineachathaich airson lathaireachd Dhe nach aidicheadh gu'n robh toil an duine saor. O thùs ar n-Eachdraidh, tha dearbhadh air gu'n robh Gaidheil na h-Alba a' creidsinn ann an Dia, co-dhiu bha no nach robh an comhnuidh aca beachdan fallain mu thimchioll. Cha 'n 'eil mi cho chinnteach gu'n robh am beachdan cho soilleir no cho aon-sgeulach mu shaorsana toile. Cha'n iongantach ged bhitheadh na Sean-fhocail Ghaidhealach ag iarraidh oirnn sealltainn air dà thaobh na ceiste so. Air an dara taobh cha'n 'eil saorsa toile, a réir coslais, comasach. Tha gach ceum do d'bheatha air a shonruch-

adh dhuit, agus tha thusa gu h-umhail, dall, mar gu'm bitheadh taod ri d'shroin 's neapacain mu d'shuilean, a' coimhlionadh rùn nach léir dhuit fo riaghladh cumhachd nach aithne dhuit. Thug ar n-Aithrichean *dun* mar ainm air a' chrannchur a bha air a chur a mach do gach neach. Cha robh ri dol seachad air. "Am fear d'an dàn a' chroich cha teid gu brath a bhàthadh"; "Am fear d'an dàn an donas 's ann d'a a bheanas"; "An rud a bhitheas ar dàn, bithidh e do-sheachanta"; Bha 'n là 'g a ruith"; "Bha sìneadh saoghail aige"; "Fear an t-saoghail fhada, cha bhi baoghal h-uige." Cha 'n 'eil mi meas gu'n cuireadh Turcach, — le phiob 'n a phluic, le lamhan paigste n' shuidhe air a mhàsan, an uair a tha 'thigh 'n a lasair mu chluasan, — a chreidimh ann an cumhachd Naduir 's ann an neo-nitheachdan Duine ann an cainnt a bu teinnena so.

Ach tha taobh eile air a' cheist. Bha ar n-Aithrichean 'n an daoine laidir, lughmhor, fearail. Bha an Tìr neo-thorach, agus bha naimhdean lionmhor. Is ann le strì chruaidh a sholaireadh iad lòn, 's a dhìonadh iad iad fein o'n naimhdean. A thuilleadh air so, cha mhor àitean anns an robh gnus Naduir ri faicinn cha muiteach, luaineach ri Gaidhealtachd na h-Alba. Monadh 'us srath, coill 'us linne, amhainn 'us caol, muir 'us tìr air am measgadh 's air an amladh 'n a chéile; — a ris caochlaidheachd na siontan, 's a mhaduinn a ghrian is àille, air meadhon là "tairneanach 'us dealan speur," mu fheasgar an doinionn a' spionadh nan craobh as am bun. Dh'fheudadh an leithidean so de dhaoine, le leithid so de chaithe-beatha, 'n a leithid so de Thìr, an uair a rachadh cùisean 'n an aghaidh, ni-eigin de shòlas fhaotainn ann a bhi 'g radh, agus air dhoigh.

a' creidsinn, gu'n robh sud an dàn doibh; ach feudaidh sinn a bhi cinn-teach cho fad 's a bha chrìoch am fòlach orra, gu'n robh iad a' gluasad mar gu'm bitheadh an dàn ann an tomhas mòr 'n an lamhan fein. Dearbhaidh na Sean-fhocail so. Chunnaic sinn mar bha iad a' teagasg gu'n robh an ciontach toillteanach air peanas. Bu theagasg mi-sheadhar so mur b'urrainn duine an t-olc a sheachnadh.

A ris an uair bha ar n-Aithrichean a' deanamh aoraidh do Dhia fo shamhladh na gréine, bha iad a' meas gu'm bu choir, an toiseach gach ni, cùrsa na gréine a leantainn, agus thainig a' chleachduin agus a' chainnt a nuas g'ar latha fein: "Deiseal air gach ni"; "Car tuathal t-aimhleas." Tha Sean-fhocail de'n aon teagasg lion-mhor: "Cha 'n 'eil neach gun dà latha"; "Cha 'n 'eil tuil air nach tig traeghadh"; "Cha 'n 'eil carraig air nach caochail sruth"; "Is tric a bha craiceann an uain air a' chléith cho luath ri craiceann na caorach." Cha 'n iarradh am fear a bu déine air taobh saorsa na toile focail a bu fhreagarraiche na iad so a chum a bheachdan a chur an ceill. Ciod, ma ta, a their sinn mu na nithean so? A'bheil teagasg ar Sean-fhocail air a phuinc so, mar bha bata fiar Dhughaill Buchannain, "an aghaidh a' cheile? 'S i mo bharail gu bheil. Mu'n cuairt air a cheist thadorchadas tiugh. Bheachdaich ar n-Aithrichean air a' chuis gu geur. Bha iad tric 's a chrann; ach bha 'n ceò domhail, agus ciod an t-ioghnadh ged their-eadh fear gur e feannag 's fear eile gur e fearann a bha 's an t-sealladh. Saoilidh mi gu'n aidicheadh a' chuid a bu ghlice dhiubh gu'n robh iad an so aghaidh ri aghaidh ri diomhair-eachd mhoir,—nach robh iad a' faicinn ach "gu dorcha tre ghloine";

ach gu'm feitheadh iad gu foighidneach ris an àm anns an aithnicheadh iad mar bha aithne orra, a' creidsinn, gu h-iriosal ach gu durachdach, an traths', gu'm "bi gach ni mar is aill le Dia."

3. *Tha Dia fìor, ceart, maith.* Tha dhà-dheug d'ar Scan-fhocail anns an d'fhuair mi ainm an Uile-chumhachdaich. 'S ann le urram 's le solaimteachd chubhaidh a gheibhear an t-Ainm naomh air a luaidh. Agus 's e maitheas, firinn, ceartas a gheibhear co-cheangailte ris an Ainm. "An ni a gheall Dia, cha mheall duine"; "Thig Dia ri airc, 's cha 'n airc an uair a thig"; "Is gearr gach reachd ach riaghailt Dhe,"—agus mar sin sìos. An uair a pheacaich 'Daibhidh 's a bha e 'n teinn mhoir, roghnaich e tuiteam an lamhan Dhe seach an lamhan Dhaoine. Nach maiseach a tha co-ionann peacach agus co-ionann earbsa 's an da Shean-fhocal Ghaidhealach: "Tuislichidh an t-each ceithir-chasach"; "Cha dubhairt Dia na thubhairt thu."

Tha mi 'smuaineachadh gu'n aidich an Leughadair gur airidh ar Sean-fhocail air aire 's air meas nach 'eil iad a' faotainn 'n ar latha-ne. Gheibhear fiosrachadh earbsach anna mu bheachdan ar Sluaigh 's an àm a dh'fhalbh. Gheibhear teagasg anna d'an d'thug daoine treuna umhlachd. Toillidh an ear-ailean, am beachdan, 's am firinnean urram uainne airson an aois, am maise, 's an gliocais. Bha suil ar n-Aithrichean, ma dh'fhaodte, ro thrìc 'n an deigh. Is còir dhuinne sealltainn air ar n-ais le h-urram, ach 's e dol air ar n-aghaidh ar dleasdanas. Gheibh sinn ar barantas 's an t-Sean-fhocal: "Leintean farsuing do na leanabaibh òga."

D. M'K.

ORAN DO'N NOLLUIG.

LE EOBIAN MACLACHAINN.

FONN.—Di haal-lum, di-haal-lum,
 Di-i 'il i 'il, hanndan,
 Di-dir-ir-i hal-i'il-lum
 Di-dir-ir i hal-haoir-um,
 Di-hi 'il, i 'il hal-dir-iri,
 Hari, haal, haoir-um,
 Di-i 'il-haal, dil-il-i 'il,
 Dor-ri, ho 'ol, hanndan.

A Nigheanan, biodh criodhalas
 Ga fhripthaladh 's an àm leibh;
 Cha dlighe dhuinn bhi suidheagan
 'S ar cridheachan fo champar;
 Bheir mise 'n ceol gu fileanta
 Le frith-leimnich nan rann duibh,
 'S grad-eirgheadh ceathrar inich 'theid
 Gu h-ingealta romh 'n dannsa.
 Di-haal-lum, &c.

'S i Nolluig i! b'e 'sonas duinn!
 Car son a bhiodh oirnn anntlachd?
 'S e 's tocha leinn 'bhi soganach,
 Na biodh am botul gann oirnn;
 Biodh sgop an t-sruthain fhortanaich
 Air bharr nan copan seannsail;
 'S gu sgobar as gu socrach i—
 Cha'n fhiugh gun deoch an dannsa.
 Di-haal-lum, &c.

'S i Nolluig àm is toiliche
 Le molamas an annlainn,
 Gu h-im'cach, caiseach, botulach,
 A dh' fhuadach gort a' ghanntuir:
 Na bonnuich chruinn-thiugh, chorca, tigh'n
 Air bhrod-mhiosaibh a nall duinn,
 'Gu ròslach, feòl-bhruich, brotagach;
 'S gu'n deantar cosd gun taing leinn.
 Di-haal-lum, &c.

Am fasan 'bh'aig ar n' athraichean,
 Coimh-leanamid 's gach àm ris;
 Na cleachdainnean a bh' acasan
 Na leigear dad air chall diu:
 Gur cliuiteach, mùirneach, aighearach
 An tigheadas bu cheann duibh,
 B'e'm beus 'bhi tlachdmhor, fialuidh, ceart,
 'S am pailteas fo 'n comannda.
 Di-haal-lum, &c.

Gach mùgaire trom air tealaich
 Tha snaigheach as le ganntas,
 Cha'n iarr sinn iad an taice ruinn,
 'S neo-chridheil gart an dranndain:
 'S i 'bhuidheann eibhneach, aigeannach,
 Bu tlachdmhoire 'bhi 'cainnt riu,
 Bho n' tig an ealaidh bhlasadach
 Is taitneach siubhal ranntachd.
 Di-baal-lum, &c.

'S i nochd an oidhch' is urramaiche
 'Chunnaic sinn le'r sealltuinn;
 Gur furanach a bhuineadh dhuinn
 A cumail mar a gheall sinn:
 Biodh sulas air a' mhuirichinn
 Gun mhulad ga'n ur aimhreith
 'S bheir mise 'n ealaidh chuireideach
 Is iullagaiche srann duibh.
 Di-haal-lum, &c.

—o—

MAR A CHUIREADH SUAS
AN FHEINN.*(Bho J. F. Caimbeal.)*

BHA rìgh aon uair air Eirinn leis
 am bu duilich cis a leag na Loch-
 lannaich air Alba's air Eirinn. Bha
 iad a' tighinn air a rioghachd fhein
 an am foghair agus samhraidh 'g
 am beathachadh fhein air a chuid,
 's iad 'n an daoine calma, laidir; ag
 itheadh 's a' milleadh na bha na h-
 Albannaich 's na h-Eirionnaich a'
 deanadh ri bliadhna eile. Chuir e
 fios air comhairleach, a bh' aige 's
 dh'innis e dha na bha 'n a bheachd:
 gu 'n robh toil aige doigh fhaot-
 ainn air na Lochlannaich a chumail
 air an ais. Thuirt an comhairleach
 ris nach cinneadh sid leis an gradaig,
 ach na'n gabhadh e comhairle-san gu
 'n cinneadh e leis ri ùine.

"Pòs," ars' an comhairleach, "an
 ceud fhear agus an ceud bhean a's
 mò an Eirinn air a' cheile; pòs an
 sliochd air a' cheile a rithist; leig
 an treas ginealach an coinneamh nan
 Lochlannach." Chaidh so a dhean-
 adh, 's 'n uair a thainig an treas
 ginealach gu h-inbhe dhaoine thainig
 iad a nall a dh-Albainn agus Cumhal
 air an ceann. Chinnich leo na Loch-
 lannaich a sgrios 's a chur air an ais.
 Rinn Cumhal rìgh deth fhein an
 Alba an uair sin leis na daoine so,
 's cha leigeadh e Lochlannach no
 Eirionnach a dh-Albainn ach e fhein.
 Bha so 'n a dhoilgheas le rìgh Loch-
 lann, 's rinn e suas ri rìgh Albann
 gu 'm biodh cairdeas eatorra thall 's

a bhos an uair sin. Chuir iad ri cheile, na trì righean, rìgh Lochlann, 's rìgh Albann, 's rìgh Eirionn, gu 'm biodh còisir mhor dhamhsaidh aca, 's gu 'm biodh cairdeas agus reite eatorra.

Bha sgeim eadar rìgh Eirionn agus rìgh Lochlann rìgh Alba a chur gu bàs. Bha Cumhal cho treun 's nach robh innleachd air a chur gu bàs, mar am marbhteadh le achlaidheamh fhein e, 'nuair a bhiodh e dìolta òil agus mnatha, 'n a chadal. Bha 'roghainn aige de dh-aona bhoir-eannach a bha 's a' chuideachd, agus 's i nighean rìgh Lochlann a ghabh e mar roghainn. Nuair chaidh iad a luidhe bha duine anns a' chuideachd d' am b' ainm Arcan dubh a shonraich iad airson am mort a dheanadh nuair a bhiodh iad 'nan cadal. Nuair a chaidil iad fhuair Arcan dubh claidheamh Chumhail 's mharbh e leis e. Bha 'm mort deanta 's bha 'h-uile cuis ceart. Bha Alba fo na Lochlannaich 's fo an h-Eirionnaich, 's bha claidheamh Chumhail aig Arcan dubh.

Dh' fhag rìgh Lochlann a phiuthar aig rìgh Eirionn, 's ordugh aige na 'm bu leanabh-mic a bhiodh aice a mharbhadh, ach na 'm bu leanabh-nighinn a bhiodh ann a chumail beo. Bha faisneachd ag innseadh gu 'n d' tigeadh Fionn Mac Chumhail, 's gur h-e 'n comharra a bha air so, amhainn a bha an Eirinn, nach marbhteadh breac oirre gus an tigeadh Fionn. 'S e a thionndaidh a mach a thoradh na ceud oidhche a bha 'n sid gu 'n d' rug nighean rìgh Lochlann mac agus nighean do Chumhal. Cha robh piuthar aig Fionn ach i se, 's b' i mathair Dhiarmaid. An oidhche a rugadh iad theich a mhuime leis a' mhac, 's chaidh i do dh' àite fasail leis, 's bha i 'g a bheathachadh 's 'g a chumail suas an sin gus an do thog i 'n a leanabh foghainteach, tlachdar e.

Smaoinich i gu 'm bu duilich leatha e 'bhith gun ainm aice. 'S e 'n ni a rinn i, dh' fhalbh i leis thun a' bhaile feuch am faigheadh i innleachd air ainm a thoirt air. Chunn-aic i sgoilearan a' bhaile a' snamh air loch uisge.

"Falbh a mach cuide riutha siud," ars' ise ris, "'s ma gheobh thu greim air h-aon cuir fodha e 's bath e, 's ma gheobh thu greim air dithis cuir fodha iad 's bath iad."

Ghabh esan a mach air an loch 's thoisich e air bathadh na cloinne. Thuit gu 'n robh fear de dh' easbuigean an àite 'g a choimhead.

"Co," ars' esan, "am Mac Maol Fionn 'ud, 's rasg rìgh 'n a cheann a tha a' bathadh nan sgoilearan?"

"Gu meal e ainm," ars' a mhuime, Fionn Mac Chumhail Mhic Fhinn Mhic Uile-bheurais, Mhic h-Art, Mhic Ard-rìgh Eirionn, 'S tha uams' a bhith 'g am thoirt fhein as."

Thainig esan, an sin, air tìr agus sgriobh ise leatha e. Nuair a bha 'n toir gu breith orra leum e bhar muin a mhuime, 's rug e air chaol da chois oirre, 's chuir e mu amhaich i. Chaidh e stigh roimh choille leatha, 's nuair a thainig e mach as a' choille cha robh aige ach an da lurga. Thachair loch ris an deigh tighinn a mach as a' choille 's thilg e 'n da chois a mach air an loch. 'S e Loch nan Lurgann a theirteadh ris an loch as a dheigh so. Dh' fhas da bheist mhoir á da lurga muime Fhinn. 'S e siud an cairdeas a bh' aige ri da bheist Loch an lurgann.

Dh' fhalbh e 'n so, 's e gun bhiadh gun dibh, dh' ionnsuidh a' bhaile mhoir. Choinnich Arcan dubh, ag iasgach air an amhainn, e, agus cu cuideachd ris, Bran Mac Buidheig.

"Cuir a mach an t-slat air mo shon-sa," ars' e ris an iasgair, "'s an t-acras orm, feuch am faigh thu breac dhomh."

Luidh am breac ris, 's mharbh e 'm breac. Dh' iarr e 'm breac air Arcan dubh.

“'S tusa 'm fear,” ars' Arcan dubh, “nuair a dh' iarradh tu 'm breac, 's mise 'g iasgach o cheann bhliadhnaichean do 'n rìgh, 's gun bhreac agam da fhathasd.”

Dh' aithnich e gur h-e Fionn a bh' aige. Gus an sgeul a chur an aithghearr mharbh e breac do 'n rìgh, 's d'a mhnaoi, 's d'a mhac, 's d'a nighinn, ma 'n d' thug e gin do dh' Fhionn. Thug e 'n sin breac dha.

“Feumaidh tu,” ars' Arcan dubh, “am breac a bhrùich an taobh thall de 'n amhainn, 's an teine 'n taobh so d'i, mu 'm faigh thu mir deth ri 'itheadh; 's cha 'n fhaigh thu cead maide 'tha 's a' choille a chur g'a bhrùich.”

Cha robh fios aige 'n so dé a dheanadh e. 'S e an ni a thachair, chaidh e air toir min shaibh, 's chuir e nateineithar na h-amhann. Thainig tonn de 'n lasair a nall 's loisg i ball air a' bhreac, ni a bha air a bhacail. Chuir e 'n so a mheur air a' bhall dubh a thainig air a bhreac, 's loisg e i, 's chuir e 'n sin 'n a bheul i. Fhuair e 'n so fios gur h-e Arcan dubh so a mharbh 'athair; 's mar am marbhadh esan Arcan dubh, 's e 'n a chadal, gu 'm marbhadh Arcan dubh esan an uair a dhuisgeadh e. 'S e 'n ni a bha ann mharbh e 'm bodach. Fhuair e 'n sin cu 's claidheamh; 's e b' ainm do 'n chu Bran Mac Buidheig.

Smaoinich e 'n sin nach toir eadh e 'n Eirinn na 'b' fhaide, ach gu 'n tigeadh e dh' Alba airson saighdearan 'athar fhaotainn. Thainig e air tir am Farbaine. Fhuair e 'n sin meall mor a dh' Athaich, daoine gnathasda. Thuig e gu 'm b' e na saighdearan a bha aig 'athair a bha ann, 's iad 'nan ciom-aich bho chd aig na Lochlannaich, 'a

sealg daibh, 's gun iad a' faotainn ach an t-iomall 'na theachd-an-tir dhaibh fhein. Thug na Lochlannaich uatha na h-airm nuair thigeadh cogadh na ni sam bith eagal eiridh leis na naimhdean. Bha aon duine sonraicht, aca airson togail nan arm sin d' am b' ainm Ullamh Lamh-fhada. Chruinnich esan na h-airm 's thug e leis iad uile, 's thuit gu 'n robh claidheamh Fhinn 'nam measg. Dh' fhalbh Fionn as a dheigh 's e 'g iarraidh a chladheimh fhein. Nuair a thainig iad an sealladh an airm Lochlannaich thubhairt e.—

Fuil air fear 's fear gun fhuil,
Gaoth thar sluaigh, 's truagh gun Mac an Luin.

“Dé a bhith g' am buin sin?” arsa Ullamh Lamh-fhad. “A' chorcag chladheimh a bha agam,” arsa Fionn, “thug sibh leibh a measg chaich i; 's misde mise gan dhith i 's cha 'n fheairde sibhse agaibh i.”

“Dé 'n t-euchd a b' fhearr a dheanadh tu leatha na 'm biodh i agad?”

“Cheannsaichinn an treas cuid de na chi mi mu m' choinneamh de shluagh.”

Thug Ullamh Lamh-fhada lamh air na h-airm. An claidheamh a bu choltaiche 's a b' fhearr a fhuair e ann thug e dha e. Rug e air 's chrath e e, 's thilg e as a mhaide feodain e, 's ars' e,—

'S e fear dh' an ealtuinn dhuibh a th' ann;
Cha b' e, Mac an Luin—mo lann;
Cha bu lochd a thoirt á truail,
Bhar uain cha tugadh e 'n ceann.

Thuirt e 'n dara uair na briathra ciadhna,
Thuirt e 'n treas uair,
Fuil air fear agus fear gun fhuil,
Gaoth thar sluaigh 's truagh gun Mac an Luin.

“De a dheanadh tu leis na 'm faigheadh tu e?”

“Dheanadh gu 'n ceannsaichinn uile na chi mi.”

Thilg e air lar na h-airm uile.
Fhuair Fionn a chlaidheamh, 's ars'
e 'n sin, "'S e so fear mo laimhe
deise-sa."

Thill e 'n sin 'ionnsuidh nan daoine
a dh' fhag e. Fhuair e 'n t-ord
Fann 's sheinn e e. Chruinnich na
bha 'n taobh deas de dh' Alba de na
Fianntaichean far an robh e. Dh'
fhalbh e leis na daoine so, 's chaidh
iad am bad nan Lochlannach, 's a'
chuid nach do mharbh iad diu sgiurs
iad á Alba iad.

SGIALACHD NA TROIDHE,

TOISEACH AN OCHDAIMH LEABHAIR.

Suim.

Tha Iobh air mullach sliabh Olimpuis a'
toirmeasg do na Diathannan dól a chuid-
eachadh nan Troidheach no nan Greugach;
's tha e an deigh sin a tigh'n a nuas gu
sliabh Ida a dh-fhaicinn an da airm aig
blàr.

AIRFONN, "*Mothruaighe, mo thru 'ighe mi.*"

SGAOIL Aurora 'buidh-bhrat glòir'
'S an aibheis mhòir gun cheann gun chrich,
'S dhealtraich i le foidhleas ròs
Driùchd an lòn a b' òr-dhearg fiamh.
Chruinnich Pàrlamaid nan spéur
Gu Iòbh nam beithir 's béucach srann;
'S shuidh iad anns na neòil air àird'
Olimpuis 'àigh nan ioma meall.
'Thionnsgainn an dia bu mhòrdhach smachd,
Thug nèamh le geilt-chrith cluas d' a
reachd:—

"Eisdibh, a stàta nan spéur
Mo thoil 'g a léughadh, 's gabhaibh beachd.
Mo thoil cha'n aharraich gu bràth
Cha'n fhaod gu'n teid air m' fhàinte stad.
Aontaichibh gu léir do m' dhóigh,
'S gu 'n cuirinn m' òrdugh 'n gnìomh gu
grad.

Dia sa bith theid slos a chòir
Faiche-comhraig nan lann dlùth,
Theid iomain air ais do 'n spéur
Fo throm chréuchd, gun mheas, gun chliù;
No tilgidh mi 'm fheirg e mach
Sìos do 'n aigeal dhubh gun ghrunnnd,
Cho iochdrach fo 'n chruinne-ché
'S a tha spéuran àrd bho 'n bhonn.
Fo gheataibh-iaruinn an glais
'S an t-sloc-lasrach is dubh toit
Air ùrlar leisgeach na prais',
An truagh phéin gun fhois, gun chlos.

Gheobh e fios mar sin gu beachd
Gur h-ann leamsa 's treasa neart,
Casgrar luchd m' fhuath-s' fo m' smachd,
'S géillidh m' oibrean ian do m' reachd.
Ach, éirgheadh gach dia air nèamh,
'S leigidh slos an t-slabhraidh-òir
Gu m' thoirt a dh-aindedìn a nìos
Bho m' chathair is rìoghail glòir:
Feuchaibh mo thredir 's a' chruaidh-
ghleachd,

'G am splonadh le 'n uile neart;
Chì sibh gur diomhain ur strìth,
Chaidh cha ghluaisear rìgh nam fìath.
Ach na 'n sininn-sa mo làmh,
Sguabainn sibh le gabhadh géur,
Chrochainn sléibhteann a's muir-làn
Ri m' shlabhraidh mhòir ri aird' nan spéur.
Critheadh gach dùil mu 'n iadh grian
'S an iarmailt fharsuinn gun cheann;
Critheadh an talamh bho bhonn
Bho 'n 's mis' an tì is àirde th' ann!"

Dh' fhan iad le geilt-chrith 'n an toed
Aig eagal gu 'm brosnacht' fhearg
Mu dheireadh thionnsgainn an dàn
Minerva sheamh nam meall-shul gorm:
"A dhé gach dé! gur fiosrach sinn
Gu'n cosgrar gach nì fo d' smachd;
Ach 's goirt leam truaighe na Gréig!
'S mo laòich thréun 'g an lannadh as!
Fanaidh sinn air d' iùil bho'n chath,
'S ar dedir a' frasadh gu dian,
Mu bhi faicinn nan sonn àigh
A's sgrios a' bhàis 'g an gearradh slos!
Ach iarram do chead gu fòil
Còmhnaidh beag le arm na Gréig;
Mo riaghal thoirt duibh 's gach cùis,
Mu 'm a millear iad ad dhiomb gu léir."
Sheall dia nan stoirm air og-ni ghràidh
Le faite-ghàire b' àilliah snuagh;
Dh' impich e le 'briathran fòil,
'S thug e dedìn d' a miann 's an uair.

An sin cheangail e charbad buan
Ri cùrs-eich luatha nam bròg prais';
'S cas-bhuidh' na muingeannan-òir
Bh' air druim nan stéud bu bhoidhche
dreach.

An éideadh or-dhealrach nan spéur,
Shuidh e 'n cathair chéutaich àigh
A' soillseachadh mar ghréin an lò,
'S an t-slatag ingealt' òir 'n a làimh!
Bhuail e,—'s léum na seang-eich bhras
Air itealaich roimh ghlaic nan nial,
Eadar brat farsuinn nan réul
'S an talamh réidh-ghorm, sgaoilteach, cian.
Air sliabh Ida 'm biodh an t-sealg,
'S fuaran airgid nan sruth mear
'S am beil tèampull cùbhraidh 'n rìgh,
'S tein' air altair ghrinn gun smal;
Na stéudan lasrach dh' fhuasgail e
Bho charbad dèarsach nan dealbh òir
'S thaom e ìeatach ghorm mu 'n cuairt,
'S dh' fhalbhadh na h-eich bhuan 's a' cheò.

Shuidh e air mullach an t-sléibh
Far 'm bu léir dha muir a's tìr
An loingeas Gréugach air an tràigh
'S baile Thridh nan àrd thùr grinn.

Ghabh feachd na Gréige 'n cabhaig biadh,
'S chaidh gach siad gu deas 'n a arm;
Na Tròidhich bu teirce slòigh
Dh' ullaich iad gu comhstrith ghairg;
Ach, ge tearc, bha 'n 'eigiun theann
'G an iomain gu fannlas cruaidh,
Chum am mnai 's am pàisdean òg
A theasraiginn bho spòltadh truagh.
Dh' fhosgladh na geataichean àigh
Bhrùchd gu gnìomh a' chràidh na slòigh;
Mar ghreannaicheas stoirm nan nial,
B' amhuil triall nam mìlidh mòr.
Le gleadhraich charbad a's stéud,
'S choisich ceum-luath 'teachd 'n an ceann;
Fhreagair mac-talla nan spéur,
'S chrith am blàr gu léir fo 'm bonn.
'N uair choinnich iad air an raon,
Thionnsguin strìth nan laoch gun mheang
Feachd ri feachd, a's tréun ri tréun,
Sgiath ri sgéithidh, lann ri lann.
Dh' inntrig tuasaid ghoirt nan stràc,
'S frasadh shaighdean-bàis 'n an deann,
Gaoir luchd-buadhach, raoicich-bhròin,
Réubadh fèdla, spealtadh cheann;
Blàth-fhuil dhearg 'n a tuiltean cas
'G a taosgadh gu bras mu 'n fhonn;
Cuirp bhruite 'n an cruachan marbh;
B' oilltèil léir-sgrìos garg nan sonn
Fhad 's a ghluais a' mhadainn chiùin
'N a soillse romh chùirt nan spéur,
Bha claidheamh-anraidh a' bhlàir
Leis a' Ghréig nach ceàrr 's an strìth.
An sin bho Ida nan cruach àrd
Bhéuc na tàirneinich 's an spéur;
Thilg e bheithir luath le srann
As na neòil romh rang na Gréig'.
An uair a chunnacas air an leirg
A meall lasrach, téintidh, dearg;
Dh' oclaich agus theich roimh fheirg,
An neart 's an trèid gu buileach shearg, &c.

—0—

AN T-EILEAN SGIATHANACH.

AM measg nan eilean lionmhor a
ta air an sgapadh air taobh an iar
na h-Alba, cha'n 'eil a h-aon a
choimheasar ris an Eilean Sgiathan-
ach. Is iomadh treun-laoch a rugadh
agus a dh' aruicheadh ann, agus is
iomadh gnìomh euchdach agus allail
a rinneadh anns gach cearnadh dhe'n
t-saoghal le sliochd cruadalach agus
gaisgeil "Eilein a' cheo."—Ach cha'n
ann air treubhantas agus cruadal

nan Sgiathanach a leuduichear aig
an am ach air an Eilean fein, a
thaobh lionmhorachd nan sealladh
iongantach a chithear anns gach
cearnadh dheth,—seallanna, a bheir-
eadh air neach smuaineachadh air
amannaibh, nach deachaidh an locair-
min a chur air dealbh-choslas gach
sluic, beinn', agus creige, chum an
deanamh iomlan. Tha na seallanna a
chithear ceithir-thimchioll an Eilein
gu tur eugsamhla, agus air chaochl-
adh cumachd agus deilbh anns gach
aite agus oisinn deth fa leth. C'ait
am faicear beannta a shamhlaichear
ris a' Chuilfbhionn, no ri Beilig, Blath-
bheinn, Scor-nan, gillean, Marsco,
Glamaig, agus na ficheadan eile?
Is e Alasdair Mac Challuim fein a
mholadh mar bu choir iad an uair a
thubhairt e:—

"An toigh leat na beanntan mor
Cruachan 's na neoil gu h-ard?
Coireachan frithean, dachaidh an fhir-eoin,
'S an cluinnear na h-easan a' gair?
An toigh leat na glacagan grianach,
Innisean sgiamhach nam bo?
Is uamhan 'bheir fonn ri guth nan tonn?
Suibhail gu "Innis a' Cheo."—

Am measg nan loch iongantach
tha'n toiseach aig "Coir-Uisge"—
am measg nan uamh tha'n t-urram
aig "Sloc-Altramain,"—ach cha'n
fheumar dearmad a dheanamh air
"Uamh-a'-choinnleir,"—"Uamh-an-
oir,"—"Uamh-I-drìgil," agus na h-
uiread eile. Am measg nan ard-stuc
a ta lionmhor 's an Eilean chithear
le h-iongantas "Nic-Cleosgair-mhor,
agus a cuid nighean 'n an seasamh
gu h-uuibhreach ard, daingean,—

"Measg gairich ghairbh nan stuadh."—

Ach de gach sealladh neonach 's
an Eilean, cha'n 'eil a h-aon a bheir
barr air "Cuithfhraing," agus an
"storr" 's an airde tuath, mu thim-
chioll an dubhairt am Bard fogh-
luimte ceudna Alasdair Mac Challuim
anus an 42mh aireamh de'n
'Ghaidheal."

"Is chi thu ard-ioghnadh Chuithfhraing,
Le 'bhadailean aibhseiseach mor,
'S an Storr cho cas le bhinneinean glas,
Eadar do shealladh 's na neoil."

Cha'n fhurasda gun teagamh, cunntas a thoirt air "Cuithfhraing," a bheir beachd ceart, soilleir, air uile mhaise agus bhoichead an aite mhiorbhuilich sin. 'S e'm filidh deas-bhriathrach a dh' ainmich mi a cheana, a mholadh gudligheach e. Ochan! is ionmhuinn, foghlumte, teo-chridheach, — duthchasail an t-og-uasal e. Air da a bhi air a dheachdadh le deagh run-cridhe do na Sgiathanaich gu leir, tha eadhon aile agus aimsir, cuisean agus cleachdannan an Eilein sin, gun ghutha thoirt air a luchd-aiteachaidh, gu leir ionmholta 'n a shealladh. Is og a chunnaic e solus na grein' ann an Eilean a ghraidh, agus gu deireadh a laithean,—agus is e durachd a a luchd-eolais gu'n robh iad buan,—cha di-chuimhnich e an tìr thaitneach sin anns an d' rugadh, agus anns an d' aruicheadh a shinnsearan bho linntibh cein. Ochan! ma ta, nach e a bheireadh minchunntas ann an Gaelic, air oirdheirceas Chuithfhraing! Anns an aite iongantach sin, tha mir comhnard fearainn air a dhealachadh agus air a chleith ann an uchd ard-chreige corruich, a bheireadh ni's leoir do'n chat a direadh. Tha 'bheinn anns am bheil an comhnardan sin air a dhruideadh suas, mar mhile troidh air airde. Air an taobh tuath tha aghaidh na beinne so garbh, rocach, carraigeach, le stucaibh arda agus colmhuinnibh biorach, geur, glasa, ag eiridh suas. Chithear an sud agus an so sgoltan caol, dubh-ghagan dorcha, agus sgriochan riobhagach, tana, a' gearradh agus a breacadh gnuis na carraige, agus 'g a' fagail mar gu'm biodh i air a snaigheadh sìos le gilbibh geur nan Cielops, no le fahairibh alluidh, fiadhaich, le

acfhuinnibh grabhadaireachd aca 'n an lamhaibh treun! Ann an aghaidh na craige moire sin, ma ta, tha comhnardan aillidh Chuithfhraing air fholuchadh, agus air a chuairteachadh le dion-bhallachaibh corrach a ta 'g eiridh suas 'n an colbhaibh arda chum nan neul. Tha fosgladh mor, cas ann, trid am faigh am fear-turais le strith a stigh dh' ionnsuidh an reidhleinn thaitnich, uaine sin a ta roimhe; ach air faotuinn dha a steach, tha'n inntinn aige air a lionadh le h-iongantas a thaobh an t-seallaidh air an tuit a shuilean. Cha Chreid e a leirsinn fein, agus bithidh e ann an teagamh am bheil no nach 'eil a shuilean 'g a mhealladh. Na'm biodh Coinneach Ciobair ann an sin, bheireadh e a bhóid gur iad na sithichean a dh' ullaich an t-aite neonach so mar thuineachas dhoibh fein, oir tha e cosmhuil ri ionad-comhnuidh nan leannan-sithe. Chithear barr-mhullach nan stuc ceithir-thimchioll, a oasadh gu greannach suas, ach tha gach stuc air a bhonn fein, a' seasamh mar fhreiceadan, air ceann ard na slighe. Cha'n 'eil neach sam bith nach saoiladh gur iad ionadan-comhnuidh chreutair neo-thalmhaidh a ta air an sgaoileadh a mach fa chomhair nan sul. An uair a dh' amhairceas neach gu geur air gach sturraig agus binnean, a ta air an suidheachadh air gach taobh, tha'n inntinn a' dealbhadh riochd-chreutairean do gach cumadh gun aireamh, mar gu'm biodh iad air an gearradh a mach le laimh theoma fir-ealaidh, air aghaidh nan creag. Chithear, mar anns na h-eibhlibh 's a ghriosaich, coin, eich, feidh, carbadan, caistealan, laochraidh, agus riochdan de gach gne, gu friotalach, frionasach a' oasadh an aghaidh a cheile. Dealbhaidh an inntinn mar sin, aogas bhithean araidh agus eugsamhla, mar gum b'ann a' ruith air

feadh a' cheile. Cha sgithich neach sam bith aig am bheil tlachd ann an oibribh miorbhuileach a' chruthachaidh, ann a bhi 'g amharc air garbh-ghnuisibh nan turaidean agus nan geur-spiricean a ta 'cuairteachadh an ionaid neonaich sin. Is leoir an sealladh chum spiorad an duine e lionadh, cha'n e mhain le h-iongantas do-chur an ceill, ach mar ann ceudna le h-uamhas agus le h-eagal diadhaidh. An uair a bhitheas an la soilleir, grianach, chithear solus na greine a' dearrsadh gu lannaireach, drillinneach troimh gach fosgladh agus cos a ta dealachadh nan colbh stucach air gach taobh! Ach, air an laimh eile, an uair a bhios trom-cheo mar bhrat duibhre air a sgaoileadh thairis air na h-ionadaibh aillidh sin, chithear gach ni gu tiamhaidh, oilteil, uamhasach, mar gu'm biodh an t-aite gu tur fo chumhachd spiorad an dorchadais agus air fhiosrachadh le lathaireachd eagallaich nan deamhan mi-shuaimhneach! Is laidir an ceann, agus is daingeann an eanchainn nach cuirear troimh a' cheile air amannaibh le h-uamharrachd an t-seallaidh so! Is neo-shuimeil, dall, agus aindiadhaidh an neach sin a thilgeas a shuilean air na h-oibribh miorbhuileach sin, gun ghloir a thoirt do'n Ti a's Airde, a dhealbh iad le focal a chumhachd! Is oibre iad a tha 'togail fianuis air cumhachd agus gliocas a' Chruitheir, gu sonraichte (mar a thubhairt am bard ionmhuinn agus foghlumte a dh' ainmicheadh a' cheana) an uair a chithear iad:—

"'S an fheasgar 'n uair thearnas a' ghrian,
Gu rioghail 's an Iar gu tamh,
Air mullach nam beann mar mhile lann,
Bidh boillsgeadh nan gathan aigh;
'S gach dubh-sgor a' dearrsadh gu cas,
Fo lannair nan lasraichean oir,
Gu h-ard 's an speur eadar talamh is neamh,
Seal'adh na maise 's na gloir."

SGIATHANACH.

GARBH MAC STAIRN AGUS DUAL.

DH' imich Garbh mac Stairn agus Dual a dh' fhaicinn Fhinn agus a threun fheara colgach, iomraiteach ann an gnìomharaibh arm. Bha Fionn 's an àm sin 'n a thighheadas samhraidh am Buchannti. 'N an turus d'a ionnsuidh, ghabh iad beachd air gach gleann agus faoin mhonadh, air gach allt agus caol choirean. Ghabh iad sgeul de gach coisiche agus gach fear a thachair 'n an còir. Ann an gleann nan cuach agus nan lon, chunnaic bùth taobh sruthain; chaidh a steach, dh' iarr deoch; dh' eirich ribhinn a b' aluinne snuadh a dh' fhàilteachadh an turuis le sìth. Thug i biadh dhaibh r'a itheadh, dibhe ri h-òl; dh' iarr sgeul le cainnt-thà. Bhuail gaol o a sùil an Garbh borb, agus dh' innis cia as daibh. "Thainig sinn o thìr nan crann, far an lionor sonn—mac rìgh Lochlann mise—m' ainm Garbh na'm b' aill leat—esan Dual, o thìr nam beann, a thuinich an Albainn o thuath—a ghabhail cairdeis gun sgàth agus aoidheachd o 'n àrd rìgh Fionn, sìd fàth ar turuis, a chiabh na maise—cìod am bealach am buail sinn? seol ar cas gu teach Fhinn, bi dhuinn mar iùl, us gabh duais."—"Duais cha do ghabh mi riamh, ars an nighean bu bhlàithe sùil 's bu deirge gruaidh; "cha b' e sìd àbh-aist Theadhaich nam beann éilde, 'g am bu lionor dàimheach 'n a thalla, 'g am bu tric tathaich o thuath—ni mise dhuibh iùl."—Gu gleann-sìth tharladh na fir; gleann an tric guth feidh is lòn; gleann nan glas charn us nan scor; gleann nan sruth ri uisg us gaoith. Thachair orra buaghar bho, us rinn dhaibh iùl; thug daibh sgeul air duthaich nan creag, air fir agus air mnaibh, air fàs shliabh agus charn, air neart feachd, air rian nan arm, air miann sloigh, agus craobh-thuinidh nam Fiann.

SOP AS GACH SEID.

Bonnach air bois cha bhruidh 's cha loisg.

Bainne nan gobhar fo chobhar 's e blàth,
dh' fhàg e spionnadh nan Gàidheal treun.

An rud nach tig 's nach d' thàinig dhach-
aidh, grùdhan na h-earba gun bhrachadh.

Nighean an droch mhairt 's ogha a'
mhart mhath.

Is lionmhar bean-bhleoghainn, ach is
tearc banchag.

Cha 'n ann de m' chuideachd thù, cha 'n
ann de m' chuideachd thù, ars' an calaman.

An rud nach cairich cù no urra, far an
cuirear gheobhar.

Is geal an airidh air an aran sgàlagan a'
chliathaidh.

Bonnach a mhealladh cloinne—oir thiugh
'us cridhe tana.

Am foinne mu 'n iath a ghlac, is niarachd
mac air am bi.

Am foinne mu 'n iath a' bhròg, is niarachd
bean-òg air am bi.

Tha ian 's a' choill 's their e, Is toigh
leam thu, 's toigh leam thu; tha ian eile
ann 's their e, dearbh e, dearbh e.

Seasaidh an fhirinn gu daingeann air
aon chois, an uair nach seas a' bhréug ach
gu cugalach air tri. S.

A' BHANN A BHA 'S AN TREACHAILL-MHARA.

Seileach alld, calldann chreag, fèarna a'
bhuig, beithe a' chnuic, darach an dubhair,
agus uinnseann an deiseir.

Tha an duine sin a ta 'caitheadh a
bheatha fein, mar is còir da a dheanamh,
còir teach gu'm faigh e bàs mar is còir da
fhaotuinn, thigeadh e luath no mall. S.

"Tha duine a' toirt breith air fein leis
gach focal a ta tuiteam o bhilibh. Le
thoil fein, no an aghaidh na toil ai e fein,
tha a dhealbh air a tharruing ann an sùilibh
s uach eile leis gach briathar a làbhras e." S.

Feumaidh an duine sin dìchioll a dhean-
amh le uile chri he fein a ta steidhichte air
deagh ainm fhaotuinn dh' fein 'san t-
sao hal.—air e fein a thogail suas gu h-
inbh ur amaich 'na là 's na linn fein, agus
air deagh dhùrachd a' choimhearsnaich a
chosnadh dha fein. S.

Tha seann daoine ann nach urrainn cur
suas le suilbhearachd agus beothalas na h-
oige; ach dh' fhéudadh iad ceart co maith
coire fhaotuinn do 'n earrach do bhrìgh gur e
an t-àm e ai son teachd nam blàth agus
na duilleach, agus cha 'n e an t-àm féudar
duil a bhi aca gu'm faigh iad measan agus
toradh an fhoghair. S.

Tha deagh eiseimpleir chum buannachd
do-thuigsinn do 'n chinne-dhaonda, agus tha
cumhachd anabarrach mòr aice thairis
orrasan ris am bheil inn a' còmhradh. Is
riaghailt bheò so a thea aiggeas daoine
gu'n dragh sam bith; agus a dh' fheù has
doibh an aonta gun mhaoidh gun mhasladh
sam bith. S.

Tha daoine glise a' measgadh cridhealais
neo-chiontaich maille ris na nithibh a' ta
'cur cùram orra mar dhòchas aon chuid gu'n
dichuimhnich iad na nithe sin, n gu'n toir
iad buaidh orra. Ach tha iadsan a ta 'gan
toirt fein thairis do 'n mhiag air son suaimh-
neis inntinn a' deanamh an dìchill chum
bròn a leigheas le amaideachd agus cuthach.
S.

AN T-IAN A CHREACHADH A NEAD AIR.

Bhid, bhid, bhidein,
Co chreach mo neadan?
Ma is duine mór e,
Cuiridh mi le tóim e;
Ma is duine beag e,
Cuiridh mìle creig e;
Ach ma 's leanabh-beag gun chiall gun
nàir' e,
Gu 'n gleidheadh Dia dh' a mhàthair
fhéin e.

Is fìrinneach an seòrn-fhoc la deir "Gu'n
caomhain a ta tear nach caith." Agus
thubhairt an Tì sin a labhair mar nac d'
labhair neach riamh, "An ti a ta fìrinneach
anns an ni a's lugha, tha e fìrinneach mar
an ceudna a n am mòran; agus an ti a
euco ach anns an ni a's lugha tha e eucorach
an am moran, mar an ceudna." Far am
bheil neach nach gab cùram d' chuid a
mhaighst r. cha ghabh e cùram de chuid
fein. Tha grunn dalas agus millteachd 'nan
nithe aig am bheil mòr chumhachd thairis
oirnn a' aon 'nar gnothuichibh fein, agus
ann an gnothuichibh muinntir eile. Ma
ni thu ana-caitheadh air cuid duine eile tha
thu 'deanamh reubainn air. Tha thu ga
chreachadh co'-ionnan air an dà sheol, a us
tha 'n call d'asan an t-aon ni; ach ma tha
cùram ort a thaobh codach do mhaighstir,
gabhaidh tu an curam ceudna a thaobh do
chodach fein, agus theid thu air d'aghaidh
air an t-slighe gu soirbheas. S.

AISLING OISEIN.*

LE PROFESSOR BLACKIE.

Air a chur an Gailig le Mairi Nic-Eallair.

Bi 'n oidhch' i, 's ged chaidil mi sèimh air mo chluasaig,
 Bha m' inntinn cho luaineach 's cho luath ris an steud.
 Us chunnacas leam clàrsach air seann seileach seargte,
 Us lamh thana chruidh a' fann-bhualadh nan teud ;
 Gheur-sheall mi 's bho 'n làimh ghrad-chinn ard-choluinn uasal,
 Mar an geamhradh geal, fuar, bha a thuar 'us a lith ;
 'S bha 'chiùine 's a' mhàldachd 'bha dearrsadh 'n a ghruaidhean,
 'S a mhòralachd uasal mar shuaicheantas rìgh ;
 Bha chiabhagan tana a' snàmh air na gaoithean,
 'S e crùinte le ùrfhleasg de bhàrr geal an fhraoich ;
 A mhala mar gheal-chloich gun salchadh le gailinn,
 'S air leam nach robh fradharc an sùilean an laoich.

Thuirt e, " Mhic na tìr Galld' tha thu eòl domh 'us caomh leam,
 Thug thu gaol do mo shluagh agus buaidh thug dh' an dàn ;
 Na bàird rinn mi àrach fhir-ghràidh dhut is ceòlraidh,
 'S rinn an duanagan bòidheach thu ògail 'us slàn ;
 O, 's tric 'us mi 'snàmh air glas-cheathach nam beanntan,
 Mar thaibhse nan taibhs' aig cinn-fheadhna nan treun,
 Ghabh mi beachd air do cheum lùthor eutrom 's a' gharbhach
 'S do bhinn-ghuth 's a' cheò 's ghabh mi còir ort dhomh fhein ;
 A mhic ghaisgeil a' Ghoill ni mi 'ghloir dhut a thìodhlac,
 Bho 'n leoman gu'n dìon thu an sgialachd 's an duan ;
 Gu'n dùisg thu gach pong de sheann uirsgeul nam Fiantan,
 Chum cuimhn' nam mòr-ghnìomh rinn na saoidh a bhi buan.

O, 's tric mise 'gal a measg ceathach nan ard-bheann,
 'S mi 'sealltainn air làraichean fàsail nan gleann ;
 'S gun aon ghuth ri chluinntinn ach caoidhrean nan caochan,
 Us osnaich na gaoithe feadh aonach nam beann ;
 Us monmhur na tuinne 's a' phlosgail ag iathadh
 A gàirdeinean ciara mu òchdar nan stùc ;
 'S nach cluinnear leam caithream nan òigear 's nan gruagach,
 Le luinneig an dualchuis 's a buaidh mar an driùchd.
 'S nach cluinnear leam glaodh nam fear mor-bhroilleach soilleir,
 Na bàird bhiodh le coireal a' dùsgadh an laoich ;
 Tha 'n coigreach air bristeadh romh d' bhallaichean uaibhreach,
 'S e 'n Gall tha 'n a uachdran an dùthaich an fhraoich !

O, ghuil mi 's ged ghuil mi ciod am fàth tha 'n am dheoir dhomh,
 Cha till iad na slòigh 'chaidh am fògradh á m' ghlinn ;

* Faic An Gaidheal leabh iii. 154.

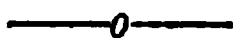
Ach, 'Albannaich ghràidh, thoiream dhutsa ri thasgadh
 An' cànan a chleachdadh le laoidh nan guth binn ;
 'Us liubhram dhut laoidhean a' cheathaich 's a' chruachain,
 Nam mòr-thuiltean uaibhreach 'us nuallan nan tonn ;
 Beum-sléibhe nan garbh-eas 'us crònan nam fuaran,
 Nan coireachan uaigneach 's nan coilltichean donn ;
 'S a' phìob bha gu tartrach 'n uair 'leagadh rìgh Lochlunn,
 'S a laidh e gu dìblidh aig casan nan sàr ;
 'S a' chaithream a sheinneadh 'us Fionn air a chuartach
 Aig fheadh, leis na h-uaislean thug buaidh anns an àr.

'Us bheir mi dhut òran a' bhàird aig Bheinn-Dòrain,
 Le abachd an fhoghair 'as ciùine a' Mhaigh ;
 'S an sruthanan caoimhneis gu h-aoibhneach a' dòrtadh,
 'S mar ur-bharrach-samhraidh air chrith anns a' ghaoith ;
 'Us bheir mi dhut leabhar an Dòmhnallaich ghaisgeil
 Cho borb ris a' ghaillinn 's cho làidir ri beinn ;
 'N uair chuir e gu sàile deagh bhàrlinn Chlann-Ràonuill
 Le gairdeinean làidir toirt "hùgan" air tuinn ;
 Rach 's teagaisg do d' shluagh cànan uasal nan Gaidheal,
 'S ged rinn iad oirr' dìmeas, o, dùisg iad gu bàigh ;
 'S thoir beatha as ùr ann an tìr nam beann fuara,
 Do'n cheòl bhios 'g a luadh 'fhad 's bhios cuan tigh'n gu tràigh.

Do 'n mhaise nì 'n dorus 's a' chreathal a chuartach,
 O, abair ri m' shluagh iad a thabhairt am miann ;
 'S gun iad 'mholadh mar dhleasnas, no dh' iarraidh mar shòlas
 Bhi 'tional an eòlais bho dhùthchannan cian.
 Air an àilein an cinn 's ann 's bèidheche an t-sobhrach,
 Cha 'n 'eil flùr a nì monadh cho sgiamhach ri fraoch ;
 'Us an smuain ud is doimhne tha i 'n taice do chridhe,
 Thig a leum thun an là ann an cànan nan laoch.
 Bithibh dìleas do chànan ur màthar, mo mhuinntir,
 A blàth-fhuil ur n-òig gheobh ur fearalachd lòn.
 Bithibh dìleas do 'n chainnt 'tha aig ceatharnaich mhòra,
 'Toirt sgiathan dh' an sòlas, 'toirt gath as am bròn.

O, innis do m' mhuinntir-s' tha tàmh an Dunéideann,
 Gur nàire dhaibh cuimhne mo bhàird bhi fo lic ;
 'Us Gréigich 'us Ròimhich ag imeachd gu mòrail
 An dùthaich mo shlòigh-sa air ùrlar nan glic.
 O, gòrach, mi-dhìleas, c'uim' bhios sibh ri dìmeas
 Air ionmhasan prìseil deagh dhùthaich nan tréun,
 'N àite fleasg duillich uaine, a' strìth ri bhi fuaghal
 Crùin luideagan suarach bho rìgheachdan céin !
 O, labhair ri m' chloinn, séid an seann teine Gáidhealach
 Gus an éirich bho éibhlean an lasair le buaidh ;
 Ri ceolruidh nam beann, lean gu teann agus faic i,
 Leis a' Ghréig s' leis an Ròimh an oil-theampull mo shluaigh.

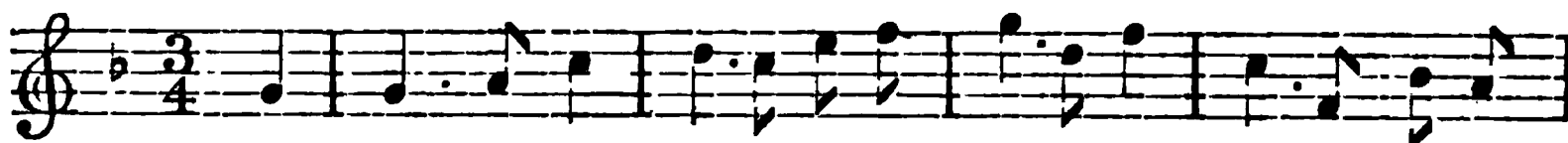
Sguir an taibhse a labhairt 's e snàmh as mo shealladh,
 'S ged a dh' amhairc mi geur air son eudann an laoich,
 Chaidh e bhuam ann an tiota ann an dorch na h-oidhche,
 Mar leug le grad-bhoillsgeadh theid as anns a' ghaoith ;
 Cha robh ann ach a' chlàrsach 's an seann seileach seargte,
 'S am meur tana fann ud a' dùsgadh na laoidh' ;
 'Us laidh mi gu deurach a sìos air mo leabaidh,
 Mar neach brònach mu 'n charaid nach till ris a chaidh ;
 'Us thug mi mo bhóid a bhi dìleas dh' a fhàinte
 'Us gu 'm faicteadh an Gàidheal an àros nan glic,
 Mar-ri Greugaich 'us Ròimhich a' triall tre na h-àlaibh,
 Le cliu nach teid bàs 's ainm nach càirear fo lic.



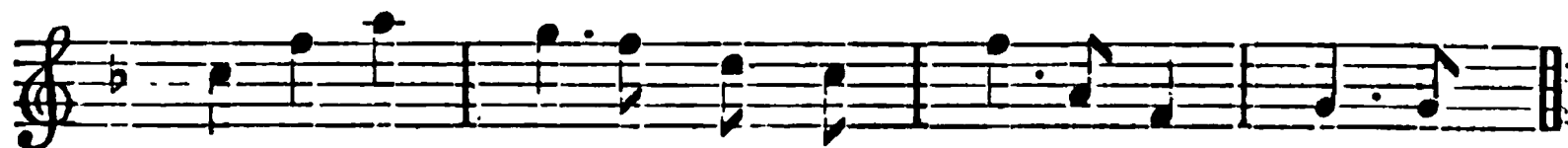
A' BHANARACH DHONN A' CHRUIDH.

LE ALASTAIR DOMHNULLACH.

GLEUS F.



: R | r : - . m : s | l : - . s : T . d¹ | r¹ : - . l : d¹ | s : - . d : F . m |



s : d¹ : m¹ | r¹ : - . d¹ : L . s | d¹ : - . m : d | r : - . r ||

Fonn.



: D | r : m : s | l : - . r : f | R¹ : d¹ : l | s : - . m : d |



R : m : s | r¹ : - . l : d¹ | s : - . m : d | r : - . r ||

A BHANARACH mhlogach,
 'S e do ghaol 'thug fodh chis mi.
 'S math 'thig làmhainnean sìoda
 Air do mhìn-bhosaibh bàna.

Fonn—A' bhanarach dhonn a' chruidh,
 Chaoin a' chruidh, dhonn a' chruidh,
 Cailin deas donn a' chruidh,
 Cuachag an fhàsaich.

'S mòr 'bu bhinne 'bhi 'd' éisdeachd,
 An àm 'bhi 'bleodhann na spréidhe,
 Na an smedrach 's a' Chéitein,
 Am bàrr géig' ann am fàs-choill.
 A' bhanarach, &c.

'Nuair a sheinneadh tu coilleag,
 A' leigeil mairt ann an coillidh.
 Dh' ialadh eunlaith gach doire,
 Dh' éisdeachd coireal do mhànrain.
 A' bhanarach, &c.

Ged a b' fhonnmhor an fhidheall,
'S a teudan an righeadh,
'S e 'bheireadh danns' air a' chridhe,
Ceòl nighean na h-àiridh.

A' bhanarach, &c.

Ceòl farusda fìor-bhinn,
Fonnmhor, farumach, dionach,
A sheinn an cailin donn mògach,
A bheireadh b'ogadh air m' àirnean.

A' bhanarach, &c.

Gu 'm bu mhòthar mo bheadrach,
'Teachd do'n bhuailidh mu 'n eadthrath,
Seadhach, seang-chorpach, beitir,
'S buarach greasad an àil aic'.

A' bhanarach, &c.

'S ciatach nuallan na gruagaich
A' bleodhann cruaidh ghuaillinn,
A' stealladh bairn' ann an cuachaig,
'S bodhar-fhuaim aig a clàran.

A' bhanarach, &c.

Dà mhaoth bhois 'bu ghrinne,
Fodh 'n dà ghàirdean 'bu ghile,
'N uair a shìnt' iad gu sgileil
Gu sinean cruaidh fhàsgadh.

A' bhanarach, &c.

'Glac gheal a b' àrd gleadhach
A' stealladh bairn' an cuach bhleodhainn,
A' seinn luinneagan seadhach,
'N a suidh' aig gobhal na blàraig.

A' bhanarach, &c.

Do chùl amlagach, teudach,
Bachlach, fèirneineach, ceutach,
De chnothan na géige,
'Cheapadh gléidhteach a làn diubh.

A' bhanarach, &c.

'Chuireadh maill' air mo léirsinn,
Ann am maduinn chitìn chéitein,

Na gathannan gréine,
'Thig bho d' theud-chul cas, fainneach.
A' bhanarach, &c.

'Bheireadh dùlan na gréine,
'Dearsadh moch air foir d' eudainn,
'S gu 'm b' ait leam r' a léirsinn
Boillagadh éibhinn cùl Màiridh.

A' bhanarach, &c.

'S taitneach siubhal a cuailein
'G a chrathadh m' a cluasan,
A' toirt muigh, air seid luachrach,
An tigh buailidh 'n gleann fasaich.

A' bhanarach, &c.

Do mhuineal geal bòidheach,
Mu 'n iathadh an t-òmar,
'S a dhath fhéin air gach seòrsa
'Chite 'dòrtadh mu d' bhràighe.

A' bhanarach, &c.

'N uair a thogadh tu 'bhuarach,
Cuach, us cuinneag na buaile,
B' ao-coltach do ghluasad
Ri guanag na sràide.

A' bhanarach, &c.

Do chalpannan meanmneach,
Mar cholbhan de mharmhoir,
Cho geal ris na canaichean
'Chinneadh fann-gheal 's na blàran.

A' bhanarach, &c.

Tha deirg' agus gile
'Gleachd an gruaidhean na fine,
Beul mìn mar an t-sirist,
Bho 'm milis 'thig failte.

A' bhanarach, &c.

Mar phàirc thaitneich de 'n ìbhri,
Tha deudach na rìbhinn,
Gur i 'n donn-gheal ghlan smìdeach,
A 's ro mhìogshuileach failte.

A' bhanarach, &c.

THE GAEL,

ENGLISH DEPARTMENT.

Vol. IV.

DECEMBER 1875.

No. 48.

CELTIC CHAIR.

AT the half-yearly meeting of the General Council of the University of Edinburgh, held on the 29th of October, Professor Blackie, convener of the Celtic Chair Committee, stated that the Committee had met that day and agreed to the following report:—

“There has now been subscribed for the Celtic Chair about L.6800. (Hear, hear.) The amount collected is L.3466, 7s. 6d., of which L.800 is invested in heritable securities in Edinburgh, and L.2660, 7s. 6d. is in the bank. The committee renew expressions of great obligation to the Convener for his successful endeavours; they further report that the money in the bank is in the name of Mr. Donald Beith, W.S., Treasurer to the Celtic Chair, but to be drawn only by cheque signed by Professor Blackie and Mr. Beith. The committee request the General Council to approve of the investment referred to, and to authorise Professor Blackie and Mr. Beith as trustees, along with such other trustees, if any, as the Council may appoint, to invest the remaining sums, as they are received, on similar securities.”

Continuing, the learned Professor said—I am happy to say that this report of the committee appointed by the Council for establishing a Celtic Chair in the University of Edinburgh speaks for itself, and does not require any enlarged expatiation from me. The fund has gone on steadily increasing during the summer

months, and it has now reached a point that renders the speedy realisation of the scheme of the Council a matter of certainty. (Applause.) In presenting the report of the committee to the last meeting of Council, I stated that no person acquainted with the actual working of public subscriptions would expect that contributions would flow in as plentifully during the subsequent stages of the process as at the first start, and that I, for one, would be perfectly satisfied if the fund, as at this date, should have reached L.6000. We have been able, by sedulous exertions, considerably to excel that sum, the gross amount of the subscribed sum being, as I have stated, L.800 above that. (Applause.) The Council will be pleased to observe that this sum has been collected, not from the Highlanders alone, but from all parts of the kingdom, indicating a large amount of general sympathy with the scheme of the Council which must be very gratifying to those who originally started, and afterwards, in the face of not a little public ignorance and indifference, steadily supported it. I myself, in carrying out the instructions of the committee, have delivered public addresses in favour of the scheme in London, in Oxford, in Birmingham, in Inverness, in Portree, in Rothesay, in Benbecula, in North Uist, in Oban, in Ballachulish; and I have everywhere met with such sympathy as an undertaking of this nature might naturally expect from an intelligent and patriotic audience. You will see among the contributors

which are to be advertised the names of not a few of our most distinguished and public-spirited noblemen, of literary and scholarly men in the Metropolis and in our University seats, interested in the more thorough study of the English language, of early British history, and of comparative philology; of merchants and tradesmen in our great cities, conscious of how much Scotland is indebted for her commercial prosperity to the energy and the fire of the Celtic race, which forms so large an element in the mixed population of Scotland generally, and specially of the West; and you will not fail to be attracted also by those contributions from the least monied portion of the community, to whom 2s. 6d. was as weighty a subscription as L.25 from many a wealthy gentleman. You will see, likewise, the first fruits of the effective sympathy from Highlanders and Scotchmen in the Colonies and abroad, which I led you to look to, as a natural source of enlargement to the fund. Among the intimated subscriptions from the Colonies, you will find L.100 from the Highlanders of Auckland, New Zealand, which, I have no doubt, will soon be followed up by liberal subscriptions from the large-hearted Scotchmen who have settled and prospered, as the fashion of our people is, in that fair part of the antipodal world. The Colonial papers intimate that a great public meeting was held at Otago on the 12th June last, and another at Dunedin, New Zealand, on 10th June last, at both of which meetings the warmest sympathy was expressed with the scheme of the University, and committees were appointed—committees of men of high position, character, and influence in the colonies—to collect contributions in aid of the fund. (Applause.) And all

this success—the manifest sign of a good cause—has taken place in a year of remarkable depression in the commercial world; had it not been for which, indeed, I feel convinced that many of the contributions would have been double what they are, and that the desired sum would have been subscribed by this time. But the topping success of our summer's exertions will be generally acknowledged to have been the accession of Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria to the list of founders of the Chair. (Applause.) The committee were well aware, from the commencement of this movement, of the kindly sympathy of Her Majesty; but they did not expect that she would come forward at so early a stage of the proceedings to stamp the University scheme with a national significance, and to insure success by her approval. After this public recognition by a royal lady, of whom it is hard to say whether she is more distinguished for her domestic virtues than for her kindly consideration of all classes of the community over whom Divine Providence has appointed her to exercise authority, the committee venture to express a hope that they will hear no more of those vulgar objections to the Celtic chair, in which parties who should have been better informed were forward to indulge. But when they considered with what systematic stupidity all that relates to the Celtic races has been neglected and ignored in this country, the committee never felt the slightest surprise at the amount of ignorance and prejudice which they have had to encounter. The existence of such narrow ideas and frosted sympathies was only natural in the circumstances; and they feel convinced that, as in the Canon law, an appeal lay from the Pope ill-

informed to the Pope well-informed, so these parties all consider that an appeal is now being made to their patriotic liberality, after the mists of prejudice and the fogs of misrepresentation have been once for all effectually dispersed. Let us not have to repeat again that we have no intention whatsoever of rousing a moribund language into an artificial galvanised life. No doubt, we consider, on the most sound grounds of educational experience, that so long as the language naturally maintains itself among the common people, teachers of schools and preachers of the gospel should be well accomplished in the grammar and literature of the Scottish Gaelic if they are to do their work in the best manner. We consider a grammatical and literary knowledge of Gaelic not a hindrance but a great help to the knowledge both of English and of the classical languages. (Applause.) But though this is our opinion, as practical educationists, as University men we have no interest whatever in prolonging the life of the language a single year beyond the term of its natural demise. A language so intimately interwoven with our earliest history and some of our most characteristic literature has sufficient claim for a worthy academical representation, altogether independently of its being a living language or a dead. It is simply a disgrace to this country that a Celtic Chair which lay plainly in the view of the original constitution of the Highland Society of London, as its charter bears, should not have been founded in some British University at least a century ago; and it will be a matter of high honour and of noble boast to Edinburgh if, as appears likely, she shall prove herself the first to repent of so notable an intellectual omission.

The utilitarian ideas about education, unhappily present in this country, were doing their best to confound the University with a polytechnic school; whereas, though University professors no doubt should be made to contribute their full share towards the special training of the practisers of all professions and arts—and in Scotland generally they contribute a great deal more than their share—the original intention of Universities and learned academies went a great way above and beyond this. According to the utilitarian idea, the University is a mere knowledge shop, carrying on business for pecuniary considerations like any other shop, for immediate practical uses and professional purposes; but according to the true idea, a University is rather an intellectual house of refuge for the prosecution of those branches of study and research which, because they are not absolutely necessary for the practice of any lucrative profession, are apt to be overlooked altogether and to be trampled under foot. In other words, Universities exist for the sale of large general culture; polytechnic schools and professional workshops for the sale of special drill. (Applause.)

Mr. TAYLOR INNES, seconded by Professor MACGREGOR, moved—

That the council approve of the report, express their thanks to Professor Blackie as convener, and reappoint the committee, with their former powers. Approve of the investment of L.800 already made, and authorise any further sums received to be invested on similar security in the name of the Principal of the University, Professor Blackie as Convener, and Mr. Beith, W.S., as Treasurer.

The motion was unanimously agreed to.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE CELTIC CHAIR.

IN May last we printed in full the Subscription-list, as reported by Professor Blackie to the General Council of the University of Edinburgh, at their Half-yearly Meeting in April. We now print the Subscriptions received since that time, as reported to the General Council of the University in October. Contributors are requested to intimate the Subscriptions to Donald Beith, Esq., W.S., 43 Castle Street, Edinburgh or to Professor Blackie, 24 Hill Street, Edinburgh.

Amount of Subscriptions previously advertised (see the <i>Gael</i> for May 1875) ...	£4609	7	3	C. P. Hunter (Bain & Johnston)	£5	0	0	
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THE ARYAN ORIGIN OF THE
GAELIC RACE AND LAN-
GUAGE.*

THE short title quoted below gives but a very imperfect description of the work before us. Its title-page runs thus: "The Aryan Origin of the Gaelic Race and Language, showing the present and past literary position of Irish Gaelic; its phonesis, the fountain of Classic pronunciation; its laws accord with Grimm's Laws; its Bardic beauties the source of Rhyme; the Civilization of Pagan Ireland; early knowledge of Letters; the Art of Illuminating; Ancient Architecture. The Round Towers. The Brehon Law. Truth of the Pentateuch. Knowledge in Pagan times retrogressive, not progressive; the Inductive Sciences; Philology and Ethnology confirm the truth of Irish History; Gaelic names of Persons and Places full of historic suggestiveness; in this respect and in poetic power Irish Gaelic superior to Sanskrit. One thousand unpublished Irish Manuscripts. By the Very Rev. U. I. Bourke, M.R.I.A., Canon of Tuam Cathedral, and

* The Aryan Origin of the Gaelic Race and Language. By the Very Rev. U. I. Bourke, M.R.I.A., Canon of Tuam Cathedral, and President of St. Jarlath's College; Author of the "College Irish Grammar," "Easy Lessons in Irish," &c. London, Longmans, Green & Co., Paternoster Row, 1875.

President of St. Jarlath's College; Author of the "College Irish Grammar," "Easy Lessons in Irish," &c. Even this comprehensive description by no means exhausts the contents of the volume, for the first hundred pages—about the one-fifth of the whole—is mainly taken up with the question of the decline of Irish as a spoken tongue and the reasons for this unfortunate state of matters of which the Author enumerates no fewer than twenty. Again there are a number of small questions or rather of small points which appear to us to occupy too much space in the book, if not too much importance in the author's mind. Pages which might be filled with more important matter are devoted to the proof that *Kelt* not *Celt* is our proper designation. Again the author is at great pains to show that modern Irish should be written in the Roman Alphabet. He seems to forget that this practice would demand the sacrifice of one of his cherished principles,—viz., the removal of the dot from the aspirated consonants to the vowel *i*. The book is divided into sixteen chapters, and extends to upwards of five hundred pages. There is a Table of Contents at the beginning; an Index at the end; and a full summary at the head of each chapter. It has all the appearance of being hastily written,—we learn from the preface that the first impulse to the composition of it was given in the spring of 1874; and the press has not been by any means carefully revised.

But, the form of the work apart, we hail with profound satisfaction the appearance of this book for two reasons: first, because it is an important contribution to philological science; and, secondly, because it is written by a Celt, or, as Father

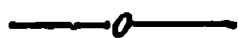
Bourke will have it, Kelt. It is indeed true that the works of predecessors, Pritchard, Pictet, Zeuss, and Max Müller are freely quoted from; but the author's thorough knowledge of the Irish language enables him to bring forward many interesting and valuable facts connected with that ancient tongue, which Zeuss alone, of the philologists we have named, could produce. We do not agree with the author's doctrine on all points. We consider that it is not yet proved that Irish is older than Sanscrit, although unquestionably Mr. Bourke and Professor Geddes show conclusively that in many cases modern Gaelic obstinately adheres to the strong letter *C* and to ancient terminations where even Sanscrit adopts the weaker *P* and contracted and modern terminal forms. Is it the case that the oldest of the group must necessarily preserve the greatest number and variety of the oldest forms? We humbly think that considerations of historical development enter largely here. Is it not the case that the more a language is cultivated—read, written, reduced to system, and brought in contact with other tongues—the sooner its primitive forms disappear? May not this, or rather the want of it, in part at least, account for the retention of so many primitive forms in Gaelic? It is true that the members of the Aryan stock, tested by their affinity to certain letters and sounds, branch off into pairs—Sanskrit and Zend, Latin and Greek, Gaelic and Welsh; but surely we are not thereby driven to the conclusion at which Canon Bourke arrives that Sanscrit, Latin and Gaelic have sprung from Low Aryan, and Zend, Greek and Welsh from High Aryan. It appears to us that this is an unnecessary complication; and that the explanation

of the divergence must be traced otherwise. Besides, how upon this theory can we claim Welsh as Celtic or Keltic? No doubt Mr. Bourke might say that the earliest offshoot from both High and Low Aryan would naturally be, like High and Low Aryan themselves, but different dialects of the same speech, whereas the next offshoot, occurring ages afterwards, would appear, like Sanscrit and Zend, as two distinct languages.

Again, we would like to see greater proof brought forward of the philosophic significance of the Law of Vowel Assimilation expressed in Gaelic Grammar as "*Leathan ri Leathan, 'us Caolri Caol*." Hitherto, in this country at least, we have been accustomed to point to this rule as the source of most, if not all, our difficulties in spelling Gaelic; and we have been anything but grateful to the Irish Grammarians who imposed it upon us. Mr. Bourke points to this canon of orthography as shadowing forth a principle of vowel assimilation co-ordinate with if not higher than the famous law of Jacob Grimm. That the law has been most rigorously observed in writing Gaelic is undoubted; but we have certainly not been accustomed to look upon it as the expression of a principle of linguistic science. If Mr. Bourke's view is ultimately found to be tenable, he certainly does not over-estimate the importance of his discovery. We hope that he will still further inquire into the operation of the law, for no one is more competent to do so.

No small part of the value of the work is, in our estimation, due to the fact that the author is a Celt and an Irishman. Celtic philologists are rare. In this country although we have produced no philologists of eminence, we have always had fair

scholars ; and although our neglect of the Gaelic tongue has been great, we have been in modern times a literary people in comparison with our Irish neighbours. Our Gaelic population is perhaps not one-sixth of theirs ; and yet we can produce quite a respectable list of Gaelic authors who flourished within the last 250 years, and whose works have been known among the people. But Gaelic books in Ireland can scarcely be said to exist ; and Gaelic readers, if we except a few scholars, there are none. All the more gladly we welcome the appearance of an Irishman in a field which our Highland scholars fear to tread.



UNVEILING OF A MONUMENT TO DUGALD BUCHANAN IN KINLOCH-RANNOCH.

ON Tuesday the 17th ult., a monument to perpetuate the memory of Dugald Buchanan was unveiled at Kinloch-Rannoch. The monument stands upon a foundation of Rannoch granite, and is in the form of an obelisk of Peterhead granite. It rises to a height of 21 feet, and is surrounded by a neat railing fixed in a copestone of white granite. On one side there is the following inscription :—“ In memory of Dugald Buchanan, the Rannoch schoolmaster, evangelist, and sacred poet. Died 2d June, 1768. ‘ For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him.’—1st Thess. iv. 14.” On the other side is the last stanza of “The Skull” in Gaelic, being one of the poet’s masterpieces.

The 100th Psalm having been sung, Rev. Mr. M’Laggan, Strath-tay, offered up a suitable prayer. The secretary, Mr. M’Kerchar, then

read letters of apology for absence from Sheriff Barclay, Perth ; Revs. Dr. Begg, Edinburgh ; Dr. Hugh M’Millan, Glasgow ; A. C. Sutherland, Strathbraan ; D. Campbell, Fortingall ; D. M’Gregor, St. Peter’s, Dundee ; J. B. Mackenzie, Kenmore ; E. M. Masson, Dull, &c., &c.

Colonel Macdonald of Dalchosnie, who had kindly agreed to perform the ceremony of unveiling, then removed the covering ; after which he said—The memorial is now unveiled, and the memory of Dugald Buchanan perpetuated for centuries ;—his name will be known when generation after generation of most now living will have no trace to mark their existence. This granite needle attests to the memory of a man of simple tastes, whose ambitions were of a higher kind, and one who did not seek for earthly fame or posthumous glory. Dugald Buchanan was born about a century and a-half ago at Balquhidder, and 120 years since was appointed to Rannoch as its schoolmaster, which in that day embraced also the duties of minister of Divine truth. Enthusiastic, and of an imaginative poetic turn of mind, he found in this valley and its people matters full of deep interest, and he commenced his career in Rannoch with fervent inspirations. We are told of the state of depravity that existed and how law was set entirely at defiance. Although we have much to wish for, yet we now are perhaps enjoying the benefits of Dugald Buchanan’s labours. He began the work of Christianising Rannoch, and his influence has probably conduced more than we can estimate to the prosperity, God-fearing, and orderly life now reigning here. There are others more competent than myself to address you on these topics, but I hail this day as one of

great importance to Rannoch; and we hope that any passer-by looking at this monument, with its dedicatory sentence from the good Old Book, will be influenced, and remember that it is a record of one who loved God and his fellowmen.

Rev. Dr. M'Lauchlan, Edinburgh, was then called upon, and said—I appear with much pleasure among you to-day. The weather is not inviting, and the distance, for me, great; but I was most willing to be present to show my sympathy with the object of your meeting. I have the utmost reverence for the memory of Dugald Buchanan. The Highlands have rarely produced his equal. If the language in which he wrote had been the language of this nation, there is not a collection of national poetry in which the poems of Buchanan could not appear. It strikes me that in one vein he is the greatest of all the Highland bards of modern times. He never indulges in a style of composition too common among them—stringing together a series of epithets without much of an idea attached to them. Buchanan so composed that every clause of his poems contained a definite thought; and for my part I cannot but feel that the poetry of Buchanan is associated with the greatest cause of all—the cause of true and earnest religion. He was a man of God, and that gave direction to the efforts of his genius. Few men know how much religion has done for the Scottish Highlands. And while to the spread of the Bible we trace the main influence, who can deny that the

hymns of Buchanan have exerted a mighty influence on the national character over the whole Highlands! I remember how they were sung and enjoyed in my childhood, and I presume they are so sung and enjoyed still. I congratulate the people of Rannoch on the erection of this monument so creditable to all concerned. I would just say that it is my earnest prayer that however long this monument stands as a memorial of Dugald Buchanan, the moral and religious influence of his works may continue longer over the hearts and consciences of the people of the Highlands. It will do so as long as the Gaelic language lives, and I hope the old tongue may live for many a long day among our mountains and our mists.

Mr. William Stewart, Ewich, Glendochart, sung one of Dugald Buchanan's hymns, and the Rev. Mr. M'Intyre, Rannoch, pronounced the Benediction in Gaelic, which terminated the out-door proceedings.

Immediately after the unveiling ceremony, a banquet took place in the M'Donald Arms Hotel. The chair was occupied by Colonel M'Donald of Dalchosnie. The usual loyal toasts were honoured, and the "Army, Navy, and Volunteers" was very ably acknowledged by the chairman. Rev. Mr. Sinclair, Kenmore, proposed "The Memory of Dugald Buchanan." Other toasts followed, and in the evening a soiree was held—the Rev. Mr. M'Intyre presiding—at which suitable addresses were delivered.

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